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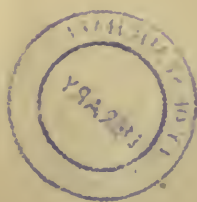
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On Seeing a Representation of the Christ-Child with the Marks of His Passion.

BY ARTHUR J. STACE.

THINE infant brows the thorny crown sustain,
 Thy little hands and feet already bleed,
 Thine outstretched arms already intercede
 For those whose losses Thou wouldst turn to gain,
 Whose happiness is purchased by Thy pain,
 Whose cause Thou dost descend from heav'n to plead.
 Divinest refuge in our sorest need,
 O Lamb before the world's beginning slain!
 Changeless to Thee the Future as the Past
 Where all is Present; yet Thy pray'r's refrain,
 "Let this cup pass away," could not be vain:
 The Future could be changed by pow'r so vast.
 Change, then, my Past, my sins obliterate;
 Safe in Thy hands I leave my Future fate.

Dr. Brownson on the Blessed Virgin.

DR. BROWNSON was among the strongest defenders of the honor of the Mother of God. Before he was a Catholic, he tells us, in his "Convert," he invoked Her intercession, and after his conversion he was most earnest in urging on Catholics the importance of soliciting Her intercession and imitating Her virtues. Among his contributions to THE "AVE

MARIA" were many devoted to this purpose.

In an essay on the "Moral and Social Influence of Devotion to Mary," Dr. Brownson dwells especially on the humility, maternity, and purity of the Blessed Virgin as the virtues most opposed to the corruptions of the age, and the most characteristic of Christians. "Humility," he says, "is the root of all the virtues, without which there is and can be no real virtue. Humility is not servility, meanness of spirit, but is real greatness of soul, and the basis of all generosity and disinterestedness. Pride, the vice opposed to humility, has no magnanimity, no generosity—is always cold, narrow, selfish, cruel." Heathen morals were based on pride. The Gentiles taught self-denial, contempt of riches and honors, detachment from the world, and superiority to all the accidents of fortune, and the acceptance of death itself as a welcome refuge from defeat or disgrace. But their motive was pride: they regarded the evils and mishaps of life as trifles to be despised; they esteemed themselves too superior to the world and its accidents to admit that anything had power to affect or move them against their will. They isolated themselves from humanity, and found their strength to fail, and not seldom sought death at their own hand while asserting their superiority to fortune.

The Christian overcomes the evils of life by regarding them as loving chastisements of his Heavenly Father, and he makes them the means of his spiritual progress. He observes the moral law from love and a pro-

found sense of its sacredness, and of the justice and love of the Author of the law. He confesses his weakness, and seeks strength in Him who is ready to help and mighty to succor those who cast their burdens on Him. He unites himself by love with all men and with God, and has with Him and for Him all that is great and good in heaven and on earth, and is powerful in his humility and invincible in his love.

"Now, the history of the human race," Dr. Brownson continues, "presents us no example of humility so striking, so perfect, so lovely as that of the Blessed Virgin. Lowliest of Jewish maidens, though exalted to the dignity of Bride of Heaven and Mother of God, not a thought or a movement of pride or vainglory ever assails Her. She magnifies not Herself, but in the joy of Her humility exclaims: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and My spirit hath rejoiced in God My Saviour; because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call Me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done great things to Me, and holy is His name.' Not a word in glory of Herself; Her whole soul is filled with the greatness and goodness of God, to whom She gives all the glory of the great things done to Her.

"Who can say how much the study and meditation of Her example, of Her perfect humility, to which the honors paid Her by the faithful constantly lead, have done to destroy that pagan pride, and to change the pagan idolatry of self into the worship of the Living God, and to promote that meekness and sweetness of temper, that respect for the poor and lowly, and that tenderness and compassion so different from anything we find in the heathen world, and so characteristic of Christian nations? How greatly has Her example helped to realize the truth of what She continues to chant: 'His mercy is from generation to generation, to them that fear Him. He hath showed might in His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart; He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath

exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away'!"

Under Christianity marriage is made holy and elevated to a Sacrament; woman's rights are recognized, and motherhood is invested with a significance, a sacredness, an awe even, never before conceived of as belonging to it. Before the establishment of the Church, and still outside of it, marriage is a mere contract, like any other bargain and sale; woman is a drudge or a luxury, man's accomplice in pleasure or ambition; and child-murder is legalized or connived at. The difference is due to the worship Catholics pay to Mary. "When God Himself condescends to be born of woman, and woman becomes the mother of Him who is the Creator of heaven and earth, and the Redeemer and Saviour of mankind, motherhood becomes almost a divine function, and something to be treated with reverence and awe; for not only did Mary bring forth Him who is Christ the Lord, but every human mother brings forth a child destined, if true to the law of his Maker, to be one with Christ, one with God, and a real partaker of the divine nature.

"It is a great and sacred thing to be the mother of a child, if we look to the destiny to which every child may aspire. The mother who feels it, feels the sacredness of her relation as mother, the high duty it imposes, and studies diligently to train up her child in the fear of the Lord, in sole reference to his lofty destiny. This estimate of her own dignity and sacred function reacts on the father, and compels him to think seriously on his relation and solemn duties and responsibilities as father; for more is exacted of him than even of the mother.

"Now, devotion to Mary, the honor we pay in Her to motherhood, brings all these great and solemn truths home to our minds and our hearts. We are led to reflect on the great mysteries of the Incarnation, regeneration, and glorification, and thence on the awful dignity of motherhood, the sacredness and worth of every child born of woman, and the obligation to reverence the mother,

to provide for the child's present and future welfare, and to conform society itself, so far as may be, to the virtues honored in the maternity of Mary. From this it is easy to see that devotion to Mary has, and must have, a most salutary influence on all domestic relations, and on the manners and morals, and therefore on the progress, of society itself."

A sublime moral and spiritual significance was given to human nature in its assumption by the Word to be the nature of God, and in the maternity of Mary womanhood becomes exalted and sacred; and in proportion as womanhood is honored and respected, are manners and morals elevated, and licentiousness repressed. Purity or chastity, in the Christian sense, was wholly unknown or utterly disregarded by the Gentile world, and even the Jewish people gave no honor to virginity. The changes wrought by Christianity in morals and manners, wherever it was received, were so pure and holy as to offer a sufficient proof, were all other evidence wanting, of its divine origin and character. The innumerable holy virgins and chaste matrons who gave up all for Jesus Christ, and won bravely and joyously the glorious crown of martyrdom, will be forever honored for their purity, sanctity, self-sacrifice, and moral heroism.

A full share of influence in rendering Christian society so superior in purity to the pagan world is to be claimed for devotion to Our Lady. As the worship of the impure gods of pagan mythologies corrupted the morals of their worshippers, so with Christians the worship of the purity and sanctity of the Mother of God has not failed to purify and render holy those who in sincerity, earnestness, and simplicity of heart were careful to practise it.

"Mary is the Mother of chaste love," Dr. Brownson writes in another place; "and chaste love is that which in our age is most rare. The predominating sin of our times is that of impurity, at once the cause and the effect of the modern sentimental philosophy. All the popular literature of the day is unchaste and impure, and it boldly

denounces marriage as slavery, and demands that loose reins be given to the passions. Catholic morality is scouted as impracticable and absurd; law is regarded as fallen into desuetude; intellect is derided; reason is looked upon as superfluous, if not tyrannical; and the heart is extolled as the representative of God on earth. Feeling is honored as the voice of the Most High, and whatever tends to restrain or control it is held to be a direct violation of the will of our Creator.

"Hence passion is deified, and nothing is held to be sacred but our transitory feelings. Hence everywhere we find an impatience of restraint, a loud and indignant protest against all rule and measure in our affections and all those usages and customs of past times intended as safeguards of manners and morals, and a universal demand for liberty, which simply means unbounded license to follow our impure or perverted instincts, and to indulge our most turbulent and unchaste passions without shame or remorse.

"The last, perhaps the only remedy for this fearful state of things is to be sought in promoting and extending the worship of Mary. Society is lapsing, if it has not already lapsed, into the state in which Christianity found it some eighteen hundred years ago, and a new conversion of the Gentiles has become necessary. Christian society can be restored only by the same faith and worship which originally created it. Jesus and Mary are now, as then, the only hope of the world, and their power and their good-will remain undiminished. The worship of Mary as Mother of God redeemed the pagan world from its horrible corruptions, introduced and sustained the Christian family, and secured the fruits of the Sacrament of Marriage. It will do no less for our modern world, if cultivated; and we regard as one of the favorable signs that better times are at hand, the increasing devotion to Mary. . . .

"Nowhere is the change in regard to devotion to Mary as the Mother of God more striking than among the Catholics

of Great Britain and of our own country. This devotion is peculiarly Catholic, and any increase of it is an indication of reviving life and fervor among Catholics; and if Catholics had only the life and fervor they should have, the whole world would soon bow in humble reverence at the foot of the Cross. It is owing to our deadness, our lack of zeal, our lack of true fervor in our devotions, that so many nations and such multitudes of souls are still held in the chains of darkness, under the dominion of Satan.

"There are two ways in which the love and service of Mary will contribute to redeem society and restore Christian purity: the one the natural influence of such love and service on the heart of Her worshippers, and the other the graces which in requital She obtains from Her Son and bestows on Her clients. Mary is the Mother of chaste love. The nature of love is always to unite the heart to the object loved—to become one with it, and, as far as possible, to become it. Love always makes us like the beloved, and we always become like the object we really and sincerely worship. If we may say, 'Like worshippers, like gods,' we may with equal truth say, 'Like gods, like worshippers.' The love of Mary tends naturally, from the nature of all love, to unite us to Her by a virtue kindred to Her own. We can not love Her, dwell constantly on Her merits, on Her excellences, Her glories, without being constantly led to imitate Her virtues, to love and strive after Her perfect purity, Her deep humility, Her profound submission, and Her unre-served obedience. Her love checks all lawlessness of the affections, all turbulence of the passions, all perturbation of the senses; fills the heart with sweet peace and a serene joy, restores to the soul its self-command, and maintains perfect order and tranquillity within.

"Something of this effect is produced whenever we love any truly virtuous person. Our novelists have marked it, and on the strength of it seek to reform the wild and graceless youth by inspiring in his heart a

sincere love for a pure and virtuous woman; and the most dissolute are restrained, their turbulence is calmed, their impure desires are repressed in the presence of true virtue. If this is so when the beloved is but an ordinary mortal, how much more when the beloved, the one with whom we commune, and whose virtues we reverence and long to possess, is Mary the Mother of God, the simplest and lowliest of handmaidens, but surpassing in true beauty, loveliness, and worth all the other creatures of God!

"When the type of female dignity and excellence admired is that of an Aspasia, a Lamia, a Phryne, a Ninon de l'Enclos, society is not only already corrupt, but is continually becoming more corrupt; so when the type of female worth and excellence, the ideal of woman, is Mary, society is not only in some degree virtuous, but must be continually rising to sublimer excellence, to more heroic sanctity. The advantage of having Mary always before the minds and hearts of our daughters, as their model in humility, purity, sweetness, and obedience, in simplicity, modesty, and love, is not easily estimated. Trained up in the love and imitation of Her virtues, they are trained to be wives and mothers, or holy virgins, spouses of Jesus Christ, sisters of the afflicted, and mothers of the poor.

"The sentimentalists of the day tell us that it is woman's mission to redeem society from its present corruption, and we believe it; though not in their sense, or for their reasons. Woman has generally retained more of Catholic faith and morality than has in these evil times been retained by the other sex, and is more open to good impressions, or rather offers fewer obstacles to the operations of grace. During the worst times in France, when religion was abolished, when the churches were desecrated, the clergy massacred, and the profane rites of the impure Venus were revived, the great majority of the women of France retained their faith, and cherished the worship of the Virgin. We have no sympathy with those who make woman an idol, and clamor for what they call 'Wom-

an's Rights'; but we honor woman, and depend on her, under God, to preserve and diffuse Catholic morality in the family; and if in the family, then in the State. There is always hope for society as long as woman remains believing and chaste, and nothing will contribute so much to her remaining so as having the Blessed Virgin presented to her from the first dawn of her affections as her Mother, her Queen, her sweet Lady, her type of womanhood,—a model which it must be the unremitting labor of her life to copy.

"But I should be wanting to my own faith, and do far less honor to Our Lady than I would, if I stopped here, and limited the effects of devotion to the natural effects of Her example. This influence is great, and we can not hold intimate, loving, and reverent intercourse with the wise, the great, and the good, without assimilating something to our own minds, hearts, and life. . . . But I do not believe that meditation on Her virtues could alone suffice to produce and sustain the effects I have adduced, any more than the simple example of Our Lord Himself could have sufficed to redeem the world, and elevate souls to union with God. . . . What we most need is not simply instruction or precept, but strength. We are weak, and our appetites, passions, propensities are too strong for us, and enslave us. We feel ourselves sinking; the waves are closing over us, and in fear and agony we cry out: 'Lord, save us: we perish! Holy Mother of God, pray for us, or we are lost!' The soul oppressed with a deep sense of its weakness, of its inability to conquer by its own strength in the battle of life, calls out for supernatural aid; and it is precisely this aid, so much needed, and which enables us to resist and overcome our enemies, that I dare believe, and avow that I believe, the Blessed Mary can and does obtain for those who fly to Her protection.

"In conclusion, I will say that efforts to increase devotion to the Blessed Virgin are, to me, among the most encouraging signs that God has not forgotten us; that there are still faith and love on the earth,

and that there is still a recuperative principle in Christian society. I thank God, for society itself, that there are still those who delight to call themselves children of Mary, and to keep alive in our cold, heartless world the memory of Her virtues. While She is loved and revered there is hope for society; and most grateful am I to God that the hard reasonings of this reasonless age, and the chilling sneers of the proud, the conceited, the worldly, the corrupt, have not frightened all out of their deep, ardent, and simple devotion to Her who is blessed among women.

"If I have not been able to speak fit words in honor of Our Lady, as I fear I have not, let me at least avow that I honor and cherish in my heart of hearts all who honor Her, and show their devotion to Her by imitating Her virtues. They are the real philanthropists; they are the real moral, the true social reformers, and are doing more for society, for the progress of virtue, intelligence, wisdom than all our statesmen and philosophers put together. They love and honor God in loving and honoring His Mother, and I love and honor them; and, all unworthy as I am, I pray them to have the charity to pray Her to bestow on me a Mother's blessing, and to obtain for me the grace, when my life's pilgrimage is ended, to behold the face of Her Divine Son, my Lord and my God."

Much more has Dr. Brownson written on the devotion to the Mother of God, and particularly on the principles which underlie it, and on its relation to the Incarnation, that central mystery, from which spring all the dogmas and practices of the Church. But further extracts would swell this article beyond our limits, though we may hereafter recur to the subject, and present some extracts on the reasonableness of the worship of Mary, as well as some of his answers to the arguments of non-Catholics against it. The extracts we have here made sufficiently attest the importance he attached to this devotion, and show how earnest he was in his effort to extend and increase it. We may well trust that, his pilgrimage ended,

he now beholds the face of Mary's Divine Son, his Lord and his God, as he so humbly prayed; for St. Bernard and others assure us that the most certain mark of predestination is sincere devotion to the Mother of Our Redeemer.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PRELUDE.

"CLAIRE! do stop that tiresome practising and come here. Helen and I want you."

The voice was very clear and vibrating, and had a ring of command in it as it uttered these words, while the Summer dusk was dying away, and the Summer air came soft and sweet into the school-room of a convent, that, from the eminence on which it stood, overlooked a city at its feet, and the rise and fall of Atlantic tides. It was drawing toward the close of the exercise-hour, but the two girls who stood together in school-girl fashion beside an open window, and the third who in an adjoining music-room was diligently practising Chopin, were not the only ones who had neglected its observance and incurred no rebuke; for was not tomorrow the end of the scholastic year, and did not relaxation of rules already reign from dormitory to class-room?

Many hearts were beating high at the thought of the freedom which that morrow would bring; many dreams were woven of the bright world which lay beyond these quiet shades; of pleasures which were to replace the monotonous round of occupation in which youth had so far been spent—the round of lessons from teachers whose voices were gentle as their faces were holy and serene; of quiet meditations in the beautiful chapel, with its sculptured altar and stained-glass windows and never-dying lamp; of walks in the green old garden, and romps along its far-stretching alleys. They were ready to leave it all behind, these careless birds, eager to try their new-fledged

wings; and when the heat and burden of the day should come down upon them, how much they would give for one hour of the old quiet peace, the old happy ignorance!

And among them all no face was more bright with triumphant hope—or was it triumphant resolve?—than hers whose voice went ringing through the almost deserted school-room, in the half-entreaty, half-command recorded above.

The sound of the piano ceased on the instant, a slight rustling followed, as of music being put away, and then a girl came down the middle aisle of desks, toward the window which overlooked the garden and faced the glowing western sky, where the two girls were standing, both of whom turned as she advanced.

"You must pardon me," she said, in a tone of apology. "I did not mean to stay so long, but I forget myself when I am at the piano, and I could scarcely bear to think that this was my last hour of practise."

"I am quite sure that it will not be your last hour of practise," said the girl who had spoken first. "You are too fond of drudgery for that. But how can you talk of not bearing to think of its being the last *here*, when Helen and I have been congratulating each other on the fact until we exhausted all our expressions of pleasure, and had to call on you to help us?"

"Then you would have done better to let me finish my practising," said the other, with a faint smile; "for I can not help you with one expression of pleasure: I am too sorry."

"Sorry!"—it was the one called Helen who broke in here.—"Oh! how can you say that, when we are going home to be so happy?"

"You are going home, dear," remarked Claire, gently.

"And are not you? Is not my home your home, and will I not be hurt if you do not feel it so?"

"You are very kind, dear," said Claire; "but you can not give me what God has denied. Perhaps I too might be glad of to-morrow, Helen, if I had your future or

Marion's courage; but, lacking both, I only feel afraid and sad. I feel as if I should like to stay here forever—as if I were being pushed out into a world with which I am not able to cope."

"But a world which shall never harm you so long as my love and Marion's courage can help you," said Helen, as she passed her disengaged arm around the slender form. "You know we three are pledged to stand together as long as we live; are we not, Marion?"

"I know that Claire is very foolish," answered Marion. "If I had her talent I should be eager to go into the world—eager to cope with and overcome it. Everyone says that she is certain to succeed, and of all the gifts in the world fame must be the sweetest."

"I suppose it is," said Claire; "but I know enough of art—just enough—to be aware that it is a long journey before one can even dream of fame. I love to paint—oh! yes, better than anything else—but I know what difficult work lies before me in becoming an artist."

"Yet you do not mind work," observed Helen, in a wondering tone.

"No," answered the other, "not here, where I had help and encouragement and the sense of safe shelter. But out in the world, where I shall have only myself to look to, and no one to care whether I fail or not—well, I confess my courage ebbs as I think of that."

"How strange!" said Marion. "If my hands were as free as yours are, I should like nothing better than for them to be as empty—if you can call hands empty that have such a power."

"And are not your hands as free as mine?" asked the other. "We are both orphans, and both—"

"Poor," said Marion, frankly. "Yes, but with a difference. Most people, I suppose, would think the difference in my favor; I think it is in yours. You have no family obligations to prevent your doing what you will with your life, from following the bent of your genius; while I—well, it is true I

have no genius, but if I had it would be all the same. My uncle would never consent to my doing anything to lower the family dignity, and I owe him enough to make me feel bound to respect his wishes."

"It is well to have some one whose wishes one is bound to respect," said Claire, gently, and then a silence fell.

They were decided contrasts, these three girls, as they stood together by the open window, and looked out on the bright sunset and down into the large garden;—decided contrasts, yet all possessed in greater or less degree the gift of beauty.

It was certainly in greater degree with Marion Lynde, whose daily expanding loveliness had been the marvel of all who saw her for two years past;—the marvel even in this quiet convent, where human aspect was perhaps of less account than anywhere else on all God's earth. The little children had looked with admiration on her brilliant face, the older girls had gazed on it with throbs of unconscious envy; the nuns had glanced pityingly at the girl who bore so proudly that often fatal dower, and many times the Mother Superior had sent up a special prayer for this defiant soldier of life, when she saw her kneeling at Mass or Benediction with a many-tinted glory streaming over her head.

As she stood now in her simple school-girl dress, Marion was a picture of striking beauty. Tall, slight, graceful, there was in her grace something imperial and unlike other women. Her white skin, finely-grained and colorless as the petal of a lily, suited the regular, clear-cut features; while her eyes were large and dark—splendid eyes, which seemed to carry lustre in their sweeping glance,—and her hair was a mass of red gold. Altogether a face to study with a sense of artistic pleasure,—a face to admire as one admires a statue or a painting; but not a face that attracted or wakened love, as many less beautiful faces do, or as that of her cousin, Helen Morley, did.

For everyone loved Helen—a winsome creature, with lips that seemed formed only for smiles, and hands ever ready to caress

and aid; with endearing ways that the hardest heart could not have resisted, and a heaven-born capacity for loving that seemed inexhaustible. It was impossible to look on the bright young face and think that sorrow could ever darken it, or that tears would ever dim the clear violet of those joyous eyes. From the Mother Superior down to the youngest scholar, all loved the girl, and all recognized how entirely she seemed marked out for happy destinies. "You must not let the brightness of this world veil Heaven from your sight, my child," the nuns would say, as they laid their hands on the silken-soft head, and longed to hold back from the turmoil of life this white dove, whose wings were already spread for flight from the quiet haven where they had been folded for a time.

Least beautiful of the three girls was Claire Alford,—a girl whose reserved manner had perhaps kept love as well as familiarity at bay during the years of her convent tutelage. Even Marion, with all her haughty waywardness, had more friends than this quiet student. Yet no one could find fault with Claire. She was always considerate and gentle, quick to oblige and slow to take offence. But she lived a life absorbed within itself, and those around her felt this. They felt that her eyes were fixed on some distant goal, to which every thought of her mind and effort of her nature was directed.

The only child and orphan of a struggling artist—a man of genius, but who died before he conquered the recognition of the world—Claire knew that her slender fortune would hardly suffice for the expenses of her education, and that afterward she must look for aid to herself alone. Usually life goes hard with a woman under such circumstances as these. But Claire had one power as a weapon with which to fight her way. Her talent for painting had been the astonishment of all her teachers, and it was a settled thing that she would make art the object and pursuit of her life. If least beautiful of the three girls who stood there together, an observant glance might have

lingered longest on her. There was something very attractive in the gray eyes that gazed so steadily from under their long lashes, and in the smile that stirred now and then the usually grave and gentle lips.

It only remains to be added that both Claire and Helen were Catholics, while Marion had been brought up in Protestantism, which resulted, in her case, in absolute religious indifference.

The silence had lasted for some time, when Helen's voice at last broke it, saying:

"You are right, Claire. It does make one sad to think that we are standing together for the last time in our dear old school-room. We have been so happy here! I wonder if we shall be *very* much more happy out in the world?"

"I doubt if we shall ever be half as happy again," answered Claire.

"Oh, you prophet of evil! Why not?"

"Why not, Helen!" repeated Claire. "Because I doubt if we shall ever again feel so entirely at peace with ourselves and with others as we have felt here."

"It is a very nice place," observed Helen; "and I love the Mother Superior and all the Sisters dearly. But, then, of course I want to see mamma and Harry and little Jack. I want to ride Brown Bess again, and I do want to go to a party, Claire."

"Well," said Claire, smiling, "I suppose there is no doubt that you will go to a good many parties, and I hope you will enjoy them."

"There is no doubt of her enjoyment," interposed Marion, speaking in her usual half-satiric tone, "if Paul Rathborne is to be there."

"I was not thinking of Paul Rathborne, and neither, I am sure, was Helen," said Claire.

"That is likely!" cried Marion, laughing. "Don't, Helen! I would not tell a story to oblige Claire, if I were you."

But Helen had apparently little idea of telling the story. Even in the dusk, the flush that overspread her face was visible, and the lids drooped over the violet eyes.

"At all events, we will not talk of him,"

said Claire, decidedly. "We will talk of ourselves and our own futures. We are standing on the threshold of a new life, and surely we may spare a little time in wondering how it will fare with us. Marion, what do you say?"

"If one may judge the future by the past, I should say, so far as I am concerned, badly enough," Marion replied. "But whether I alter matters for better or for worse, I don't mean to go on in the same old way; I shall change the road, if I don't mend it."

"Change it in what manner?"

"I don't know exactly. Circumstances will have to decide that for me. But I don't mean to go back to my uncle's, to share the family economies, and hear the family complaints, and wear Adela's old dresses; you may be sure of that, Claire!"

"But how can you avoid it," asked Claire, "when you have just said that you will not disregard your uncle's wishes by attempting to support yourself?"

"I shall not do anything to hurt the Lynde pride," answered the girl, mockingly. "I shall only take my gifts of body and mind into the world, and see what I can make of them."

"Make of them!" repeated Helen. "In what way?"

"There is only one way that I care about," returned the other, carelessly: "the way of a fortune."

"Oh! I understand: you mean to marry a rich man."

"I mean that only as a last resort. The world would think worse of me if I robbed a man of his fortune; but I should think worse of myself, and wrong him more, if I married him to obtain it. No, Helen, I shall not do that—if I can help it."

"But you would not be wronging him, Marion, if you loved him."

"And do you think," demanded the young cynic, "that one is likely to love the man it is best for one to marry?"

"Yes, I think so—I know so."

"Ah! well, perhaps it may be so to such a child of happy fate as you are, but it is never likely to occur to me."

"And is a fortune all that you mean to look for in life?" asked Helen.

"Why should I look for anything more? Does not that comprise everything? Ah! you have never known the bitterness of poverty, or you would not doubt that when one has fortune, one has all that is necessary for happiness."

"But I have known poverty," broke in Claire; "and I know, Marion, that there are many worse things in life than want of money, and many better things than possessing it."

"That is all you know about the matter," replied Marion, with an air of scorn. "Perhaps I, too, might be able to feel in that way, if I had only known the poverty that you have—a picturesque, Bohemian poverty, with no necessity to pretend to be what you were not. But genteel poverty, which must keep up appearances by a hundred makeshifts and embarrassments and meannesses—have you ever known *that*? It has been the experience of my life, one which I shudder to recall, and which I could sooner die than go back to."

"Poor darling! you shall not go back to it," cried Helen.

But Marion threw off her caressing hand.

"Don't, Helen!" she said, sharply. "I can't bear pity, even from you. But I have talked enough of myself. You both know what I am going to do: to make a fortune by some means. Now it is your turn, Claire, to tell your ambition."

"You know it very well," answered Claire, quietly. "I am going to be an artist, and perhaps, if God helps me, to make a name."

"Yes, I know," said Marion, gloomily. "Yours is a noble ambition, and I think you will succeed."

"I hope so," responded Claire, looking out on the sunset with her earnest eyes. "At least I know that I have resolution and perseverance, and I used to hear my father say that with those things even mediocre talent could do much."

"And yours is not mediocre. Yet you

talk of being sorry to leave here, with such a prospect before you!"

"Such a battle, too. And people say that the world is very hard and stern to those who fight it single-handed."

"So much the better!" cried Marion, flinging back her head with an air of defiance. "There will be so much the more glory in triumph."

"You never seem to think of failure," observed Claire, with a smile. "But now Helen must tell us what she desires her future to be."

"Mine?" said Helen. "Oh! I leave all such things as fortune and fame to you and Marion. I only mean to be happy."

"To be happy!" repeated Marion. "Well. I admire your modesty. You have set up for yourself a much more difficult aim than either Claire's or my own. And how do you mean to be happy? That is the next question."

"I don't know," replied Helen, with a laugh. "I just mean to go home to enjoy myself; that is all. And how happy it makes me to think that you are both going with me!"

"Dear little Helen!" said Claire, caressingly. "But it will not make you unhappy to hear that I am not going with you, will it? I have just found out that I can not go."

"Not go!" repeated Helen. The deepest surprise and disappointment were written on her face. "Oh, Claire, it is impossible that you can mean it—that you can be so unkind! Why do you say such a thing?"

"I say it because it is true, dear; though it is a greater disappointment to me than to you. I have just had a letter from my guardian, telling me that he has found an opportunity to send me abroad with a lady—an acquaintance of his own,—and I have no choice but to go."

"I should think you would be delighted to find such an opportunity," said Marion. "But surely the lady is not going to Rome at this season?"

"No: she is going to Germany for the Summer, and to Italy in the Autumn; which is a very good thing, for I shall see

the galleries of Dresden and Munich before I go to Rome. Of course I am glad—I must be glad—to find the opportunity at once; but I had promised myself the pleasure of a quiet, happy month with Helen and you, and I am sorry to lose it."

"It is too bad," said Helen; with a sound as of tears in her voice. "I had anticipated so much pleasure in our all three being together! And now—why could not your guardian have waited to find the lady, or why does she not put off going abroad until the Autumn?"

"Why, in short, is not the whole scheme of things arranged with reference to one insignificant person called Claire Alford?" replied Claire, laughing. "No, dear: there is no help for it. I must give up the idea of a short rest before the combat."

"And now there is no telling when we shall all be together again!" said Helen. "I could not have believed that such a disappointment was in store for me."

"I hope you will never know a worse one," remarked Claire. "But, if we live, we must meet again some day. We are too good friends to suffer such trifles as time and space to separate us always."

"But you are going so far away, one can not tell when or where that meeting will be," said Helen, still mournfully.

"Perhaps it may be when Marion has made her fortune, and asks us to visit her castle," answered Claire. "Marion, have you formed any plans as to where it is to be situated? Marion, don't you hear?"

"What is it?" asked Marion, starting. "I beg your pardon, but I was thinking. Did you say, Claire, that this visit which you could not make, would have been a rest before the combat to you? I was wondering if it will be a rest to me, or a beginning."

She spoke half dreamily, and neither of the others answered. They only stood with the last sunset glow falling on their fair young faces, their wistful gaze resting upon each other, and quite silent, until a bell pealed softly out on the twilight air, and their last school-day ended forever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alessandro Manzoni.

POET AND NOVELIST.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

ALESSANDRO Francesco Tommaso Antonio Manzoni, who was born at Milan, March 7, 1785, and died in that city, April 28, 1873, was during at least sixty years one of the conspicuous figures of Lombardy. His father was Count Manzoni, and his mother was a daughter of Cesare Beccaria, a writer whose treatise "*Dei Delitti e Delle Pene*" (On Crimes and Punishments) enjoyed considerable reputation among the more sentimental of 18th century "philosophers," because of its seemingly forcible arguments against capital punishment. During the 18th century, deism, transplanted from England, thrived in the corrupt atmosphere of the French court, and from France was propagated all over the Continent. It flourished in Milan during Manzoni's boyhood, and, through the Beccaria family, came dangerously near influencing Manzoni's own early training.

At school and at college Manzoni passed for a dull sort of boy, except that he showed a liking for poetry. He was, however, barely twenty-two when he published a little volume of blank verse. Whatever the intrinsic merits of the poetry it contained, this volume bore testimony that its author spurned the French cynicism that, in the guise of classical thought, had both unsettled the conscience of Europe and debased the artistic tone. His very first literary venture committed him to the romantic school founded in Germany by the brothers Schlegel, which was destined to reintroduce Christianity into literature.

By a fortunate marriage in 1809 Manzoni was united to a young Swiss lady, a daughter of a banker in Geneva; and his wife, a woman of character and of sound Catholic principles, did much to fix him in his determination to be true to the Catholic faith in his literary career as well as in his

personal conduct. Shortly after this he published a volume of beautiful hymns, which have continued to be as much admired in Italy as they were on their first appearance, now more than seventy years ago.

Manzoni was thirty-four when he wrote his fine tragedy of "*Carmagnola*," and two years afterwards Napoleon's death at St. Helena inspired him to compose the noble ode "*Il Cinque Maggio*." The reminiscences which Cesare Cantù contributed to the *Rassegna Nazionale*, of Florence, describe Manzoni's depression of feeling at this time, on account of the religious and political condition of Italy. It was an unhappy period for that country. Both infidel and Catholic writers alike have too often misrepresented it, without intending to do so, from opposite motives and points of view.

Lombardy, in particular, had for almost a century been an unwilling dependency of Austria, when the French revolutionary army appeared and established it as a part of the "Cisalpine Republic." To the galling tyranny of the German autocrat succeeded, consequently, the no less tyrannical liberty, equality, and fraternity of the French liberators. Between French interference on the one hand and Austrian on the other, Milan, during Manzoni's boyhood and early manhood, was anything but a pleasant place for its citizens.

Too many of the more ardent Italians, goaded by the oppression of a foreign rule, and misled by the dreams of liberty such as were then the fashion, had recourse to secret societies. Italy swarmed with these mysterious bands, which were recruited by hosts of young men of respectable family, especially in Lombardy, Venice, and Piedmont. Among the rest was Silvio Pellico, a Piedmontese and a poet—a genius of admirable instincts, who, under more favorable circumstances for religion, would undoubtedly have won a higher place in the affections of Catholics than he appears to possess. Pellico's name was to become known to the world by his touching narrative of the ten years of harsh treatment he underwent in Austrian prisons—"Le mie Prigioni."

Manzoni's dearest friends, as well as many of those others, like Pellico, whom he most admired, were in prison or in exile. Manzoni loved his God and his country. It is easy to understand, therefore, what torture he endured as he realized that the patriotic cause which he cherished had, from a chain of unfortunate circumstances, become associated with men and measures inimical to the Catholic religion, to which both his intellect and his heart were strongly attached. He was a devoted Catholic and a fervent Italian, but for the time it seemed almost impossible to be at once one and the other, so much confusion had been wrought in ideas and actions by absolutist rulers on the one side, who had constituted themselves the sole protectors of religion, and infidel malcontents on the other, who had constituted themselves the sole advocates of Italian liberties.

It was amid these disturbing feelings that Manzoni began the work through which his genius will always be best recognized outside of Italy, if not in Italy—the beautiful story "*I Promessi Sposi*" (The Betrothed), of which since the date of its first publication (1827) twenty different translations have been made into English. Not one of these translations, it may be remarked in passing, does any sort of justice to the original.

Mr. Howells said, not long ago, that "all the stories have been told." This may serve as an excuse for the absence of any story from the "introspective" and "analytical" style of fiction which Mr. Howells and some of his American contemporaries have adapted from so-called French realism, and brought into vogue in the United States. But does any one seriously believe that Mr. Howells' assertion is true, except in a very limited sense? Mr. Howells and Mr. James, and the whole flock of contributors to the fashionable fiction of the fashionable magazines, seem, it is true, to have no story to tell. How could they have? The true, the beautiful, the good in literature, as in all the arts, come only in response to a sentiment which itself can not exist

without some sort of faith. Without faith art degenerates into mere "impressions," which are the very best that doubt and skepticism are capable of effecting. Manzoni, like all real artists, believed; and, like all the great masters without exception, his work displays the fulness of its beauty to none but those who believe.

Our poet was not a Catholic by accident—merely because he happened to be the son of Catholic parents: he was also a Catholic through choice. His work bears everywhere the impress of a Catholic mind. It can not, however, be said that he has ever dragged in religion for the purpose of parading his faith. Religion entered into all that he wrote, and was always to be seen there, yet never as if on show. He made no literary or pecuniary profit of his religion, or, at all events, sought no such profit from it. He wrote because he had the genuine literary impulse—he had something to say,—and in obeying this impulse he let himself be guided by religion. Consequently, his readers never doubted his sincerity; for there could be no doubt of it.

This, of course, raises the question whether fiction or poetry can be a work of art and yet be written for a purpose. Without entering on a discussion of this point, it can do no harm to call attention to what must have been noticed by all who are familiar with the history of Catholic English literature during the last fifty years. Within that period what a multitude of stories with a purpose have appeared in our Catholic periodicals! Leaving out of consideration the fictitious demand created by purchases for libraries and for distribution as premiums, how many of these stories have been sought for and been read a year after their publication? Very few. The professed purpose of a large number of these stories is excellent—no purpose could be better,—that of proving the doctrines of the Catholic Church to be divinely inspired, and, therefore, worthy of acceptance by all men.

It is true that frequently the mistake has been made in these stories of hampering

Catholic doctrine with class, race, or national prejudices; and sometimes this mistake has been accompanied by a bitterness of tone that, intelligible as it may be in serious religious controversy—though unjustifiable even there,—is entirely out of place in literature that is intended to please and entertain, as well as to instruct. In some of these Catholic stories with a purpose the heroes and heroines—all those, in fact, whom the author desires to put forward as specimens of “good Catholics,” are made to appear as little short of saints, while the “bad Catholics” and the non-Catholics are nothing else than cruel or absurd caricatures. But no Catholic could find either entertainment or instruction in such a story; and as for non-Catholics, if by any chance it found its way into their hands, it would be cast aside with disgust and indignation after one taste of its bitter untruthfulness to nature. The Catholic Church needs no such apologists as the writers of such stories. Indeed, one might almost doubt the sincerity of religious motive in a writing that is tainted with reviling of those who are not in the fold, or with uncharitable exaggeration of their faults.

But setting aside the unworthy Catholic stories with a purpose, which no Catholic ever did read with pleasure, and which no non-Catholic ever did read without being repelled from the Church, how many of the stories with a set Catholic purpose, and free from suspicion of insincerity or uncharitableness, have not proved failures? Stories for children are a class by themselves, not under consideration.

It may be said that Cardinal Wiseman in his beautiful and ever-readable “Fabiola” had a purpose. To be sure he had. So has every sane person in all his conscious actions. But Cardinal Wiseman, like all true artists in their artistic work, let his purpose develop itself in the development of his work. He did not label his work with an exposition of his purpose.

And that is one of the beauties of Manzoni’s “*I Promessi Sposi*,” in which the loving force of the Catholic religion is

brought naturally out. The selfishness of Don Abbondio, which made him a coward in the face of his duty; the Christian firmness of the noble Capuchin friar; the unbending imperturbability of the Spanish viceroy; the recklessness of the robber baron; the magnificent charity of the great Archbishop of Milan; the well-instructed and hopeful piety of the young couple (the betrothed) themselves; the entire moving array of characters and events that make up this wonderful story, which Sir Walter Scott declared in his old age to be the most beautiful story ever written,—all is as it might have been in reality; and yet, though there is nowhere a label to notify the reader of a religious purpose, the loveliness of the Commandments of God and of the Precepts of the Church, the obligation to obey them, the penalty for refusing to obey,—all this is made manifest by the time the last page is reached. It is an immense pleasure to read this story, and no one ever read it without being the better for having done so.

The sudden death in 1873 of his oldest son, to whom he was tenderly attached, and who was almost the last survivor of his immediate family connections, told upon the venerable poet. His own death, at the good old age of eighty-eight, followed within a few weeks causing regret not only throughout Italy, but wherever in the world his literary work was known.

What Catholics must always admire in Manzoni, aside from his genius, is the robustness of his faith, which was tried as faith is not often tried, even in this skeptical age of ours. Neither the sneers at religion indulged in habitually by some of those with whom, to a certain extent, he was allied in political hopes, nor the coldness and distrust of some of those who were brethren in the same household of faith, had any effect in unsettling his devotion to the Catholic religion, or in causing him to waver in his allegiance to the Holy See. From first to last, in his manhood years, he was a practical Catholic; from first to last he never wrote a line or uttered a sentiment that was questionable in morals or doubtful in loyalty

to the Catholic religion, either in matters of dogma or matters of discipline. An especial characteristic of his literary work as well as of his personal life was sweetness of temper, partly perhaps the result of an inherited kindliness of disposition, but chiefly, judging from what his intimates have related of him, proceeding from the Christian charitableness of mind which he had all along been at pains to cultivate.

Alesandro Manzoni is a model for all Catholic writers.

With the Passing Years.

BY WILLIAM D KELLY.

MADONNA mine, the while the fleeting years

In their swift courses come and pass away,
And nearer bring the time when we, like
they,

Shall cease to be; when neither hopes nor fears,
Nor all the love which life to us endears,

Within our bosoms longer wield their sway,
And the stilled pulses of our hearts obey

No more the voice of joy nor plaint of tears;
Bear with us if we lift our eyes to Thee,

Who felt the shortness and the length of life;
Who knew, albeit therefrom Thou wast free,

The many snares which in this world are
rife.—

And ask Thee, while our years are yet to be,
For strength to conquer in their ceaseless
strife.

A little while, and lo! in flight as swift

As the old year, which faster still and fast
Loses itself within the misty past,

We, too, shall vanish from men's gaze, and drift
Across that stream whose shadows never lift

Except to those who have its waters passed:

A few more days, and what we have amassed
For heaven will be the measure of our thrift.
Teach us that wisdom, then, Madonna, which

Rates time aright while time still perseveres;
So that when hence, from our allotted niche,

Death comes to call us unto other spheres,
The deeds which we have wrought may make
us rich

Through the whole length of God's eternal
years.

The Feast of Corpus Christi at the Leper Settlement on Molokai.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

A LETTER lies open before me—a letter written some months ago by Father Damien, and addressed to his Director, the Superior-General of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts. From this letter I am permitted to quote certain passages relating to the celebration of a Church Festival at the leper settlement on Molokai; and as I read and re-read the letter—a transcription by another hand, but annotated and signed by Father Damien himself—I wish it were possible for me to suitably preface it; I wish that my text might worthily shadow his, and that the whole, were engrossed upon parchment in antique, rustic lettering, such as the monks of old fashioned in the solitude of the cloister. For thus should his lines shine in scarlet and gold, even as the precious versicles of the missal illuminate and glorify the devoutly decorated page.

But poetical justice is not to be hoped for in this practical age. I am reminded of this as I look from my window upon a landscape brilliant in its mantle of sparkling snow, and see on every hand the evidences of ruddy health, wealth, prosperity, and the thousand joyous diversions of the season; while he, the martyr priest, is silently ministering to his proscribed flock upon that forbidden island, in poverty and affliction. Therefore, only the plainest statements in black and white, such as may be easily clipped and passed from one press to another throughout the country, must suffice us.

Hear how modestly he announces his fate to his superior:

"KALAWAO, MOLOKAI, Aug. 25, 1886.

"MY RIGHT REV FATHER:—By a letter of his Lordship Bishop Hermann, our beloved Vicar-Apostolic, published lately in the *Missions Catholiques*, the public has been informed of the exceptional situation in which I find myself. As I wrote you about two years ago that I had then

suspensions of the first germs of leprosy being in my system—the natural consequence of a long stay with these lepers,—be not surprised or too much pained to know that one of your spiritual children is decorated not only with the Royal Cross of King Kalakaua, but also with the cross more heavy, and considered less honorable, of leprosy with which Our Divine Saviour has permitted me to be stigmatized.

"My robust constitution has thus far resisted well for thirteen years of service here, but now it begins to be undermined by little and little, in proportion as the *bacilli lepras* invade the system. However, I am still up, and, with some management, continue my active life as heretofore. In fact, my work has been doubled by the departure of our much regretted Father Albert. Instead of one leprous village and one church under my charge, I have now double service, morning and evening, on Sundays and festivals. During the week, besides the visits to the sick at their houses, the care given to about forty orphans leaves me hardly any free time.

"Because of our life being so monotonous I have but little of a journal to communicate. . . , and will limit myself to an account of our celebration of the last Corpus Christi Day. . .

"On Easter Sunday it was determined that Corpus Christi should be celebrated at Kalawao by a procession. My two choirs of singers (Kalawao and Kaulapapa), at a meeting for consultation held at Kaulapapa, decided they would prepare themselves by learning appropriate music for the High Mass and Benediction. With a perseverance surprising for natives, they practiced each intervening day in their respective school houses, meeting together on certain of these days at either Kalawao or Kaulapapa.

"The celebration was fixed for the Sunday within the Octave. On that beautiful day the majority of my people of both parishes assisted at the first Mass and received Holy Communion, having prepared themselves by good confessions—from Wednesday until Saturday the *curé* had been occupied to the limit of his strength in the confessional. At ten o'clock we had the grand Mass. The church being too small to accommodate all the faithful, the seats were given up to those who came from the other portions of the settlement, and the residents of the immediate vicinity remained outside, about the door and windows. The singers, not wishing to use the harmonium, placed it outside to make room for the whole choir; they numbered about forty, all but three or four being lepers. They were well exercised under the direction of a blind leper having considerable musical talent, who struck the measure. Their singing would compare favorably with that heard in many cathedrals.

"It was my sermon only that fell short of the

general standard. I was too fatigued to enter fully into the deep subject of the Feast; and, besides, I wished to avoid my habitual fault of preaching too long.

"Immediately after Mass—without leaving the *curé* time for breakfast—the procession was formed, the cross and the great banner being in advance. Then came the drum and the musical instruments of tin—may some charitable soul supply us with brass instruments!—and then two associations bearing the Hawaiian flag, followed by two lines of Christian women; after these the men, then the singers—always directed by my good blind Petro, under a parasol and guided by another native. The incense-bearers marched before the canopy, at each corner of which was a lantern-bearer, each lantern being carried upon a staff and beautifully ornamented with flowers. The portable repository, well decorated, augmented the display.

"Arriving at the residence of the superintendent of the settlement, the repository was placed under the veranda, and there I exposed the Blessed Sacrament. Favored by the prolongation of the chant, we had opportunity to rest ourselves upon the grass after our march. The Benediction given, the procession returned to the church by the route it came.

"At the close of the religious exercises the Christians were all refreshed by the *agapa*, consisting of *poi*—the native dish—and a pig weighing three hundred pounds. . .

"By this you will see that Our Blessed Lord grants us at times consolation in our afflictions."

I do not know if the exquisite simplicity of this narrative will or can affect the casual reader as it affects me; probably not; but as I hold Father Damien's letter in my hand, and read it again and yet again, I seem to see the green lowlands of Molokai, shut in by that profoundly blue sea, glowing in the sunshine under the windward cliffs.

I seem to have been watching there all day, even from the dawn; to have marked the earliest riser who was abroad before the stars were dim—they rise betimes in those tropical climates, and take cat-naps between whiles. Then the *Angelus* rang out upon the sea, and the beloved pastor went to and fro, very busy with the preparations for the feast.

I see the dim procession of the penitents painfully making their way to early Mass, many, yea most of them sorely crippled,

and some of them dwelling two miles distant from the chapel at Kalawao. From early Mass to High Mass all was confusion; it always is with those excitable, child-like natures, and this was one of the few great days of the year.

Ah! what suspense during the formation of the procession, and what distractions at High Mass, with the great choir singing like wild birds, and almost as sweetly, despite their untrained voices! And when the procession was at last formed, and there was a buzzing as of whole hives of bees up and down the line, the band—the pitiful, plaintive little tin band—struck up, to the intense admiration of the gentle souls who were celebrating; and the choir no doubt relieved it at intervals, while the great banner fluttered bravely, and the censer boys swung their censers high in air, and veiled their sweet, reverent faces in fragrant clouds as they slowly strode backward from before the canopy, where Father Damien bore aloft the Sacred Host.

But oh! the heat of the sun and the shadowless dust during this long march (for it is a long march to the house of the superintendent), and the fatigue of the lame and the halt and the blind; lepers all of these, —bleeding, disfigured, dismembered lepers! And no shade there, either; though, as the dear Father says, “favored by the prolongation of the chant, we had opportunity to rest ourselves upon the grass after our march.”

Perhaps the sea-breeze blew in a little and fanned them; perhaps they lay panting like lizards in the sun, as I have done in that self-same place. But, in any case, they were happy—almost happier than we mortals dare to be; for the joyousness of the *fête* was culminating, and the children of misfortune unspeakable, with their revered pastor, wended their way back to Kalawao, there to feast literally as they do not feast more than once in the whole year.

They do not suspect, over yonder, what a surprise is in store for them: a thousand goodly dollars—the voluntary gift of the charitable readers of THE “AVE MARIA”—lie in the hands of the editor, awaiting

the order of Father Damien. Before next Corpus Christi Day there will be beautiful new tabernacles to worthily receive the Body of Our Lord; and there will be a fund to draw from—a blessed fund, enough to supply many of the more pressing needs of the poor lepers at the settlement.

I know how it will be: Corpus Christi Day of '86 will be remembered among the traditions of the settlement. It will be discussed with more or less enthusiasm till the Feast comes round again. It has brightened the lives of those who are doomed to walk in darkness, and the memory of it will sweeten the bitterness of the cup that may not pass from them even unto the end.

Favors of Our Queen.

A MOTHER'S CONVERSION, AND THE CURE OF HER CHILD.

[The following account of a recent remarkable conversion and still more extraordinary cure, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, is translated for THE “AVE MARIA” from the Italian of *La Figlia di Maria*. Favors through the Holy Rosary seem to have increased since the consecration of the month of October to that beautiful devotion.]

A NOBLE daughter of England had for some time been united in marriage to the Cavaliere Alfonso de Liguori, a descendant of the family of St. Alphonsus. The peace and happiness of the household would have been complete were it not that the mistress clung to the Protestant faith in which she had been brought up. This was a subject of secret grief to her pious husband, who constantly recited the Rosary for her conversion. Those prayers were not offered up in vain: Providence made use of trials to bring the erring sheep to the Fold.

The young wife was about to become a mother, when a severe malady attacked her. Typhoid fever brought her to the verge of the grave. It would be impossible to describe the grief and anxiety of the husband at the consideration of the danger, both of soul and body, in which his life companion stood. Hence he redoubled his prayers for

the safety of his wife and unborn child; and, wonderful to relate, in one of the paroxysms of delirium caused by the fever, she suddenly called out: "I am dying! Bring me a priest." Grace had done its work; the sun of truth had dispelled the darkness of error from that soul. Her husband, now full of joy, placed a crucifix in her hands, and in tender accents said to her: "Do you promise to become a Catholic?" "Yes," she answered; "I will try to be even a better Catholic than you are."

The fever left her, and soon afterwards she made her abjuration in Portici. When her time came, she was happily delivered, notwithstanding the unfavorable diagnosis of the best physicians, who had but slender hopes for her life or that of her offspring. The child received the name of Mary in baptism.

But the surprise and grief of the father were very great when he perceived that his beloved wife, though zealous and fervent for whatever concerned Our Lord, was cold in devotion to His ever-Blessed Mother. Our glorious Queen, however, knew how to touch the most sensitive chord in the heart of the mother, and draw the convert to Himself, and so nearer to the Sacred Heart of Her divine Son.

Little Mary was now a charming and lively child of two years, the treasure and delight of her parents. One night she was seized with a violent fever, the precursor of small-pox, which after a few days developed in a virulent form. The child had not been vaccinated, so that the danger was considered so much the greater. Little Mary, who but a short time before resembled an angel, was now a loathsome object to look upon. Medical science was unable to cope with the terrible malady. What was to be done? Nothing evidently but to have recourse to Her who is ever a fountain of mercy. A novena was begun to Our Lady of Pompeii, and parents and friends joined in the devotions, the mother praying as only a mother can pray. It would seem as if the Blessed Virgin wished to show conclusively that the answer to these prayers was

due to Her intercession; for a second novena was hardly begun when little Mary, who up to this time appeared to be entirely unconscious, suddenly asked for the crown of the Madonna, and when it was given to her, she kissed it tenderly and pressed it to her heart.

The child recovered rapidly. One day when asked: "Whilst your eyes were closed up by that ugly disease, did you ever see papa or mamma?" "No," she answered; "I saw only the Madonna."

The happy family have since made a pilgrimage to the sanctuary of Pompeii, to return their grateful homage to Our Lady of the Rosary, and they have left a written account of all that has been stated above. Dr. Luigi Cautiero, of Portici, the family physician, attests the truth of the narrative.

Charity a Mark of Catholicity.

WE take pleasure in presenting an extract from an address of the Holy Father, made in an audience granted some time ago to the newly appointed Bishop of Limburg, Mgr. Klein. These words that we quote are memorable, inasmuch as they reveal the whole spirit of the Church in her dealings with souls, whom, in fulfilment of her divinely-appointed mission, she seeks to lead in the way of light and peace. In a few brief sentences the Father of the Faithful admirably sets forth the grand motive that should inspire the conduct of the true Christian in whatever circumstance of life he may be placed. When charity towards all rules the actions of bishop, priest, and layman, then they will show themselves faithful disciples of the divine Founder of Christianity, and one of the most glorious signs of the true Church of Christ upon earth will be revealed in all its splendor before the world. But the words of the Sovereign Pontiff are more expressive than any comment that might be made. Speaking to the Bishop, the Holy Father said:

"You are a German Bishop; in Germany you are amongst Protestants, and must dwell in constant relation with them; therefore, it is doubly

your duty to rule your sacred office in the spirit of true love, of cordiality, of modesty, of gentleness, of benignity, and of benevolence toward all. Therefore, once Protestants perceive you to be guided by these virtues, and that your clergy avoid and shun all altercations and disputes,—that you are ever true to yourself in mercy toward the poor, in meekness, in the spirit of sacrifice, and in fidelity to the service of God and of the Church, many prejudices will be swept away, the spirit which animates you and your Church will be recognized to be the true Spirit of God, and Protestants will be drawn toward us with full confidence. Love is the surest road to reach the heart, as our Divine Master teaches: 'All men shall know that you are My disciples if you have love one for another.' This love will manifest itself even to Protestants as the sign of the true Church, and it will be through it that we shall end by attracting them to the one Fold. Cultivate likewise friendly relations with royal authority. Pleasant personal relations are not everything, but still they have their good effect, and can be of great value. I trust ere long to receive communications calculated to lead—thanks to the road already inaugurated—to a full agreement and complete harmony. It is the mutual duty of the Pope and of the Bishops to recognize the goodwill shown toward us by the Government, and to second it in fitting measure."

Catholic Notes.

Speaking of the death of Gambetta, the notorious French tribune, Mr. E. Drumont, after describing the scene round his death bed, remarks that in the Office for the day on which he died the following words occur: "They are dead that sought the life of the Infant." Mr. Drumont was pondering over these words as he passed by the palace where lay the corpse of him who had sworn death to Catholicity. A woman of the working class and her little son were walking close behind him, and the boy asked: "Mamma, why did Gambetta die?" "Because he wanted to prevent children from saying their prayers," answered the mother. Mr. Drumont looked at the woman, and thought to himself, "How well she has translated the Scripture!"

The means of arresting the evil of intemperance still continues to be one of the foremost questions of the day. Of the many remedies that have been proposed to militate against this curse there is one, Total Abstinence,

which of late years has attracted great attention; and, while not claiming for it all the benefits that its advocates contend it possesses, we are heartily in favor of the Total Abstinence movement, and consider it the duty of every one who has the welfare of the nation at heart to give it either direct or indirect support. We, therefore, rejoice to hear of the offer recently made to the University of Notre Dame by the Philadelphia Archdiocesan Union of the sum of fifty dollars, to be presented as a prize to the student of Notre Dame who shall write the best essay upon "Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Drinks." This generous offer will be received by the authorities of the University in the same spirit in which it was made, and can not fail to stimulate the zealous efforts of the students and Faculty in the cause of Temperance.

The monument to Mozart in the suburban cemetery of St. Mark's, Vienna, is to be transferred to the new municipal graveyard known as the Central Friedhof, and will be placed next to the tomb of Beethoven. The exact spot where Mozart's remains were deposited is not known. His funeral was attended by a single friend, and his grave was forgotten almost as soon as it closed on his coffin.

The antiphon "*Alma Redemptoris Mater*," which resounds throughout the Catholic world from the first Sunday of Advent to the Feast of the Purification, is commonly attributed to Hermannus Contractus, and the claim of this saintly Benedictine to its authorship is universally admitted. It appears that the antiphon has been handed down to us without any change in the words.

The pious monk whose name has been rendered immortal by the composition of this as well as many other beautiful canticles in honor of the Mother of God, was born in the year 1013, in Suabia, or Schwaben, one of the ten ancient circles, or great divisions, of Germany. From his very infancy his members were contracted, whence his surname "*Contractus*" is derived. Having become a member of the Order of St. Benedict, he frequently and earnestly besought the Mother of God to deliver him from his infirmity. One day Our Blessed Lady appeared to him, and said: "My dear son, in consequence of thy prayers I have obtained for thee either of these two favors:

thou shalt continue to be infirm, but well versed in many sciences, both human and divine; or thou shalt be cured, but remain mentally endowed as thou art at present. Choose one of the two, for both thou canst not have." Herman wisely chose the former, and from that time he began to make astonishing progress in all knowledge, so that his equal could not be found anywhere. No wonder that, in consequence of this singular favor, Herman had all his life a great devotion to the Mother of God, which has survived him in his works. He went to a better life in 1034, at the early age of forty-one.

We are gratified to learn, from a report lately published of the proceedings of the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, that this excellent association now numbers over nine thousand members. Its objects are the furtherance of practical Catholic unity and the moral and intellectual advancement of its members. Its admirable success in the attainment of these objects is evident from a perusal of the pamphlet before us. The Convention of which it is the report was held in Philadelphia last May.

Mr. von Fielden, who was for several years American Consul in the Fiji Islands, thus compares Catholic and Protestant missionaries:

"One striking difference exists between Catholic missionaries and those of the Protestant churches. The former have but one object in view: the conversion of the people amongst whom they come. To that they devote their whole time and energy; while the latter are traders, and seem more desirous of making money than of gaining converts. They manage to acquire large landed property, and several of them are amongst the richest of the European settlers. The natives plainly perceive this, and the consequence is that they hold the priests in high esteem, while they look upon the others as selfish and interested persons, who seek their own interest rather than that of those they pretend to evangelize. I am not a Catholic, but I can not help admiring the spirit of self-sacrifice which animates Catholic missionaries everywhere."

A ghastly plaster-cast of the Christian martyr, Geronimo, writhing in the agony of death, is preserved in the museum of Algiers. Tradition had for three hundred years told the story of the Moorish lad, who, coming under the influence of Spanish missionaries, became a Christian, and a saint in all but name. He

abjured the faith, it was said, for a brief moment, under the pressure of bitter persecution and slavery, but returned to it with new fervor, and proved his constancy by an heroic and terrible death—being thrown alive, with his hands tied behind him into a block of liquid concrete, which was afterwards built into the wall of one of the outlying forts near the city. Such was the tradition, singularly and literally true in the minutest details, as was proved in 1833, when part of the fort was demolished, and the block of concrete found containing the accurate impression of the martyr's body, face downward, and the hands tied with cords behind the back. The block itself was deposited with great honor in what used to be a Mahometan mosque, but is now the principal Catholic church of the town.

The Index, with title-page, of our second half-yearly volume (July–December, 1886) is now ready, and will be sent *gratis* to those desiring it. We are glad to notice that the number of those who preserve their magazines for binding increases year by year. Application for missing numbers to complete files should be made without delay. Further information for those intending to bind THE "AVE MARIA" will be found on our second cover-page.

We send out this month an especially large number of notifications of expired subscriptions, and we trust subscribers will renew as soon as possible, thereby saving delay and trouble in getting their numbers.

New Publications.

MONOTHEISM, in the main derived from the Hebrew Nation and the Law of Moses, the Primitive Religion of the City of Rome. By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

The object which the reverend author of this work had in view in writing it is to prove that Monotheism was the primitive religion of ancient Rome. In support of his claims in that regard he has collated and adduced many interesting and instructive historical facts. These show at a glance the thoroughness of his researches and the completeness of his familiarity with the subject. His researches in history and general literature have evidently

been painstaking and discriminating. The *data* thus secured are as pertinent as they are full and varied. The zeal and earnestness which he brings to the treatment of the subject are worthy of the aim he proposes to himself in seeking to establish so important a matter of history. The work contains many historical facts not generally known, and it can hardly fail to be of interest and value to the general public.

LIFE OF THE VEN. MARY CRESCENTIA HÖSS, of the Third Order of St Francis. By Father Ignatius Jailer, O. S. F. Translated by the Rev. Clementinus Deymann, O. S. F. Benziger Brothers, Publishers

The saints and venerable servants of God are true and worthy models for our imitation; but, alas! how few of even good Catholics make a practice of reading the deeply interesting stories of their lives! The taste for spiritual reading, which has been aptly called the oil of the lamp of prayer, has been almost destroyed by the ribald newspaper, the sensational novel, and the flashy magazine. If the wonderful delights^{us}, we shall find it in every phase of the lives of these friends of God. Here, too, we may find consolation and encouragement in striving to follow in the footsteps of those who "have fought the good fight, and kept the faith," and are now enjoying the happiness of heaven.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary of St. Edith and Sister Mary of St. Asceline, of the Order of the Good Shepherd, both of whom were called to the reward of a holy life on the 3d ult.

Sister Caroline, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Paul, Minn., who breathed forth her pure soul on the 11th ult.

Mr. James Maxcy, of New York, who died a holy death on the 3d ult.

Mrs. P. Mullen, one of the first subscribers to THE "AVE MARIA," who departed this life on the 30th of Nov., at Mt. Savage, Md.

Miss Catherine Gleason, who rendered her soul to God at Springfield, Mass., on the 23d of Nov.

Mr. Jeremiah Driscoll, whose happy death occurred recently in England. He bore a long illness with exemplary patience and resignation to the divine will.

May they rest in peace!



To the Little Ones.

BY J. W. S. NORRIS.

DEAR little children, when the pearly numbers

Of day's glad song have drawn unto a close,
And prayer (sweet prelude to night's happy slumbers)

Calls angel-bands to guard you in repose,

Then doth Our Blessed Lady often

Leave the fair courts of heaven to caress
Some lonely soul, some sinner's heart to soften,
And lead them back to God and happiness.

Now, little ones, your hearts are full of heaven,
Its bright blue promise dwells in your soft eyes,

Into your pure young hands are fondly given
The fairest gifts that we on earth can prize.

Ah! will you not, so rich in priceless treasure,
Give of your richness to the very poor—
The soul forlorn, the seeker for false pleasure,
Robbed by themselves of blessings that endure,—

By lifting hands and hearts and eyes to Heaven,
And pleading fervently that some sad soul
May know the sweetness of the promise given,
—That hope and love may light him to the goal?

How sweet to share Our Lady's predilection
Before the time of darkness draweth on,
Pleading at evening's peaceful benediction
That some dark soul may brighten ere the dawn!—

That in some lonely heart where sin and sorrow,
And strife and discord are the inmates drear,
Her message may be heard ere it be morrow,
And answered back with a repentant tear!

Tim's Happy New Year.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

Tim and his mother lived in a tenement house, East Side Way, and between them they managed to eke out some kind of a comfortless living. Mrs. Mullen was delicate, and for one day that she was able to work there were generally three or four when she would be obliged to lie in bed.

Tim was ten years old. He sold newspapers morning and afternoon, blacking boots between time, and running errands whenever he got them to do. He was a brisk, alert little fellow, full of life and ambition, and very fond of his mother, which kept him out of a great deal of mischief he would otherwise have fallen into; always anxious to get home to her when he had earned a few pennies or dimes, and never tired of hearing the kind "Bless you, my boy!" that she invariably gave him in return.

The year had been a fairly prosperous one for them, and Tim had lately matured what he called a grand scheme for "making a rise in the world." He unfolded his plan to his mother one evening in early Autumn, and, as his own words will be most expressive, the reader shall have them.

"Mother," said the boy, as he sat laboriously stitching a great hole in his best shoes, "I'll tell you what I've been thinking. I'm going to try to get into an office, or a bank, or somewhere, as an errand boy; and keep rising and rising, like some of those Vanderbilts and Longworthys have done, till I get to be a rich man. And then won't I buy you nice things!"

"But, Tim dear," said his mother, smiling, "you should have an education, or a trade at any rate, to carry out such a scheme; and I don't see how you will get either."

"Why, bless you, mamma! some of those fellows didn't even know how to write their own names, and I can write real well. You see, I'd be sure to have some time to myself in those offices or banks, and I'd

make up my mind to learn to read better, and practise writing and 'rithmetic. And if I didn't have time I could learn at home nights."

"That's the proper spirit, Tim, and I don't wish to dishearten you; but one morning, when I was cleaning rooms in the Shaw building, more than a hundred boys came in answer to an advertisement of Judge Shaw's for an office-boy. The place was littered with them."

"Oh! I know that, mamma!" answered Tim; "the business is crowded; but some one must get the places, and I don't see why I shouldn't have as good a chance as any."

From which it will be seen that Tim had a strong fund of hope and self-reliance to start out with.

"But," continued his mother, "you haven't any clothes fit to wear, and they don't want any ragamuffins around those lawyers' offices."

"That's true," said the boy, nothing daunted. "I've thought over that too, and I concluded that maybe—maybe—if they'd take me, they'd just give me a couple of weeks' wages ahead for a suit of clothes—you know."

"Indeed, then, they wouldn't," answered his mother. "When you have lived in the world as long as I have, you'll find there are very few of such kind of people nowadays."

Tim's countenance fell a little, but his eye brightened again as he said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mother. I'll work harder than ever, and save up. I can get a good suit for five dollars; can't I?"

"That would be well and good if I were able to work steady. It all depends on that, you know."

"But we'll hope and we'll pray that you may keep well, mamma," said cheery Tim, jumping up and giving the pale little woman a loving embrace.

"God bless you, my son!" she said, with tears in her eyes, and began to busy herself about the supper.

I need scarcely tell you that Tim and his mother were Catholics, although poverty

and sickness had rendered them somewhat careless. They went to early Mass every Sunday, and that was about all. Too proud to beg, Tim's mother had kept him from Sunday-school because of his ragged clothes, and this was why the boy scarcely knew even the first principles of his religion.

One day, not long after the foregoing conversation, Tim came running in breathless and eager. "Mother," he said, "I know a good way to get clothes. You've heard of that Bethel mission-school on the landing, where so many boys and girls go every Sunday? Well, they're going to give out tickets till Christmas, and every boy that goes faithfully till then will get a suit of clothes. May I go, mamma? It was Teddy Meehan that told me; he's going."

The widow's pale cheek flushed crimson, and her meek voice rose in unwonted indignation as she replied:

"And is it a child of mine that would be willing to sell his birthright for a 'mess of porridge'? God forgive me for not having taught you the difference between right and wrong, as I should have done. Then you would know better than to mention such a place, much less ask leave to go there."

Tim hung his head. He had seldom seen his mother so excited.

"But I didn't think it was any harm, mamma," he said. "They don't teach anything bad there, and I could go to Mass every Sunday morning, just the same; and it wouldn't hurt; for you know I'd never believe in *their* religion."

"Poor, dear child!" broke forth the afflicted woman; "you're growing worse and worse every minute. It is a just punishment for my carelessness. But God forbid I should ever be the mother of a hypocrite!" And, throwing her arms around the guilty one, she burst into tears.

"Hush, mamma! hush!" said the frightened boy, beginning to cry bitterly himself. "Don't fear, I will never be a hypocrite."

"And what else would you be, if you were to go to that Methodist meeting, where, like it is in the old country, they delude the

starving creatures with food and clothes? To Mass in the morning, and away to the Methodists in the evening! They would be prouder of one little Catholic child than ninety-nine of their own. Oh! I can never forget poor Father Driscoll's words in the pulpit one Sunday. 'Catholics in the morning,' said he, 'and Protestants in the afternoon!' And that's just what you'd be doing, Timmy, my poor, neglected boy!"

Fully impressed with the magnitude of his offence, Tim begged pardon, and peace was soon restored.

The result of this occurrence was that his mother bestirred herself the next Saturday to patch and clean his well-worn garments, Tim lying in bed the while, studying his long-neglected Catechism, preparatory to being dispatched to the children's Mass and Sunday-school on the morrow.

His mother went to confession that night, and with many a "*mea culpa*" bewailed her past negligence, firmly resolved to be a better Christian than she had been in the past.

With the practice of her religion came much inward consolation, but as Christmas approached she fell ill again, and was unable to leave her bed. By strenuous effort and great self-denial, they had been able to lay aside four dollars over and above the rent; but the invalid did not improve, and boot-blackening is not very profitable employment in Winter time. Christmas Day found their scanty stock of coal nearly exhausted; the four dollars had dwindled to two, and even cheerful Tim began to feel blue and despondent. He went to the nine-o'clock Mass, after which the Christmas-tree in the class-room was lighted and the gifts distributed. Tim received a bag of good things and a warm pair of mittens, which, on his return home, he carefully laid aside against the time when he should have saved enough money to buy the new suit, now but dimly outlined in the remote future.

After Tim had cleared away the remnants of the frugal dinner of pork and potatoes, flanked by the Christmas bag of oranges,

nuts, and candies, he put a fresh lump of coal on the fire, and took from the top bureau drawer his last Sunday-school paper, which he had not yet read. His mother lay dozing, her beads between her fingers, when suddenly Tim called out, "O mother! I've found out something to do! I'll try it, anyhow."

"O Tim dear, you frightened me!" said his mother. "What is it you're thinking of now?"

"I'll tell you, mamma. You see, there is a story in this paper about a boy that wrote a letter to the Infant Jesus, and some kind lady found it, and gave him lots of nice things for Christmas. I'll write one too, and maybe it'll be a 'go.' I'm not going to write my letter to the Holy Infant, though."

"Is it to the Blessed Virgin you'll send it, Timmy?"

"No, mamma. I'll write it first, and tell you after it's done."

The next morning Tim began his letter, which, after infinite labor and many scratchings and erasures, was finally completed on New Year's eve. I give it verbatim:

"DEAR MISTER:—Wherever you live, if you find this letter, and you're a kind man, and want a boy, I'm a boy named Tim Mullen, and I want a place. I was saving up to buy clothes, but mother got sick; and now we haven't anything to do but little boot blacken and some newspapers, and not much errands, for Christmas is over. I want to be ambishus like Vanderbilt and Longworthy, and be a rich man; for my mother is sick and poor. I could have gone to the Bethel and got clothes and a place, but mother was angry, and I didn't go; and Father Sheridan said she was right and a good Catholic not to let me sell my birthwrite for a mess of porridge, whi h must be something awful, though I didn't like to ask him.

"Dear Mister, we live in room 36, Martin's Building opposite the nigger church. Wish you a happy New Year, Mister. From

"TIM MULLEN."

Tim's mother thought the letter a marvel of composition, and, although it was written on a page of a grocery account-book, and enclosed in an old envelope, which Tim had carefully turned inside out and repasted, it was neatly if not elegantly written, without a single blot.

"And how are you going to send it now,

Tim?" she said, when he had folded and sealed it ready for delivery.

"I'll tell you," replied the boy. "There's a strong wind blowing this afternoon, and I'll just lean out of the window and let it fly. I don't see but what God'll take care of it just the same as He did of that other fellow's letter."

Suiting the action to the word, he raised the sash, and, leaning far out on the sill, he delivered it to that swiftest messenger, the wind. It was soon out of sight, flying backward over the roof of the house, and Tim calmly proceeded to await the result.

Now, the roof of the tenement where the Mullens lived adjoined that of a wash-board factory, the skylight of which was out of order, and some workmen had been summoned to repair it. The proprietor of the factory, a devout Catholic, with a big, charitable heart, had gone up with the men to inspect the leak; and just as he put his head out of the skylight, the letter fluttered down to the roof, directly in front of him. It was addressed, "To any kind-hearted Mister that reads this"; and, after turning it over once or twice with a perplexed, smiling countenance, Mr. Alton put it in his pocket. His business finished, he went back to his office and read it attentively two or three times. We are not ashamed to say, and feel sure that he would not blush to acknowledge, that the tears stood in his eyes as, carefully locking his desk, he replaced the letter in his pocket, and prepared to leave the factory for the night.

New Year's morning dawned fair and bright, and Tim felt happy, although there were only fifty cents in the purse, and no butter for breakfast. But his mother was well enough to go to Mass with him, and that was sufficient joy for the present. After Mass they hurried home, and on reaching their apartment were surprised to find a portly, middle-aged gentleman standing at the door, awaiting their arrival.

"Is this Tim Mullen?" he inquired, taking the boy's cold hand in his, holding him at arm's-length as he did so.

"Yes, sir," answered Tim, eagerly.

"A fine, sturdy little fellow," he continued, nodding his head approvingly several times. "Well, open the door and come in, and I'll tell you who I am."

Mrs. Mullen unlocked the door, and the stranger glanced hastily around the room. The widow placed a chair, Tim standing cap in hand, his eyes shining, his cheeks flushed with expectation; for, as he afterwards declared, he had not a doubt that the visitor had come in response to his letter of the previous day. Happy faith, so soon to be rewarded!

Puffing his cheeks, and pursing up his lips till they parted in a jolly, irrepressible laugh, while he still held Tim's hand, the gentleman said:

"I'm Santa Claus, a little late this year, but it's better late than never. I found your letter, Tim, and went straight to Father Sheridan to inquire about you. He says you're a good boy and a bright boy. I want a little fellow to run errands and make himself useful about the factory. It's over there—Alton's, you know? Of course you do; all the little fellows know it; they're around in crowds every day, looking for bits of zinc. I don't believe I ever saw *you* there, though. Maybe that's because you're a good little fellow, and stay at home with your mother. I have a boy just your size, and you can have a couple of his half-worn suits right away, if you'll come over to the house with me. I'll take you on trial, and give you two dollars a week to start with. Is it a bargain, Tim?"

"Oh, yes, sir! yes, sir!" cried Tim, beside himself with joy. "I knew you'd come; I felt sure of it, though I never thought of that letter falling at Alton's. My, but it's lucky, and so near home! If mother's sick it won't take a second to run over."

By this time there were tears on Tim's cheeks, and his mother was sobbing audibly.

"Glory and praise to the little Infant Jesus this day!" she said; "and long life to you, sir, and may God increase your store!"

"Thanks, thanks, madam!" said the gentleman, a little abashed by this warm display of gratitude. "Come, Tim; you shall have the clothes at once."

The little fellow followed his benefactor, and soon returned laden with a basket almost as big as himself, which he deposited on the floor, and which, judging from the exclamations of pleasure and surprise from his mother, as well as his own joyful outbursts, must have contained everything necessary for the comfort of that little family for many days to come.

At some future time we may tell the reader of what befell our hero in his "ambishus" struggles to acquire riches. For the present we know he will agree with us that Tim had ample reason to call this eventful day a very happy New Year.

The Antiquity of the Prayer "Hail Mary."

No definite period can be assigned at which this familiar prayer was introduced among the faithful; but its use is very ancient especially in the East, and there is no reason to think that the "Hail Mary" has not been as long on the lips of Christians as the "Apostles' Creed." At the end of a baptismal service of the Syrian Church is a collection of the prayers in use among the people. After the Lord's Prayer occurs the Angelic Salutation, in the following form: "Peace to Thee, Mary, full of grace; Our Lord is with Thee; blessed art Thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb, Jesus Christ. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners. Amen."

The service in which this prayer is contained is attributed to Severus, Patriarch of Antioch in the year 513. But whether the devotion of the Angelic Salutation were ancient and universal, or only introduced amongst the people, as some writers maintain, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, at any rate by the end of that period it was so thoroughly rooted in the hearts of Catholics that it was looked on as an imperfection, if not a sin, to be ignorant of it. It was henceforth classed with the Lord's Prayer, not indeed as imposed under the same obligation, but as belonging to the elements of Christian instruction.



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No. 2.

(Copyright :—Rev. D. E. Hudson, U. S. C.)

To the Unseen.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I KNOW of One who is so true to me,
We may not parted be.

Though I have strayed on to the uttermost,
Yet is His voice not lost.

If I am madly-deaf, for having erred,
Still may I hear His word.

If I have sinned, behold a crimson flood—
The river of His Blood,

Wherein I find redemption; tenderly
He woos my fear away,

And searches out some star of hope above,
So boundless is His love.

Though I am weak, there is a hope of power:
He is my mighty tower.

Like as the sun that frights the gloom away,
He is my perfect day.

E'en as the moon that is the charm of night,
He is my full delight.

His beauty lights a mansion in the sky—
Alas! and what am I?

MANY philosophers imitate the maniac who closed the shutters of his chamber in broad daylight in order to write by candle-light. The candle is the wisdom of the ancients; the full daylight is the eternal wisdom manifested in the Gospel.—*Abbé Roux.*

A Legend of Our Lady.

THE legends of the Blessed Virgin belong to every land. Unlike those flowers that lose their fragrance when transplanted from their native soil, these blooms of medieval literature thrive in every clime, and their beauty is often enhanced by the flavor that local history imparts to them.

Jacobus de Voragine made the following tale a popular one in his "Golden Legend," and Colin de Plancy gave it a champagne sparkle under the title of the "*Sieur de Champfleury*." Inspired by the narratives I listened to years ago when sitting by my native hearth, I have given this legend a local color of Flemish legendary lore.

Holy impressions are made on childhood's trusting heart and pure imagination by these medieval tales. They also feed the faith of man and woman, and protect it against the unwholesome influences of soulless story-writers, whose morals are as perverted as their taste is prurient.

I entitle the legend,

THE KNIGHT OF BLOEMENDALE.

I.

It was in the year of Our Lord when our Catholic forefathers wrote eleven hundred and eleven: the shades of evening were slowly enfolding in misty gloom the then woody landscape of West Flanders, when two horsemen appeared leisurely riding along the paved highway. They were evi-

dently of noble lineage, and seemed engaged in earnest conversation; for ever and anon one of them mechanically reached for the hilt of his sword which hung from an ornamented leathern belt at his side, or gave vent to a half-smothered exclamation of deep concern. All of a sudden, whilst his companion was excitedly conveying some startling information, he reined in his horse, and in a shrill voice, trembling with ill-concealed consternation, he broke forth:

"What! Sir Henry Van Caloo and nine knights of noble blood hung at Thorhout at an inn?"

"That is what the farmers returning from Thorhout market-day told me. The Count, it appears, was sitting down to tea at Wynendale Castle when he heard of the theft. He hurried at once to the spot. Having ascertained the guilt of the knights, he made them stand on a table, ordered the noose around their necks, and he himself knocked the trestles from under the table-board, which fell to the ground, leaving the ten wretches dangling from the ceiling."

"Such a death! And that because they robbed a miserly old Eastern lapidary on his way to Thorhout to sell his wares?"

"So they say. There can scarcely be a doubt about it; for the casket with precious stones was seen in the hands of the Count, who went himself to view the corpses of the murdered merchant and attendants on the banks of the Leepe River."

"What will become of us?" sighed Sir John Van Bloemendale; and, without even a parting greeting to his fellow-traveller, who was bound farther North towards Bernhem, our knight turned from the highway into the lane leading to his castle.

"What will become of *me*?" disconsolately soliloquized Bloemendale. "Within three days he will be under my roof; and when the people ascertain that Count Hapkin* is around, there won't be a whelp in

the neighborhood that will not have a complaint of some kind to lodge against his liege. . . . Confound it all! I have not a farthing to buy their silence. Woe is me! . . . Where are the happy days when Robert of Friesland, the good Count, was far away in Antioch fighting the Turks? Those were jolly times in the woods of Flanders. . . . Alas! alas! a thousand pounds won't save me!"

The despairing knight viciously struck with his sword at the overhanging tree branches along his path; whilst his horse, free from guidance of rein or spur, sped with steady gait towards Bloemendale Castle.

"A thousand pounds!" moaned Sir John. "How on earth can I get at them? Stealing is out of the question now, and I can not put in a day's work, unless with this," and he nervously clasped the hilt of his sword.

"Friends!" he sneered, bitterly, as if in answer to an inward suggestion; "who can count on friends, when Baldwin Hapkin loudly knocks at the door? Could I but find the weed that grows over hidden treasures; could I but summon the fairies and goblins to my help! Or did I but know how to select the bewitched hazel-rod to fill my empty chests by magic spell! . . . Oh, dear! Molly darling, what will become of us?"

The remembrance of his good wife did not tend to allay the fears of our knight; it only increased his anguish and remorse. How often had she not foretold him that, sooner or later, he would pay the penalty of his misdeeds! How often had she not entreated him, with tears in her sad, beautiful eyes, to stop his depredations, and to make his peace with God and men! The consciousness of his guilty procrastination irritated him.

"How the devil did he find out?" irreverently exclaimed the perplexed Sir John. But he suddenly checked himself. He had become aware of the noiseless approach of some one. Almost immediately thereafter

* Baldwin VII., Count of Flanders, surnamed *Hapkin*, because of the ax (*hap*) which he constantly carried in his girdle. With it, or in the way above mentioned, he dealt out summary justice to the robber knights who infested Flanders

in the 11th and at the beginning of the 12th centuries, during the frequent absences of the counts crusading in the Holy Land.

he was violently startled by the neighing of a horse close behind him.

Frightened lest Count Hapkin was already on his heels, yet hoping that the friend who left him a moment ago had perhaps heard more news, he cautiously looked back.

It was neither the Count nor the knight.

"You seem sorely troubled, Bloemendale," spoke the strange horseman.

"Who can this be?" thought Sir John, wheeling around. "I know him not."

He looked at the knight: his trappings and armor-plates were all of sable color; his shield, a plain black field without bearings or device.

Sir John glanced admiringly at the noble animal which the stranger bestrode. It was a fierce black horse, with delicate, quivering nostrils and fiery, coal-black eyes; but Bloemendale did not notice that it cast no shadow on the mossy lane, and that its shoeprints were reversed. His impending doom blinded him to all else, save the means of escaping the justice of the Count, who was to be within his castle walls in two short days.

"You need worry no longer, if you so desire it," again spoke the Black Horseman.

"Can you help me?" eagerly asked Sir John.

"I can. But you must be ready to serve me in turn."

"I owe allegiance to the Count of Flanders," answered the knight; "my sword and body are at his service. I am ready for whatever duty does not interfere with it."

"My request does not encroach on the rights of Count Hapkin," retorted the stranger. "You will have the dangerous honor of entertaining him in your castle the day after to-morrow."

"How do you know?—Who are you?" queried the knight, with awe.

"I am he who can help you. Do you consent to what I ask of you?"

"Who are you?"

"Once upon a time I was Prince of Heavenburg, in Easternland. I revolted against my lawful Lord and Master. I now

travel the earth, and am lord of those who are willing to side with me. Fear not, I am ready to help you."

"I know no Heavenburg in Easternland," answered the knight. "Help me, but first let me know who you are."

"Be it so. Look me in the eyes," said the Black Horseman. "*Do you see babies there?*"*

The knight cast a fearful glance at the burning black orbs, and instantly attempted to bless himself. But with a frightful yell, the Black Knight without babies in his eyes clenched the arms of Sir John: "Stop! None of that!"

"Stand back, Satan!" ordered Bloemendale.

"Christian slave, I leave you to the justice of Count Hapkin," said the Evil One, with a contemptuous smile, which wrought a sudden change in his victim's heart. Fear of Satan disappeared, dread of the Count came over him with a rush.

"What can you do for me?" asked Bloemendale; "and what do you require of me?"

"Three things, and you are a rich and free man for life: richer than the wealthy Count of Flanders, more feared than the dreaded ax which he carries in his girdle. You may not like the first condition, but upon consideration you will not refuse it: it is your wife's eternal salvation, and that you will deliver her to me one year and one day from date, at the place I shall designate."

Sir John was ready to drop to the ground. "Deliver Molly to that infernal tyrant!"

* When one looks a person in the eye, he there sees what the English call *babies in the eyes* of the one he looks at,—a reflection of himself in the eye pupils. In legendary lore, the devil is rightly accounted so intensely selfish that he only makes one aware of his own proud personality; he does not even cast a shadow of self or of any of his personal belongings. This circumstance, in the spiritual sense, may be accounted a blessing; for if the shadow of God's saints—*v. g.*, St. Peter's—conferred cure and untold blessings on sufferers, what manner of curse would not the shadow of the Evil One cast upon his victims?

Deliver her whom I have made miserable on earth, unto everlasting misery hereafter!" thought he, whilst writhing in agony.

Satan gazed intently at the knight; with his eyes without babies, but full of deceit and ancient cunning, he sought to cast a spell over him. Like the wily serpent that cautiously creeps up to the fluttering bird, and fascinates it by the coy undulations of its jewelled form, then suddenly darts a fiery tongue and swiftly surrounds its victim with its deadly coils, Satan watched his wavering prey.

"After all," reasoned Sir John, "God only punishes him who deserves it. He will smite me, not Molly. And as to delivering her to that black rascal, 'there is many a slip between the cup and the lip.' I have a year and a day to undo that. Who knows what may happen meanwhile?"

"So be it!" he snarled.

With a sneer of victory, the Black Knight pulled out of his bosom a three-cornered parchment, whereon was written in phosphorescent uncials the first condition together with the two others. He handed it to the knight, and a dirk-knife, with which he bade him bleed his left arm, and sign the document with his blood.

Almost blind with fear, the knight tremblingly complied. No sooner had he done so, than Satan attempted to wrest the parchment from his hand. But through the tears that dimmed his sight Sir John eyed more writing on the ill-fated instrument.

"Wait," he faltered, holding on to it with a grip of despair; "the two other conditions are on this paper as well, you infernal deceiver! What are they?"

"To renounce God," said the Evil One, with triumphant smile.

"Renounce God!" sighed Sir Bloemendale. "That I will never do, you unmerciful despot!"

"And the day after to-morrow Count Hapkin will summarily send thee to thy account before God's dreaded tribunal, and deliver thee into my hands."

A sweat of death broke out of every pore

of Sir Bloemendale's body. With trembling fingers he still held on and looked with terrified eyes at the bloody parchment. "The third!" he stammered, with gnashing teeth,—"what is the third condition you exact, accursed one?"

Satan pointed at it without a word, hellish hatred in his eye. With difficulty did Bloemendale make out the last sentence: "Deny the Virgin Mary." A terrible yell of rage broke from his ghastly lips. He let go the sinister compact, unsheathed his sword, and, pulling his horse on its haunches, plunged madly forward, and charged the infernal fiend. Swinging his trusty sword with the strength of fury above his helm, he rushed quick as lightning upon his adversary, and dealt him a blow which would have killed any one but him, against whom neither lance nor sword is of any avail. The damascene blade cut through the hellish tempter. He had coolly awaited the onslaught, and gave voice to an unearthly laugh, which mockingly reverberated through the sombre woods of Bloemendale's domain, and froze the blood in the throbbing heart of the wretched rider.

"Do you renounce Her?" sneered the Evil One, tantalizingly flaunting the parchment before the bloodshot eyes of the knight.

"Renounce Mary, my Molly's Patroness and Mother? Never!" screamed Bloemendale, and he madly clutched for the damnable compact bearing his bloody imprint. But in vain: it was too late. Satan ensconced it securely in his bosom, and, tossing a little flower with blue petals at the knight, "Forget me not!" he said. "One year and a day from date, we meet within half a mile of the cross-roads at Brielkes' Woods. The treasure which Gerard buried underground before leaving as a crusader for the Holy Land, lies hidden on the spot where this flower grows."

Darkness had gathered round them. Silently the Black Fiend and his charger disappeared within the tortuous paths of the now dark forest.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is nothing specially attractive about Scarborough—a town which nestles among green hills near the foot of the Blue Ridge,—except its salubrious and delightful climate, which has long drawn Summer visitors from the lower, malarial country; but if it had been as beautiful as Naples or as far-famed as Venice, it could not have wakened more loving delight than that which shone in Helen Morley's eyes as she drew near it. For that deeply-rooted attachment to familiar scenes—to those aspects of nature on which the eyes first opened, and which to the child are like the face of another mother—was as strong in her as it is in most people of affectionate character. For several miles before the train reached Scarborough, she was calling Marion's attention to one familiar landmark after another; and when finally they stopped at the station on the outskirts of the town, her eagerness knew no bounds.

"Come, Marion; here we are!" she cried, springing up hastily. But at that moment the car door was burst open by a tall young man, who entered, followed by two small boys, upon all three of whom, as it seemed to Marion, Helen, with a glad little cry, precipitated herself. There were embraces, kisses, inquiries for a moment; then the young man turned and held out his hand, saying, "This is Miss Lynde, I am sure?"

"Yes," said Helen, turning her flushed, smiling face. "And this is my cousin, Frank Morley, Marion. And here is my brother Harry, who has almost grown to be a man since I went away; and here is little Jock."

Marion shook hands with all these new acquaintances; the boys seized bags and baskets, and the young man led the way from the car and assisted them to the platform outside, near which a large open carriage was standing, with a broadly-smiling

ebony coachman, whom Helen greeted warmly. Then her cousin told her that she had better drive home at once. "I shall stay and attend to the trunks, and will see you later," he said.

So Helen, Marion, and the boys were bundled into the carriage, and drove away through the streets of Scarborough, Helen explaining that her home was at the opposite end of the town from the station. "Indeed we are quite in the country," she said; "and I like it much better than living in town."

"Who would wish to live in a town like this?" asked Marion, eyeing disdainfully the rural-looking streets through which they were passing. "I like the overflowing life, the roar and fret of a great city; but places of this kind seem to me only made to put people to sleep, mentally as well as physically."

"Oh, Scarborough is a very nice place when you know it!" said Helen, in arms at once for her birthplace. "And I assure you that people are not asleep in it, by any means."

"These young gentlemen certainly look wide awake," resumed Marion, regarding the two boys, who were in turn regarding her with large and solemn eyes. "And so looked your cousin—very wide awake indeed."

"Oh, Frank is a delightful boy!" exclaimed Helen; "and I am very fond of him."

"I am glad to hear it," said Marion. "I hope you will be fond enough of him to keep him away from me; for if I abhor anything, it is a boy—I mean" (with a glance at the two young faces before her) "a boy who fancies himself a man."

"Frank is twenty years old," observed Harry, who, being himself barely ten, naturally regarded this as a venerable age.

"So I imagined," replied Marion; "and twenty is not my favorite age—for a man. Jock's age suits me better. Jock, how old are you?"

Jock replied that he was seven; but at this point an exclamation from Helen cut

the conversation short; for now they were rapidly approaching a house situated in the midst of large grounds on the outskirts of the town,—a shade-embowered dwelling, on the broad veranda of which flitting forms were to be seen, as the carriage paused a moment for the gate to be opened. Helen stood up and eagerly waved her handkerchief; then they drove in, swept around a large circle and drew up before an open door, from which poured a troop of eager welcomers of all ages and colors.

It seemed to Marion a babel of sound which ensued—kisses, welcomes, handshakings, questions,—then she was swept along by the tide into the cool, garnished house, and thence on to a bowery chamber, where she was left for a little while to herself: since Helen was, after all, the grand object of the ovation, and it was into Helen's room that the loyal crowd gathered, who had merely given to Marion that cordial welcome which no stranger ever failed to receive on a Southern threshold.

Only Helen's mother—who, having been twice married, was now Mrs. Dalton—lingered behind with the young stranger, and looked earnestly into the fair face, as if seeking a likeness.

"You are very little like your mother, my dear," she said at last; "though you have her eyes. Alice was beautiful, but it was a gentle beauty; while you—well, I think you must be altogether a Lynde."

"I know that I am very like the Lyndes," Marion answered. "I have a miniature of my father, which I can see myself that I resemble."

"He was a very handsome man," said Mrs. Dalton, "and daring—Ah! it was no wonder that he was among the first to rush into the war, and among the first to be killed! My child, you do not know how my heart has yearned over you during all these years, how happy I was to hear of your being at the convent with Helen, and now how glad I am to see you under my own roof. I want you to feel that you are like a daughter of the house."

"You are very kind," replied Marion,

touched by the evident sincerity of the words. "I am glad, too, to know at last some of my mother's kindred."

"I can't help wishing that you looked more like her," said Mrs. Dalton, returning wistfully to that point. "She was very lovely—though you—I suppose I need not tell you what *you* are. My dear"—and suddenly the elder woman stooped to kiss the younger—"I am sorry for you."

"I am sorry for you!" The words lingered on Marion's ear after her aunt's kindly presence had left the room, and she stood alone, asking herself why she was so often met in this manner. Why was it that, even with her royal beauty, she had thus far encountered more of pity than of admiration? Why did all eyes that had looked on the sin and sorrow of earth regard her with compassion, and why had she heard so often in her old life that which was her first greeting in the new—"I am sorry for you"?

"Sorry!—for what?" The girl asked herself this with fiery and impatient disdain. What did they all mean? Why did this key-note of unknown misfortune or suffering meet her at every turn, like a shadow flung forward by the unborn future? Why did this refrain always ring in her ears? She was tired of it—so she said to herself with sudden passion,—and she would let the future prove whether or not their pity was misplaced.

She let down her magnificent hair as she thought this, and looked at herself in the mirror out of a burnished cloud. Not, however, as most beautiful women look at the fair image that smiles from those shadowy depths—not with the gratified gaze of self-admiration, or the glance of conscious power, but with a criticism severe and stern enough to have banished all loveliness from a less perfect face; with a cool reckoning and appreciation, in which the innocent vanity of girlhood bore no part. And when this scrutiny was ended, the smile that came over her face spoke more of resolution than of pleasure.

She took up a comb then, and began arranging her hair. The task did not occupy

her many minutes; for her deft fingers were very quick, and no one had ever accused her of caring for the arts of the toilette. On the contrary, she had always manifested a careless disregard of them, which puzzled her associates, and was by not a few set down to affectation. Now, when she had piled her hair on top of her head like a coronal of red gold, she proceeded to make her simple toilette, with scarcely another glance toward the mirror. It was soon completed, and she had been ready some time, when a knock at the door was followed by the appearance of Helen's beaming face.

"So you are dressed?" she said. "I came to show you the way down. I would have come sooner, but, you know, there was so much to say!"

"And to hear," added Marion. "I can imagine, though I do not know, what such a home-coming is. And what a lovely home you have, Helen!"

"You have hardly seen it yet," answered Helen. "Come and let me show you all over it."

It was certainly a spacious and pleasant house, built with the stately, honest solidity of the work of former generations, but with many modern additions which served to enhance its picturesqueness and comfort. Marion praised it with a sincerity that delighted Helen; and, having made a thorough exploration, they passed out of the wide lower hall into a veranda, which, as in most Southern houses, was at this hour the place of general rendezvous. Here a pretty dark-eyed girl came forward to meet them.

"I was introduced to you when you arrived, Miss Lynde," she said, "but there was such a hubbub I fancy you did not notice me, and I am glad to welcome you again. I feel as if Helen's cousin must be my cousin too."

"Helen's cousin is much obliged," said Marion. "You are Miss Morley, then?"

"I am the Netta of whom you have doubtless heard. But pray sit down. Are you not tired from your journey?"

"A little. It was so warm and dusty!" answered Marion. "But this seems a perfect

place of rest," she added, as she sank on a lounge that had been placed just under the odorous shade of the vines which overran the front of the veranda. "I mean to indulge freely in the luxury of idleness here."

"I hope you will," said Helen. "But I wish that you felt sufficiently rested to come with me into the garden. I should like you to see how lovely it is."

"I wish that I did, but I don't. Pray go yourself, however. You must not let me begin my visit by being a bore to you. Miss Morley, pray take her along."

After some little demur, the two girls complied with her request, and with sincere satisfaction Marion watched them disappear down the garden paths. She was very fond of Helen, she told herself and certainly believed; but, none the less, a very moderate amount of Helen's society sufficed to content, and any more to weary her. Just now she felt particularly wearied, as if both mind and body had been on a strain; and, sinking back on the couch, with the vines breathing their rich perfume over her, she remained so still while the shades of twilight began to gather, that any one who discovered her would have had to look very closely.

This was presently proved; for the silence, which had lasted some time, was broken by a quick step—a step which passed across the veranda and entered the hall, where a ringing and hilarious voice soon made itself heard.

"Where is everybody?" it inquired. "Surely I am late enough! I thought they would all be down by this time."

"They've all been down ever so long, Frank," a child's shrill tones replied. "They are out in the garden—Helen and Netta and Cousin Marion."

"Oh, very good! Come along, Jock, and let us find them," said Mr. Frank Morley.

"Has your cousin Paul been here yet?"

"No—not yet."

"Ah, better still! We are before him, then. I shall go and welcome Helen over again, and take a kiss before she can prevent it."

"Then she'll box your ears—I saw her do it once!" cried Jock, in glee. "Oh! yes: I'll come along with you, Frank."

The tall, lithe figure, followed by the smaller one, crossed the veranda again, and strode toward the garden, leaving Marion smiling to herself in her shady nook.

Ten minutes later another step—this time a more sedate one—sounded on the gravel. But keener eyes explored the veranda before their owner entered the house. Consequently they discovered the figure under the vines, and Marion was startled by a quiet voice which said:

"What! all alone, Helen? I had not hoped for such good fortune—so soon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Rescue of the Divine Prisoner.*

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A BURST of flame—a cloud of lurid smoke—
And all the drought-parch'd roofs in mist
and murk;

High thro' the Autumn night, a hoarse voice
spoke:

"The town must go,—*the engines will not work!*"

Then horror reigned. Right, left, on ev'ry side,
The fiery coursers sprang from beam to
beam,

Wrestled and roared, and tore the rafters wide,
Like phantoms in some fierce, fantastic
dream.

While up the streets, which but an hour ago
Were full of starry stillness, Sabbath peace,
The winds drove, shrieking, from the bay
below,

Avenging fiends which fed the flames' in-
crease.

Soft! thro' the riot, thro' the hurrying throng,
A little maiden, pale and gentle-eyed,
Slips from a spacious house, and steals along
To where the holy, cross-crown'd doors stand
wide.

* An incident of the destructive fire at Salisbury, Md., October 17, 1886.

The sparrows, frightened from their airy perch,
Swoop, screaming, round her head; but on
she goes,

Straight thro' the open portals of the church,
Unto its hallowed centre of repose.

Dim burns the sanctuary-lamp on high,
A ghost of incense lingers in the air;
A breath of roses from a niche close by,
Symbols Our Lady's sweet October prayer.

Statue and shrine are veiled in purple gloom,
Like that which, silent, wraps a dead saint's
bones;

—The girl draws near the altar—feels its doom
At hand. "O God! a priest!" she trembling
moans.

Priest? There is none Full fifty miles away,
The nearest mission. Who shall save the
King,

But *her*, His little handmaid?—Round the
gray,
High windows, tongues of flame are quiver-
ing!

She turns the key—she opes the golden door—
Forth from His little cell she swiftly draws
The Prisoner Divine. Then, as the Virgin bore
The Holy Child to Egypt,—without pause,

Or space for ling'ring homage—forth the maid
Speeds to the glowing streets, her rev'rent
hands

Clasping her Lord and Love. Past barricade
And blazing wall—within her home she
stands

A few dazed moments. Ah! not there, not
there!

The fatal flames are wrapping all around
As in a fiery winding-sheet. The air
Is full of floating meteors;—the ground

Glow's 'neath her feet. Affrighted, forth she
flies,

Bearing once more the bless'd ciborium,—
And, looking back, beholds with startled eyes,
And pallid lips, with stony horror dumb,

Her home, a mass of cinders, sinking down
To shapeless ruin. Flee, brave spirit, flee!
Far, on the outskirts of the fated town,
There's surely shelter for thy God and thee!

In vain, in vain: upon her footsteps bay
 The fiery hounds,—their breath is on her
 cheek;
 The night grows red with crimson horror—
 yea,
 The very skies with gory vapors reek!

Now here, now there (poor little maid!) she
 turns
 Seeking a refuge for the Holy Grail,
 (Like Galahad of old), a glory burns
 Upon her lifted face, so pure, so pale.

Till, spent and tearful with her weary quest,
 She gains, at length, a stronghold high and
 dim,
 And the Lord Jesus finds at last His rest
 Within the archives of the Court-House
 grim.

O sweet *Sanctissimo!* what words can paint
 The grand self-sacrifice of deeds like these?
 This little heroine, this childlike saint,
 Gave all she had to guard Thy mysteries;

And giving all, like that wise man of yore,
 Who reckoned gold as dross for one pure
 gem,
 Pearl beyond price! she claims for evermore
 Thy splendors for her heavenly diadem!

The Gentiles' Christmas.

GLORIOUS Epiphany! a second Christ-
 mas, since on this day Our Blessed
 Lord showed Himself to the Gentiles.
 Jews surrounded the manger-cradle on that
 holy night, when the stars sang together,
 and the Virgin Mother first looked upon
 Her God in the person of Her Son. Jewish
 shepherds were the first human worship-
 pers after Mary and Joseph, coming from
 the still mountain-top, where the silence
 was broken by the voices of angels an-
 nouncing the Birth of Jesus, and chanting
 "*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*" These humble
 Jews had said: "Let us go over to Bethle-
 hem, and let us see this word that has come
 to pass." A wall of separation existed from
 the foundation of the Jewish nation be-
 tween them and all other peoples; they

were the chosen race, and little was known
 of God outside their communities. They
 mingled rarely with other people, and kept
 almost entirely to themselves their knowl-
 edge of God and the revelations He had
 made to them. Now and then a faint glim-
 mer of the light they possessed dawned
 upon the heathen about them.

Though seer and prophet had for many
 ages foretold the call of the Gentiles, as yet
 no voice had reached them; merely there
 had gone abroad through the known world a
 prophecy of some great event, some wonder-
 ful and miraculous appearance of a King;
 and at the time of the birth of Our Lord
 there was a stirring among the nations, even
 among those that knew not God,—an eager
 looking for something more wonderful than
 had yet happened. But the *Epiphania* first
 introduced to us, Gentiles, the Divine Babe
 and His Blessed Mother; it is therefore
 a true *Christmas* for us; and, though the
 earlier Feast may overshadow Epiphany by
 its splendor, we should never forget that on
 this day Christ was first manifested, or made
 known, to the Gentiles.

The Church, by the order of her service,
 calls upon us to celebrate three manifes-
 tations of Our Lord. First, to the Gentiles
 through the Wise Men; secondly, at His
 baptism by St. John in the Jordan, when
 the Heavens were opened, and a voice pro-
 claimed Him to be the Son of God; and
 thirdly, when He revealed His glory by
 changing water into wine at the marriage-
 feast of Cana. The first is principally com-
 memorated on the Feast of Epiphany, the
 second on the Octave, and the third is
 read in the Office of the week. Through-
 out the whole East there is the Blessing of
 Waters, with which the people are sprinkled
 in honor of the baptism of Christ; and
 there is a *formula* for the purpose, which is
 still in use in Rome and elsewhere.

The hymn for the day in the Breviary
 clearly shows the design of the Church to
 remember the three manifestations men-
 tioned above:

"The sages, coming from afar,
 Follow the new-appearing Star;

With light they seek a better Light,
Their gifts confess the God of Might.

"The Heavenly Lamb in Jordan stood,
To sanctify the crystal flood;
Our sins with that baptismal dew
Were washed in Him who sin ne'er knew.

"A strange miraculous power is shown:
The water-pots are ruddy grown,
Whose waters, by command divine,
Their nature change and yield pure wine." *

Suddenly in those days of eager expectation a brilliant meteor appeared in the eastern heavens. The attention of the princes of the East, astronomers and astrologers, was at once attracted by this transcendent brightness. Three of the wisest and bravest determined to follow this moving Star and learn its origin. No doubt they were inspired in this desire by the knowledge that had come to Arabia and Mesopotamia through the Jews, who had dwelt there in captivity, and who at this time were looking eagerly for a king, who, they hoped, would deliver the chosen people, break the Roman yoke, and set the captives free. Had not Balaam, who was of Mesopotamia, long ages ago spoken of a Star that should appear?—"A Star shall rise out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel." †

These Magi, or Wise Men, as they were called, were probably princes in their own land; they are often called kings. They must have searched into the promises made by God to the Jews, in order to have at once conceived, when they saw the Star, that it would lead them to the expected King. How great must have been their faith! how earnest their desire to see this King, since it led them to undertake this long and tedious journey, over deserts, mountains, and scorching plains, guided simply by a Star!

Father Faber, in speaking of this journey, with his usual *curiosa felicitas* says: "This visit of the Wise Men to the lovely Babe is a history more romantic than romance itself would dare to be." Doubtless there were

many in their own land who looked upon the proposed journey in the way in which people now often look upon a pilgrimage to some holy shrine—as an idiotic proceeding of a few superstitious persons, who are not satisfied with the ordinary routine of religious life, but must find something miraculous to feed their souls. Such is the opinion of cool, calculating people, not "righteous overmuch," but always eager to denounce what they are pleased to call enthusiasm. In Arabia there were such poor souls, who, though they saw the Star, felt only pity for the folly of those who followed its guidance.

Tradition in narrating these events speaks of three principal men who went on this perilous journey, and even gives their names: Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. Probably they had their camels and servants along with them, and their faith was so true and loyal that they provided themselves with most precious gifts for the expected King. Knowing Him to be a King, they sought Him in the royal city of Jerusalem, where the Star disappeared. Supposing they had reached the end of their journey, they went at once to the palace of Herod, and demanded, with some authority: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His Star in the east, and we are come to adore Him." Astounded by this question, the cruel Herod called all the wise ones of the sanhedrim, and inquired of them where the promised Messiah should be born. And they, coming together, with one voice said: "In Bethlehem of Juda"; for thus saith the Prophet Micheas: "And thou Bethlehem . . . out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel."

The Eastern princes do not seem to have delayed long after hearing these words, but set their faces toward Bethlehem; and oh! what joy when, once out of Jerusalem, the heavenly Star again appeared and guided these loving souls till it stood "over the house" where the young Child was!—We are not told how long a time had passed since the birth of Our Lord, but the Script-

* Translation of the Breviary by the Marquis of Bute.

† Num., xxiv., 17.

ure speaks of "the house," and it may be the Holy Family had left the Stable and the Manger, though all the representations of the scene introduce us to both.—Now the pilgrims bow down and adore the Lord Christ, opening their gifts, and presenting to Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh:—gold as to a King, incense offered only in sacrifice to God, and myrrh to Him who was to die for us.

"Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows."

St. Leo says of the faith and devotion of these Wise Men: "When a Star had conducted them to adore Jesus, they did not find Him exorcising devils, or raising the dead, or restoring sight to the blind or speech to the dumb: but a silent Babe, under the care of a solicitous Mother, giving no sign of power, but exhibiting a miracle of humility." Where shall we find such faith? "These Gentiles," says St. Austin of Hippo, "were the first fruits of that Gentile Church of which we are the ingathering. These Wise Men found the young Child among those that denied Him; they worshipped in that tiny body the God whom, among great signs and wonders, the Jews would not spare even as a Man." They became the first preachers of Christ to the Gentiles, after they had returned to their own country, circumventing Herod in his efforts to find Him that was born King of the Jews. They scattered the precious seed of faith throughout their tribes and lands.

In an ancient commentary on St. Matthew we read: "Among the works of St. Chrysostom there is a record of the baptism of these holy Kings by St. Thomas," and it is said they were martyrs for the faith. Their bodies were brought to Constantinople by St. Helena; thence they were carried to Milan, and in the twelfth century transferred by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa to Cologne, where they now rest in the choir of the magnificent Cathedral, within a reliquary rich with gold, silver, and precious gems. It is a much frequented shrine, where

pilgrims can, by asking, obtain billets which have touched the relics of the three Kings. The protection of the Wise Men is specially invoked by travellers, also against disease and sudden death

In Rome Epiphany is celebrated with very interesting ceremonies. At the Church of St. Andrea delle Valle there is always a tableau of the visit of the Magi to the Babe at Bethlehem, and Masses are offered continually, followed by sermons in all known languages. At the College of the Propaganda the Holy Sacrifice is celebrated according to the Greek rite, and addresses in many languages are read by the students, who come from all lands.

There are also several schools in Rome where the children, on Epiphany, sing of the manifestation of Our Lord to the Orient Kings; they also present striking tableaux of the visit of the Wise Men, and recite, with their bird-like voices, and charming child-like ways, verses in honor of the Infant Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and lastly of the noble Kings who came "from Arabia and Saba" to adore the Divine Babe.

Did space permit, we would gladly quote here the whole of a most inspiring hymn on the "Three Kings," by the saintly Father Faber. It thrills one's soul in these days of weak faith to read it; but we must content ourselves with giving only two of the twelve jubilant stanzas of this glorious canticle:

"Oh! glory be to God on high for these Arabian Kings!—

These miracles of royal faith, with Eastern offerings,—

For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthasar, who from far

Found Mary out, and Jesus, by the shining of a Star.

"Let us ask these martyrs, then, these monarchs of the East,

Who are sitting now in Heaven at their Saviour's endless feast,

To get us faith from Jesus, and hereafter faith's bright home,

And day and night to thank Him for the glorious faith of Rome!"

ISADORE.

On the Devotion of St Leonard of Port Maurice to the Blessed Virgin.

FROM his infancy St. Leonard manifested a most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, which increased wonderfully as he grew older. He raised a little altar to Her in his own room, and, besides his many prayers and devotions performed at home, he would often walk with bare feet to the Church of the Madonna dei Piani, two miles distant from Port Maurice, there to offer his childish homage to the Queen of Heaven.

The devotion of this great Franciscan Saint to Holy Mary was born with him, and went on increasing with years, ever becoming more lively and affectionate. To understand how he advanced in this devotion, it is sufficient to read the sixteenth and three following of his resolutions, in the last of which he says: "I desire to have a tender devotion to the Holy Virgin, and declare that in Her hands I have placed the great concern of my eternal salvation, loving Her with the most tender affection of a son towards his beloved mother; and I desire that all may love and honor Her in the same manner." He always spoke of Our Lady as his "dear Mother." "I am resolved," he said, "not only to give our dear Mother my whole heart, but also to strive to enkindle this flame of devotion in every breast, by proclaiming Her glories, speaking and thinking often of Her, and assisting at all the devotions that have been instituted in Her honor."

He was accustomed to recite every day the Rosary of the Seven Joys, which originated in and is practised so fervently by the Franciscan Order; and when his various occupations prevented him from doing so, he would make seven acts of love, in memory of the Seven Joys of the Blessed Virgin. He made every day twelve acts of humility in memory of the twelve prerogatives given Her by the Holy Trinity, rejoicing with Her especially in that She was conceived immaculate, and chosen to be the

Mother of God. At every act he would ask Her to obtain for him an angelic purity of heart, deep humility, and the conversion of sinners, declaring at the same time that he loved Her with all his heart, and would continue to love and serve Her till his death, as his Mother and the Mother of Our Redeemer. Every time the clock struck he said a "Hail Mary." At the first sound of the *Angelus* bell he fell on his knees and said the prayers appointed; at the first prelude he renewed his vow of poverty, in the hands of Jesus the Holy Child; at the second, his vow of obedience, in the hands of Mary; and at the third, his vow of chastity, in the hands of St. Joseph.

He fasted every Saturday of the year in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and on the vigils of Her feasts he took nothing but bread and water. As a preparation for the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, the Nativity, and the Assumption, to which he seems to have had a special devotion, he made a novena, and for the other feasts of the Blessed Virgin a triduo. At these times, besides being more fervent in prayer, he made use of severe penances to dispose his soul to receive from Mary on Her feasts new graces and favors.

He always carried about with him a little wooden box, in one division of which was a picture of Our Lady, and in the other that of his patron, St. Vincent Ferrer; and often pressing to his heart these pious objects, he consecrated to God all his affections. He declared that the praise and honor of every creature were due to the Blessed Virgin: "As for me, when I consider the many graces I have received from Holy Mary, what do you think I seem to be? Listen to me while I publicly proclaim it, to the glory of Our Blessed Lady. I seem to be one of those churches in which is a miraculous image of the Madonna, and where the walls, all covered with votive offerings and inscriptions, tell of favors received through the intercession of Mary. The health of mind and body which I enjoy, the sacred office in which I am employed, the holy habit I wear, are gifts from the

hands of Mary; every good thought, every good desire, every good feeling of my heart I owe to Her. Blessed forever be my compassionate Protectress! I shall sing in eternity the praises of Mary; for if I am saved, it will be through Her intercession."

In giving missions and in his private discourses, St. Leonard was inflamed with holy zeal in exhorting all to be devout to the Blessed Virgin, and offer Her their hearts. Besides recommending this from the platform with wonderful energy,—entreating all to have recourse to Her in their wants, and exhorting the rich to give alms to the poor on condition that they should say the Rosary every evening,—in all his missions he preached a special sermon on devotion to the Madonna, with so much unction that the most hardened were touched. Innumerable were the conversions after the sermon; and in speaking of them, St. Leonard used to say: "In preaching on the devotion to my dear Mother, I have accomplished that which the fear of eternal torments and the last judgment have failed to do." So great was the fervor with which he delivered this sermon, that all who heard him might see how his heart was inflamed with love and devotion to the Queen of Heaven.

The Saint used to tell his audience that to be truly devout, they must honor Mary every year, every month, every week, every day, every hour—at all times; and after having instructed them in the various ways of paying the tribute of reverence and devotion to the Mother of God, he concluded by saying that the most acceptable devotion, and without which all else was little worth, was to fly from sin and the occasions of it. Any one truly devout to Mary, finding himself in danger of falling into sin, ought to say: "This will displease my Holy Mother; I must not grieve Her by doing it." Sometimes he would say in preaching: "Give yourselves with fervor to the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and you will be saved. But who is truly devout to Her? He who is truly the enemy of mortal sin." To undeceive those who, plunged into sin

of every sort, believed they would be saved by the recitation of the Rosary, or visiting some favored shrine of Mary, he said in one of his sermons: "This is to pretend that the Mother of God is the patroness, not of sinners, but of sin! To be numbered amongst the truly devout children of Mary, we must be truly converted to God."

But we should never end were we to relate all that St. Leonard said and did to promote and establish amongst the people the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Like all the saints, he believed that he could never honor enough Her whom God Himself honored so highly; and as a true missionary he felt assured that where the Blessed Virgin was loved and honored, there Christ would be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

A Letter From Ireland.

ROCHE S HOTEL, GLENGARIFF,
Dec. 6, 1886.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—Here I am in the far-famed Irish *sanitarium*—the loveliest corner on the Irish sea-coast, the natives themselves affirm. Lovely it certainly must be, and combining grandeur with beauty, else it would not so challenge my admiration after two months' sojourn in the paradise of the Austrian Tyrol, after so long and near an acquaintance with the loveliest parts of Italy and Spain.

Glengariff is beautiful even in December, in spite of the almost daily rain and the uncertain sunshine, so unlike our bright American skies. My window overlooks an emerald-green lawn, enclosed on both sides with woods, and sloping down to the lake-like expanse of waters, backed by lofty and finely shaped mountains to the west. Just opposite to where I write rises the Sugar-Loaf Mountain, with another conical hill between it and the Bay. The hills behind us to the north and east are treeless, rocky, and covered with heath, moss, and furze. They were once covered, like the entire south of Ireland, with a dense growth of forest-trees,

which it became one chief purpose of the English to cut down, from Elizabeth to Cromwell, and all through succeeding governments, till not a vestige of forest is left, save around the paradisiacal parks of the great proprietors. These cover all the sunny glens, all the picturesque sites along the glorious Bay of Bantry, of which the waters enclosed by Glengarriff are only the northern extremity.

This magnificent estuary, like others well known along this coast, would be a great commercial mart, the outlet of active home industries, if this country were not systematically sacrificed to the all-powerful English monopolist. But I must not let politics cast a shadow over the bright picture I should wish to draw of Irish piety and home-life. I would have *THE "AVE MARIA"* convey my little sketch, like a soul-stirring New-Year chromo, to the thousands of firesides to which it is a welcome and dearly loved visitor, and which, besides, treasure so deep and holy a memory of this old land of the good and great.

Oh! it is rest and health for the spirit to breathe the atmosphere of Ireland after having long tarried in the ancient Continental countries, so continually shaken by revolutions, so unsettled by political upheavals, so desolated by the infidel teachings of modern philosophy, so corrupted by the fearful immorality which Voltairianism, Communism, and Anarchism let loose on the world like the plagues of the Apocalypse!

We had revelled in the schools of Cork, as well as in her churches and streets, on Sundays and week-days,—in the spectacle of the thousands of rosy, intelligent, bright-faced, and innocent children of both sexes,—as one revels in a succession of carefully kept gardens, where the loveliest flowers meet the enraptured eye on every side, and where the air seems laden with a fragrance wafted down from the hills of Paradise. And what heartfelt piety in the churches, where men and women vie with each other in honoring the Lord of the Temple by voluntary service and sacrifice, and by the frequent or daily use of God's divinest gifts to

our souls in this life! The very people in the streets are so different from those of any other land—so handsome, so pleasant-faced, so unworldly, so unmarked by the lines of care and worry and the feverish eagerness to succeed that characterize our Broadway and its rushing crowds.

We are eleven miles from Bantry here. And yet this is not the remotest part of the parish under the care of the devoted Canon Shinkwin and his curates. Just now they are making the "stations" among their people, to enable them to gain the spiritual privileges of the Jubilee. They select, in succession, a farmer's house in each of the remote districts, and hold a "station" there,—that is, go there to hear confessions, celebrate Mass as in the not far-distant times of persecution, and break the Bread of Life to the faithful and simple-hearted population.

I thus celebrated the Holy Sacrifice last Sunday in a private room of this hotel. I could well remember the "stations" at which I had myself been present when a child. How could I help being moved by the remembrance when, returning to my native land, an old man and a priest, I was privileged to offer the Divine Victim on a lowly altar, and on this mountain side, where, a little over a century ago, hunted priest and persecuted people were wont to watch and pray together during the night, and to offer with fear and trembling that same Adorable Victim just as the dawn began to break over hills and Bay!

Sparse as was the population then among the mountains of Cork and Kerry, it is far more so at this hour. The poor cabins of the country folk nestle here and there in nooks between the lofty moss and heath-covered crags, where a narrow green patch indicates that the poor Irish cottier is allowed to live, to force the inhospitable soil to yield him a scanty crop of potatoes. . . . And yet, as you travel along the road, you come upon many and many an unroofed cabin, from which the poor occupants were driven forth because they could not pay an impossible rent to the lord of the manor

yonder in his palace and amid a paradise near the sunny Bay.

The roof which was pulled down almost upon the heads of the tenants, and the walls levelled by the Crowbar Brigade, had been reared by these tenants themselves. The very soil that grew their potatoes, their cabbages, their turnips, had been created by the tillers. Even now I see them fetching up from the beach the fertilizing sand, which gives vitality to the cold and shallow earth collected here and there in hollows on the acclivities. Yet, when they could no longer pay the increased rents on the little plots of ground their industry had made, on the wretched stone hovels they had reared to shelter their little ones, they were pitilessly driven forth and cast on the roadside to perish!

Is not this the story of unnumbered generations in the past? Is it not the story of the generation now living? And, in spite of all the rigors of a fate such as no people ever endured, what a noble nature is that of these mountaineers! What a beautiful character is that of this much-enduring Irish people!

Of their physical beauty—the remnant only of that which was so general, and which is so vividly and admiringly described by the Papal Nuncio Renuccine, upwards of two hundred years ago—I need say nothing. What goes most to my heart is to see their invincible attachment to their native land, their almost-idolatrous worship of the sacred soil of their own dear Erin. And is not this undying love, this worship of the heart fully justified? Go to the teeming graveyards of Ireland, with their ruined churches, ivy-crowned and desolate, and think of *who* they are who sleep there—generation piled above generation, around the cemetery cross, and since the days of St. Patrick!—how they have lived true to the Faith! how they suffered for it, from father to son, all through the never-ending trials of centuries!

Where is the land like that of Catholic Erin? Where is the soil which for three hundred and fifty years has drunk the tears

of the persecuted for Christ—the blood of millions of martyrs? But their sacred ashes, so deep beneath our feet, and so deeply cherished, are instinct with the immortal hope of national resurrection. The dawn thereof already tinges the skies.

BERNARD O'REILLY.

Non-Catholic Reverence for the Blessed Virgin.

THE holiday number of *Harper's Magazine* is a notable one, particularly because of its opening article, entitled "The Boyhood of Christ," written by Gen. Lew Wallace, the well-known author of "Ben Hur." The subject is treated in the easy, familiar style of the story-writer, and there are several inaccurate statements, due to a misunderstanding of Scriptural expressions, such as could not be made by one whose mind, illumined by the light of Faith Divine, is capable of realizing all that is implied in the great mystery of the Incarnation—the union of the divine and human natures in one Divine Person; yet, withal, a deeply reverential and religious spirit pervades the article throughout, and makes it deserving of attentive perusal. But what most of all must strike the Catholic reader with agreeable surprise are the words, almost devotional in their significance, in which the writer speaks of the Blessed Virgin. As an illustration we may quote the following:

"The other person was Mary, the Mother. After all that has been said and written of Her appearance, Her devotion. Her sanctity—Her womanliness makes Her as incomparable amongst women as Her Son is incomparable amongst men. I am somewhat rigid in my idea that worship is due to God alone; nevertheless, it would have been hard for me to refuse to fall in and march with Cyril in his great dispute with Nestorius; and I am sensible of a kindly feeling for the Pope . . . because he at length settled the dispute by making it lawful to write 'Holy Mother of God' after Mary's name. Neither have I any disposition to quarrel with the devotional habit the peasants have of stopping to kneel before the Mother as She appears above the rural altars on the waysides of Italy. On the quay of the Bosphorus, as one ap-

proaches Therapia, there is an arched vault of an ancient ruin, in which a poor hunch-backed Greek keeps a candle always burning before a wretched picture of the Virgin. In front of that humble church I habitually stopped my caïque, and going in dropped a piaster in the alms-box, and crossed myself. The deformed keeper kept his light, such as it was, burning in the world; my money helped give him bread and maintain his light; the sign was reverence to Her who is to be the pattern of mothers while the earth endures; and such worship as there was in my salutation and gift went up to God with as much acceptance, in my belief, as if it had been rendered with organ accompaniments amidst the splendors of St. Peter's."

Or again:

"I prefer to believe the story came first from Her. She knew it best; She loved Him most; and as to the time the tale was told, exactness is of no importance. The hour, we may be sure, was auspicious; She held Him clasped in Her arms; His head lay upon Her breast; from that soft, pure pillow He looked up into Her eyes; and then She remembered that He was the Messiah, and She the most blessed of women."

Or this:

"After six years—certainly after He came to know Himself—Our Lord was taught, I think, by His Mother. She may have initiated Him in the alphabet earlier; anyhow I delight in imagining the two at work. The *torah* is spread upon Her knee; He has a hand over Her shoulder, She an arm about His waist; He is quick to apprehend; their voices are low and sweet; at times they turn to each other, and it is the old story—

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again."

True it is that all this but confirms the truth, familiar and dear to every Catholic heart, that no one can really believe in the great mystery of the Incarnation, the grand, fundamental dogma of the Christian religion, and ignore the part which She, the Virgin of virgins, chosen and predestined from amongst all the daughters of Eve for the exalted dignity of the divine maternity, took in the accomplishment of a mystery which gave glory to God and brought peace and salvation to mankind. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Protestantism, while outwardly professing its belief in the divinity of the Redeemer of the world, has ever, with glaring inconsistency, studiously sought to deprive Her, "of whom was born Jesus," of that honor due to Her because of Her exceptional relationship to Him

who came to save us. And it presents one of the consoling signs of the times—of an age which by so many titles may be justly called "The Age of Mary"—that even among those "not of the fold" there is a gradual awakening of a spirit of reverence towards the Mother of God.

May these souls yield to the sweet influence of that feeling which seeks to take root in their hearts, and submit to the loving guidance of Her who "overcometh all heresies," and who will lead them to the feet of Her divine Son in the bosom of His Church!

Catholic Notes.

The Church of Our Lady of Victory (*Notre-Dame des Victoires*), at Paris, celebrated recently, by a series of festivals, the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the well-known Archconfraternity which bears its name. The Abbé Dumax, pastor of the church, and Sub-Director of the Association, had previously gone to Rome to solicit from the Sovereign Pontiff exceptional spiritual blessings in connection with the festivals. The Holy Father manifested a lively interest in all the details of the good work done by the Confraternity, and graciously granted the favors asked. Abbé Dumax then presented two pictures of Our Lady of the Victory and the chapel wherein She is honored. Taking them in his hand, his Holiness said: "I shall keep them before me on my table." Then he added: "Yes, we must pray, and pray especially with Mary, that we may obtain victory for the Church."

The Prince-Primate of Hungary, Cardinal Simor, distributed 50,000 florins (about \$ 0,000) among the poor, on occasion of the jubilee of his ordination as priest.

The statue of the Immaculate Conception in the Grotto at Lourdes, whose beauty is admired by every pilgrim to the far-famed shrine, was the work of M. Joseph Fabisch, a sculptor famed for numerous meritorious works. Bernadette having reproduced before him the memorable scene of the apparition, the artist immediately cried: "For me that is enough: I believe! This child has seen, and

what she saw is of another world." His statue of the Immaculate Conception was the outcome of his faith.

To the editor of *The Columbian* is due the authentication of an account of a miraculous cure which we here reproduce in brief for the benefit of our readers. A young Catholic girl, named Jennie Smith, living at North Vernon, N. J., was a sufferer for several years from spinal disease, the result of a fall. Medical treatment was unavailing, and she determined to invoke supernatural aid. Placing herself under the spiritual care of the Rev. Eugene A. Farrell, of Morristown, N. J., she began a novena; shortly afterwards she arose from her bed and walked down stairs, to the utter surprise of her parents. In answer to inquiries made by the editor of *The Columbian*, Father Farrell writes: "It is true that Miss Smith is cured. She came six miles this morning in a severe snowstorm to church, and went to confession and Communion. She was for three years, nine months, and twenty days unable to get out of bed, or even to be moved in it."

By the recent death of Louis Brill Catholic Germany has lost one of its greatest poets. The son of a village physician, whose means were very limited, he experienced from an early age the bitter hardships of poverty. His mother was a fervent Catholic, and his father, although a Lutheran, permitted him to be instructed in Catholic schools, so that through life he remained well grounded and strictly practical in the duties of our holy religion. Thanks to his activity, combined with his extraordinary talents, it was not long before he began to attract the attention of the literary world. His works have exercised a marked influence upon German literature, and three especially will remain imperishable monuments of priceless literary worth. These are, "Singschwan," "Bertram Gomez;" and "Waldenhorst,"—three grand epic poems, which, while bearing witness to his indefatigable industry, his genius and creative powers, show to those outside the Church that Catholicity, far from stifling the aspirations of poetry, or art in general, gives it fresh vigor, and renewed impetus, which elevate it to heights that have not been reached by the boasted poets of the Reformation.

Prince Charles Hohenlohe, a younger son of the brave Austrian Colonel of that name, who died at Königgrätz, in 1866, and Count Paul Huyn, son of Count Charles and Countess Natalia Samtheim, have both received Holy Orders.

Mothers who are celebrating the glorious Birth should look beyond the significance of their earthly Christmas gifts, which often obscure and clog the spiritual meaning of the Feast of the Nativity. They should reflect on the significance of it for them and their daughters. In exalting His Mother, Christ exalted womanhood. And Luther and his imitators did no more unpardonable wrong than that of tearing the Mother of Our Lord from the hearts of so many women, and depriving them of the purest and most potent source of consolation.

It is a cruel thing to note in the celebration of Christmas taking place every year that the Mother of God seems to be forgotten by Protestant Christians. A Child is born—the Desired of the ages, the Star of nations,—and His Mother is pushed aside! No wonder that American womanhood begins to be degraded by female creatures, who turn to Aspasia rather than to Mary. Protestantism has wrought this logical effect.—*New York Freeman's Journal*.

We have received with deep regret the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. James A. McMaster, editor of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*. He departed this life on the 29th ult., at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., after a brief illness, the result of an accident met with a few weeks previously. He had the consolation of being surrounded in his last moments with all the blessings of our holy religion, of which he had been a staunch defender ever since his conversion in 1840. In his death, Catholic journalism in the United States has lost a long-trying and faithful servant, one who through more than thirty years as editor of the *Freeman's Journal* manifested a model earnestness in seeking the end which the Catholic press should have in view—the exposition of Catholic truths and principles in their application to practical and social life. Mistakes, indeed, he made, but they were those of the head, not of the heart; and a noble tribute of praise may well be paid to his memory for

the deep-seated faith and piety which marked his character in public and in private. It has often been said that no one could converse with him for a few moments without forgetting all his faults, and realizing the presence of a manly and well-developed intelligence. He had deserved well of religion, and many a prayer should be offered that his soul may be speedily admitted to its reward. May he rest in peace!

The *Catholic Times* states that Herr Schaepman, a Catholic member of the Parliament of the Netherlands, has brought forward a most important measure. Its object is to amend the constitution in such a way as to permit the endowment by the State of primary denominational schools, in which children of poor parents may be instructed by teachers belonging to their own religious creed. The conciliatory disposition shown of recent years by the Dutch Government towards the Catholic authorities affords good ground for the hope that Herr Schaepman's bill will be supported by the Ministry.

St. Mary's Cathedral, Denver, was the scene, not long since, of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Bishop Machebeuf's ordination to the priesthood. The church was crowded on the occasion, and a large orchestra was in attendance, with a select choir of fifty voices. The venerable Bishop, over whose head have passed the snows of seventy-four Winters, himself celebrated Mass, assisted by several members of his clergy. At the close of the services two purses of money were presented him, one by the pastor of the Cathedral, on behalf of the clergy; the other, accompanied by an address from the laity, by the Hon. E. L. Johnson. The Bishop was overcome with emotion when he rose to reply. In accents almost broken with sobs he spoke to the assembly with all the tenderness with which a father addresses his children. The audience were greatly affected, and it was an event which, we may safely say, will never be forgotten by any of those who witnessed it. For nearly forty years the central figure of that scene has been a missionary priest and Bishop among the Rocky Mountains. He was well acquainted with the famous Kit Carson, and often enjoyed his hospitality. Many and many of the Indians has he baptized and brought into the Fold. Long

may this silver-headed prelate be spared to continue his unwearied service and devotion!

We venture to ask our readers to send us the names of friends or acquaintances in any part of the world likely to be interested in *THE "AVE MARIA,"* to whom we may mail sample copies.

New Publications.

NOVISSIMA; OR, WHERE DO OUR DEPARTED GO? By the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D. Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Co. 1886.

The name of Father Bernard O'Reilly on the title-page of this elegant little volume inspired us with a confident hope that we should find in its pages a worthy and beautiful treatment of the high and noble theme with which it deals, viz., "The Latter End of Man." Our expectations have been more than realized. Full of exquisite imagery and consolatory thoughts, though tinged in some parts with an element of fancifulness, this book will do much to enhance Father O'Reilly's well-earned reputation. We need only mention the titles of some of the chapters—such as "An Hour in Heaven among the Angels," "Within the Ocean Depths of Light and Life," "The Empire of Charity," "How to Find Heaven on Earth,"—in order to inspire all whose aspirations are high, and whose emotions have not been dulled, with a desire of perusing this work. They will find in it, indeed, many thoughts that may not commend themselves to their personal likings and preconceived ideas; but they can not fail to find, at the same time, much that will stir their inmost souls. A consideration of "The Last Things" is a valuable and necessary element of the spiritual life, and no one can read through this little work without deriving from it great consolation and many edifying suggestions.

PERNIN'S UNIVERSAL PHONOGRAPHY IN TEN LESSONS. For Schools and Private Study. By H. M. Pernin. Fourth Edition. Published by the Author. Detroit, Michigan. 194 pages, 12mo. Price, \$2.

This book is not supplementary to, but contains both the "Instructor" and "Reporter" in one compact volume, with such emendations and additions as experience suggested since the publication of the earlier manuals.

As stated in the title page, the Pernin system of shorthand is the "only strictly phonetic, light-line, non position and connective vowel system in use," other connective vowel systems shading more or less, or departing from phonographic brevity. Founded on the celebrated French Duployan System, the English adaptation retains the simplicity and legibility of the original in all the alphabetic combinations of the simple style. The author has, moreover, formulated from the primitive materials a system of stenographic writing suitable for verbatim reporting that is highly commended by many reliable persons, both in the United States and Canada, who have given it a trial, and from whom testimonials are appended.

The exercises, as would naturally be expected from a teacher of long experience, are carefully graded, and supplemented with samples of work in the various branches of business and court reporting. The engraved matter is clean-cut and clearly printed, and the book is substantially bound.

NOTES IN REMEMBRANCE AND LAST RELICS OF AUGUSTUS LAW, S. J. London and New York: Burns & Oates.

This delightful little book is a reprint of articles contributed to *The Irish Monthly* on the life and death of the Rev. Augustus Henry Law, S. J., who was formerly an officer in the Royal Navy. The romantic and eventful career of this *marin et Jésuite* is sketched in a most interesting manner, and the narrative is full of sympathetic touches. Augustus Law was the son of an Anglican minister, whose conversion was the means of causing his son to reflect seriously on the question of the true Church, and finally led him to exchange the insignia of her Britannic Majesty's naval service for the penances of the Jesuit novitiate. Father Law, as he soon afterwards became, was sent on the mission to Demerara, where, after many years of heroic and self-sacrificing toil, he died of a fever, and was called to have his life of holiness crowned with an unfading crown on November 25, 1880. No reader of this exquisite little volume can fail to be charmed and inspired by its perusal.

—*The Irish American Almanac* for 1887 is the thirteenth issue of this excellent and popular year-book. It contains all the information proper to almanacs, besides a large

amount of good reading in prose and verse. Many of the selections are of great value and interest, and will be quite new to the majority of readers. Published by Messrs. Lynch, Cole & Meehan, proprietors of *The Irish American*.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Innocents, of the Ursuline Convent, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. William J. Deericks, whose happy death occurred at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 16th ult.

Mr. Patrick McGovern, a prominent and highly respected citizen of New Haven, Conn., who passed away on the 8th of December. He was an active member of several charitable associations.

Mrs. Christiana Naunnes, who peacefully departed this life in Chicago on the 15th ult., after great and prolonged sufferings.

Julia C. Onahan, the beloved and only child of William and Margaret Onahan, of Chicago. "She took great delight in THE 'AVE MARIA,' and when almost at the point of death asked to have it read to her."

Mrs. Ann McCarthy, of Lawrence, Mass., whose demise, after a long illness, patiently borne, took place Nov. 18.

Mrs. Catharine Maher, who calmly breathed her last at Marysland, Minn., on the 27th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments. She was ninety years of age.

Mr. John Coughlin, of Detroit, who died on the 20th of Dec., after a long illness, patiently borne.

Dr. Francis Purroy, of Fordham, N. Y.; Mr. Peter Wilson and E. L. Spitler, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Peter Brennan, Boston; Miss Bridget Kerwin and Mrs. Bridget Vercker, Halifax, N. S.; John Murphy, Tipton, Ind.; Mrs. — Cain, Philadelphia; Mrs. Lizzie McCandless, Pinckneyville, Ill.; John C. and John J. Ryan, Chicago; Mrs. Elizabeth Doyle, New York; Mrs. James McBann and Mrs. Catherine Dougherty, Nesquehoning, Pa.; Mrs. Rose Haunffy, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Mary A. Toomey, San Francisco; Mr. Bernard Murphy, Dover, N. H.; Mrs. Brian B. Foley and Edward Casey, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Ellen Houlihan, Limerick, Ireland; Mrs. Ellen Downs, Co. Clare, Ireland; Patrick and Hannah Geary, Oak Dale, Minn.; Mrs. John Constantine and Mrs. John Kilty, Iowa City, Ia.; Mr. Joseph Dunn, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. William Power, Rochester, N. Y.; Julia Fitzpatrick, Cleveland; Lizzie Gibson, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. G. McCloskey; Mrs. A. Dean; Mrs. John A. Kennedy, and Mrs. Joseph C. Kennedy. May they rest in peace!



A Father's Secret.

I.

One pleasant morning in 18—a decade of young men descended the steps that led to the portico of a Western University. One of them, with a frank countenance, which had an air of unusual intelligence, walked rapidly away, leaving his comrades laughing, talking, and lighting their cigars. One of the group, however, ran after him, and tapping his shoulder exclaimed:

"How fast you walk to-day, Luke! You must be very glad to get rid of us."

"No, but—I am so delighted at getting my A. M.!"

"Why, yes; to have received A. B. last commencement, and A. M. to-day, is glory enough to satisfy the most ambitious. But come along now, and take an oyster lunch with us."

"Thanks, but I've got to write to my father, and tell him of my success."

"Why, you must be a model of promptness! I am never so exact, except when I acknowledge the reception of greenbacks. So you won't come with us, Luke?"

"Not to-day, thank you."

"Well, then, while you ponder over your epistle we will make merry over champagne."

And Robert hurried back to his friends, while Luke moved on with a quickened step to his private boarding-house.

"What a handsome young man!" murmured a market-woman, as he passed her stall.

"What a fine pair of shoulders!" said an officer of the regular army to a general near him, as Luke passed by one of the principal hotels. "He looks like a born captain. I should like to have a regiment like him out on the frontier."

But Luke heard nothing, so fully preoc-

cupied was he with the pleasure he was about to give his father; besides, as his collegiate course was concluded, he intended to lay aside study for a while, at least; for his father would undoubtedly summon him to Virginia, where he would once more see the old stone house in which he was born, the woodlands in which he had caught rabbits and gone birds'-nesting, and the old pond covered with water-lilies.

Occupied with these thoughts, Luke reached his boarding-house; but before he had set his foot on the doormat, the landlady stopped him to say that a gentleman had called to see him.

"Indeed? And did he leave his card?"

"Not with me. I don't think he ever saw a city before; he merely inquired for Mr. Luke Aubrey; and when I told him that you would not be here before half-past twelve, he said, 'I will take a little walk, and call again.' He then asked me to show him the way to Central Park; so it is easy to see that he does not reside in St. Louis."

"Who *can* it be?" said the young man to himself. "Perhaps some friend of my father's." And he began to ascend the stairs to his plainly furnished room, when he heard the woman calling after him:

"Mr. Aubrey, Mr. Aubrey, here is the gentleman!"

Looking down the stairs, our graduate saw first a respectable grey hat, then a heavy cane with a gold knob (the latter looked like a familiar object), and finally a short, stout man of vigorous frame, the sight of whom quickened his pulse, and brought a flush of joy to his face. "Father! dear father!" he shouted, bounding down-stairs two steps at a time; "my dear father! is it really yourself? I was just going to write to you. How very kind of you to take such a long journey for my sake! Why, it is fully three years since we parted!"

"Yes, indeed, my son; and during that period you have become a man,—a handsome one too," added Mr. Aubrey, holding his son at arm's-length before him, and eyeing him from head to foot with complacency.

"You, too, have changed, father."

"The truth is, Luke, I am no longer young: I shall soon be seventy. Age whitens the hair, wrinkles the brow, and diminishes strength. Yet, after all, seventy years should not have accomplished all the mischief you perceive: the fact is, I was lonesome without you."

Meanwhile Luke had brought Mr. Aubrey into his own room, and installed him in its sole arm-chair, in which the stranger seemed to feel comfortable and at home.

"For some time I have been saying, I can not endure this any longer," continued the old gentleman; "Luke must stay at the University to complete his studies; and I, who am no lover of study, must remain here, with my hands folded, like an old oak-tree stripped of its boughs. I shall go to Luke. Of course it will be difficult at my age to change my habits; and, then, St. Louis is noisy and filthy when compared to my well-kept farm on the Kanawha; still, when a man is on the wrong side of sixty, and has but one child, it is most natural that he should pass the evening of life in that child's company. So here I am, and, moreover, determined not to leave St. Louis until you have received all the diplomas you aspire after."

"Then we shall not remain long, dear father," responded Luke, in a tone of filial affection mingled with manly pride. "This very morning I took my degree of A. M., and was hurrying back here to write you a letter conveying the news."

"And instead of that your old father came himself! Well, that will save you the trouble of writing and a postage-stamp," said Francis Aubrey, with a jocose, paternal chuckle. "Your success is delightful news. But you were always devoted to your studies; and from the first day that I placed you with the excellent Fathers, you have given me satisfaction, and done honor to their mental and moral training." And he laid his hand caressingly on Luke's shoulder.

"So we may leave St. Louis soon, then? I am sure that you would not like to stay here long."

"I have no desire to remain any longer than is necessary. The pavement is fatiguing to aged feet; and as for lodging in one of these six-story houses—why, I should fancy myself in the tower of the little church in our village."

"O that dear village! How happy I shall be to catch a glimpse of it once more!"

"Ah!—well—it is not so very certain that you will see it soon," rejoined Mr. Aubrey, a shade of embarrassment in his voice, his eye fixed on the foot of the table, and his hand moving nervously over the gold knob on the head of his cane. "That is to say—if you are fond of fields, streams and woodlands—you will be free to enjoy them—but not those of Islington."

"What, father! are we no longer to live at our old home in Islington?" exclaimed Luke, thoroughly amazed,—“not live in the old mansion in which grandfather died, and in which I was born? Do tell me, father, have you lost your handsome property?"

"No—the estate is not lost—by any means," said Francis Aubrey, more and more embarrassed, and trying to force a smile. "You see, I sold out; the property brought me a heavy roll of greenbacks. I have them all safely put away here," pointing to a leathern belt.

"Sold out our property!" echoed Luke, greatly surprised that his father should dispose of his landed estate without even mentioning his intention to his only son and probable heir. He dared not raise his eyes to his father's face.

"Now, do not look at this matter in a wrong light. Of course you like country-life, picturesque scenery, and old memories; but I must tell you that it was on your account that I disposed of Islington. A young man should have society suited to his years."

"I should never tire of your company. But in the neighboring country-seats there is plenty of good society, and people remain there all the year."

"In the country-seats, of course!" rejoined Mr. Aubrey, with a sneer; "yes, a select, elegant society, wrapped up in satin

and broadcloth, perfumed with musk and cologne. Those proud Virginians would never forget that your father was overseer on the estate of the Arlingtons, even though you talked Latin like a bishop. But suppose they would receive *you* as a man of education and good-breeding, should a son consent to enter a drawing-room in which his father's presence would not be tolerated?"

"Father, you are quite right," said Luke, pressing affectionately the rough hand he held, and astonished at the singular expression on the countenance of his venerable parent. "Yet we might have the parish priest and his assistant, the teacher in the grammar school, and there is a notary not far away."

"Precious acquaintances! With the notary you would talk about law papers, 'the said and the aforesaid'; with the schoolmaster, of his brats; and with the priest, of *Pater noster*s. Fine, interesting conversation! No: Islington does not suit your present position. There are plenty of handsome places for sale in the United States; and, as I am not hampered by relatives, I shall select and purchase one that suits both you and myself. When I walked out this morning I bought a pamphlet of notices and advertisements; look here my son." And Mr. Aubrey opened the pages and indicated a list of places. "I do not wish to let my money lie idle, so I shall proceed at once to find a residence. Have you any choice—the Eastern, Northern, Middle, or Western States? Any of these sections will suit me, provided it does not mean Virginia."

"That is just the place I should have preferred, because I passed my childhood there; but since you do not wish it, why, suit yourself; I have no other choice."

Then the young man leaned back in his chair, while his father read aloud:

"'Handsome property on the Ohio—park, arable lands, elegant mansion,' etc. I don't want any of those princely places; these 'lords of the manor' are all acquainted with one another," said the former overseer, knitting his heavy eyebrows, while

his small black eyes darted forth a gleam of concentrated irony and hatred; then, giving a side-glance at Luke, who, lost in reverie, perceived naught, he continued reading the pamphlet. "'Handsome cottage in the country, with an acre of land.' Too small for my purposes. 'Swiss Chalet, near Vincennes, with garden, grapery, and greenhouse.' Ah! I understand; a hut of painted pasteboard, in the midst of a flower-garden the size of my pocket-handkerchief! Such rat-holes were not made for Francis Aubrey. 'Handsome estate for sale on the outskirts of Detroit—comfortable house with modern improvements, garden, graperies, fish-pond, woodland; house neatly furnished; possession given immediately,' etc. 'Inquire of Mr. Lefort, agent for real estate, Jefferson Avenue, Detroit; or of Mr. Langlois, on the premises.' Now, Luke, what do you say to this last?"

"Well, father, I think we might like it," said the son, determined now to humor the whims of his parent. "But don't you think it is time to take some luncheon?"

"Certainly, and after a couple of glasses of sherry I'll read that advertisement again." So he slipped the pamphlet into his pocket, and, as he went down stairs, murmured to himself: "Come to think of it, the Arlingtons had a part of their family in Detroit; however, this is a large city, and I suppose people don't know one another." Then aloud: "Well, my son, as I don't want to 'buy a pig in a poke,' I'll go to-morrow and consult my friend Morin; he is a native of Michigan, and can give me information about the land, which is the most important part."

II.

Having received satisfactory accounts of the fertility of the lands from his friend Morin, and being very anxious that his money should not lie idle, Mr. Aubrey resolved to set out for Detroit as soon as possible. Luke, too, had need of rest, of pure air, and of distraction; so fifteen days after their meeting at the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi they were travelling by rail to the prairies of Michigan.

After long hours in the cars, with only short intervals for refreshment, Luke awoke one morning to be cheered with a magnificent sunrise. Not a ripple disturbed the surface of a lake towards which the train was advancing at a rapid rate: here and there cattle raised their heads at the shrill warning of the iron steed; sheep reposed peacefully on the mossy banks, and lambs skipped gracefully near their dams.

Luke observed all these beauties silently, fearing to disturb his venerable father, who slept with tight-closed hands, and head bent low upon his chest. "Father did well to secure that circular," thought he, "if the surroundings of the property he has in view are as interesting and as charming as these landscapes." Soon meadows became rarer, the fields smaller, buildings closer together; in fine, it was evident that they were nearing the suburbs of another great city.

As the train whirled by several elegant country residences, Luke was wondering whether any of these was the one which his father contemplated purchasing, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a lovely young girl, who, standing on a terrace, quietly regaled herself with the grapes she leisurely selected from a magnificent bunch. The train "slowed up" a little just there; the girl glanced around vaguely. Her juvenile beauty harmonized singularly with the wealth of fruit and foliage on the trellis that ran along the walled-up terrace, with the unclouded azure of the sky above, and the rich verdure of the trees and plains beneath.

The maiden had not only observed the train, and the few passengers that left and entered it: she had also seen a young, brown face, peaceable and serious, but at that instant expressing mingled admiration and surprise. She blushed without knowing why, and Luke also blushed involuntarily. The train moved on, at first slowly; the wall and its trellis passed out of sight; but a handsome iron gate opened on a courtyard, displaying a tastefully built mansion, well-cultivated gardens, and on the gatepost was a sign—"House for sale."

"What if that should be the house!" exclaimed Luke.

"What did you say?" inquired Francis Aubrey, sitting up on his cushioned seat in the corner of the car.

"I said, 'That is a fine house; and, as we are approaching Detroit, perhaps it is the one you have in view.'"

"The property is handsome, out-houses in good repair, fish-pond as described?"

"Dear father, the cars went too speedily for me to see so many things; but I caught sight of some fine grapes."

"I should be delighted to regale myself on grapes of our own cultivation. I never could get them in perfection at Islington; the frosts came too early to allow them to ripen. But we shall soon be at the depot, and when we have settled ourselves at the hotel, we will hunt up Mr. Lefort."

"Can we go and see the house to-day?" asked Luke, with unwonted eagerness.

"Certainly, if you wish. I am glad to see you show an interest in my plans—enter into my ideas. It should be so; a good father and a good son should agree—have no misunderstanding. As for myself, I shall not long require any earthly home, but I desire very much to see you well settled among the right sort of people; above all, independent; for I know by experience that to be happy in this world we must be independent of everyone. And, besides, one should be rich enough to command the respect and the consideration of his neighbors."

A shadow passed over the brow of the old gentleman, and he lowered his eyes. After a moment's pause he went on:

"Do you know, my son, that, though I have worked like a machine during the last fifty years, I could not obtain these things? Wealth I had; independence, too; but respect, consideration, never! True, the whites and blacks about our old place took off their hats to me, but it was only because I allowed them to earn their daily bread at Islington; and I knew that they laughed in their sleeve as soon as my back was turned. All the trinkets I could fasten to my watch-chain, all the thorough-breds I

might gather into my stables, would never make them forget that I had once been Arlington's overseer."

"Why trouble yourself about them, my dear father? No matter what we do, whether we serve our fellowmen by manual labor, devoted patriotism, or discoveries in science, if we do it with the higher motive of fulfilling our duty to God, I see nothing to be ashamed of, rather every reason to feel happy and consoled," said Luke, in the sweetest tone of voice and kindest manner.

"All very true, provided people will believe that you have acted thus. But some of our neighbors in Islington have certain maxims, that mean, 'If a servant prospers while his master grows poor, it is a sign that the servant is unfaithful.' They forget that the master lives luxuriously, neglects his ledger and loses money by gambling, while his servant toils hard and lays by his honest earnings. You may rejoice, my son; you will be happier than ever your father has been?"

"Especially and above all I shall be happy if my devoted affection can repay you for even a small portion of your tender and generous care of me and my interests."

"No need, my boy, to talk of repaying. I shall be satisfied if I can only realize the dream of my life. You see, when old Arlington used to order me about so coolly,—*me* who knew much more of planting staples and of farming than he did,—my blood boiled; I nearly hated him, and I said interiorly: 'No son of mine shall ever have to receive commands from any man.'"

"Poor, kind father!" said Luke, pressing his parent's hand lovingly; "and yet you wish me to think that I am not indebted to you for the easy and comfortable position you have procured for me by so many painful efforts and sacrifices?"

"But, Luke, things always go on that way. The fathers plant the wild stock, and the sons enjoy the grafted and matured tree with its fruit—but here we are at the depot!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Jester's Admonition.

In the beginning of the 17th century a nobleman who led a wicked life, and who, according to the ridiculous custom of the time, retained a privileged jester in his house, was seized with a sudden illness, and many supposed him to be dead. During his unconsciousness the following conversation took place between the professed fool and one of the domestics:

Domestic—"Our master is gone." Jester—"Ah! whither is he gone?" Domestic—"To heaven, I trust." Jester—"To heaven! No, that he is not, I am certain." Domestic—"Why so?" Jester—"Why, because heaven is a great way off, and when my master was going a long journey, he used for some time to talk about it and prepare for it, but I never heard him speak of heaven, or saw him make any preparation for going; he can not, therefore, be gone thither."

The nobleman, on recovering from his attack, was told this conversation, and his mind was so impressed with the pertinent observations of his jester, that he immediately began to attend to that preparation which he had so long neglected.

The Robin Redbreast's Ear of Wheat.

Some few monks came into Brittany in ages past, when that country was heathen. They built a rude shed in which to dwell, and a chapel of moor-stones, and then prepared to till the soil. But, alas! they had not seed. Then one spied a Robin Redbreast sitting on a cross they had set up, and from his beak dangled an ear of wheat. They drove the bird away, and secured the grain, sowed it, and next year had more; sowed again, and so by degrees were able to sow large fields, and gather abundant harvests. If you go now into Brittany, and wonder at the waving fields of golden grain, the peasants will tell you all came from Robin Redbreast's ear of corn. And they have turned the Redbreast's ear of wheat into a proverb.



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Cor Marlæ.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

A HEART there is, one Heart alone,—
One Heart, dear Jesus, like Thy own:
That Heart to which Thy Heart was pressed
When Thou wouldst take Thy Infant rest.
That Heart in all Thy griefs had part—
That Heart is Mary's sinless Heart.

O sinless Heart! O stainless Heart!
Thine surely is "the better part."
This Mary sat not at the feet
Of Jesus, though that, too, were sweet:
More sweet, more near, Thou, Jesus, art,
Placed as a seal upon Her Heart.

"Place me as seal upon Thy Heart."
Well may the contrite sinner start
In terror at so fond a cry.
My God, my Saviour, is it I?
Ah! Mary's Virgin Heart alone
Could offer Thee a fitting throne.

Have pity on my sinful state,
O Virgin Queen Immaculate!
From Thy celestial throne above
Smile down with mother's yearning love;
And, bidding guilt and fear depart,
Take me, O Mary! to Thy Heart.

WHAT we suffer should be our own secret; this silence is pleasing to the Heart of Jesus.—*Ven. Mother Bara.*

EVIL often triumphs, but never conquers.
—*Abbé Roux.*

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—CROSSING THE RUBICON.

HE amphibious Venetian, who has never cruised beyond the mud-flats that environ his marvellous city, knows nothing of the strange interest a foreigner feels when first approaching it; and the loss, no doubt, is his.

The pilgrim who leaves Rome on his way to Venice crosses the Rubicon near Rimini. He does not know exactly where or when he crosses it; for that classic stream has been wandering up and down the land during the last eighteen centuries, and has wasted much of its waters in its erratic flow. Small rivers are not infrequent in Northern Italy, and every stream that chanced to trickle near a town was formerly claimed by the inhabitants of that town to be the original and only Rubicon. The smaller the stream, the louder the claim, of course; since this seems to be the way of the world. But in 1756, when the question of identity took a serious turn, and was carried to Rome for a final decision, it was decided in favor of the Uso, an insignificant water-run that would scarcely float a page of classical history, no matter how thin it might be.

Close upon the shore of the Uso was discovered a column bearing a decree of the Roman Senate threatening to punish those who should, without authority, trespass be-

yond the Rubicon. Two dozen columns of the same description dignify the banks of various creeks in the vicinity, but the Uso has the best of it, and we must therefore look upon all other creeks and columns as spurious.

When I reached the Rubicon, on my way to Venice, I did not pause—I had a through-ticket,—but I thought of the lines we boys used to recite in our school-days, and take turns in reciting weekly, until they and our listeners were thoroughly worn out. These lines began with a conundrum, something in this style: “When Cæsar reached the banks of the Rubicon, he paused. Why did he pause?” Having little faith in the magnanimity of the Roman General, we used to “give it up” every Friday, and wait for the “answer next week”; but the answer never came. From personal observation I find but two ways of explaining this weakness on the part of Cæsar: either he was waiting for the little Rubicon to flow by, so that he might cross it without wetting his sandals, or—he hadn’t a through-ticket.

The Rubicon might look more respectable if it were corked up at the mouth. These European rivers are often preserved to geography by stopping up their mouths with mud. Let us not forget that they have been flowing for ages, and that it is natural that they should have run nearly dry. But the Rubicon, one of the least if yet one of the most renowned of Continental rivers, is suffered to run to waste; no effort is made to preserve it; is it, I wonder, because—to tell you the plain truth—it isn’t worth a continental?

By a diligent study of the railroad timetable I learned that the Bologna Express rolled into Venice at sunset, and it seemed to me then that kind Nature and the directors of the Italian Railway could not have combined to do me a greater favor had they been personal friends of mine. What more could I have looked for in the way of scenic effect than Venice bathed in rosy waters, an ebony silhouette, over against a gorgeous Italian sunset? The city at such an hour, I thought, must seem a miracle in

shell and coral at the low tide of a Summer sea. I thought it should, but I found that it does not—at least not always, or when most desired.

As we approached the sea, we ran over a low, flat, uninteresting bit of country, with a storm-cloud threatening us; we struck into marshes more desolate than any marshes I know of elsewhere. The wind rose, the rain fell; everybody and everything looked cold and wet and uncomfortable, and no doubt felt so. The train emerged from this “slough of despond,” where a few tall poplars waved weird signals of distress, and ran onto a long, long bridge—a splendid piece of masonry it is, too,—and lo! on either side of us tossed the windy waves of the Adriatic, and just before us, drenched in driving mists, and looking like a half-drowned phantom city, Venice slowly unveiled herself.

Since then I have often smiled at the experience of my friend—a young artist of Munich, who was on his way to Rome to pay me a visit. Knowing no Italian, he became confused as soon as he found his knowledge of the German tongue availed him nothing; and, in his perplexity, he failed to change cars at the proper time so as to catch the train for Rome. Sitting at the window as the locomotive rushed forward, he was amazed to see the train surrounded by water, while as far as the eye could reach there was every evidence of an inundation. Thus he approached a city which, from outward appearances, he took to be a submerged manufacturing town; and his surprise was in nowise abated when the guards, at the station where they halted, cried out, “*Venezia!*” He had indeed entered Venice unaware, and mistaken the numerous beautiful bell-towers of the sea-city for factory chimneys.

The Bologna train runs dry-shod into the edge of the silent city. We entered amid booming thunders and hissing lightnings, that compassed half the heavens at one flying leap. The station is close upon the upper edge of the Grand Canal. When anything is said to be upon a canal in Venice, it behooves you to look about before you

take a step; for otherwise there is a prospect of your going overboard. The canal was covered with small white caps when I came to the water gate of the station, and was welcomed by old Roman friends, who were waiting to receive me. We entered one of the score of gondolas that were plying up and down before the station-steps, and whose gondoliers were hailing us as vociferously as if they were mere prosaic cabmen on the mainland. Backing into a little cabin, as snug and cosy as a lady's muff, we went rolling down the canal, in the greatest danger, it seemed to me, of going on our beam-ends, or of shipping a heavy sea. Had a wave boarded us, we should have had a hard time of it; for there was no place to put it, and no means of getting rid of it, the lee-scuppers having been forgotten when our gondola left the stocks.

You can go anywhere in Venice by land. Every house in town has a door on some little street; though where the house is on a canal of some size or consequence, the main entrance is on the water-side. There are a thousand little bridges, toy bridges they look like, about seven steps high, that span the labyrinthian canals. There is a maze of streets and *cul de-sacs*, so narrow, so crooked, and some of them so quaint, that one might easily imagine himself in Constantinople or Peking, or any other breathlessly crowded city in the far-away corners of the earth. For all this, Venice can hardly be called crowded. It once numbered 200,000 souls; there are but 60,000 now, yet the city is the same city, comparatively, that it was a couple of centuries ago, when it was far more prosperous than it is at present.

In these narrow streets—many of them not more than three or four feet wide—the clang of hoofs and the clatter of wheels are never heard. At the Public Garden, where the Venetians gather at sunset, and pace the winding paths under shady trees, there has been at times a horse or two on hire. A kind of elongated circus-ring in the midst of the garden affords the only ride in the city, and these were the only beasts of burden to be had for love or money. It was as good as

a circus to see some venturesome Venetian mount one of these lonesome brutes, and canter about the ring, followed by a mob of amazed and admiring children, who were cheering the rider to the echo.

There are many stone paved squares in Venice out of sight of the sea, walled in by high houses, and having one or two cisterns in the middle, where swarms of people gather at certain hours in the day to fill their shining copper kettles. These cisterns are often highly ornamental, some of them having quaintly carved marble curbs; the two that are in the great court of the Ducal Palace are of the finest bronze, richly moulded. They are all kept locked at night and during the greater part of the day; but at a given hour the city officials open the iron lids, and so long as they stand open there is a constant throng of water-carriers, professional or domestic, awaiting their pull at the buckets. Picture in your mind a city that is literally afloat, where twice a day the sea-tides sweep through from end to end; where the citizens, in Summer, spend half their time in or on the water—yet within its walls there is not a drop to drink, save what is brought thither with infinite pains.

I must confess that there are a few wells, or cisterns, for the storage of rainwater; but they are very poor ones, and strictly private. The water for the use of the city is brought in boats and barges from the neighboring land, pumped into the public cisterns, and then drawn out again by the inhabitants, in proportion to their needs. It is poor water, with a strong flavor of toiling humanity in it; it should be filtered, iced, and used sparingly. There are women, professional water-carriers, who haunt the cisterns by the dozen, and start out with a yoke on their shoulders, and a slopping bucket at each end of it—the bucket-full you may purchase for one cent. They work well and long for their living, as do most of the Venetians.

Ah! Venice is so poor, and so isolated, and so unable to provide for her suffering ones! The Summers are intensely hot, and dense with mosquitos; the streets frightfully narrow and without a breath of air;

the whole city is becalmed in a glassy sea, and it is impossible to escape into the refreshing forests, or to seek the cool shelter of the hills. The Winters are rather severe. The houses, like all Italian houses, are of stone, and as cold as the coldest stone that was ever quarried—one sees nothing but stone or marble or bronze in the shape of Venetian architecture. Fuel is dear; for it, also, comes over the sea to the town—much of it from the Dalmatian coast; so are the fruits imported, and the meats and vegetables, and, in fact, almost everything.

There is but little for so many to do in this sea-girt city, and their pay is so meagre! The lace-makers, who toil ten or twelve hours per day, get eight cents for the day's work; but that is for the most skilful craftsmen; the poor girls get but half this wages—four cents for twelve busy hours at the needle. I know a lady who was able to employ the best sewing-woman in Venice at thirty cents per day for a long day's work. This woman confided to her mistress the fact that she never ate anything after twelve o'clock in the day, but saved the price of her evening meal, that she might thus help defray the expenses of her nephew's education—his parents being unable to send him to school. The poor soul had a face so pinched by want it would have made your heart ache to see her; yet she complained not.

The merest children work in Venice, as they do all over Italy, and become little old men and women very early in life—some of them. There is much pauperism visible everywhere, but I am assured that the real poverty of Venice, the actual though silent suffering, is not noticed by the casual observer, but must be searched for in the great, dark houses that once were palaces, but whose noble tenants have climbed from floor to floor, and are now helplessly famishing under their own roofs.

There is also much that is gay in the beautiful old city. One is forever unconsciously wending his way to the Piazza of San Marco, where, on Summer evenings and Winter afternoons, the band plays for

two hours several times a week. Here the people walk up and down the great paved square, with the ever-glorious basilica at the top of it; while in front of the florid and grotesque façade tower three tall flag-staves, floating a splendid display of bunting on Sundays and feast-days. It is not surprising that the Venetians are wellbred and of very graceful address; for they are continually brought in contact with the gentle classes, who gather at the hundred little tables in front of the great Café Florian to listen to the music, or gossip with their neighbors over chocolate and ices.

They seem never to be in haste, these languorous Venetians. The gondolas swim up and down the canals at a swan's pace, while the pedestrians lounge upon the bridges and gossip in the sun. As for time, it glides by so easily that it is, perhaps, the only element that impresses one as being a little fast.

What wonder, then, if the dream-life of the Queen City begets repose? The ancient East, the Orient, lies just over the water. The bronze horses that prance upon the gallery of San Marco once adorned the hippodrome of Stamboul, though they knew Rome earlier than that, and possibly Greece also. They give a hippodromic tinge to the gaudy façade of the gorgeous temple, that is quite out of keeping with the majestic solemnity of the interior—Ruskin to the contrary, notwithstanding. Read Ruskin and die before you come to Venice, if you would escape a bitter disappointment; or, what is better still, read him years after your Venetian days are over, when the sea-city shall have resolved herself into a marble dream, radiant with the double beauty of sea and sky; for it is thus only that one can hope to keep pace with the brilliant and bewildering flights of this fascinating enthusiast.

The vast, silent churches of Venice, before whose doors the very waves seem to kneel in reverence; the art-treasures of the Academy, the Ducal Palace, and the monasteries; the architecture that has preserved its integrity, and is to-day immediately recog-

nizable when imitated in any part of the world,—all these you have seen a thousand times pictured, and, alas! many of them look much prettier in pictures than out of them. For this reason Ruskin and his "Stones of Venice" had best not be read too closely on the spot; yet he is the truest interpreter of her beauty, her most ardent lover, her valiant and unrivalled champion.

There is a handsome quay of unpolished marble fronting the Lagoon on the warm south side of Venice. On one hand is the mouth of the Grand Canal, on the other the Public Garden—a breezy cape, beautifully shaded. The Island of San Giorgio faces this quay; the Ducal Palace and a long line of hotels, *cafés*, and shops are at the back of it. Fleets of gondolas, fishing-boats, and barges lie close together, with their prows curved up above the wave-washed curbstones. It was here I daily visited the representatives of all nations, who never thought of disguising their nationality in the slightest degree. The Greek and the Dalmatian, with their stiff petticoats descending to the knee; the Turk, with loose trousers and fez; the East Indian, Hindoo, and African—every creed, every caste, every color was there. Rome can not begin to show the same infinite variety.

The Peninsular and Oriental steam-ships sail each Friday for Egypt; every second or third day steamers sail for Triest, for the Greek and Turkish Islands, for the Sicilies, the south of France, Liverpool and Glasgow, and South America. All commerce seems to find its way through the wilderness of islands to the marble gates of Venice—I have even hailed a sturdy bark fresh from blustering billows of the North Sea—and yet the port of Venice is never crowded, and there seems to be very little business going on. Is it because the truck and the dray and the derrick, the steam engine, the bawling teamster, and the clanging hoofs of horses are unknown?

Sunning ourselves upon the quay, we hear the cries of Venice. On the lowest step of the nearest bridge there are heaps of hot, roasted chestnuts for sale; a little far-

ther on is a tray-full of pumpkin, cut into large slices and roasted almost black; this is a favorite dish of the Venetians, and the vendor, a buxom woman, is enticing custom at the top of her voice. "O blessed Pumpkin!" she cries; "O Pumpkin, beautiful flower!" Yonder lad has a basket-full of "sea-fruit"—oysters, squills, and snails; he will pick you the latter out of their winding chambers, and pop them into your mouth as fast as you can swallow them; you have only to stand with your hands in your pockets, and keep your mouth a-wagging.

There are water-sellers—men who carry about with them baskets filled with bottles; and when you call for a glass of water, you get it, with a dash of anise-seed or lemon juice, or some essence that kills the flavor of Venetian water, and is thought most excellent by the thousands of thirsting souls who imbibe it. There are swarms of boy match sellers; and there are boot-blacks, though there is no dust or mud in Venice worth mentioning. There are mobs of guides, who make miserable the tourist's first hours in town, but leave him severely alone after he has once been sacrificed.

There are flower-sellers, oftener women and matrons than the girls one expects to find following this vocation. They offer you a straw with a bud and three geranium leaves tied to the top of it. Offer, I said; but *offer* is a mild word to apply to their practices. They stab you in the button-hole with their villanous little bouquets, and follow you for half a mile, imploring you to pay for the posy.

The chief pest of Venice is, or was, one of these flower-sellers. She was usually stationed on the bridge by the Ducal Palace, where all foreigners are bound to linger, since it is from this point that one gets an admirable view of the Bridge of Sighs. The woman is said to be the wife of the executioner; she is quite a Lady Macbeth in her way, and I fear keeps her husband to his gory work with the goads of her unsold bouquets.

Does one ever forget a night in Venice? It is evening, the divinely beautiful evening

of that almost divinely beautiful city:—tranquil, moonlit, with a shimmer of waters, and a shadow-haunted labyrinth of canals walled in by white, silent palaces, half in deep shade and half pallid in the moonlight. Music in the Piazza; music in the passing gondola, to the harmonies of which the gondolier instinctively keeps time with the stroke of his one broad oar;—aye, music in the very air that sighs over the serene city. Everybody seems to be humming or softly whistling something, unless it be that some one is holding his breath for a moment to listen to the music of the others.

Untrained singers gather in a group under the windows of one of the chief hotels on the quay; they have drawn a large audience of idlers; even the postman, who has just taken his letters from a box at the corner, slings his leathern sack over his shoulder and pauses to catch the refrain of the singers. It is "Santa Lucia" they are singing; but "Santa Lucia" sounds not so charming here as in Naples, the land of its nativity. The Italian street-songs do not bear transplanting: I have noted it again and again in various parts of Italy—that the songs of each city sound best on the lips of its citizens. The Venetian boat-songs, for example, are very lovely, but I doubt that I would like them as well out of Venice; they need the hush of the dreamful city and the accompaniment of ripples and plashing oars to aid in their interpretation.

One evening of music, at the close of a brilliant rendition of the "Gondolier"—naturally a very popular song in Venice,—everybody was just in the mood to applaud, but no one did so save a conspicuous Englishman in a balcony, surrounded by lady friends; then the air was filled with sudden murmurs, and a shrill chorus ascended to that balcony, which probably dispelled every vestige of the charm wrought by the exquisite music. It was, "A little bottle, monsieur"; "A little wine"; "A few sous, madame"; "A few sous for the gondolier"; and at once arose the cry, "Cigars!" "Fruit!" "Sweet oranges!" "Matches!" etc., etc.

O beautiful Venice, with your palace windows stuffed with rags, and your minstrels begging sous, you are still Venice the Beautiful—by Jove, you are!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Legend of Our Lady.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

BESIDE himself with hope and fear, Sir John Van Bloemendale buried the spurs in the steaming flanks of his horse, and, deaf and blind to everything around him, made a dash for his castle at breakneck speed. The head-groom ran out in alarm as he heard the frightened steed gallop with clattering hoofs across the drawbridge of the moat, and, wondering, caught the bridles, which the master tossed to him as he hurriedly jumped out of the saddle, without the customary pat of the horse's neck, or the solicitous recommendation about the care to be bestowed upon his favorite charger. The latter snorted and neighed as he looked back at his rider, then reluctantly followed the attendant to the stables.

Sir John could not sleep a wink as he restlessly tossed about on his bed the livelong night. At early dawn of day he might have been seen cautiously slinking along in the gray shadows of the moss-covered walls of his ancestral manor, armed with bag and spade! No vassal should see his lord with these menial implements of servitude, so ill becoming a warlike knight.

Under cover of the dense undergrowth the Lord of Bloemendale bent double at his task, straining his eyes in the thick gloom overhanging the dank ground, in search of the magic herb. Heaven-blue petals must shine like twinkling stars in the surrounding green, but the tiny flower is readily lost to view under the rank foliage of spreading, plume-like ferns. The least bit of color could not, however, escape the anxious gaze of the eager eye, and with a smothered cry of delight the treasure-seeker thrust the ready hand forward and secured the coveted

prize. Was it the burning claw of the "Knight without Babies" that sent a thrill of pain through the clutching fingers, or was it only the pricking of the hooked awns of the wild teasel's burr?

With might and main he feverishly delved, and three or four earthen jars, filled to the brim with golden crowns of various dates, rewarded his diligent labor. Big beads of perspiration ran down his temples, due less to the hardship of the (to him) novel employment than to the excitement of the find. Miser-like, he looked for more; but, alas! in his hurry he had buried the precious plant under crumbling sods of moistened earth; and as he hurled the spadefuls back into the hoarding pit, the delicate flower was crushed, and not to be found. He cast a lingering glance of covetousness under the arched bowers of forest leaves, now bronzed by the golden hues of the glowing dawn of day, and—was it fancy?—he heard a faint, mysterious voice whisper: "Forget me not!" And far away the echo of the waking woods tremulously answered: "Forget me not!"

Bending under his heavy load of new-found wealth, Sir John regained the postern gate of the castle tower. As he sank exhausted under its welcome roof, he nervously slammed its iron-bound oaken door. Blended with the reverberating undulations of the unusual noise under the stone vaults of the secret passage-way, again a mocking voice startled the knight with the awe-inspiring words, "Forget me not!"

"And," says the chronicle, "Count Baldwin, the thirteenth Count of Flanders, nicknamed *Hapkin*, rode from city to city, from manor to manor, looked into all wrong-doings, redressed all grievances, and sentenced many lords to be hanged on a gallows." In the course of this self-imposed duty, he came to the Castle of Bloemendale two days after the events related above.

The Lord of Bloemendale met his suzerain at the entrance of his stronghold on bended knee, to do him homage for his fief. To the astonishment of the gentlemen in the Count's escort—who, although reticent in

the presence of their master, were well aware of Sir John's speculations,—feudatories and tenants, dependants and servants hailed him with quite as much enthusiasm as they had saluted the popular Count Baldwin, "Our Hapkin," at the boundaries of the domain. The gold had been judiciously bestowed where it would do the most good. Every man with a grievance had his legitimate demands satisfied, and a few golden crowns had been added to heal his lacerated feelings. The beautiful wife of Bloemendale appeared at his side, radiant with happiness at the change in her husband's conduct. The latter's timely generosity, helped not a little by the respectful love which the tenantry entertained for the pious and compassionate Lady Mary, made the people wild with delight.

Count Baldwin, who was weary of the stern duty which had devolved upon him of meting out strict justice in almost every domain, was charmed beyond expression at this unexpected turn of affairs. He entered with great zest upon the series of festivities held in his honor by Sir John. Tournaments for lance thrusts on horseback and sword encounters on foot were heralded throughout the county, and scores of neighboring knights were made welcome, if surprised, guests. For months afterwards the magnificent jousts of the Castle of Bloemendale, and the lavish generosity of its master, were the talk of nobles and serfs at every fireside in the land.

But, alas for human happiness, and for Sir John's peace of mind, the merry-making came to an end, and the year's numbered days sped swiftly.

Our knight grew fidgety and morose, to the dismay of Lady Mary, his wife, whose endearments seemed only to increase his sadness. Not even the merry cooing of their first-born, whom she frequently held up to her husband for a loving kiss, could bring a smile to his countenance, sternly shaded in impenetrable gloom. Money he had in plenty; but gold buys neither joy nor peace, neither health nor rest. The Lord of Bloemendale grew desperate as the day

of reckoning came nigh, and his attendants, mystified beyond measure, sadly shook their heads: "Was he getting mad?" He would day after day furiously sweep past the place of tryst, which his horse seemed to dread as much as its rider. At nightfall he came home excited and pale, his horse foaming and gnashing its bit in frenzied fear.

The year had passed away. The next day, when Sir John Van Bloemendale made his appearance in his wife's room, his look was haggard and desperate. He had tried hard to pray, but God's sky was as of lead, and the gates of heaven seemed shut against him. Sleep had long deserted his eyelids; many a night had Lady Mary listened with aching heart to his smothered moans and deep drawn sighs. With evident embarrassment he desired her to make ready for an evening ride; and, without tasting any food, he went to order his favorite charger and the lady's gentle palfrey to be saddled for the short, ominous journey.

"Shall we be long?" queried Lady Mary, as she appeared in long riding habit at the stile. And she pressed her child to her maternal heart, and printed a loving kiss on its chubby face, before confiding it to the trusty nurse for its night's rest.

"Only an hour's ride down the lane," hoarsely answered her husband, mechanically embracing his son held up to him with motherly pride. And he shuddered.

"Blessed Mother Mary, protect her!" he sighed under his breath, as he helped his wife to mount. It was the first prayer that strugglingly escaped his lips in a year and a day, and it nearly choked him.

III.

Within a short distance of Bloemendale Castle lies a low, oozy marsh, studded with a heavy growth of gnarled timber, known for miles around as "Brielkes' Woods." The peasants whom necessity compelled to skirt its uneven edges assert that about the solemn hour of midnight a ghastly red spectre haunts its woody recesses, and tries by a deceiving light and awe-inspiring threats to allure the belated traveller within its unhallowed precincts. Few there are

who recklessly dared the unearthly apparition on its chosen ground, and their unaccountable disappearance has caused the terror-stricken settlers to believe that Brielkes' Woods was dangerously near Satan's hellish domain.

To this wild spot, which the still bright sunlight of May's evening sun had robbed of its nightly horrors for his wife, Sir John wended his way. He was strangely silent, and Lady Mary became somewhat alarmed when, receiving no answer to a solicitous question about his strange demeanor, she beheld him almost unconscious of her presence, and his eyes staring wildly ahead of him. In his despair, his imagination peopled the cursed woods with legions of ghostly demons. The neighing of his steed startled the affrighted knight, who beheld his wife's nag stopping at the forked roads, and its rider beckoning Sir John to help her to dismount.

Never had Lady Mary passed the moss-covered stone chapel, built on the grassy knoll at the junction of the three roads, without greeting the Virgin Mother, whose ancient statue adorned the altar within. A sad premonition of coming evil had stolen over her, and she felt more unwilling than ever to omit her customary devotions. The knight helped his wife to alight, and, while she quietly entered the rustic chapel to pray, he nervously walked up and down the road, holding the horses. At every turn he cast fearful glances forestward, lest he might see the Evil One appear to claim his prey whilst left to himself and to his abject terror.

Lovely beyond compare was the womanly form which emerged from the little chapel, apparently strengthened and comforted. With a reverential awe which he never before experienced, Sir John lifted her in the saddle, and despairingly continued the sad journey. "Would the good God allow Satan to seize this saintly being? Shall I cowardly allow my wife to pay the penalty of my own misdeeds? Mine is damnation, for I renounced God; but I did not renounce the Virgin Mary, whose blessed name she bears, and she shall not be sacrificed. Rather

suffer a thousand deaths myself. It shall not be!" hoarsely whispered Sir John, and, addressing his companion,

"Dearest Mary!" he said.

But it was too late. On the verge of Briekes' Woods appeared the stalwart frame of the Black Knight without babies in his eyes, escorted by seven other riders, in sable trappings like his own. Unmindful of danger, the Lady fearlessly rode ahead. Bloemendale had involuntarily reined in his horse; but, with the energy of despair, he wildly dashed forward on his frightened steed, determined to defend her at all hazards.

"How now? Dishonorable knight!" roared the Evil One; "is this the way you keep your oath and make good your bloody seal on binding contract?"

"Do not I bring you the one whose life I value more dearly than my own, accursed tyrant?" groaned Sir John.

"You signed it with your own hand!" yelled Satan, his eyes starting out of their sockets, and bloody froth coloring his distorted lips. "You pledged yourself to bring your own wife, and you dare present me this. . . Avaunt! . . . Will She again crush my head? . . . Oh!"

With startled looks the Lord of Bloemendale beheld the horrible contortions of his enemy, and looked up to the Lady. Instantly he slid from his horse in remorse and confusion, and with heart-breaking sobs the now penitent sinner buried his face in the grass at Her feet.

Rays of light like golden threads were softly beaming from the heaven-blue eyes of the beautiful Lady on horseback. Her face shone with the brilliancy of the sun, and shed, from beneath Her modest head-dress, a radiance which made the half-closed petals of the flowers open again, and caused the grass to assume fresher hues of brightest green. To the awe-stricken eye of the infernal host Her queenly form appeared formidable as an army in battle-array, and made them fall back in dismay.

It was the Blessed Virgin Mary!

The wife of our knight was kneeling in a

trance on the floor of the little chapel. Our Holy Mother had rewarded her devotion, and the misguided yet faithful love of Sir John; She had taken her place in the saddle, whilst Lady Mary was absorbed in the consoling vision that bereft her of consciousness. Casting a look of pity on the repentant knight, the Blessed Virgin set about wresting his pledge of blood out of the devil's keeping.

"How dare you, proud spirit," She said, "lay claim to the soul of a pure, innocent wife? Do you not know that even a sinner like the unfortunate knight prostrate at My feet shall never invoke My protection without obtaining relief? Your tortures are fierce enough without My wishing to add to your punishment; but, by the power of Him who gained a Redeemer's victory over death and hell,—in the name of the God-Man, who willeth not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live, hand Me that parchment, Satan. . . I command thee!"

Like music sweet the words of Mary fell upon the ear of Sir John, and made his guilty soul thrill with hope and compunction. At the sound of Her voice the birds, already composed to sleep, suddenly awoke to joyful life, and warbled a glorious stream of melody to hail the Queen of Heaven and of earth. Nor were they disturbed when, forced to command, Her silvery voice vibrated with the consciousness of power which Christ, Her Divine Son, gave Her over the infernal Serpent.

Lashed into fury by this unexpected defeat, "His blood is upon it!" yelled Satan, reluctantly producing the damning proof of Bloemendale's guilt.

"Come and accuse Me, saith the Lord: if your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow; and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool."* The answer fell from the lips of the Queen Mother with irresistible force: "Another's Blood, which had its source in my virgin Heart, and gave Jesus life in my bosom, has washed the perjury away."

* Isaiah, i, 18.

In hateful spite Satan threw down the document, and the penitent knight eagerly seized it as it fluttered at his feet.

A frightful yell of rage reverberated through Brielkes' Woods; the earth trembled and groaned; the branches of the trees overhead wildly swayed to and fro with crashing noise. Sir John swooned away.

When he regained consciousness, the Lord of Bloemendale was kneeling beside his wife on the stone pavement of the cross-roads chapel. With tears of sorrow and gratitude he received the now white parchment, which Lady Mary had taken from the hands of the Child Jesus enthroned on Its Mother's arm.

The last shimmerings of fading light penetrated no longer the time stained little windows of Mary's shrine, when Sir John Van Bloemendale and his wife stepped out of it and mounted their impatient steeds.

The sweet myrrh of repentance chastened life's Catholic delights of the now happy Bloemendale household, and in heaven that blessed night there was "joy before the angels of God upon the sinner doing penance." (Luke, xv, 10)

Garcia Moreno.*

BY M. A.

◻ SAINTED man of Ecuador!
Thine was a glorious part—
To live, to labor, and to die
All for the Sacred Heart;
The land that thou didst consecrate,
Champion of love, shall be
An altar to the Sacred Heart,
A monument to thee.

And glorious was that holy day,
The Sacred Heart's dear Feast,
When rich and poor, the young, the old,
The people and the priest,
In fervent adoration knelt
Before the holy shrine,

* Suggested by a very interesting article in THE "AVE MARIA" of Nov. 27, '86, entitled "The Republic of the Sacred Heart."

Devoting life and heart and soul
Unto the Heart Divine.

And when the Southern sun went down,
Rich floods of dazzling light
With golden rays the sky illumed,
Turning to day the night,—
From temple, tower, and lowly cot,
As though the fire divine
That burns within the Sacred Heart
Illumined earthly shrine.

All this, Moreno, was thy work,—
All this, and oh! far more;
Republic of the Sacred Heart
Is still thine Ecuador;
While still its prayers and praises rise
As incense to Our Lord,
Thine the bright crown of martyrdom,
Exceeding great reward.

The enemies of Christ and thee
Devoted thee to death,
In manhood's prime they struck thee down;
But when thy latest breath
Ascended to its native Heaven,
Was heard thy parting cry
Of exultation, not of fear
Or pain—"God does not die!"

No, faithful soul: God does not die,
And thou shalt die no more;
For thou hast reached the haven blest
On the eternal shore.
Thy work goes on, for which thy prayers,
Thy toils, thy life, were given—
That men on earth might learn to love
As angels do in Heaven.

Adorers of the Sacred Heart
At many a Southern shrine,
When low they breathe the Holy Name,
Think lovingly of thine.
O blessed fate! to die like thee,
To be where now thou art,
And have thy name for evermore
Linked with the Sacred Heart!

A MISER grows rich by seeming poor;
an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

THE poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER II.

PROBABLY the speaker had seldom been more surprised than when Mariofi rose quickly, and, the last glow from the west falling over her, he found himself face to face with a stranger.

Even to the most self-possessed there is something a little embarrassing when tender tones or caressing words are heard by ears for which they were not intended; and, although there was nothing specially significant in the letter of this speech, its spirit had been eloquent enough to make Mr. Paul Rathborne start with confusion when he discovered his mistake.

"I beg pardon," he said, a little hastily—"I did not observe—that is" (with a sudden grasp of self possession), "I thought I was addressing my cousin. I suppose I have the pleasure of seeing Miss Lynde?"

"Yes," answered Marion. "And you, I presume, are Mr. Rathborne."

He bowed. "I am glad to perceive that you have heard of me."

"Oh!" said Marion, "in knowing Helen, one knows all the people that make up her home circle. I assure you I feel intimately acquainted with yourself and all the Morleys, and the children—"

"And probably the horses and the dogs," he said, as she paused. "I am aware of the comprehensiveness of Helen's affections."

"Her heart is large enough to hold all that she gives a place in it," remarked Marion.

"Oh! no doubt," said Mr. Rathborne. "But, perhaps, if one had one's choice, one would be flattered by more exclusiveness."

Marion glanced at him and thought, "It is evidently in your nature to want to monopolize," but she only said: "I do not think you have reason to complain of your place in Helen's regard."

"I have no thought of complaining," he replied; "I am very grateful for all the

regard she is good enough to give me."

The humility of the words could not conceal an arrogance of tone, which did not escape the ear of the listener. At that moment she was as thoroughly convinced as ever afterward that this man perfectly understood how paramount was the place he held in Helen's regard.

"Helen's affection is something for which one may well be grateful," she observed, sincerely enough. "But do you not wish to find her? She is in the garden."

Mr. Rathborne did not stir. "If she is in the garden," he said, "she will no doubt come in presently. And I judge from sounds which I hear in that direction that she is not alone. If you do not object, I will remain here and wait for her."

"Object! why should I object?" exclaimed Marion. She reseated herself, and was not displeased that Mr. Rathborne drew forward a chair and also sat down. She was aware that he was, in a manner, engaged to Helen—in other words, that their positive engagement had only been deferred on account of Helen's youth; but the fact did not at all detract from the interest he had for her—the interest of a man with wider life and, presumably, wider thoughts than the school-girls who, up to this time, had formed her social atmosphere. It offended her, therefore, that when he spoke next it was in the tone of one addressing a school-girl.

"I suppose, Miss Lynde, that, like Helen, you were very much attached to the convent?"

"It is not at all safe to suppose that I am in any respect like Helen," she replied. "We are very good friends, but exceedingly different in character."

"And therefore in tastes?"

"That follows, does it not? Different characters must have different tastes."

"It certainly seems a natural inference. And so I am to presume that you were *not* attached to the convent?"

"That is going rather too far. I liked it better than any other school at which I ever was placed. But I am not fond of restraint

and subjection; therefore I am glad that my school-days are over."

Mr. Rathborne smiled slightly. Even in the dusk he could see enough of the presence before him to judge that restraint and subjection would indeed be little likely to please this imperial-looking creature.

"I am to congratulate you, then," he said, "on the fact that your school-days are definitely over?"

"Yes, they are definitely over, and it remains now to be seen what schooling life holds for me."

"Certainly a singular girl this!" thought the man, who was well aware that most young ladies had little thought of what schooling life might hold for them. "If I may be permitted to prophesy," he said aloud, "I think that life has in store for you only pleasant experiences."

"That is very kind of you," answered Marion, with a mocking tone in her voice, which was very familiar to her associates; "but I don't know that I have any claim to special exemption from the usual lot of mankind; and certainly pleasant experiences are not the usual lot, unless everyone is very much mistaken."

"People are too much given to sitting down and moaning over the unpleasantness of life, when they might make it otherwise by taking matters into their own hands," said Mr. Rathborne. "But that requires a strong will."

"And something beside will, does it not?"

"Oh! of course the ability to seize opportunity, and make oneself master of it."

"That is what I should like," said Marion, speaking as if to herself: "to seize opportunity. But the opportunity must come in order to be seized."

"There is little doubt but that it will come to you," remarked her companion, more and more impressed.

How far the conversation might have progressed in this personal vein, into which it had so unexpectedly fallen, it is difficult to say; for a spark of congenial sympathy had been already struck between these two people, who a few minutes before had been

absolute strangers to each other. But at this point Mrs. Dalton stepped out of the hall and came toward them.

"I thought I heard your voice, Paul," she said, as Rathborne rose to shake hands with her; "and I wondered to whom you were talking since I knew the girls were in the garden. But this is Marion, is it not?"

"It is Marion," replied that young lady. "I did not go into the garden—I felt too tired—and Mr. Rathborne found me here a few minutes ago."

"It is somewhat late for an introduction, then," said Mrs. Dalton, "since you have already made acquaintance."

"Not a very difficult task," observed Rathborne. "I have heard a good deal of Miss Lynde, and she was good enough to say that my name was not altogether unknown to her."

"Helen talks so much of her friends that they could hardly avoid knowing one another," resumed Mrs. Dalton. "But pray go and tell her, Paul, that it is time to come in to tea."

"With pleasure," said Mr. Rathborne, departing with an alacrity which seemed to imply that only politeness had prevented his going before.

At least so Mrs. Dalton interpreted the quickness of his step, as she looked after him for an instant, and then turned to Marion. "I suppose, my dear," she said, "that you have heard Helen speak of Paul very often?"

"Very often indeed," answered Marion.

"And you are probably aware that if I had not refused to allow her to bind herself while she was so young, they would be engaged?"

Marion signified that she had also heard this—exhaustively.

"The responsibilities of a parent are very great," said Mrs. Dalton, with a sigh. "I certainly have every reason to trust Paul, who has been as helpful as a son to me in all business matters since my husband's death—he is my nephew by marriage, you know—yet I hesitate when I think of trusting Helen's happiness to him. She is so

very affectionate that I do not think she could be happy with any one who did not feel as warmly as herself. Now, Paul is very reserved in character and cold in manner. I fear that he would chill and wound her—after a while."

"But is it not a rule that people like best those who are most opposite to them in character?" asked Marion, whose interest in Helen's love-affair began to quicken a little since she had met its hero.

"I believe it is a general rule," replied Mrs. Dalton, dubiously; "but I distrust its particular application in this case. And, then, they are not of the same religion."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marion, carelessly, "that surely does not matter—with liberal people."

"It matters with Catholics," said Mrs. Dalton. "Although not a Catholic yourself, you ought to know that."

"I know that people who have always been Catholics feel so. But you, who were once a Protestant—I should think that you would be more broad."

"Converts are the last people to be broad in that respect," said Mrs. Dalton. "They have known too much of the bitterness of differing feeling on that subject. But you do not understand, so we will not discuss it. I forgot for a moment that you are separated from us in faith."

"I am separated from you because I do not hold *your* faith," said Marion, frankly; "but I am not separated because I hold any other. All religions are alike to me, except that I respect the Catholic most. But I could never belong to it."

"Never is a long day," observed Mrs. Dalton. "You do not know what light the future may hold for you. However, we will talk of this another time; for here come the garden party."

They came through the twilight as she spoke, the light dresses of the girls showing with pretty effect against the dark masses of shrubbery, and their gay young voices ringing out, with accompaniment of laughter, through the still air.

"Marion!—where is Marion?" cried

Helen, as she reached the veranda. "Oh! there you are still, under the vines! Here is a greeting from the garden that you would not go to see."

It was a cluster of odorous roses—splendid jacquemins—which fell into Marion's lap, and which she took up and pinned against her white dress. Their glowing color lent a fresh touch of brilliancy to her appearance when Paul Rathborne found himself opposite to her at the well-lighted tea-table. The twilight had revealed to him that she was handsome, but he had not been prepared for such beauty as now met and fascinated his gaze. He regarded her with a wonder which was as evident as his admiration, and not less flattering to her vanity. For Helen's confidences had enabled her to form a very correct idea of this cold, self-contained man; and she felt that to move him so much was no small earnest of her power to move others.

Meanwhile she glanced at him now and then with critical observation, seeing a keen face, with deep set eyes under a brow more high than broad; a thin-lipped mouth, which did not smile readily, and a general air of reserve and power. It was a face not without attraction to the girl, whose own spirit was sufficiently ambitious and arrogant to recognize and respond to the signs of such a spirit in another. "He is a man who means to make his way in the world, and who will use poor little Helen as a stepping-stone," she thought. "A cold, supercilious, selfish man—the kind of man who despises women, I fancy. Let us see if he will despise *me*."

There was not much reason to suspect Mr. Rathborne of such presumption. Almost his first remark to Helen, when they were together after tea, was, "What a remarkable person your cousin seems to be!"

"Marion?" said Helen. "Yes, she is so remarkable that Claire and I have often said that she is made for some great destiny. She looks like an empress, does she not?"

Rathborne laughed. "She has a very imperial air certainly," he said; "and she is strikingly beautiful. She might have the

world at her feet if she had a fortune. But I suppose she has very little?"

"None at all, I think," answered Helen, simply. "And it has embittered her. She values money too highly."

"It is difficult to do that," said Rathborne, dryly; "and Miss Lynde knows what is fitted for her when she desires wealth. I never saw a woman who seemed more evidently born for it."

"I wish I could give her my fortune," said Helen, sincerely. "She hates poverty so much, while I would not at all mind being poor."

An echo of the wish shot through Rathborne's mind, but he only said, with one of his faint, flitting smiles: "My dear Helen, you are not exactly a judge of the poverty you have never tried. And, while it is very good of you to wish to give your cousin your fortune, there can be no doubt that with such a face she will not go through life without finding one."

Helen looked across the room at the beautiful face of which he spoke. In her heart no pang of envy stirred, only honest admiration as she said: "I knew you would admire her!"

"Admire her—yes," Paul answered; "one could hardly fail to do that. But I do not think I shall like her. I like amiable, gentle women, and I am very certain that not even *you* can say that Miss Lynde is amiable and gentle."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Holy Face of Alicante.

DURING the 15th century a Cardinal, being obliged to stop at Alicante, Spain, was received very cordially by Father Peter Mena, with whom he stopped till he could resume his journey to Italy. Some time afterwards the priest had occasion to visit Rome, where he met the prelate, with whom he stayed whilst he was in the Eternal City. When he was about to take his departure, the Cardinal gave him a veil on which the face of Our Divine Lord was painted, stat-

ing that the Holy Father had once sent it to Venice when an epidemic was raging in the city, and that as soon as it was exposed to the veneration of the people, the epidemic ceased.

Father Mena did not value the picture very highly, and on his return home put it away in a wardrobe. Shortly afterwards he found the veil spread out and lying on top of linens that had covered it. He folded it up and put it under the clothes, but a second and a third time he found it spread out in the same manner, and he felt sure that nobody could have touched it. Struck by this unaccountable circumstance, he remembered the remark of the Cardinal, and determined to expose the picture to public veneration in the Church of St. John.

In 1489 the town of Alicante and the surrounding country being parched from want of rain, Father Mena determined to have the precious relic carried in procession, which was done on March 17. The Holy Face was borne by a priest of the Order of St. Francis, Father Villafranca. The procession had traversed perhaps a mile, when the friar felt that the weight on his arms was enormous, and that he could not move his feet. He was at the time on a slight elevation, and those near by saw a tear that flowed from the right eye of the Holy Face and stood on the cheek. The people all fell prostrate, crying out for mercy. It is related that amongst the many witnesses of this wonder was a young man of the Pasqual family, who, to make sure of the fact, touched the tear with his finger; and in memory of it, as well as out of respect, ever afterwards wore a silver thimble on the finger, and had the name of Veronica added to the family name, which is preserved even to this day by his descendants.

The people returned to the church, and it was decided to have another more solemn procession on March 25th. on which day the clergy of the confraternities, the magistracy, and people of all ranks in society, would join. The procession took its way towards the Monastery of the Holy Angels. Father Benedict, holding the precious relic of the

Holy Face in both hands, ascended a pulpit erected under a tree, and began to exhort the people to confidence, which would surely obtain from God the rain so much desired. Suddenly a heavy cloud darkened the clear sky; Father Benedict was raised in the air, the black cloud was succeeded by luminous rays, and, above the picture, two other similar representations of the Holy Face appeared. The people fell prostrate at sight of this second wonder, and the vision soon vanished, the cloud assuming the form of a cross, from which abundant rain fell, and preserved the crops.

On April 2d of the same year a procession of thanksgiving was formed; and it is related that, when the officiating priest took the Holy Face in his hands to offer it to the veneration of the people, a cross of the colors of the rainbow was seen in the sky.

A church was built on the spot where the first miracle took place, and there the precious relic is still venerated



A Protestant's Reflections on Catholic Worship.

THE *Germania*, of Berlin, quoted in a recent article a significant passage from a new work by the historian Jean Scheer, one of the bitterest adversaries of the Church in Germany. Notwithstanding his intense hatred of our holy religion, he can not help recognizing the magnificence and utility of its exterior worship. The following reflections were called forth by a visit to the famous sanctuary of Notre-Dame des Ermites, at Einsiedeln, Switzerland. They are the more remarkable in being the production, as we have already stated, of an anti-Catholic pen:

"The mischievous spirit of criticism was beginning to exert itself within me, when I stood before the *Sainte Chapelle*, and contemplated the faithful kneeling around me. But the incontestable fact that hundreds of thousands, even millions of people, overwhelmed with weariness and sorrow, come to kneel in this privileged chapel, to confide

their troubles to the Mother of God, and go away comforted, consoled, and perhaps even relieved—is not this a great, a veritable miracle?

"Are not these poor in spirit, from a human and moral point of view, far superior to the half-civilized and entirely uneducated populace of our great cities,—to that populace which has now but one faith, that of the brutal dogma of materialism—*Man is but an animal*,—and from which it concludes that it can and ought to conduct itself as an animal?

"The materialists have not the slightest idea of what passes in the soul of the people. They do not concern themselves about it in the least. They believe themselves to be serving the cause of progress by trying to banish the idea of God from the world; that is to say, by taking from humanity its illusions. And, yet, without gods, without ideals, without illusions, man is but two-legged cattle.

"The prophets of the fatal materialistic teachings are bereft of all good sense, through their pride and foolish blindness, when they do not realize the fact that, at the most favorable computation, not more than one-twentieth part of humanity have any aptitude for science; while, on the other hand, ninety-five hundredths have an aptitude for faith, and consequently can not make a god of science. Moreover, what is our proud science? So small a thing that only fools can pride themselves upon it. Of the first cause, of the idea and object of the world and the existence of humanity, we know just as much as did our ancestors thousands of years ago—that is to say, nothing at all.

"The ceremonial of the Catholic worship is and will remain one of the most beautiful conceptions of which the human mind is capable. It is marvellously arranged, according to this idea, that one must offer something to the senses; for, as every one knows, man is *mind* only in a restricted measure.

"The Reformers, who did not take this principle into consideration, committed the

gross error of despoiling the divine service of its artistic attire. The strength of Catholic worship is to animate by symbolization each one of its acts. With a profound knowledge of man and his needs, the Church has pressed all the arts into her service. Impartial observers, capable and sincere, admit that in Catholic churches one feels that one is in the presence of a durable power; while in Protestant places of worship, on the contrary, one perceives that one has to do with but a passing opinion."

A Monument to Bishop Bruté and Indiana Missionaries.

WE learn with pleasure that the distinguished artist Gregori is preparing plans for a grand monument to be erected by the University of Notre Dame to the memory of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bruté, the first bishop appointed in Indiana, and the Rev. Fathers Badin, de Seille, and Petit, early missionaries in the West. The monument will consist of several steps, and a triangular pedestal bearing a full-length statue of Bishop Bruté. At each corner of the pedestal, sitting on the steps leading to it, will be placed full-length figures of the three holy missionaries mentioned above. From the drawings we have seen, we can say that this monument will be a grand work of art, and an historical memorial of religion. The following letter of the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, addressed to Prof. Edwards, of the University, which appeared last week in *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, sets forth clearly the design and motive of the monument which it is proposed to erect to the memory of these missionaries, whose names merit an imperishable remembrance by reason of their indefatigable labors for the cause of religion:

DEAR FRIEND:—As you are no doubt aware, the *Scholastic* of last week contained the announcement of my resolution to delay no longer the erection of the monument I have been contemplating for many years, to per-

petuate the illustrious memories of the four first great missionaries of our State, whose feet trod and sanctified our grounds, and whose uncommon virtues are so well remembered at Notre Dame. . . .

This precious monument, under the immediate direction of our great artist, Signor L. Gregori, can scarcely fail to meet our expectations, and to prove a special honor to the country as well as to Christianity. I question if there is another spot in the West of America where four such illustrious men of God have, within twelve years, successively devoted themselves to the salvation of souls and the civilization of the country.

Bishop Bruté came to the New World with a reputation for science surpassed only by his well known sanctity. From the great *École de Médecine* in Paris, where he graduated, among 1,100 students and 120 competitors of his own class he carried off with universal applause the first premium. He renounced the most brilliant future to become a poor missionary in the United States. But to his last days in Vincennes he was consulted, from all parts of Europe, by the first medical men of the age. He had died two years before I came, but I knew him in France, and, under God, I owe him my vocation. I feel perfectly confident that the entire Episcopacy will appreciate our efforts towards honoring one of the chief glories of the American Church.

The next after him is the proto-priest, or first priest ordained in the United States. Father Badin, who came from France nearly one hundred years ago, is a household name from Baltimore to the Mississippi. No missionary in this country ever worked in a wider field.

Father de Seille succeeded him in 1812, and died here five years later, in the log cabin built by his predecessor. His admirable death alone would suffice to immortalize his memory. When parting with his dear Indians at Pokagon, he said they would see him no more; for he had a great journey to undertake. The next day after his arrival at his home he took to his bed, sent a messenger for a priest to Logansport, and another to Chicago. In Logansport the priest had gone on a sick-call at a distance, and the one in Chicago was himself quite ill. Seeing no hope from human agency, our dying missionary turned towards his two assisting friends, and requested them to carry him to the altar; with a trem-

bling hand he opened the tabernacle, and most humbly and piously communicated himself. After fifteen minutes of thanksgiving on his knees, the two friends begged to carry him back to his bed, where they had scarcely laid him when, turning to them, he said, "God bless you for your great kindness!" and expired like a saint. Can we ever allow such a memory to be obliterated?

Father Petit's career was shorter, but, if anything, even more remarkable. He was ordained by Bishop Bruté to replace Father de Seille. The day following he wrote to his mother in Rennes—where he had been a promising member of the bar—a letter which created all over Europe a sensation such as no letter from foreign missions had, in the memory of any one, ever produced. It opened in these words:

"DEAR MOTHER:—The hand of your Benjamin, which pens you these lines held this morning, for the first time, the Sacred Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. To-morrow the same again, and every day to the last; thus from Mass to Mass, up to Heaven! Mother dear, did I not often tell you how lucky I was born? O mother! behold I am a power that God Himself acknowledges!"

Scarcely two years later he died a victim of his charity, in the house of the Jesuit Fathers in St. Louis, on his return from the distant settlement of the Indians, whom he had accompanied beyond the Mississippi. His precious remains lie here at Notre Dame close to those of Father de Seille.

Once more, I say, such memories can not be permitted to pass into oblivion. To such noble souls, so completely devoted to the wants of their age, the country owes no ordinary debt of gratitude. . . .

The Story of a Conversion.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Post*, of Montreal, signing himself J. J. Kane, contributes the following account of a remarkable conversion and escape from death. It goes to strengthen the hopes that may be based on a sound religious training in youth, and is another proof that prayer from the heart pierces the clouds:

"On All Saints' Day last I was in Hamilton, and about nine in the morning took a walk in

the direction of St. Mary's Cathedral, when I encountered at the outside door a rather stout, pleasant-faced gentleman, having the appearance of a German; and, taking him for a resident of the 'ambitious city,' I inquired what time High Mass began. He replied that that was what he wanted to know himself, as he was a 'stranger here.' Having learned that we had yet an hour to spare, I suggested to my newly-made acquaintance that we withdraw to my hotel, when, having procured fragrant cigars, we proceeded to the reading-room to pass the intervening time. There J. Marie (for that was the name of my new friend) related to me a strange and somewhat romantic story of his narrow escape from death, and his conversion from the slough of infidelity and freethought, which events took place about a year ago. His narrative was in substance as follows:

"Mr. Marie was a native of South Germany, and had been carefully brought up by good Catholic parents. Leaving home at an early age, he came to the United States, where he began first to neglect his duties as a Catholic, next to ignore them entirely, and ended by becoming a professed infidel. In this state he continued for sixteen years, during which time he never lost an opportunity of speaking against and ridiculing the religion in which he had been brought up. Some four years ago he removed to South America, and started business in the Argentine Republic. He was often obliged to make long journeys on horse-back, not only through that country but also in the neighboring States. On one of these occasions he was crossing the Cordillera Mountains in Bolivia, accompanied by a native servant. When about half way on their journey, and being more than one hundred miles from the nearest settlement, they camped as usual for the night. When my friend awoke in the morning he found to his dismay that his servant had treacherously made off in the darkness, taking with him both horses, and the remainder of the food and supplies provided for the journey. His feelings can be better imagined than described on making this appalling discovery. There he was in the midst of the mountains, without either guide or conveyance, neither food nor shelter. All he could do was to remain where he was, in the hope that some traveller might be able to render him assistance.

"Thus the first day was passed, and as the dews and darkness of the night fell upon him, and a mountain lion howled fiercely in the near vicinity, Mr. Marie thought with bitterness of a time when, in such a predicament, he would have prayed the prayers taught him by his pious mother, and he felt for the first time how shallow and comfortless are the theories of the infidel. The second, third and fourth days passed without a single human being having come within sight. On the fifth day, worn out with exposure and want of food, he laid upon the ground, and, taking out his watch, began to calculate how many hours he would have to live; and then, with death staring him in the face, the last remnant of his irreligious sophisms faded away, and, falling on his knees, he acknowledged his errors, and begged pardon of God for his sins; promising at the same time that, should he be delivered from his present predicament, he would make immediate atonement for his misdeeds, and continue a practical Catholic for the remainder of his life. His prayers were heard; for towards the close of the day a friendly Indian found and rendered him timely assistance, and remained with him until he arrived at a place of safety.

"Such was the story of Mr. Marie. He had kept his vow, and was a fervent, practical Catholic. We occupied the same seat in church that day, and, from his appearance and deportment, I was convinced of the absolute truth of his narrative."

Catholic Notes.

Perhaps one of the best eulogies of our Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., and one that will appeal most forcibly to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA," as it must meet with a responsive echo in the heart of every devoted client of Our Lady throughout the world, will be found in an article which appeared in a recent number of *L'Univers* (Paris). After speaking of the zeal for prayer which has formed the predominant characteristic of the present Pontiff, who has done so much to restore a general confidence throughout the Christian world in the assistance of Divine Providence, besides reviving a community of prayer among Christian people—not to mention the three Jubilees granted during the eight years

of his pontificate,—*L'Univers* refers in a particular manner to the Holy Father's devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and says: "But it is especially through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Help of Christians, that the pious Pontiff seeks those graces of which the Church stands in need in time of trial and calamity. No year passes without some new testimony of his confidence in and his devotion towards the Mother of the world's Redeemer. The prayers recited after Mass, wherein the Blessed Virgin is especially invoked; the privileges granted the faithful in connection with the recitation of the *Angelus*; the solemn celebration prescribed for the centenary of the Month of Mary; the new favors granted to the sodalities and societies of the Blessed Virgin, in order to their propagation among Christians; the definitive establishment of the Month of the Holy Rosary,—all are not only marks of personal piety towards the Blessed Virgin on the part of Leo XIII., but they are so many acts of the government of a Pontiff who, placed at the head of the Church under circumstances the most trying and difficult, associates prayer, officially and inseparably, with his pontificate."

The chapel of the Georgian Fathers, in the neighborhood of Constantinople, is daily the scene of incidents which give evidence how rapidly devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes is extending even amongst the Turks, and prove the greatest encouragement to the missionaries in their work of spreading the light of the Gospel. The following extract from a letter of one of the Fathers we give as one instance among many others that might be cited:

"One festival day a fine carriage drew up at the gate of the convent; and a noble lady, the wife of Hemli Pacha, uncle of the Viceroy of Egypt, alighted. She had come to ask for some of the Water of Lourdes. 'My sister,' she said, 'is very ill. The doctors have given her up, and my only hope is in the help of *Meriam-Anna* [the Blessed Virgin]. Pray, oh! pray for the cure of my sister! Two years ago I myself was cured by *Meriam-Anna*. I shall ever try and prove my gratitude towards Her.' She then entered the chapel, and, kneeling before the altar of the Immaculate Virgin, she prayed with such fervor and devotion as to move all who were present. May Heaven deign to hear her prayer!"

Sergt. John Snyder, of Fort Lewis, Colo., was recently detailed to convey an invalid soldier to the National Asylum in Washington. The man had been suddenly paralyzed with blasphemous utterances on his lips. Being interrogated concerning his unfortunate charge in passing through Pittsburg, Sergt. Snyder said: "It was the most awe-inspiring scene I ever witnessed. The insane soldier joined our company about a year ago, hailing from Illinois or Kansas. One day he was taken sick with a swollen leg. He was placed in the hospital, where he remained for several months. When released by the physician, he swore by the Deity that if he was ever placed in the hospital or so sorely afflicted again, he hoped the Lord would strike him dumb. A few weeks afterwards, while we were out on duty, this man became sick again. He jumped out of his tent, the most horrible-looking object I ever saw, his features working in convulsions and his eyes almost bulging out of his head. His horrified comrades went to his relief, and he was placed under the surgeon's care; but, while he seemed in the greatest agony, and his lips moved in frantic efforts to speak, he could not utter a syllable. He never spoke again, and his tongue became stiff, and he was soon a raving maniac."

The gratifying intelligence has been received that M. Paul Bert, late President-General in Tonquin, and Marco Minghetti, the Italian statesman,—both notorious through their hatred of Catholicism,—became reconciled to the Church in their last hours. Whatever grounds there may be for hoping that the death-bed repentance of Minghetti was sincere, it is remembered that Paul Bert, on the eve of his departure for Tonquin, declared that he had resolved to leave his anti-religious fury behind him, since anti-clericalism, as Gambetta had said, was not an article of exportation. The smoking flax was not extinguished.

On November 6th the Catholics of Copenhagen celebrated the 200th anniversary of the death of the celebrated Danish anatomist Niel Stensen, otherwise known by the Italianized name of Steno, who was a Catholic Bishop and the founder of the science of geology. He was born a Lutheran, and the story of his conversion to Catholicity, as told in a recent

number of the *London Tablet*, is interesting. He was marked all through life by one devouring passion—the love of truth. Descartes and Spinoza (the latter his personal friend) gradually led him by their writings to doubt, and doubt led to investigation. From anatomy he passed to mathematics, and then to geology. His passionate love of truth carried him even further forward. In 1665 the sight of the Corpus Christi procession at Leghorn first turned his investigation towards religion, and a period of five or six years' sincere study succeeded. It ended in his conversion in Rome, and his ordination as a priest. Not only that, but he was consecrated bishop, and sent as missionary to Northern Europe. He went on foot all the way from the city of Rome to Hanover, but was soon expelled from that place. Next we find him in Hamburg, as Vicar-Apostolic of the North German and Scandinavian missions. This period of his life was one of great suffering and want. Somewhat later the Pope sent him to Schwerin, a no less hard and solitary post. And here, at the age of only forty-eight, worn out with labors and suffering, Bishop Steno died in 1686.

The new religious order founded to propagate the Work of Universal Reparation has lately bought a picturesque-looking building in Beaufort St., Chelsea, London, which was formerly a studio, and is now to be converted into the home and chapel of the community. The site is interesting from the fact that it once formed part of Sir Thomas More's garden, and the present garden still contains the mulberry-tree under which the sainted Chancellor made his meditations. This enhanced the value of the property in the eyes of the purchasers, and they are well pleased at having secured a site so rich in delightful associations. The new order, though not yet "formed" in the exact sense of the word, originated with Father Kenelm Vaughan. It was in South America that he began to raise the pecuniary resources required for the formation of the community. The constitutions are being drawn up, and the first members will enter the newly-acquired house in the suburb of Chelsea in a few weeks.

Not only does the religious persecution go on steadily in Russian Poland, but it goes on with shedding of blood. For several weeks

the faithful of the parish of Kentajcin have mounted guard night and day in their church to prevent its being closed by military force. At length orders were sent from St. Petersburg directing the use of extreme measures. The Governor at once hastened to the church with his troops, and ordered the crowd to disperse. As the latter did not move, he gave the command to fire, and a large number of unfortunate victims fell. Then at length the peasants abandoned their church, the priest escaped with the Sacred Host, and the edifice was definitely closed. The church of Brest-Litovsk, a parish of 20,000 souls, and two churches in the district of Stuck have been similarly shut.—*Weekly Register*.

The Franciscan Friars at Pesth have testified on oath that the Abbé Liszt repeatedly expressed his desire to be buried in the vaults of their monastery. Even the friar's habit in which he wished to be interred has been kept ready for years. This evidence decides the question of his place of burial.

New Publications.

PIPES FROM PRAIRIE-LAND AND OTHER PLACES. By Minnie Gilmore. New York: Cassells & Company.

This is a delightful book, and one which we have perused with unalloyed pleasure. It consists, as may be conjectured from its title, of a collection of poems, many of which are of a very high degree of merit. While not wishing to withhold well-deserved praise from the majority of the pieces which deal with secular subjects—noticeable among which is "The Three Serenades"—we have been most attracted by the poems on distinctly religious themes, such as "A Virgin Chaplet," "The Lesson of the Crucifix," and "A Lamp for the Tabernacle,"—three exquisitely beautiful pieces of poetry, all of which breathe a sentiment of the truest and tenderest devotion. "To the Rain" and "A Snow-Song" are also singularly charming pieces. Those who prefer a lighter and humorous, though at times very touching, strain in the quaint dialect of the prairie, will find it in the poems entitled "In the Original Key," which display great mastery over language and power in appealing to the emotions. Altogether this is an excellent and promising volume of poetry.

LITTLE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, and Other Tiny Rhymes for Tiny Readers. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Benziger Brothers.

Miss Donnelly does a large amount of work for the little ones, and does it most acceptably. The volume she has contributed to their amusement under the above title will fill the want of many a grateful and tuneful little soul. Pretty greetings and dainty messages for all occasions are found here, and just those little jingles which "lullaby" tired and fretted baby nature into more cheerful and smiling moods. It is very prettily illustrated, with the German style of cuts, where very chubby cherubs and very luxuriant roses and lilies make up head-pieces and tail-pieces, which seem the fitting annotations to a child's book of poems. There is, of course, a vein of holy, child-like piety running through the pages. It is a very suitable gift-book for a family of children.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. James K. Beavens, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Taunton, Mass. He was respected and loved by all who knew him, and his death is deplored not only by his parishioners, but by the people of Taunton generally. Father Beavens will long be remembered as a good citizen, a sincere friend, and a model priest.

The Rev. John A. McCullum, for many years rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Brooklyn. He was a most worthy priest, and was endeared to his parishioners and friends for many noble qualities of mind and many amiable virtues.

Brother Cesare, C. S. C., who calmly breathed his last at Notre Dame on the 2d inst., strengthened by the last Sacraments.

Sister Mary Ursula, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who died a happy and holy death on the 15th ult., at Wheeling, W. Va.

Mary C. O'Hare, whose sudden death occurred in Cincinnati on the 3d ult. She was a weekly communicant, and her life of innocence and fervor was a constant preparation for the supreme moment.

Patrick Deveny, of Detroit, Mich.; Catharine Ryan, Waukon, Ia.; Julia C. Honahan, Chicago; John Johnson, Philadelphia; Alfred Murphy, Manchester, N. H.; Michael Gavin, Boston, Mass.; Nellie Doyle, Lewiston, Me.; Mrs. Thomas McKenn, Lynn, Mass.; William, Mary and Margaret Donohoe, New York.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Hero.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers—
A cheer for the boy who says, "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted
To do what you know is not right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will overcome in the fight.
"The Right!" be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

A Father's Secret.

III.

Father and son, having secured their baggage, and taken a lunch, turned their steps to Mr. Lefort's office. The agent, who had been previously informed, sent the most gentlemanly of his clerks to guide the strangers to the house and grounds advertised. Mr. Aubrey walked with a firm step, inquiring of the clerk from time to time about the commerce on the lakes, the worth of farms in the neighborhood, etc. Luke walked dreamily by their side, the most prominent of his visions being the young girl eating the grapes at early dawn. He wondered

whether he should ever again see that sweet face, that pleasant smile. At length, in one of the outer streets of a lonely suburb, they came to an angle that led on to the turnpike, which was crossed by the railroad. After a few hundred paces Luke espied the whitened wall that supported the terrace, the luxuriant vine shooting forth strong tendrils, and lastly the ornamented gate, with the sign, "House for sale."

His heart bounded with gladness, and, while the clerk rang the bell, he cast a radiant glance towards the trellis. As he entered the courtyard, a middle-aged gentleman stood chatting with the very maiden on whom the thoughts of our graduate were bent. She hastily withdrew behind a clump of laburnums and oleanders, while her companion advanced promptly, and, recognizing the notary's clerk, said:

"Walk in, gentlemen. I presume you have come to inspect the property. I am Mr. Langlois, the person deputed by Mr. M——, the millionaire, to show strangers around. You will find it a very desirable estate, in perfect order, and convenient to the city," he continued, as he gave chairs to the visitors. "I overlook all the lands belonging to Mr. M——, who is now in Europe. His wife and child died here; he therefore does not like the place, and permits me to reside here with my family until I can find a purchaser."

IV.

October came, with its fallen leaves and withered flowers. But the approach of the "melancholy season of the year" had brought neither silence nor repose to the stylish residence in the suburbs. The great iron gate was thrown wide open, wagon-loads of furniture passed in and out, and messengers moved to and fro in haste and excitement. Chairs and tables stood on the gravelled walks, mirrors lay on the grass-plots, while wisps of straw and bits of packing canvas were strewn all about—the usual signs of that revolution styled "removal," which occasionally disturbs the most peaceable families.

One morning Aliette Langlois appeared

to be intensely occupied in putting a number of tiny flowerpots into a basket, every now and then casting a look of regret on the objects and scenes by which she was surrounded. Luke, who was engaged in sorting a collection of books for his library, was distracted by the movements of the girl with her flowerpots. Screened from view by climbing wistaria, clematis, and woodbine, he saw without being seen. However, observing a pot of carnations on a window-sill too high for the girl to reach, Luke darted forward and placed them in her hands.

"I hope, Miss Langlois, that you do not too much regret leaving this beautiful house? It would be very unpleasant for us to replace you, if that were the case."

"Yes, we do regret moving; for, although we have lived here only two years—during Mr. M——'s absence abroad,—yet we became attached to the place." Then looking, as if by chance, on a large mirror in a massive gilt frame, a fine oil-painting, and a graceful statuette, destined to ornament Mr. Aubrey's parlor, she continued: "It must be very pleasant to be rich!"

"Wealth has its value if rightly employed," answered Luke; "with it one can procure blessings and satisfaction for others, and aid in useful and meritorious undertakings."

"Well, we are poor, and doubtless shall remain so; but I am resolved to be cheerful, nevertheless. Mamma is an excellent manager, and she has disposed of the produce of the orchards and greenhouse; they proved a great resource; but now we shall have to work in earnest. Papa will copy out of office hours, and mamma is to take a few boarders."

The chat was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Langlois at the window.

"Aliette dear, what are you doing? The pots are not in the basket, and I am waiting for you to fold the curtains and roll them in pepper!"

"I am coming up, mamma. Just let me carry this basket over to the cottage; it will take only a few minutes."

"Allow me to relieve you, Miss Lang-

lois," said Luke, taking the basket by both handles.

"It will be rather heavy even for you, Mr. Aubrey; so, if you please, we will carry it together."

"Most willingly," was the reply; and he yielded one handle of the basket to Aliette, enjoying her gay laugh as they moved onward rather slowly—lest they should break the tiny flowerpots.

The two young people had just reached the rosebushes near the entrance gate, when Mr. Francis Aubrey, who had been attending to other matters, came to inquire of his son as to his success in the verification of the volumes. On seeing the joyous convoy, the old man shook his head, then dropped into the first chair at hand, and, tapping the floor with his foot to keep cadence with his thoughts, said: "Old man, you have been imprudent: they should not have had a chance to become acquainted; the workmen's delay has led to this. However, I do not think he would ever take any serious step without consulting me. Mr. Lefort told me that Langlois belongs to one of the families that founded this city; his wife, too, is a fine woman; but, then, they have no fortune, and I did not give Luke a university education to come up to Detroit and marry the daughter of an agent—an employe."

Presently Mr. Langlois appeared on the turnpike, and his shabby coat, dusty shoes, and old-fashioned hat would have led an observer to conclude that, to support his family respectably, he was obliged to "bear the heat and burden of the day." However, as the worthy agent was about to touch the bell at the gate, a handsome barouche, with a pair of splendid thoroughbreds, stopped for a moment, and a gentleman of distinguished bearing shook the hand of Mr. Langlois in a most friendly manner, and the lady at his side also extended her soft-gloved hand. After a while they drove on, and left Mr. Aubrey in amazement.

"That is our excellent mayor and his amiable wife, Mr. Aubrey. I wish you had the pleasure of their acquaintance," said Mr. Langlois, as he entered the house to

see if his orders to the workmen had been properly carried out.

"It is really surprising!" thought Francis Aubrey; "this poor man enjoys the respect and consideration of his fellow-citizens, and of influential ones too, whilst I could never succeed in obtaining the esteem of my neighbors, although I did become a wealthy man." And he bowed his head in his hands, remaining thus for a while, silent and motionless. When he lifted his head, his brow was deep crimson, perhaps the result of that continued attitude. "No one knows me here, so at least no one despises me," he went on with his soliloquy. "If Luke should marry that girl, a part of the respect offered to the Langlois family would naturally be reflected on us. He has money; she would bring consideration—not a bad dowry by any means; whereas if my son should ask the hand of a daughter of a man of fortune, the latter might look for information, seek details, and I should not like to have it known that Luke's father was once the overseer on a plantation."

Meanwhile Luke and Aliette had reached the threshold of Mr. Langlois' cottage. The young man timidly set the basket down, and tipped his hat; but Mrs. Langlois, who had followed close behind them with a basket of household utensils, said: "Pray, Mr. Aubrey, be so kind as to take the basket round to the veranda; I am afraid the animals will nibble my plants here, and spoil them." Luke cheerfully obeyed, and when he returned, the lady continued: "Now that you know the way to our new home, I hope you will not forget us, but that you will bring your venerable father to see us occasionally."

"And as a friend," Aliette's beaming face and amiable good-bye seemed to say to him.

Luke, modest though he was, felt encouraged, and began to indulge in dreams of the future as he returned to the grand house.

From this time forward the most cordial relations existed between the two families. Luke had enough to do for the present in overseeing the house and grounds, thus relieving his aged parent, and refreshing him-

self by active employment after his monotonous life at the University. The Autumn evenings were usually spent in reading, music, and games, and Aliette was the life and light of the circle. Indeed, had it not been for her gayety, the mild austerity of Mr. Langlois and the well-regulated activity of his wife would have made their home-life too serious. It was she that placed the bouquet of flowers, in their season, on her mother's work-table, covered with stockings that needed repairs; it was she that threw a gay embroidered cloth over her father's old oaken desk, and tied the plain white window-curtains with blue or rose-colored ribbons; and she would sometimes surprise her mother with a pretty new cap made of bits of old lace. The rose-bushes, acacias, and other flowering shrubs that adorned the enclosure were planted and trimmed by her graceful hands.

Her friends believed Aliette very lovable, and a treasure of usefulness. If her mother had not been over-indulgent, and her father had not forgotten his duty of studying her character, they would have perceived a shade of sadness on their daughter's face when, on visiting the city, or assisting at an evening party, she saw some young friends with brighter, richer toilettes than she could afford. And, although she had promised undying friendship to Mary Arnott, her classmate at the convent boarding-school, she had not written to her for two years; and when Mary's name was mentioned, she merely smiled indifferently. But these were faint shadows on a bright picture, tiny clouds on a pure horizon.

As time passed on, the intimacy of the two families increased. One day Luke came home from the Langlois cottage anxious and oppressed, without knowing exactly why he felt so. Aliette had informed him that her mother was to receive two brothers as boarders.

"Ah!" said Luke, "our little evening circle will be enlarged; there will be less cordiality."

Poor Luke must have been seriously pre-occupied with these forebodings, for he had

not yet ascertained whether the boarders were young or old, married or single. But two days later he met the two brothers at Mr. Langlois' house, and found that they were handsome and refined gentlemen. The elder was secretary to a banker in the city, the younger a clerk in the mayor's office.

On returning home, Luke praised the young strangers, their becoming style of dress, and elegance of manner.

"Do you know their names?" inquired Francis Aubrey.

"Their name is Henry—Junius and Alfred Henry."

"You must have made a mistake; Henry is not a family name."

"*Sometimes*, father; and I saw their signatures to the agreement with Mrs. Langlois. Still, judging from their appearance, they might have given themselves titled signatures. It is rare to meet men of such fine culture."

"I shall have to walk over and be introduced to them," said the elder Aubrey, who dreaded lest his son's merits should be thrown in the shade.

Shortly afterwards the old man spent an evening at the cottage, and, to Luke's surprise, instead of depreciating the strangers, or making sarcastic remarks, as was usual with him when, as he expressed it, "people were putting on airs," he contented himself with studying the young men's features, their conversation, and even talked to them, without, however, alluding to himself or his own affairs.

On reaching home, Luke ventured to ask his father what he thought of the brothers.

"Very pretentious, very high-flown. You may be sure they are the sons of some capitalist—of New Orleans most likely—who have squandered their inheritance, and come up here to scribble paper for a living."

However, the newcomers kept their place brilliantly in the Langlois family circle, especially Alfred, the younger and the more reserved, who appeared much at ease in this modest home. He seldom left the house when his office hours were over, but put himself at the ladies' orders for a walk in

the park, or an excursion to the woods. His violin and his deep contralto voice added greatly to the pleasure of his company.

Mr. Junius Henry spent far less time at the cottage than his brother. Quick-tempered and whimsical, he sought comrades in the city, and diverted himself with gambling and feasting. Mrs. Langlois often ventured to give an indirect admonition to Junius by praising Alfred's course of conduct, but it was of no avail. She even observed to Luke that the two young boarders were probably "not in the sphere that they were born to adorn, but had not fortune enough to occupy." Luke would simply bow assent, avoiding any remark on a subject which did not seem to add to his peace of mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Kindness to the Poor Rewarded.

The son of a poor widow was on his way to the University of Oxford. His mother, by a great effort, had raised sufficient money to enable him to finish his studies. When he was within two stages of Oxford, the young man found that he had lost the bank-note which his mother had given him. He remembered that he had taken out his purse some time before, and, thinking that the note might have been blown out, he got down from the coach and went back along the road to look for it. After walking three miles he met a beggar, and, though he felt it important not to lose time in searching for his note, his heart was so touched by the pitiable condition of the poor fellow, that he stopped to speak to him. Finding that he was going to Oxford, he offered to give him a note to a benevolent person there. He put his hand into his pocket, but not a morsel of paper could he find; when the beggar suddenly stooped, picked up a piece of paper from the road, and asked him if he could not write on that. *It was the lost bank-note*, given into his own hand by the very man towards whom he was endeavoring to do what he felt to be an act of charity.



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The Espousals of Mary and Joseph.

I.

BENEDICT XIV. tells us, in his treatise on the festivals, that one of the most zealous propagators of the Feast of the Espousals was John Gerson, the illustrious chancellor of the University of Paris. Being a devout client of St. Joseph, and persuaded that all the honors shown to that holy patriarch would redound to the glory of Mary, this learned and pious doctor asked permission of the Pope's legate to celebrate a feast commemorating the marriage of the Blessed Virgin. He even composed a proper office for the solemnity—the authorization which he had obtained from the legate and the manuscript of the office were found among his papers. The permission, however, extended only to the Church of Tournay and its dependencies.

Pope Paul III. authorized the Friars Minors to say the Mass and the Office of the Nativity of Our Lady in honor of Her marriage, without any other change than merely to substitute the word espousal for that of nativity, and the Gospel *Cum esset desponsata* for that of *Liber generationis*. The same Pontiff caused an *officium proprium* to be composed later on. From the first half of the 17th century the Feast of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin was celebrated throughout the whole Church, as appears from an indult of Benedict XIII., dated August 22, 1625.

II.

Mary lived in the Temple till She was fifteen years of age. Her parents being then dead, the priests to whose care She had been committed were inspired by Almighty God to seek for Her a partner suited to the dignity of Her birth and the eminence of Her virtues. According to the Jewish law, she could not, as an heiress, marry outside her kinsfolk. St. Joseph was near of kin, and, like Herself, of the house of David. Him the priests chose for Her husband. He was a just man—a man after God's own Heart,—and of all his family the one most worthy of so glorious an alliance. He was, according to St. Justin and the best received tradition, a carpenter. But his humble avocation did not, in the eyes of the priests, disennoble his illustrious birth or tarnish his exalted virtues; and they therefore confided to his care Her whom they looked upon as earth's greatest treasure. According to Nicephorus, the marriage was solemnized four months before the Annunciation, but other writers fix the date as the 23d of January.

III.

We should honor, says the pious Gerson, with a most pure and holy respect the marriage of St. Joseph with his ever-virgin Spouse, Mary. That the marriage took place, nothing can be more certain. We know it from St. Matthew, who relates it; we know it from the angel, who commands it; and from St. Joseph himself, who obeys the command. It is an alliance to be forever

admired; a union of soul with soul—the strongest and most lasting of all unions.

If it be asked why Our Lord wished His Holy Mother to marry, since She was always to remain a virgin, for answer we would quote the words of the holy Bishop Pavy, of Algiers: "Jesus, a virgin, had, then, seemed to condemn marriage; but, born of a Virgin who was at the same time a spouse and a mother, He thereby enunciated: 'Marriage is honorable, but virginity more honorable still!'" The marriage of the Blessed Virgin was also to present a figure of that wonderful, all-holy, all-pure, and at the same time so fruitful union, which He was so soon to contract with His Church.

From a historical and prophetic point of view, was it not necessary, among a people who reckoned their genealogy on the male side only, to show that Jesus was of the tribe of Judah, a direct descendant of David and Abraham, as this had been predicted of the Messiah? And, viewed with regard to Mary's future, was it not most necessary that in Her virginal maternity She should be protected against the rigor of the law? As heretofore the Lord had ordained that a veil of purple should be spread before the Holy of Holies, that the ark and the propitiatory should not be exposed to the eyes of the profane, so, now, He wishes the marriage of Mary and Joseph should serve as a veil to the mystery of the Incarnate Word, and of the virginity of His Blessed Mother. It was necessary, furthermore, that She should have a support in Her trials, and a companion to provide for Her wants.

These espousals were further necessary that the God-Infant should have a guardian, a foster-father, whom men would regard as a real father, and who would cherish for Him, in the most consummate degree, sentiments of affection, devotion, and tenderness. Then, again, as regards the regeneration of the human race, it was fitting that the condition of woman should be re-elevated and sanctified in the person of Mary, as it had been abased in the person of Eve. In fine, considered from the Church's point of view,

Mary's fruitful virginity—fruitful even to the bringing forth of a God—presages that supernatural fruitfulness of virgins, of both sexes, who will be the cause of Our Lord's being born again in the hearts of thousands.

IV.

The bonds of marriage, remarks St. Augustine, are three—the sacred contract, conjugal affection, and offspring,—all of which the great Doctor recognizes in the parents of Jesus Christ. Bossuet so well explains the teaching of the illustrious Doctor of Hippo on this point, that we can not do better than reproduce his words: "There was a sacred contract in which they mutually gave themselves to each other; and here it is that the true chasteness of wedded life forces itself upon our admiration. For Mary belongs to Joseph, and Joseph to the divine Mother; because, truly married, they have given themselves each to the other. But in what manner did they thus give themselves? Chastity, behold here thy triumph. They mutually gave to each other their virginity, and over this virginity they gave each other a mutual right. What right? The right to preserve it: to Mary the right of preserving Joseph's, and to Joseph the right of preserving Mary's. Neither could dispose of it, and in preserving it inviolate consisted all the fidelity of this marriage.

"Behold the promises which united these two souls, the covenant by which they were bound. They are two virginities joining in solemn compact eternally to defend each other by a mutual correspondence of chaste and holy desires. 'Such is the bond of this marriage,' says St. Augustine,—'a bond which is rendered all the stronger and holier by the sacredness of the promises interchanged.'

"But where has love, thus spiritualized, ever been found more perfect than in the nuptials of Mary? Here love was all celestial, because its flames and desires all tended to the preservation of virginity. What was it, O blessed Joseph! that you loved in Mary? Not Her physical beauty, but that invisible and interior beauty, the glory and

ornament of which is virginity. It was, then, the purity of his holy Spouse which was the object of his affections; and the more he loved this virtue, the more he sought to guard it both in Her and in himself by an entire unity of heart.

"It is true that, in a certain sense, Jesus Christ was the blessed fruit of the virginal union of these two chaste spouses. And, indeed, it is a fact acknowledged by all that it was the purity of Mary which attracted the Son of God from heaven. 'Jesus is the sacred Flower of virginity—its fruit and its recompense,' says St. Fulgentius. It was owing to Her purity that Mary was so pleasing to Her Heavenly Father; it was owing to Her purity that the Holy Ghost took possession of Her chaste womb, and planted therein a celestial germ. May it not, therefore, be said that it was Her purity which rendered Her fruitful? Having a share in the virginity of Mary, Joseph is entitled to a share in the benefits which it procured for Her. Hence it is that Jesus is his Son, not indeed according to the flesh, but because of his virginal alliance with Mary.

"With a great servant of Mary, we again exclaim: Happy marriage, whose tie was purity, and which was overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, and filled to overflowing with His grace. Happy marriage, whose end was the guardianship of Jesus Christ and the honor of Mary, whose dowry was treasures of virtue, Her wedding gifts showers of grace. Happy marriage, the bond of which was a love like to that with which the angels burn for God: a chaste, respectful love, by which Mary loves Joseph as Her protector, and by which Joseph loves Mary as the Mother of the world's Redeemer. Marvellous marriage, of which the Infant Jesus was the sacred fruit—really the fruit of Mary alone, and yet the Son of Joseph. Marriage having for its author the Most Holy Trinity, and for its guides the angels. Venerable, august family, representatives of the Holy Trinity. Divine marriage, whose nuptial feast was a torrent of sacred consolations sweeter than milk and honey.'" It was light blending with light, in order to

produce the most brilliant splendor; it was perfume mingling with perfume, to ascend to heaven in odors of concentrated sweetness.

The tongues of angels themselves would fail worthily to express the praises which this divine union merits. It was, therefore, eminently appropriate that the Church should set apart a day on which to celebrate, by prayers and canticles, this great mystery of purity. On this feast all the children of Mary will gladly assemble together to chant the praises of God's Holy Mother. They will, if they properly understand the intention of the Church in instituting this festival, conceive a higher and higher esteem for saintly virginity and angelic purity; they will emulate one another to practise with redoubled zeal the lesson which the great Apostle gives to all Christians in his Epistle to the Thessalonians: "Let us, then, brethren, respect our bodies, which are the members of Jesus Christ. . . . That every-one of you should know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honor; not in the passion of lust, like the Gentiles, that know not God. . . . For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but to holiness."

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER III.

"YOU have not told me yet, Marion, what you think of Paul," said Helen the next day.

The two girls were together in a handsome, airy parlor, through which the stream of family life had been flowing all morning, but from which it had now ebbed, leaving them alone. Helen, who had been flitting like a bird from one occupation, or attempt at occupation, to another, now threw herself into a chair by one of the low, open windows, and looked at Marion, who was lying luxuriously on a couch near by, and for an hour past had not lifted her eyes from her book.

They were lifted now, however, and regarded the speaker quietly. "What do I think of Mr. Rathborne?" she asked. "My dear Helen, what can I possibly think of him on such short acquaintance, except that he is tall and good-looking, and appears to have a very good opinion of himself?"

"Oh, Marion!"

"For all that I know, it may be an opinion based on excellent grounds, but it is undoubtedly the first thing about him that attracts one's attention."

"It is based on excellent grounds," said Helen, with some spirit. "Everyone who knows Paul, admires and looks up to him."

"Not quite everyone," observed an unexpected voice, and through the window by which she sat, Mr. Frank Morley stepped into the room. "I am sorry to come upon the scene with a contradiction," he said, as he took his cousin's hand; "but really you know, Helen, that is too sweeping an assertion. I don't look up to Paul Rathborne."

"So much the worse for you, then," said Helen. "A boy like you could not do better."

"I think that a boy, even though he were like me, might do much better. He might look up to some one who was not so selfish and conceited."

A rose-flame came into Helen's cheeks. "You are very rude as well as ill-natured," she answered, in a low tone. "You have no right to say such things to *me*."

"I have never been told that there was any reason why I should not say them to you," replied the young man, significantly; "but I had no intention of making myself disagreeable. After all, the truth is not always to be told."

"It is not the truth," exclaimed Helen, with a flash of fire in her glance. "Paul is neither selfish nor conceited. But you never liked him, Frank—you know you never did."

"I never hesitated to confess it," said Frank; "but I regret having annoyed you, Helen. I did not think you would take my opinion of Mr. Rathborne so much to heart."

"It is not your opinion," responded Helen. "It is—it is the injustice!" And then, as if unwilling to trust herself further, she sprang up and left the room.

There was an awkward pause for a moment after her departure. Mr. Frank Morley began to whistle, but checked himself, with an apologetic glance at Marion, who, leaning back on the cushions of her couch, was faintly smiling.

"I have, as usual, put my foot into it," said the young man. "But I could not imagine that Helen would be so fiery. She used to laugh when I abused Paul."

"Did she?" asked Marion. "But, then, you know, there comes a time when one ceases to laugh; and if one likes a friend, one does not wish to hear him abused. That time seems to have arrived with her."

"Yes," said Morley, rather ruefully. "And the worst of it is that it looks as if she liked the fellow better than I imagined. I am awfully sorry for that."

"You evidently do not like him."

"I!—no indeed. As Helen remarked, I never liked him, but I like him less and less as time goes on."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Everything is the matter with him. He is as cold as a stone; he cares for nobody in the world but Paul Rathborne, and for nothing that does not advance that important person's interest. He is supercilious until one longs to knock him down, and so ambitious that he would walk over the body of his dearest friend—granting that he had such a thing—to advance himself in life one inch."

"Altogether a very charming character!" remarked Marion. "It is certain that you are not the dearest friend over whose body he would walk."

Young Morley laughed. "No," he said, frankly. "I would walk over *his* with a good deal of pleasure; but he will never walk over mine, if I can help it. Though he may, for all that," he added, after an instant; "for he is so sharp that one can never tell what he is up to, until it is too late to frustrate him."

"This is very interesting," said Marion. "It is like reading a novel to hear a character analyzed in so masterly a manner."

Morley colored. He was too shrewd not to know that she was laughing at him; but, while the fact was sufficiently evident, it was not exactly evident how best to show his appreciation of it. After a moment he spoke, in a tone which had a little offence in it:

"I don't suppose the subject interests you, so I ought to beg pardon for dwelling on it. But I only meant to explain why Helen was vexed."

"And now you are vexed," observed Marion. "What have I done? I assure you I was in earnest in saying that I was interested in your analysis of Mr. Rathborne's character."

"It sounded more as if you were satirical," said Morley. "And I was not trying to analyze his character: I was only answering your questions about it."

"Quite true; but those questions led to your analyzing it. And so successfully, too, that I am going to ask another. Tell me if you think he is much attached to Helen?"

A sudden cloud came over the young man's face, and his eyes seemed to darken. "I do not think he is attached to her at all," he replied, bluntly. "Or, if that is saying too much (for everyone *must* be attached to Helen), I do not believe he would wish to marry her but for her fortune."

"Well," said Marion, philosophically, "I suppose it is the ordinary fate of rich women to be married for their money. And, after all, they do not seem to mind it; they appear happy enough."

"Helen would never be happy," said Frank Morley, impetuously.

"Do not be sure of that," responded the young cynic on the couch. "There is a French proverb, you know, which says, '*Il y'a toujours l'un qui baisse et l'un qui tend la joue.*' Helen would play the active part in that to perfection."

The young man looked at her with something of indignation. "You may consider yourself a friend of Helen's," he remarked,

"but you certainly do not understand her."

"No?" said Marion, smiling. "Then perhaps you will enlighten me, as you have about Mr. Rathborne. I am probably deficient in penetration."

Morley made a gallant effort not to be betrayed into boyish petulance, and succeeded sufficiently to say, with a dignity which amused his tormentor:

"I am sure that penetration is the last thing you are deficient in, Miss Lynde. But you do not credit others with enough of the quality. I, at least, know when I am laughed at. Now, if you will excuse me, I will go and make my peace with Helen."

He walked out of the room, holding his slim, young figure very erect; and Marion looked after him with a glance of mingled amusement and approval.

"Very well done, Mr. Morley!" she said to herself. "You are an uncommonly nice boy, with uncommonly clear reasons for your opinions. Ten years hence you may be a very agreeable man. As for Mr. Rathborne, your account of him agrees entirely with my own impressions. I really do possess a little penetration, after all."

Then she took up her novel again, and settled back among the sofa-cushions with an air of comfort. At that moment her only desire was that she might not be disturbed for a reasonable length of time. The people in the book interested her much more than the people who surrounded her in life. At this period of her existence she was wrapped in a ruthless egotism, which made all human beings shadows to her, unless they touched her interest. It was not yet apparent whether any of those who were now about her would touch her interest; and until that fact was demonstrated, she troubled herself very little about them.

A quarter of an hour, perhaps, had passed without any one appearing to disturb her quiet, when, through the same window by which young Morley had entered, another presence stepped into the room. It was Rathborne, who looked around, met Marion's eyes, and came towards her with a pleased expression.

"It seems to be my good fortune to find you always alone, Miss Lynde," he observed.

"And it seems to be the custom here that visitors shall appear in the most unexpected and informal manner," said Marion. "Do they always come in unannounced, by way of the window?"

"Oh, no. Here, as elsewhere, most visitors enter decorously by way of the door. But I have long been as familiarly intimate in this house as if it were my home, and I expected to find the family assembled."

"The family has been assembled, but the different members have been called away by one thing or another, until only I remain."

"You appear to be fond of solitude."

"Is not that a wide conclusion to draw from the fact that you have found me twice alone?"

"Discerning people can draw wide conclusions from slight indications. On each occasion a person sociably inclined would not have been left alone."

"Generally speaking, I am not very sociably inclined, I suppose; but that does not mean that I object to society—when it pleases me."

"I judge that you are not very easily pleased," said Rathborne, regarding the face which he found even more beautiful than his recollection had painted it.

She looked at him with a smile so brilliant that it almost startled him. "Are you trying to give me another proof of your discernment?" she asked. "If so, you will be gratified to hear that you are right. I am *not* easily pleased—as a rule. I suppose people are much happier who are not so 'difficult,' as my French teacher used to call me. There is Helen, for instance; she likes everything and everybody, and she is certainly happier than I am."

"But, then, unfortunately it is not very flattering to the vanity when one pleases a person who is so easily pleased."

Marion lifted her eyebrows with a mocking expression. "But why should one's vanity be flattered?" she asked. "It is not good for one that it should be."

"Not good perhaps, but very pleasant," replied Mr. Rathborne; "and I am, like yourself, somewhat 'difficult,' and hard to please."

"Ah! then you can sympathize with me. It is not an agreeable disposition to possess."

"I can sympathize with you on a good many points—or at least so I have the presumption to fancy," he said. "There is an instinct that tells one these things. Even in our brief conversation yesterday evening, I felt as if a sympathetic understanding was established between us. It seemed to me that we were likely to look at many things in the same light."

It is hardly necessary to observe that, considering what she had recently heard of the speaker's character, and hence of his probable way of looking at things, Marion should not have been very much flattered by this. But, as a matter of fact, she was flattered. She had as strong a belief in her own powers, as strong a determination to make events and people serve her ends, as Mr. Rathborne himself possessed. But her powers were untried, her ability to impress people untested; and this first proof that she *was* remarkable,—that even this cold, selfish man recognized in her something altogether uncommon—something allied to his own ambitious spirit, was like wine to her self-esteem. She thought that here was material on which she might try whatever power she had, without fear of doing mischief,—material certain to look after itself and its own interest in any event, and with which no unpleasant results could be feared.

To do her justice, Marion only wanted to make a mental impression, to extort admiration for her unusual gifts of mind and character from this man, who, she knew instinctively, was not easily moved to admiration or interest. If she forced it from him, then she might be sure that it would be easy to win it from others. These thoughts were not absolutely formulated in her mind at this moment, but they were impressed on her consciousness sufficiently to make her reply:

"You flatter me by saying so; for you are a man who knows the world, and I was yesterday a school-girl. It would be strange, then, if we did see things in the same light."

"It is difficult to realize that you were yesterday—or ever—a school-girl," said Rathborne, leaning back and looking at her intently from under his dark brows.

"That does not sound very flattering," she replied, with a laugh; and yet in her heart she knew that it was just the kind of flattery she desired.

"I am not trying to flatter you," he replied. "I am telling you exactly how you impress me. And I do not see how, in the name of all that is wonderful, you ever became what you are in that convent from which you come."

A swift shade passed over Marion's face. "You must not blame or credit the convent with what I am," she said. "If I had gone there earlier, I might be a very different person. But my character and disposition were formed when I went there, two years ago, and the influences of the place could not change me, though they often made me feel as if change would be desirable."

"They made you feel a mistake, then," remarked her companion, with emphasis. "Change in you would not be desirable. You are—"

But Marion was not destined to hear just then what she was. Steps and voices came across the hall; Helen's laugh sounded, and the next moment Helen herself appeared in the door-way, followed by Frank Morley, who had apparently succeeded in making his peace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BLESSED WILLIAM, monk of Grandselve, died at Valdaune on the 9th of April, A. D. 1157. William of Balada, an English abbot, says the only words of Latin known by this blessed man were "*Ave Maria*." It is reported that on his grave grew a lily, the petals of whose flowers had written on them in letters of gold, "*Ave Maria*."—*Lives and Legends of the Cistercian Fathers*.

Hermann Von Mallinckrodt.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

THE career of the Catholic, or so-called "Centre," party in the German Empire forms an interesting episode of modern politics. Its present leader, the sagacious Windthorst, has been so closely identified with it from the beginning as to have almost become in North Germany an impersonification of patriotism as guided by Catholic principles. Rightly so, too. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to overlook the very important share taken in organizing that party by one of the noblest Germans of our times, Hermann Von Mallinckrodt,—a man who, dying in the hottest of the struggle for religious and political liberty, is still remembered with love by the Catholics of all Germany.

Mallinckrodt's learning, eloquence, wit, courage, readiness of resource, piety,—his intense love for his race and country, joined with the heartiest devotion to the Catholic religion, bring to the mind Daniel O'Connell; though these two men were, it is true, very unlike in personal appearance and temperament, as well as in the circumstances with which they had to contend. Each was the incarnation, one might almost say, of his race characteristics; but the races represented by the two are as dissimilar as any white races can well be. O'Connell was a Celt of the Celts; Mallinckrodt was of the pure Westphalian Saxon stock, of that particular branch of the great Teutonic family known as Low German. Mallinckrodt was a German of the Germans.

It has been a favorite theory with some historians and essayists that the rise and success, such as it was, of Protestantism in Germany were owing to a certain twist in the German mind. According to this theory, the German mind is so constituted that it can not brook interference with its independent action. It loves to investigate for itself. It will not accept any system of belief that involves a reliance on any au-

thority other than its own particular German individual conscience and reason.

These theorists have been fond of pointing out the contrast in this regard between the German race and the other races of Europe. Some have gone so far as to affirm that Protestantism, which is merely individualism in religion, could not have thriven among any other than a Germanic people. They have declared Protestantism to be the only form of Christianity logically consistent with the temperament and instinctive tendencies of a Germanic people, instancing Germany, the Scandinavian countries, the Netherlands, and Great Britain; at the same time cheerfully though somewhat contemptuously conceding that Catholicity is, perhaps, adapted to the more sensuous and credulous Celtic and Latin nations, instancing Ireland, France, Italy, and Spain.

To the Christian the assumption that religion is determined by race is necessarily odious. The one God made the entire human family; the one Son of God died for all; and for all, of whatever climate, language, race, or temperament, the one Christ founded one Church,—a Church whose very name of Catholic indicates its adaptability to all, and its claim to the submission of all. But this race-theory of religion has been applied to the Germans, in defiance of many indisputable facts. It is conveniently forgotten by these theorists that considerable areas of some of the most faithful Catholic regions of France are inhabited by descendants of Franks and Burgundians, a people as Germanic in race as any community east of the Rhine; that Lombardy—perhaps the most truly Catholic portion of Italy—and a great part of Catholic Spain are, and for a thousand years have been, almost exclusively inhabited by descendants of Teutonic tribes: Lombards, Goths, Vandals, or Sueves. It is forgotten that Celtic Wales, and nearly-as-Celtic Scotland, and the Celtic portions of Switzerland, are nothing if not Protestant.

But—what is more to the purpose here—the promoters of the race-theory of religion forget that the most German parts of Germany are the most Catholic parts. From

the Brenner Pass of the Tyrol, through the most German canton of Switzerland—liberty-loving Schwyz itself—over the Danube, through Bavaria, through the Rhinelands, and north, through Westphalia and Hanover, to the North Sea, and across from the Meuse to the Elbe, the great German race, fair or swarthy, whether speaking Hoch Deutsch or Platt Deutsch dialect, is for the most part a Catholic race. The theorists forget that the most thoroughly non-Catholic regions of Germany—the territory lying to the northeast of the Elbe—are inhabited chiefly by non-Germans: East Prussians, Wends, Letts, and other Slavonian stocks; and that even there the really German communities—those close to the southern coast of the Baltic—adhere to that especially devout form of Protestantism which retains the largest fragments of the Catholic Faith.

Still, politics has all along had a serious concern in the religious controversies which Germany has inherited as a legacy from the so-called Reformation. It is quite true that the Germans have been strikingly tenacious of their rights wherever they have once established these rights; but this tenacity has been from the first manifested in the assertion of family, parish, provincial, and generally of local independence, as opposed to the centralizing tendency that seeks to lower all to a dead level of servitude under the pretext of national unity.

In connection with this, it is to be noted that the anti-Catholic historians have failed to explain consistently with some of their views why in Germany it is the Catholic spirit which has at all times been the life of home rule and local rights, without which there can be no self-government and no political liberty; while the anti-Catholic party, by whatever name it passed, whether as Protestantism of old, or as Liberalism in more recent times, has represented centralization, "strong" governments, great standing armies, a lumbering bureaucracy, and the other complicated machinery of despotic dominion.

It was among non-Germans—it can not

be too forcibly insisted—that the “Reformation” centred its military power in Germany; precisely among the descendants of those heathen tribes of Prussia, Livonia, and Courland, whom it had taken the Teutonic Knights so long an effort to bring into Christianity. Curiously enough, the Protestant monarchy of Prussia, which became the representative of the imperfectly Christianized, or Protestant, non-Germans of the Northeastern provinces, owes its origin to a Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, the ambitious and unchaste Albert, who, in violation of his vows, took a wife, rebelled against the Catholic religion, and then perverted the estates of his order to a princely domain for himself.

It has been this Protestant—largely non-German—military despotism of Prussia with which the Catholic spirit of the great body of the true Germans has had to contend for more than two centuries. It is around the Prussian monarchy that most of the forces and influences unfriendly not merely to Catholicity in particular, but to Christianity in general, have been accustomed to rally. During the wars with the first Napoleon, the prime necessity of defence against the French united for a while many of the various elements of North Germany; but after 1815 the religious conflict broke out anew. There was a respite again (though a short one) for the Catholics after 1848, when the political reaction threw the power for a season into the hands of the Conservative party. But a severe struggle for the Catholics was approaching, in which a determined band of enlightened Catholic patriots, led by Mallinckrodt and Windthorst, were to take a splendid part.

Hermann Von Mallinckrodt was born, February 5, 1821, at Minden, that famous centre of the linen manufacture of North-eastern Westphalia. His family was noble in rank, proudly tracing its lineage to one of the chiefs of the West-Falen Saxons, who fought under Witikind against Charlemagne. Hermann's father, Hans Von Mallinckrodt, was a devout Lutheran, and held an important office under the Prussian

Government. His mother, a Von Hartmann, was, however, a Catholic, and all of her children, as long as she lived, were carefully brought up and educated by her in that Faith. She died when Hermann was but twelve, and then the oldest of the children, Pauline, destined to be no less remarkable perhaps as a woman than Hermann as a man, took the superintendence of the household, and displayed all a mother's interest in her brothers and sisters. Pauline was afterwards to be the foundress of the admirable Order of Sisters of Charity. Hermann was sent to the school of the Jesuits at Aix-la-Chapelle, where he spent three years of the most impressionable period of life.

It is related that the bright yet thoughtful boy was very fond of visiting the cathedral, to look at the tomb in which the great Karl, as majestic in death as in life, had been enclosed, seated on a throne, with a sceptre in his hand and the book of the Gospels open on his knees; as also the hall in the ancient imperial palace, where fifty emperors and empresses had been crowned. His undergraduate course he made at the Catholic gymnasium of Berlin, and then entered the University of Bonn, where he pursued the study of law under some of the best professors in Germany. Like Aix-la-Chapelle, Bonn is full of patriotic German reminiscences. Though dating only from the end of the last century, the University has been made famous by its many illustrious professors and students.

Mallinckrodt was a model German university student, active in sports, brimming over with fun, ready at any time to take his part in solo, quartet, or chorus; or to stand upon the table at a “*kneipe*” and make an extempore speech, that would call forth either enthusiastic approbation or uproarious laughter, according to the subject and the occasion. But he did not neglect his studies amid the delights which charming Bonn offers to the young. Amid the distractions of student life in a university town he was faithful in the performance of his religious duties, and he remained, as a law student, just as devoted in his attachment

to the Blessed Virgin as he had been earlier, when under the tuition of the Jesuits at Aix-la-Chapelle and Berlin. From first to last this scholar, wit, orator, and statesman was always a lover of the Rosary. He passed to his degree at Bonn with great honor, and, after a season of rest at home among relatives and friends, he was, in 1846, appointed an assistant to the Crown Procurator.

It was not until after elected, in 1852, to represent Muenster-Coesfeld in the Prussian Parliament, that Mallinckrodt began to attract general attention outside of his own Westphalia. He held his seat in the Landtag seven years, and then resigned in order to accept an appointment as head of a law bureau in the Interior Department of Prussia, and not long after was made State's Counsellor for Dusseldorf.

By the end of the war between Prussia and Austria, in 1866, the infidels, under the name of "Liberals," had finally succeeded in infusing their principles into a large proportion of the Protestant professional and business classes. Every anti-Christian influence had been stirred up. Little difficulty had been encountered in gaining over the working classes in those sections where Protestantism had secured and maintained a hold. The non-Catholic working men of Berlin and the other cities of North Germany had been left destitute of religious training. But they could read, and they did read; and what did they read?

Most of the leading journals—those that gave the tone to public thought and the cue to the lesser periodicals—were edited, or, at all events, owned and controlled, by rationalistic Hebrews. Hebrews of this sort ruled the comic papers also, as well as the principal theatres and the most popular concert-halls. Hebrew professors were eminent in the medical and other faculties of the universities, and the study of the natural sciences had become correspondingly inimical to Christianity. Hebrew rationalism, or "Liberalism," had taken possession of the fine arts in Germany; and painting, sculpture, engraving, the opera, the drama, caricature, joined in a new war on the

Catholic Church and the religious orders.

The entire anti-Catholic movement, which culminated in what is known as the Kulturkampf, was planned, it has been said, set on foot, and constantly directed by a Hebrew cabal in control of the higher degrees of Freemasonry. However this may be, the secret societies actively organized and urged the onslaught on Catholicity. The secret societies were everywhere. There were comparatively few non-Catholics in the cities of North Germany who did not belong to some secret society. The "International" and its allies and subordinates among the artisans, Freemasonry and its related clubs among all classes, besides "Turners" and social unions and fraternities without number, were all agreed in their hatred of "superstition," by which was meant Christianity, and were of one mind in regarding the Catholic Church as the only form of this superstition with which it was worth while to count. The educational policy, especially of the Catholic Church, was the object of a bitter animosity.

The working men, who had been taught to read but not to think, were incited to begin the attack. In 1869 the Arbeiter Verein of Berlin petitioned the Prussian Landtag to expel those religious orders which were subject in any way to foreign superiors, and to deprive all religious orders whatever of the right to teach or to conduct schools in Prussia. The war with France, however, put a stop for the moment to further proceedings. The Catholics, who formed one-third of the entire population of the Prussian Kingdom, showed themselves as patriotic as any in resistance to French aggression. Bonn, Cologne, Dusseldorf, the whole of the intensely Catholic region along the Rhine, blazed with the war feeling. Besides, it is fair to say that without the aid of the Rhine Province and of Bavaria and Baden, the new German Empire would have been impossible.

Yet, no sooner was the war at an end than the mischievous and for the most part, be it remembered, non-German influences became busy once more. Bismarck, whom

no one had before suspected of any liking for "Liberalism," found the Liberal programme suited to his purpose; for his pagan absolutist ideas of politics in the "unification" of the Empire had a great deal to fear from the local pride and independence of the Catholic provinces. He therefore declared the suppression of the religious orders to be one of the first necessary steps to take, pretending that the newly-defined dogma of Papal Infallibility would be dangerous to the integrity of the Empire, and that the religious orders were little else than emissaries of the Holy See.

The Catholics of Germany—the majority, it must be remembered, of the true Germans, in whose behalf the new Empire was said to have been established,—were thus fated, after three centuries of struggles for religious liberty and local rights, to make the choice between committing themselves into the hands of the Conservative party and forming a new party for themselves. It was a delicate and difficult choice to make. The Conservative party of North Germany had its principal strength among the more orthodox of the Protestant clergy and their congregations, and the landed gentry and their adherents and dependents. But its conservatism was too often of that unintelligent, wooden kind which has won in England for the Tories the name of "the stupid party."

In September, 1867, on the organization of the North German Confederation, Mallinckrodt had been elected to a seat in the North German Parliament. Ludwig Windthorst also, who had been Minister of State to the now deposed King of Hanover, and a sturdy opponent of Prussian aggression, was there, from the principal district of his own Hanover. In May, 1872, all things being ready, Falk, the Minister of Worship, proposed laws, which were passed, expelling all religious orders and prescribing regulations to be followed in the education of the Catholic clergy, as well as interfering generally in diocesan administration.

Windthorst had the year before seceded from the Conservatives, and he was now

joined by Mallinckrodt. The two, with a few of their associates, in this emergency gave a wise direction to the political activity of the harried North-German Catholics: the Centre Party was formed. Justice has not yet been fully rendered to that party. The little knot of men—Mallinckrodt, Windthorst, the brothers Reichensperger, and a few others—contended on the floor of the *Reichstag* against the combined forces of despotism, irreligion, immorality, and anarchism—against the policy of Bismarck and his aids, as well as against the theories of Lassalle, the plotting of anarchists, and the cynicism of moderate "Liberals."

It was a sight to behold this little party of the Centre maintaining alone against a great majority the fundamental principles of political and religious liberty. Mallinckrodt's eloquence was magnificent, even his opponents in the debate being often carried away in its passion. But he also knew how to make the best use of parliamentary law as a safeguard to freedom of discussion; his keen sagacity quickly detected a weakness in the adversary's tactics, and never failed to turn such weakness to an advantage for his own side. It used to be said that Bismarck when present in a debate never lost sight for an instant of Mallinckrodt, of whose skill and force he had had many opportunities to judge.

Mallinckrodt lived just long enough after the beginning of the Kulturkampf to set the impress of his genius on the new party. He had gone in the Spring of 1874 to his manor-house of Nordborchen, near Paderborn, for a short rest, and caught a severe cold while making the journey thence to Berlin, in which last city he suddenly expired within a few days of his arrival, May 26, 1874. He had been twice married, both times happily; his first wife being Eliza Von Bernhardt, his second Thecla Von Bernhardt, a step-sister of the first. The intelligence of his death was sad news to the Catholics of Germany. His funeral services were conducted with great pomp, and he was laid to rest near many generations of his ancestors, at Westphalian Boeddeken.

Hermann Von Mallinckrodt combined many advantages and good qualities for a statesman, such as are not often found in the possession of one man in our day. He was of good birth—of a family that bore the reputation of being noble in conduct as well as in name,—of pleasing exterior, with beautiful eyes and a magnificent voice. He was rich, but he sincerely loved the poor; he never knew aught but prosperity himself, still a good part of his time was systematically devoted to the service of the unfortunate. He was proud of his family and ancestry, yet he was always at home among the common people, and was ever ready to join hands with honest men in any public enterprise likely to be of good. A more uncompromising Catholic there was not in Germany, yet he had at all times the esteem of eminent men of other religions or of no religion, because he lived up to the religion he professed, and was never known throughout his public and private life to have uttered contempt for the sincerely held religious beliefs of those not of the Fold. He was a scholar, a statesman, and a Christian.

It is, therefore, no wonder that a political movement started by men such as Mallinckrodt, and carried out consistently with its principles, should have succeeded, as the Centre Party of Germany has succeeded, in preserving, in spite of opposition of all sorts, the liberties of a whole people, and the rights of the family and of religion.

Christ among the Elders.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

SOFTLY fell the touch of twilight on Judea's silent hills;
Softly crept the peace of moonlight o'er Judea's trembling rills.

In the Temple's court, conversing, seven elders sat apart,—
Seven grand and hoary sages, wise of head and pure of heart.

"What is rest?" said Rabbi Judah, he of stern and steadfast gaze;

"Answer, ye whom toils have burthened through the march of many days."

"To have gained," said Rabbi Ezra, "decent wealth and goodly store,
Without fraud, by honest labor,—nothing less and nothing more."

"To have found," said Rabbi Joseph, meekness in his gentle eyes,

"A foretaste of Heaven's sweetness in home's blessed paradise."

"To have wealth and power and glory crowned and brightened by the pride
Of uprising children's children," Rabbi Benjamin replied.

"To have won the praise of nations, to have worn the crown of fame,"
Rabbi Solomon responded, loyal to his kingly name.

"To sit throned, the lord of millions, first and noblest in the land,"
Answered haughty Rabbi Asher, youngest of the reverend band.

"All in vain," said Rabbi Jairus, "unless Faith and Hope have traced
In the soul Mosaic precepts, by sin's contact uneffaced."

Then uprose wise Rabbi Judah, tallest, gravest of them all:

"From the heights of fame and honor even valiant souls may fall;

"Love may fail us, Virtue's sapling grow a dry and thorny rod,
If we bear not in our bosoms the unselfish love of God."

In the outer court sat playing a sad-featured, fair-haired Child;
His young eyes seemed wells of sorrow—they were God-like when He smiled.

One by one He dropped the lilies, softly plucked with childish hand;
One by one He viewed the sages of that grave and hoary band.

Step by step He came up closer, till encircled by the seven,

Thus He spake, in tones untrembling, with a smile that seemed of Heaven:

"Nay, nay, fathers! Only he within the measure of whose breast

Dwells the human love with God-love, can have found life's truest rest.

"For where one is not, the other must grow stagnant at its spring,

Changing good deeds into phantoms, an unmeaning, soulless thing.

"Whoso holds this precept truly, owns a jewel brighter far

Than the joys of home and children—than wealth, fame and glory are;—

"Fairer than old age thrice honored, far above tradition's law,

Pure as any radiant vision ever ancient prophet saw.

"Only he within the measure—faith-apportioned—of whose breast

Throbs this brother love with God-love knows the depth of perfect rest."—

Wondering gazed they at each other: "Praised be Israel evermore;

He hath spoken words of wisdom no man ever spake before!"

Calmly passing from their presence to the fountain's rippling song,

Stooped He to uplift the lilies strewn the scattered sprays among.

Faintly stole the sounds of evening through the massive outer door;

Brightly lay the peace of moonlight on the Temple's marble floor;

Where the elders lingered, silent since He spake, the Undeiled—

Where the Wisdom of the Ages sat, amid the flowers, a Child!

CICERO asserts that the noises of earth prevent men from hearing the harmony of the stars as they roll through ether. In the same way, the tumult of the century and the bustle of life render the soul deaf to the mysterious voices which summon him on high.—*Abbé Roux.*

Under Italian Skies

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—AFLOAT IN VENICE.

THE pestiferous and prosaic cab man never annoys you in Venice; in his stead the highly theatrical and picturesque gondolier implores you to brave the sea with him, in a bark that is as black as coal, as lithe as a water-snake, as mysterious as night itself.

No picture can give the living expression of this beautiful and poetic barge. It is long and slim; its two ends rise out of the sea like the warped edges of a curled leaf; its prow is decorated with a proud blade of steel, that flashes like silver, and is shaped like a broad-axe, with a pronged and warlike edge. The stem and stern of the gondola are decked over, and often richly carved. In the centre is an open space, carpeted and cushioned, and, when desirable, covered with a black bonnet that is not unlike the box of a hackney-coach. There are glazed windows in the sides of this dainty, diminutive cabin, and a glass door in the bow of it; and from the exterior peak of the roof falls a black curtain, or cape—enveloping the whole, save only the two windows and the door—like a canopy, as dull and funereal in appearance as a pall of crape. This is the floating *boudoir* of two voyagers. Black blinds are drawn across the window, but the door is left open, that the eye may bathe in the beauty of the ever-changing vista—while we sit in a shadow that renders us anonymous.

There is a solitary deck-hand—an uncommunicative gondolier, whose only cry is "To the right," or "To the left," as he nears a sharp bend in the canal, and thus hails or warns the gondolier, who approaches us unseen. We rest upon the water like a long ostrich plume. Two-thirds of our barge is in the air; we rock lightly from side to side, and wheel as easily and as suddenly as a sea-bird upon the wing. There is something delicious in the very motion of the gondola; it seems to live: it

threads its way, as if by instinct, through narrow passages obscured by gloomy shadows of the old and crumbling palaces that everywhere tower above the stone-cold squalor of this strange sea-city.

The very name of the bark is beautiful—gondola, called “goon’dolah” here, with a decided accent on the first syllable; the rest of the word is merely murmured, a kind of half whisper that seems an echo of some other word. It floats through the songs of the people as naturally as it swims the calm, green tide that ebbs and flows under their grated windows and across their very door-steps.

The gondolier is a fellow of infinite skill; only life-long practice could give him the wonderful mastery of the single oar which he pushes—it is never pulled in this latitude—at the stern of the gondola with much graceful posturing on the narrow deck just aft of the little cabin. Sometimes there are two gondoliers, one at each end of the barge, pushing their oars on opposite sides of it; but you may be pretty sure that in these cases the passengers are officials, who thus hasten through the island-city; or voyagers but freshly arrived, who have been bullied or coaxed into making a display; or they are those who are seeking the islands that lie miles away in the broad Lagoon.

Our gondolier has been directed to thread the canals leisurely, and to keep his prow to the sunset until further orders. This is enough for any gondolier; he never argues a point with you, unless you question him concerning Venetian geography, history, or astronomy; but once introduce these subjects, and you are lost. He will stagger you with revelations, and reiterate his assertions until you are glad to accept—or pretend to accept—his theories for the sake of silencing him.

The astronomy of the gondolier is at least poetic. Two of these singing-sailors, within my hearing, once paused in the midst of their song to discourse on the origin and purpose of the Milky Way. One asserted that it was a compound of old moons cut up into little pieces; the other thought this

probable, but he knew to a dead certainty that the pale track of the stars now marks the road to Rome. It were vain to argue with them; in truth, Venice is no place for the indulgence of such mental wrestling as your muscular minds delight in. It is a deep sea-dream that seems like reality, and out of which you are forever expecting to awaken—yet somehow you never do.

Through many a narrow stream we drift, seeking the head-waters of the Grand Canal. Again and again, and yet again, we shoot under low stone bridges, whose arches at high tide are only a few inches above our cozy cabin—but this is the affair of the bridge; our “*felsi*,” our little cabin-cover, has a right to go anywhere in watery Venice, and no bridge whatever has any right to stay our course. We must, naturally, seek the middle of the arch—that is our lookout—or we shall bump our heads. If a gondola is approaching, perhaps even now close under the bridge, we back water and wait till the way is free. Two gondolas meeting in mid stream pass each other with scarcely an inch between them; we see, for a second only, the secluded interior of another cabin, where shadowy figures are reclining upon shadowy pillows; and the only sound we hear is the hiss of the wave that foams for a moment between us.

It is a triumphal hour we live while drifting down the Grand Canal, between two lines of palaces, whose façades have given whole chapters of glorious form and color to Ruskin’s poetic pen. It is here we see to the best advantage those bewildering balconies that look like lace-draperies wrought in variegated marbles; and clustered windows, each one a picture,—windows that are scattered all over the great houses, with a disregard of all architectural laws that is at first appalling and then delightful. We see the stately palace where Lord Byron lived for a time;* we see broad-sides of eccentric windows, that have tales of sorrow and of blood associated with them; here is the narrow but exceedingly picturesque home of

* A tablet to this effect is conspicuously placed on the palace front.

the unhappy Desdemona, and at least two houses said to have been the haunt of the still more unhappy Moor.

We float under the Rialto bridge, with its stone arch of 74 feet span, 32 feet in height, and its double row of booths over the top of it. Under this arch our voices ring as if we were in some vast hall; and here, often of a night, barges filled with singers congregate, and give open-air concerts to a river-full of gondolas and a quay crowded with listeners. A thousand Japanese lanterns swing over the water, and when the last chorus is raised ten thousand blue and red lights suddenly flare up and down the river, transforming the gloomy old palaces that border it with floods of lovely light. Oh! there are festal nights in Venice! This is the perpetual carnival of the Adriatic.

At the mouth of the Grand Canal floats the beautiful temple of the favorite Madonna of Venice, the Santa Maria della Salute. Taine says of the lofty dome, with its brilliant array of statues and sculptures: "It rises like rich marine vegetation; like a strange and splendid whitish coral reef." It is more like a frozen fountain, it seems to me. You know, one must compare everything Venetian to something aquatic; otherwise Venice would lose her wonderful and fascinating individuality. It is for this reason Ruskin says that the façade of San Marco "breaks into foam"; and that Taine compares the island-church of San Giorgio Maggiore to a "bulbous mother-of-pearl shell."

It is very true that Venice rises, as it were, from the sea; that all her gorgeous palaces seem to float upon the waves. I sometimes wonder that the retreating tide does not take half the city along with it. The islands in the Lagoon look like fragments that have drifted out to sea; for they each have a church and a tall tower, and they grow dim or bright as the mists hover about them, and often look as if they were sailing out or in, to and fro, across the broad waters of the shining sea.

Santa Maria della Salute is the splendid shrine of a miraculous picture of the Blessed

Virgin,—a picture that once stayed the plague that was devastating Venice. One of the great Venetian feasts commemorates the miracle, and on this occasion two bridges of boats are thrown across the Grand Canal, over which most of the population of the city reverently pass to salute the sacred picture.

Close at hand there is a canal grander, in some respects, than the Grand Canal itself, and into this we turn. The Giudecca is so broad that in no place is it bridged; it is almost like sailing in the open Lagoon when one drifts out into the middle of it. There are fleets of coasters anchored here, and great ocean steamers are moored hard by. On one hand are rows of palaces, and on the other the stone hovels of the starving poor. In the olden time Venetian criminals were banished to the opposite shore of the Giudecca, where they had ever before their eyes the splendors of the gay city that, like a mirage, was henceforth to dazzle and confound them. The mourners by the waters of Babylon could not have been more sorrowful than these exiles.

But enough of this. It is far pleasanter to seek the narrow, watery lanes that flow under the very corners of the houses on the main islands. Every bridge we come to is the scene of some incident that at once recalls the opera. It is difficult to realize that this is actual life—that the actors are in earnest, and not the *dramatis personæ* of a play improvised for the amusement of the passing gondolier. People meet and pause; it looks as if they were about to sing an opening chorus; they have suddenly appeared from some narrow street, or *calle*, as from the wings of the stage; you look and listen, expecting every moment to hear the crash of the orchestra and the first bars of the score.

It is with a feeling of disappointment that we glide on under the low arch of the theatrical bridge,—a bridge differing in no wise from those we see on the stage, save that it is the genuine article,—and when we come to the next scene in the opera, lo! the same picturesque posturing, the same gath-

ering of the chorus, the same moment of expectation followed by the same disappointment on the part of the spectators. Oh! why do they never begin, these provoking mutes, with costume, scenery, situation, and audience all in readiness? Perhaps this is the most disappointing feature in Venetian life, and it is one to which I was never yet quite reconciled.

Oh, ye nights Venetian! We are bathed in a flood of moonlight richly tinted with peacock-blue. The city swims in an atmosphere that is like something half-way between sea and sky. Gondolas appear to be suspended in mid-air; the long golden chain of lights that glows upon the quay is all that marks the dividing lines between heaven and earth and the waters under the earth.

Homeward now, as if waking from a dream; the silver crest flashes upon our prow as we cleave the phosphorescent wave. Drawing in under the black shadow of the palace, we find that the tide is out; that knots of sea-grass are dangling from the rough, moist foundation-stones, and that a thousand little creeping things are busy-ing themselves below high-water mark; we pause at the damp steps to say farewell—and then discover that it is late; the hours appear to have dissolved in sea-water, and left us only a sweet memory of gorgeous buildings that seem half real and half a dream; of a thousand twinkling lamps that trail ropes of fire in the glassy tide below them; of bulbous domes that have grown ethereal in the soft glow of the moon, and now are as clouds that have come down out of heaven to rest for a moment in the serene silence, the delicious repose of the slumberous city.

No mere landscape can draw heaven so closely to it. Here only do the elements meet and mingle, where the earth gives way to the sea, and the sea shares with the earth the equal patronage of the amphibious inhabitants; and where, under the wings of night and mystery, multitudes of undiscovered Leanders breathlessly seek the heroes of their hearts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Our Lady.

BY SISTER MARY AGNES.

MARY Queen of Mercy! thro' the years
gone by,

Clearly doth Thy shadow o'er my pathway lie;
Plainly doth Thy guidance thro' my life ap-
pear,

Shaping for an object each succeeding year.

For the varied records time has traced for me,
All bear stamped upon them tokens dear of
Thee;

All were offered to Thee with a trust unfeigned,
And a mother's tending Thou to all hast
deigned.

Joys of earth and heaven God hath oft be-
stowed;

To Thy intercession I their advent owed;
Trials sore and many have my life beset,
But Thy gentle comfort never failed me yet.

Dangers and temptations oft have hemmed me
round,

Kneeling at Thine altar, remedy I found;
Now before that altar lovingly I bend,
Praying for Thy guidance even to the end.

Queen of Perseverance! thro' the days to come,
Ere my wearied footsteps reach my Father's
home,

May each thought that rises, may each word
and act

Keep the bond between us perfect and intact;

Till at last, my Mother, on some happy day,
From my dying vision life shall pass away,—
Then, when thro' His merits heaven's dear
goal is won,

Lead the soul He ransomed to Thy blessed
Son.

The Relic of "The Holy Hand."

IT is well known to all Catholics in Lancashire, England, that the hand of Father Edmund Arrowsmith, of the Society of Jesus, one of the martyrs of the 17th century, has been the instrument employed by Our Lord for working many miracles. This holy priest was executed at Lancashire in 1628; and his body being cut in pieces at the gallows, according to the barbarous sentence which then

classed priests with traitors, one of his hands was preserved, and came into possession of the Gerard family.

Many miracles of healing are recorded as having been vouchsafed through contact with this relic, which is known throughout Lancashire as "The Holy Hand." Some of them are to be found in Brother Foley's "Records of the English Province S. J."

One peculiarity attending these accounts is the fact of the cures being so often wrought upon Protestants—or at least non-Catholics. We prefer this latter term; for when, indeed, have the poor misbelievers of England ever "protested" against Catholic truth? They came into the world under the deep disadvantage and misery of having been torn away from it, in the persons of their forefathers. We will not malign them for that; and could hardly be supposed likely to do so, when we pray so often for their conversion. Well, it is to the class of non-Catholic cures by Father Arrowsmith's hand that the following two instances belong

(1.) Some years ago a well meaning person, who kept a public house not far from the Catholic mission where "The Holy Hand" is preserved in a sort of reliquary, employed a charwoman to do the scrubblings and other domestic work in her house. This poor woman lost her employment through palsy, both her arms being rendered useless up to the shoulders. As she was thus deprived of her daily bread, her compassionate mistress proposed to her a visit to Father Arrowsmith's hand, and thither they both went.

Neither of these women, it must be remembered, was a Catholic. The priest produced the relic, and, after saying what they afterwards described as "beautiful prayers"—probably some of the ritual,—touched the poor woman's arms with it, invoking the martyr's intercession. No immediate result followed; but, as they left, the priest exhorted them to return a second and a third time, and this they arranged to do. On reaching the public-house, the poor charwoman went upstairs, while her mistress prepared for her a cup of tea. She delayed so long in the upper rooms, in spite of being summoned down to her tea, that the other at length called to her impatiently, and down she came. What had she been doing? She, the cripple of an hour before, had employed herself in *making all the beds in the house!*

(2.) In the same mission chapel, a woman was kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, when she heard a scuffling at the door. Two men came in, bearing a litter, on which lay, stretched and helpless, a young woman who belonged to the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers. A spinal complaint had deprived her of all power of walking. The relic was applied to the upper portion of the spinal cord; she rose, walked out of the church, and the litter was carried away on the shoulder of one of the two bearers.

The remarkable thing in these two cases is that it does not seem to have occurred to the persons so benefited to acknowledge the truth of the Church to which the martyr belonged. In the former case, the good woman whom we have described as keeping the public-house, when asked what she thought of the cure she had witnessed, felt no hesitation in answering: "A miracle." Now, a miracle is what St. Paul calls it, "a sign"; and a sign given rather for unbelievers than for believers. How was it, then, that she saw the sign, and did not thereby advance to the thing signified?

And the young Quakeress, whose spine, like the feet and ankle-bones of the lame man in the Acts of the Apostles, "received strength" as she walked homewards (for we can not suppose her to have been, like him, "walking and leaping, and praising God")—why did she not ask for baptism, and renounce her heresy on the spot?

It is because it demands a distinct exertion of Grace to send people over the threshold of the Faith. The ordinary proofs of the Church, of her character and claims, and even the extraordinary evidence of miracles, may all be set aside, and only add to their account. This is a consideration that calls for the especial intercession of our Associates. Thousands are living all around us, to whom the glimmer of light is vouchsafed that ought to lead them on "to the perfect day." Alas for them! "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead." (St. Luke, xvi., 31.)—*Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

WE love justice greatly, and just men but little —*Abbé Roux.*

LIVE for something. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening.

Catholic Notes.

To those who do not realize the importance of Catholic schools for Catholic children the following considerations may put the matter in a new light. The number of Catholic baptisms in the city of New York for the year 1886 is estimated at 22,000, which is over two-thirds of the total number of children born in the metropolis. Do not these figures plead in trumpet tones for the necessity of Catholic parochial schools, that these little ones, of whom is the Kingdom of Heaven, may be kept within the True Fold, and not exposed to the tender mercies of the wolf and the hireling? If all these children could receive their education in Catholic schools, what a Catholic city New York would become!

A recent number of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* contains an account of the receipts and expenditures of the Society for the year 1885. From it we gather that the contributions to the funds from the various dioceses of the United States amounted to between 17,000 and 18,000 dollars, and that the appropriations to dioceses and missions in the United States reached a total of over \$60,000. An earnest appeal is made in this number of the *Annals*, pointing out that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith labors, without distinction of flag or nationality, for the one end and aim of gaining souls to Jesus Christ. "If America," the appeal goes on, "that offspring of our labors, in favor of which our first offerings were expended, would only contribute, in its turn, some of its gold and wealth!" Surely those who have received freely ought to give freely in like manner, and we hope that the eloquent appeal of the Society will elicit a satisfactory response.

One of the charges which the preachers of the sects have repeated and reiterated from year to year against the Catholic Church in this country is that she was a political machine; and the priests, political agents. Now, when the falsehood of this charge is demonstrated, the Church is charged with the opposite offence, of preventing her priests from exercising their rights as American citizens!—*Michigan Catholic*.

In consequence of a favorable report recently made by the Sacred Congregation of

Rites, there is now no obstacle to the advancement of the process of canonization of the Venerable Lieberman, the founder of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Sacred Heart of Mary. This is the first instance of the case of a converted Jew brought up for canonization before the court of Rome.

A strange and striking incident occurred at Christmas time, at a Protestant Episcopal Church in New York city. The pastor received on Christmas Eve, from an anonymous well-wisher, a plain brass crucifix about two feet in height, with a note requesting that "this symbol of the love and suffering of Our Divine Master be placed upon the holy table as a memorial of one who was His life-long servant." The pastor put the cross on the "communion table," and thereby gave offence to the trustees, who ordered him to remove it, on the ground that the terms of the will by which the property was bequeathed for church purposes forbade the use of anything savoring of Ritualism. The pastor thereupon removed the cross, and sent in his resignation. It seems to us that the day for this sort of thing has gone by, even among Low Church people, and we hope that the appeal made to the trustees by the congregation to have both cross and pastor restored will not be unsuccessful.

On the 8th of October last the sister of the Venerable Theophane Vénard departed this life at the house of the Sisters of Holy Hope, Amiens, France, after twenty-six years of religious life, spent in the fulfilment of the mission of her Order, the instruction of the young. She had entered religion just one year before the martyrdom of her saintly brother—who was decapitated for the faith in Tonquin, Feb. 2, 1861,—and through the whole course of her life the accomplishment of her duties was characterized by piety, zeal, devotedness, and a true spirit of sacrifice. The following extract from a letter written to her by her martyr brother on the eve of his death will prove the source of great edification:

"... It is now near midnight, dear sister. Around the wooden cage in which I am confined, soldiers are gathered with their lances and long swords. At a little distance there hangs a lamp, which casts a feeble light upon this sheet of Chinese paper on which I write to you. Day after day I expect to hear my sentence. Perhaps to-morrow

I shall be led forth to death. Oh, happy death!—death so longed for, which leads to life! In all probability, I shall have my head cut off. Glorious ignominy, for which heaven will be the reward! When you read this, dear sister, you will shed tears, but they will be tears of joy. Think of your brother with the aureole of martyrs crowning his head, and the palm of triumph in his hand! But a little while longer and my soul will leave this earth, will end its exile, and will have fought the good fight. I shall mount to heaven, I shall enter my true country, I shall gain the victory,—I shall enter the abode of the elect, see beauties that the eye of man has never seen, hear harmonies such as the ear has never heard, taste of joys that the heart has never tasted. But, first, the grain of wheat must be ground, the grape must be pressed. Shall I become bread—wine agreeable to the Father of the family? My hope is in the mercy of my Saviour, in the protection of His Immaculate Mother; and therefore it is that, though still in the midst of the conflict, I dare to entone the song of triumph, as though I were already crowned the victor. You, dear sister, I leave in the field of virtue and good works. Gather in a harvest of numerous merits for that same eternal life which awaits us both. . . ."

Archbishop Seghers is a fit representative of the Church as the pioneer of civilization. He has gone to Alaska with the object, as he has himself expressed it, "of exploring countries never before visited, and of laboring among natives never before preached to by missionaries of any denomination." The Archbishop is one of the most illustrious examples of Christian devotedness that adorn the Church at the present day.

A new penny "social" weekly, *Modern Truth*, serves up to its readers the following "yarn," which most probably our separated brethren will unhesitatingly swallow:

"It is in Cork, I think, that one of the churches possesses a box, empty at most seasons, but which on certain days contains a lock of the Virgin's hair, *visible only to the faithful*."

That "*I think*" is delightful, and it plainly shows the editor is a wag. Possibly, too, the title he has taken for his paper (*Modern Truth*) is another piece of his waggyery.—*Indo European Correspondence*.

In the recent fire in which the Temple Theatre in Philadelphia was burned down, it is a singular fact that the only portion of the building which escaped the flames was a small

room in which there stands a wax figure of Christ on the Cross, a figure of the Blessed Virgin, and a painting—*Christ led to the Crucifixion*. When the ruins were visited, as soon as the heat of the fire had gone down, the first thing that met the eyes of the firemen was a representation of the Saviour on the Cross. Many will naturally regard this as miraculous; the most careless can not fail to be impressed by the occurrence.

Half a century ago the Catholic clergy in England did not number much more than 300. Scotland had about sixty more. Now the army of priests is estimated at 2,500.

In the magnificent palace of Madrid, built a century and a half ago, the young King of Spain was recently baptized. The font used was that in which St. Dominic was baptized; the water was specially brought from the River Jordan in Palestine, and the celebrant was Cardinal Paya y Rico, Archbishop of Compostella. The names given to the infant were Alfonso Maria Francisco Antonio Diego.—*The Pilot*.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Matthew J. Leonard, of Rochester, N. Y., who died suddenly on the 5th inst. He was highly esteemed by all classes of citizens, and his unexpected death is deeply regretted.

Mrs. Elizabeth O'Neill, who peacefully departed this life on the 7th inst., at Allentown, Pa.

Mr. Timothy O'Keefe, whose death occurred at Malden, Mass., on the 15th ult.

Mrs. Anthony Clouse, Sr., who passed away at her home in Somerset, O., on the 16th ult., in the ninety-third year of her age. She was the mother of twelve, grandmother of seventy-three, and great-grandmother of twenty-nine children.

M. Théodule-Remy-Joseph Moréal de Brevans, who breathed his last at Arbois, Jura, on the 13th ult., in the 71st year of his age.

Lawrence Chasity, of Taunton, Mass.; Mary McCurran, Xenia, O.; James Stewart, Lancaster, Pa.; James Maher, Albany; Mrs. Margaret Cassidy, Baltimore; Mrs. William Hennessy, Lynn, Mass.; and Martin Murphy, Toronto.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Little Boy's Golden Deed.

BY E. V. N.

On a cold day in the severe Winter of 186—, a poor woman, exhausted by long illness and privation, was stretched on a wretched cot in a small garret on Rue St. Honoré, Paris. Her son, a lad of nine years, with azure eyes and a profusion of blonde curls, wept by her side. His mother had just informed him that, as she had not been able to work during the last fortnight, her resources were at an end, and she could not give him even a slice of bread.

But it was not the want of food that caused the manly little fellow to weep; no: he was lamenting his dear mother's miserable condition, and torturing his young mind to devise some means by which he could earn enough to save them both from starvation. "I might run on errands for merchants," he at length concluded; and, kissing his dying parent, who gave him her blessing, he hurried out into the street, and carefully watched every opportunity that he fancied might give him a commission to fulfil.

Alas! no one would accept Léon's services. "This parcel is too heavy for you," objected one; "Ah! you are too young to have valuables confided to you," said another; or, "We are not acquainted with you; wait until we can inquire who you are," was the guarded reply of a third. And so evening was rapidly closing in, and the poor lad thought that he should be obliged to go home empty-handed.

While Léon stood there in dejection, a passer-by stopped short before him, saying: "What a luxuriant crop of golden ringlets! Will you sell them to me, my boy?"

"Sell my hair, sir!" exclaimed Léon. "What would you give for it?"

"Twenty francs, cash down."

"Twenty francs to save my darling mother!" thought the boy, and he eagerly accepted the offer. He would gladly have given his life under the circumstances.

A few minutes later our little hero sat mounted on a stool in the shop of one of the first hairdressers of Paris. Curl after curl was sacrificed, when just as the last bright lock was about to fall like a ripe wheat ear before the sickle, the celebrated Dr. Récamier opened a door in the rear of the apartment. He had been paying a professional visit to the hairdresser's sick daughter, and must pass through the shop to regain the street. As he walked by he observed the barber's operation, and exclaimed, impetuously:

"Goodness, man! why do you cut that boy's hair in such severe weather as this? You will give him a death-cold."

"Oh, no, sir!" interposed Léon; then in a whisper, "it will make my mamma and me very happy. He is going to give me money to make my mother better; she will have a doctor, and be well again."

Dr. Récamier was much moved, and pressed the child with questions until the little fellow had unwittingly disclosed almost the whole of his pitiful story. The artlessness with which he related his troubles, the filial devotedness he displayed, made the doctor resolve to visit the poor widow and prescribe for her. Léon gladly accepted the benevolent offer, and together they reached the attic, where Dr. Récamier witnessed an affecting scene.

The charitable physician thus related the episode to his family and a few friends in after-years:

"We climbed the stairs, and entered the attic by a taper that I myself had lighted. I immediately examined the patient, and found that there was no resource. A priest had just administered to her the last great consolations of our holy religion. The boy threw himself into the arms of his dying mother, and, pressing her to his heart, exclaimed: 'Dearest mamma, I have got some money!' and he opened wide his little palm to display the glittering coins. 'My

son,' she answered, in evident alarm, 'where did you obtain all that? I trust, my dar—' 'Don't be frightened, mamma; it is ours. Have you not often told me my curls were golden? I have turned them into real gold for you.' 'May Heaven bless you, my son, as your poor mother does!' Then she withdrew her look from her generous boy, and cast a longing gaze upon the crucifix which the good priest had left her. Her blessing was given in the last words that she ever spoke, and before an hour ended Léon was an orphan."

No, not an orphan. Dr. Récamier and his excellent wife adopted the boy, and he became a worthy pupil of his illustrious professor and friend. Only a few years ago he was well known as a successful practitioner in one of the principal cities of France.

A Father's Secret.

V.

It happened that Miss Stanton, a young friend of Aliette's, came to spend a few weeks at the cottage. One morning, the weather being delightful, the two families went on an excursion into the country. Provision had been made beforehand for the comfort of the elders by writing to a farmer in the region, who promised them a cordial reception; the younger members of the party were to seek entertainment at will. They set out early in the day, which was not favorable to the humor of the elder Aubrey; but Alfred Henry exerted himself to the utmost to be amiable with the old gentleman, who soon became very sociable, and seemed to enjoy the drive as much as any of the young people.

After a while the conversation of the men turned on slavery; Alfred took a conservative view, and Francis Aubrey one nearly communistic. They were growing excited over the subject, when Mr. Langlois, fearing an unpleasantness, proposed to Junius to take the young people for a row. A small boat was moored in the creek close by. He gladly entered into the scheme, and matters

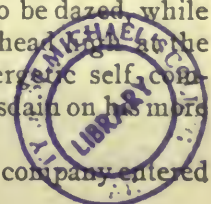
were soon in train. Junius took the helm, Luke seized the oars, but Alfred, who had not quite recovered his equanimity, seated himself directly opposite Aliette and Miss Stanton, who during their rambles had gathered a profusion of blossoms, which they arranged into bouquets and wreaths as the skiff floated onward.

The creek was narrow, sinuous, and thickly shaded by aspens, willows, and dog-wood-trees. The sun was low down on the horizon when they set out, and the gleams of sunlight that penetrated this natural arbor were transient and uncertain. The water, too, reflecting its umbrageous canopy, looked thick and murky, which circumstance rendered great care necessary in those who directed the little craft.

Pleasant conversation was indulged in, music and song made the woods resound; recitations grave and gay filled up the time, and engaged the attention of the sailing party so completely that Junius forgot his responsible duty for a brief interval, and steered the boat straight onto the point of a sunken rock, that was even with the surface of the stream. The shock set the boat to rocking violently, and the gloom which had been deemed poetic now seemed perilous. Miss Stanton clung to the side of the boat; Aliette stood up and called out, "O Luke, save us!" Luke had already put his oar vigorously against the bank, and, taking the arm of Junius, he directed the helm in a proper course to save the boat from capsizing or running aground. But the water had penetrated the bottom of the skiff, and rendered it uncomfortable for the ladies; so they quickly rowed back, and hastened to inform the old folks of their recent danger and lucky escape.

Mrs. Langlois tenderly kissed Aliette, with her eyes raised heavenward; her husband advanced and feelingly grasped Luke's hand; the latter seemed to be dazed, while Francis Aubrey held his head high at the thought of his son's energetic self-command, and cast a look of disdain on his more elegant companions.

It was already late; the company entered



their carriages, and on the way homeward the thoughts of each were moulded according to his or her individual fancies. Luke was preoccupied with Aliette's cry to him for help. "Ah!" he said to himself, "in a moment of danger she thought of me."

"I think I can divine your thoughts, my son," observed Mr. Aubrey after they had reached home; "you are thinking of Aliette's confidence in you—you blush! That's the infallible sign."

"Yes, father, you are right. Indeed, my attachment to her is so sincere, that my earthly happiness would be complete if she reciprocated, and you would deign to bless our love."

"My poor boy, you know very little about happiness; but if you wish to marry Aliette, I shall place no obstacle in the way."

Luke's face beamed with joy. Taking the hand of his parent, he exclaimed: "O father! this is more than I expected. I was always afraid to mention the subject on account of the modest position of the Langlois family."

"True," said Francis Aubrey, "Aliette is poor; but if you were to ask the hand of a rich man's daughter, the family would probably inquire as to my origin, and rather than see you humbled and repulsed, I am willing to sacrifice some of my ambitious dreams. It would be a great satisfaction for me to see you settled before I die. Several times lately I have had attacks of vertigo, that warn me to arrange my temporal affairs. I will seek an interview with her parents to-morrow. I don't like to have things drag—anything. But it is time for us to retire now, so good-night, my son." And they withdrew to their rooms.

Once more alone, Francis Aubrey talked to himself: "All that I have done for the boy is far from being lost. In time he may become one of the most influential men in town. I have gained a fortune for my son (he need not know by what means: the father has had humiliations enough about it). Who would have predicted my present position when I entered Arlington's service as ploughboy?" And his face became

crimson, perhaps from illness; he extinguished the gas, and that ominous blush was hid in midnight darkness.

VI.

Next morning Mr. Aubrey rose early, eager to fulfil his promise to Luke. His toilet for the occasion was elaborate; for he became enthusiastic, marvellously sagacious, when there was question of watching over the interests of his darling heir. His suit of broadcloth, his glossy hat, polished shoes, and the diamond glittering on his shirt-bosom, were calculated to create a sensation in the minds of the Langlois, and plead in his behalf before he said a word.

In this pompous attire he called on Mr. Langlois at his office, and briefly announced his petition, to the amazement of the good man, who had not, it would seem, ever allowed such a thought to enter his mind. They repaired at once to the cottage, in order to consult Mrs. Langlois, who could not fail to be pleased; for Luke had long been a favorite. Nothing, of course, could be positively decided until the parents had questioned Aliette; Mrs. Langlois therefore promised to speak to her without delay, and Mr. Aubrey withdrew in haste to inform Luke of the almost certain success of his fond hopes.

Aliette showed no surprise when the brilliant match was proposed to her consideration; indeed, her mother was amazed at her apparent indifference. The good lady went on enumerating the excellent qualities of Luke. "A dutiful son would make a model husband," she said; "Luke's fortune, education, and sound principles will certainly win for him a high position in the world."

"And in that case," rejoined Aliette, "his wife would have a high social position as well. If I were to marry Luke Aubrey, I could have diamonds, rich laces, and keep a carriage."

Her mother made no reply; she was shocked at the frivolity and selfishness which these words revealed. Aliette must have felt the unspoken rebuke; for she, too, relapsed into silence. Next morning, how

ever, she went smiling and blushing to inform her mother that she cheerfully consented to become Mrs. Luke Aubrey.

An hour had not elapsed ere Luke was informed of the news, and on the morrow he slipped a handsome diamond ring on Aliette's finger.

The wedding was to take place at the expiration of a month: only enough time was allowed to prepare the bride's *trousseau* and to furnish her apartments; for it was decided that Luke's wife should preside over the fine mansion of her father-in-law. The ceremony would be performed in the most beautiful chapel of the cathedral, and a cousin of Mr. Langlois, who was one of the grand-vicars, would celebrate Mass, and give the Nuptial Benediction to the happy couple.

Thanks to sewing-machines and other mechanical contrivances, Mrs. Langlois could make all the preparations without overworking herself; and Aliette was kept very busy selecting carpets, curtains, and mirrors, and seeing that everything was arranged with the greatest taste and elegance.

VII.

The boarders in the Langlois cottage had naturally been lost sight of, in view of the approaching wedding. Of late Alfred had appeared less frequently in the evening circle, and Junius was seldom in the house, even at night.

One evening, just as Luke was leaving the cottage, Alfred came in, and asked: "Has Junius been here?"

"No," said Mrs. Langlois, much surprised at the pallor on the young man's face. "Will you not remain for dinner?"

"No, thank you; I am going back to the hotel. I may find my brother there." And he hurried away.

The ladies wondered at his anxiety concerning Junius on this occasion; for the latter was often absent, and his brother seemed to pay no attention to it.

It was late in the day when Alfred returned, and the next morning, while the family were at breakfast, he handed the key

of his room to the maid, and left the house without a word of explanation. Aliette observed that he did not go in the direction of the mayor's office, but to the banking-house; and when she communicated this circumstance to her mother, the good lady shook her head ominously. However, she was too much occupied with household duties to trouble herself further about her boarders, much as she was interested in them.

Mr. Aubrey was to visit the Langlois family that evening. The little parlor had been arranged in the best style; the covers were taken from chairs and sofas, new window-curtains hung, a fine velvet-covered arm-chair provided expressly for the old gentleman, and Luke had sent a magnificent stand of choicest hothouse flowers. No wonder the absence of the brothers during the whole day had been entirely lost sight of.

The little group had hardly gathered together that evening, when they were startled by an unusual clamor of men's voices at the street-door; the bell rang violently, and the servant-girl rushed in as pale as death, saying that the police were at the gate.

"The police!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Langlois. "What can be the matter?" And he arose and opened the door. The head of the police department was there, with two officers supporting Mr. Junius Henry, pallid as a corpse.

"Does this young man board here?" inquired the captain.

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "but pray what has happened?"

"The young man, I regret to say, is accused of applying his employer's money to his own use. Yesterday the deficit was discovered. He fled, but was overtaken some fifty miles from here, on his way to Canada, and brought back. We have come to search his room."

"Walk in, gentlemen," said Mr. Langlois, and he introduced the officers into the parlor.

"I am sorry to intrude so unpleasantly," continued the captain; "but I must exact that the prisoner be kept under guard whilst

we examine the effects of the two boarders."

Mr. Langlois was crimson with shame on being obliged to submit to such proceedings, but he was silent and withdrew into an adjoining room.

Poor Luke felt the greatest compassion for the family, and, knowing that his presence must add to their embarrassment, he hastened to take leave. But on turning to speak to his father, he was alarmed at the sight that met his gaze. Francis Aubrey was staring at the prisoner, his face pale as death, his features contracted and twitching.

"It can not be pity that has affected him thus," thought Luke, "for he never admired the young man. He must be ill, and had better be taken home without delay. Come, father," he said; "we can not render any service, so let us retire."

"Not yet, my son; wait a little. It rains; wait until the shower passes. The coffee that Aliette served was too strong; that's all that ails me. I should like to see the end of this affair."

Luke tried to insist, but his father pushed him aside, and bade him listen. They could hear the heavy tread of the policemen overhead, the moving of furniture, the opening and closing of drawers, inserting of keys, etc.

After a full hour the officers came down stairs, and entered the parlor, the chief holding some documents in his hand. Calling Mr. Langlois, he said: "These papers prove that the two boarders have suppressed their family name of Arlington, and assumed that of Henry. They inherited an honorable name, but have disgraced it. We will remove the prisoner immediately."

At that moment Alfred entered, his cheeks purple, his fists clenched, his lips quivering; he was unable to articulate a word, but he made a significant sign to his unfortunate brother, which the latter responded to with downcast eyes.

"They know all—our father's name, and the rest!" said Junius.

"Ah! Junius, what have you done! Our

father's ancient, untarnished name was our glory."

"A great name does not ally itself with drudgery, any more than knighthood with beggary. We were born to wealth and consideration. If I die in the state-prison, it is because a robber's hand has deprived me of the advantages that riches give to their lawful owner."

"Brother, while impoverishing us, he had left us our honor, which your crime has sullied."

"Yes, and the shame of my crime adds a new degree of blackness to his." Junius uttered these words as if thrusting them at some person present; then he was led out.

"Accuse no one, my poor brother!" said Alfred, sinking into the nearest chair, apparently in a swoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Langlois were trying to revive the young man, when a loud cry from Luke called them to his side. Mr. Aubrey had fallen; his eyes were closed, his cheeks livid, and his lips purple.

"My God!" exclaimed Mrs. Langlois, "what a fatal *soirée*! Mother of Mercy, help us!"

Mr. Langlois hastened to call a physician, and in the mean time Francis Aubrey was carefully borne to his home. If Luke had heard the name "Arlington" pronounced, he would have believed that some reminiscence of former times had touched his father, and brought on this attack; but in his anxiety over the distressing scene the word had escaped him. The physician came and prescribed for the patient, and Luke knelt in prayer at the foot of his father's bed, hoping that he might soon recover speech.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

ST. ALPHONSUS always made his hearers invoke Our Lady's aid before he began to preach. At Foggia, in 1745, he was extolling the glory of Mary, when an old but miraculous picture of Her, which hung in the church, was suddenly lit up, and disclosed full of life and majesty the figure of the Mother of God.



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Our Lady of Tryberg.

IN the year of grace 1644 there stood upon a steep rock above the town of Tryberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, a lofty pine-tree; close by, a narrow path, through stones and brambles, led to the village of Shonach. At the left side of the tree there gushed from the rock an abundant stream of water, of which the passers-by used to drink. In this pine-tree, conspicuous for its size and beauty, some unknown but pious hand had made a small opening in the bark, and inserted a little picture of the Immaculate Virgin, painted on parchment. After this had been done, whoever passed that way and saw the picture bowed his head, according to a Catholic practice, or said a short prayer. In course of time, however, the wind tore the picture from the tree, and it fell to the ground.

One day Anna Kienzler, wife of a citizen of Tryberg, and her little daughter named Barbara, aged seven, passed by the tree. The child saw the picture of the Blessed Virgin on the ground, picked it up, and, kissing it with childish reverence, begged her mother to let her take it home. "No, my child," said the good woman; "we must not take it away. Evidently the wind blew it from its place in the tree; we must put it back again, that it may be venerated by all who pass by." But the child continued her entreaties, till the mother reluctantly consented to her taking the picture with

her, and little Barbara was perfectly happy.

In this joyous frame of mind she arrived home, and summoned all the household and neighbors to see and admire her new-found treasure. She looked about to find a suitable place for her beautiful picture, and chose a small niche in the wall, under the crucifix, in the sitting-room, which she tastefully decorated and revered as an altar. The joy of the parents and the child was, however, of short duration.

At the end of three days little Barbara was seized with a painful affection of the eyes, which was so virulent as to yield to no remedies, and to threaten her with total loss of sight. Day and night she was groaning, like one frantic, from excessive pain. The parents were deeply afflicted; they made vows, they gave alms. Finally their prayer was heard at the throne of the Almighty. The little girl, who was wearied out from weeping, suddenly became calm; the pain in her eyes diminished; she slept the whole night, awoke quite cheerful next morning, and related to her parents the dream she had had. "It seemed to me in my sleep," she said, "as if I distinctly heard these words: 'If you carry back the little picture, and replace it in the pine-tree, the disease in your eyes will be perfectly cured.'"

The parents looked upon this as a direct command from God. That same day they visited the rock, accompanied by their little daughter, who carried the picture in her hand, and replaced it in the pine-tree, and

also readjusted the little tin roof which had protected it. They then knelt down, and devoutly recommended their pressing case to the powerful intercession of the Ever-Blessed Virgin, and went home full of consolation. Wonderful to relate, the child was completely cured from that hour. This occurrence created quite a sensation in the neighboring part of the country, as well as in the town of Tryberg, and greatly increased veneration for the wayside shrine.

But a more striking event soon took place. Friedrich Schwab, a tailor of Tryberg, then in his sixty-eighth year, had the misfortune to be attacked by leprosy. Medical remedies having failed, he was pronounced incurable by the doctors, and saw himself condemned to leave his home and enter the lazaretto. His grief at parting from his family and fellow-citizens was indescribable. In this extremity, the unhappy man had recourse to the intercession of Her whom the Church invokes as the "Health of the Sick," and "Comfortress of the Afflicted." He recalled to mind what God had deigned to effect not long before for Barbara Kienzler, at the prayer of His Blessed Mother. Relying upon Mary's love for the poor and sick, he visited the miraculous picture, and earnestly prayed for mercy to God and Our Lady. He promised with a sincere heart that, if he were cleansed from his disease, he would carve an image of Mary with the Infant Jesus in Her arms, frame it elegantly, and place it beside the picture in the pine-tree, as a memorial and thank-offering for his cure.

After praying thus, full of confidence, he felt a desire to wash himself in the stream beside the tree. He did so, and found himself perfectly cured. Full of astonishment and joy, he fell upon his face praising God, his compassionate Redeemer. Then, turning to the picture of Mary, he cried out, weeping tears of gratitude: "O Health of the Sick! Comfortress of the Afflicted! now I know how powerful with God is Thy intercession for those who, with childlike confidence, call upon Thee. Never shall I forget this great benefit. As long as I live

I will thank Thee, after God, for my miraculous cure. And, in order that all who pass by may preserve a wholesome remembrance of the wonder that was effected on this spot in favor of an unworthy sinner, I will place Thy image in the tree, beside the picture." Then he hastened back to the town, praising God and his compassionate Protectress. He spoke no word but, "I am healed! I am quite healed!" He was examined by members of the medical faculty, who declared his cure to be perfect. The happy man was overwhelmed with congratulations, and returned to his beloved family, who received him with inexpressible delight.

Friedrich Schwab was eager to fulfil his promise to the Blessed Virgin. He carved Her image in wood, and, full of joy, carried it up the mountain. When he arrived at the site of the tree, he saw with surprise that the little picture was no longer there. He sought for it in all directions, but failed to find it, nor was it ever seen again. Then, enlarging the opening in the tree, he placed therein the new image, and, when his work was done, knelt down to do homage to the Queen of Heaven. After thanking Her once more with fervent devotion for his wonderful cure, he arose full of consolation and inward peace, and returned to his home.

Although many lamented the loss of the little picture, the devotion to the Mother of God did not diminish, but, on the contrary, seemed to increase. The miraculous recovery of Friedrich Schwab, which became widely known, excited unbounded confidence in Mary, especially among the sick and suffering. The pious pilgrims, on the occasion of their visit to the pine-tree, brought handsome votive offerings, which in a short time became so numerous as to necessitate the erection of a shingle roof, to protect them from rain and wind. At the same time an iron ring was put round the tree, attached to which was a little box for offerings.

This arrangement, simple as it was, brought the place into notice; the visitors increased, and the offerings also. After some

years, however, when the girth of the tree was enlarged, the iron ring snapped, and the little roof fell down. Thenceforward the number of pilgrims gradually decreased, and finally only a few visited the holy image. The most zealous among these were Meinrad Ketterer and his two brothers, who from childhood were affected with a painful malady of the eyes. At the direction of their parents, they paid frequent visits to the miraculous image, washed their diseased eyes in the stream beside the tree, and were soon perfectly cured.

This striking fact once more excited astonishment, and revived devotion to Our Blessed Lady. Again pilgrims hastened to Her holy image on the mountain, and their childlike trust was repaid by richest blessings. But this fervor also soon died away. Wicked men plundered the offerings left at the pine-tree, which greatly excited the people. In order to put an end to the crime, the pastor, Father Gabriel Schwickart, caused the box to be removed, and the image to be left in the tree without any ornament. This caused some dissatisfaction among the people, and their former devotion to the holy place began to wane. Meantime the circumference of the tree increased so much that the bark nearly closed over the opening, and scarcely more than half the image remained visible. But just when the wayside shrine seemed to be forgotten, a new event took place, which led to the great glorification of Mary.

On the 20th of December, in the year 1692, during a war between Austria and France, three soldiers, named Anton Haiss, Georg Gruber, and Lorenz Zähringer, all natives of the Tyrol, were on their way from the town of Tryberg to their quarters at Rohrhartsberg. Night was falling, and the forest was dark and gloomy. When they were in a line with the pine-tree they heard heavenly music stealing on the air from out that rocky solitude. They stopped in amazement, and listened with delight to the rapturous melody, which lasted seven or eight minutes.

When they arrived at their destination,

they related to their comrades what they had heard in the forest. A peasant, who had listened to them eagerly, remarked that, not many years before, a miller of Tryberg, named Adam Fröhlich, had heard exquisite music in that same place, but had obtained no credence for his assertion from his fellow-citizens. "At the time, I looked upon it as a supernatural occurrence, and not at all surprising," continued the old man; "for on the top of the mountain there is a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin in a pine-tree, which was formerly an object of great devotion, but which has long ceased to be visited."

When the peasant's story was ended, the soldiers resolved to return the next day to the same place, and investigate the matter closely. Accordingly they set out early in the morning, and, on reaching the forest, ascended the mountain indicated. Then, separating from one another, they made a careful search for the holy image. After some hours of diligent labor, one of them came upon the opening in the pine-tree. It was nearly overgrown with lichen, and covered with cobwebs. Removing them with his sword, he beheld the image of the Immaculate Virgin. Full of joy, he summoned his companions, and what they witnessed on coming to the spot, they afterwards recorded on oath. "As we looked on the image," they said, "a bright light from out the hollow in the tree streamed on us, causing us, through reverence, to drop on our knees, and pray with heartfelt devotion."

When the three soldiers returned to their quarters, they told their story with such enthusiasm, that an irresistible desire was enkindled in the breasts of all their comrades to see the wonderful image. Taking advantage of the first opportunity, they visited the pine-tree, and looked admiringly on the statue of the Blessed Virgin, who seemed to smile on them with all a mother's love. In order to see it more closely, one of them enlarged the opening with his sword, and took the holy image respectfully in his hands, pressed it to his heart, and

kissed it with deepest reverence, as did also his companions. Then they replaced it in the tree, and left the holy spot with the firm resolution of visiting it frequently. They were faithful to their promise, and often came to the pine-tree in the depth of Winter, their officers accompanying them.

The pious soldiers next resolved to beautify the rustic sanctuary, and for this end they purchased a rich mantle for the holy image, a handsome frame to encircle the opening in the tree, and a tin roof to protect the shrine. When all was in readiness, they went up to the mountain on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord, and decorated the statue. The happiness and joy of these pious clients of Mary were indescribable. Kneeling before the representation of Our Lady, they chose Her for their Patroness, and inscribed above the image, "Holy Mary, Patroness of Soldiers, pray for us!"

And now from far and near pilgrims thronged to the pine-tree on the mountain. On the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, in 1695, the pastor of Tryberg, Rev. Jakob Irsslinger, preached the first sermon there, and this pious practice was afterwards observed on all the feasts of Our Lady. A canopy was erected over the tree, in order that the pilgrims, being sheltered from rain and wind, might hear the praises of Mary, and pursue their devotions in peace.

After some time the Bishop of Constance sent word to have a pilgrimage church and a house for fifteen priests erected on the mountain. The pine-tree was to be cut down, and the trunk, with the image enclosed in it, placed over the high altar.

Very joyful were the inhabitants of Tryberg. Measures were taken to carry out the Bishop's commands, and the work progressed rapidly. The place where the pine-tree stood was fixed on as the site of the high altar. The edifice was completed in 1697, and the first solemn service held therein on the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, on which occasion the church was so crowded that the idea of enlarging it was even then entertained.

From this time the number of pilgrims

increased from all parts. Princes and nobles came to pay homage to Our Holy Mother in Her chosen shrine, and in the year 1698 offerings in money alone amounted to 8,000 florins. In 1699 the foundations of a larger church were laid, and seven years later it was happily completed. On the Feast of Our Lady's Presentation in the Temple Mass was celebrated for the first time in the new edifice, and its anniversary is still solemnly commemorated. It was not until 1709, however, that the building of the priests' house began. It was blessed on the Feast of St. Peter's Chains, and solemnly consecrated on the 28th of April, 1716.

An uninterrupted flow of pilgrims still resorts to this hallowed spot, to pour out their hearts before the image of the Ever-Blessed Mother of God; and their petitions are not unheeded by Her who is ever the Refuge of Sinners and the Help of Christians.

On a Picture of St. Agnes.

BY M. E. M.

IT is but a simple picture, just above my table resting,

Childlike face upturned in longing to the promise of the skies;

With a something near to sadness the sweet lips and forehead cresting,

And a look of Heaven dwelling in the beautiful dark eyes;—

It is but a simple picture, yet it tells a hal-
lowed story,

Brighter ever for the record Sin's revolving
cycles show;

Speaking to my thoughts—so human—with
its own unshadowed glory,

Of a heart that loved and suffered fifteen
hundred years ago.

Not as we love, weakly stretching forth our
hands in blind endeavor

To hold fast what God has branded with
the brittle stamp of clay;

Not as we, unwilling, suffer, moaning child-
ishly forever

The defeats of poor ambitions born and
buried in a day.

But as they love whom His brightness has
encompassed with its shining,
Who have waited through the noontide in
the shadow of the Cross,
Sharing in His crucifixion, with prophetic
gift divining
In earth's short-lived compensations Heav-
en's irreparable loss.

Daughter of a race of heroes, stranger to the
touch of sorrow,
Free as snow-flakes in their falling from the
tainted breath of sin,
Her young life had reached its fulness, each
day promise of to-morrow,
If the golden gates of Heaven had not
yearned to take her in;
If the dove had not descended where the
haughty eagle flaunted
His black wings above the threshold of her
proud patrician home,
Her pale lips had never spoken, clear, defiant
and undaunted,
Their own doom of death and torture in the
halls of pagan Rome.

"Tear the garment from her shoulders!"—
tyrant mandates know not pity.
She droops, clothed in her own blushes—
could the garment be more fair?
Lo! down-falling from its fastenings, before all
that mighty city,
She stands mantled and enshrouded in the
glory of her hair;
Then, as swift beneath the sword-flash streams
the life-blood hotly gushing,
The red current overflowing bathes her
whiteness in its sea—
Maidens, cease your tender weeping, all your
anguished wailings hushing:
Pain is but a dream forever, and the martyr's
soul is free!

Fifteen hundred years have followed, one by
one, in sad procession
Since the sun set over Tiber on that bar-
b'rous holiday,—
Fifteen hundred waves of passage in the tide
of retrogression
Flowing to the shore eternal from the world
it wears away.
Creatures of our own poor moulding, seeking
ever an ideal,

Weaving all a soul's endeavor into dull and
foolish rhymes,
Could our thoughts but seek the treasure,
could our hands but clasp the real,
What were death and pain and torture,
fifteen hundred thousand times?

O my beautiful St. Agnes! when my heart
grows sick and weary,
Tiring of the toil and struggle, throbbing at
the touch of pain,
There is never hour so hopeless, there is never
day so dreary,
But the face upturned to Heaven can enliven
it again
For mine eyes are not so blinded that they
can not see the shining
Of illimitable brightness in the pathway of
the Cross,
And my soul is not so narrow that its faith is
past divining
In earth's short-lived compensations Heav-
en's irreparable loss.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Sunday came, Helen said to her
cousin, rather wistfully: "Will you go
to church with us to-day, Marion?"

"Not to-day, I believe, if you will excuse
me," answered Marion. "If I go anywhere
—which is doubtful—I suppose it ought to
be to the church I was brought up in."

"I thought you always said at the con-
vent how much you preferred Catholic ser-
vices," said Helen, in a disappointed tone.

"Well, at the convent, you see, one had
not much choice," replied the other, laugh-
ing; "and, then, the services were charm-
ing there—so poetical and beautiful. That
chapel was a picture in itself. But, from the
outward appearance of your church here,
I should not judge that it possessed much
inward beauty."

"No," said Helen, reluctantly, "it has
not much beauty; but, then, the Mass is
everywhere the same, you know."

"For those who believe in it, very likely," was the careless rejoinder. "But I am an outsider. I believe only in what I see; and when I see beautiful ceremonies, I enjoy them for their beauty."

"It is just as well, in that case, that you should not go with us, my dear," said Mrs. Dalton, from the head of the table—for this conversation took place at breakfast. "Ours is a very plain little chapel, the congregation being small and poor. If you are in search of beautiful ceremonies, the Episcopal Church will be more likely to gratify you. They have a new Ritualistic clergyman there, who has introduced many new customs, I hear."

"I see no particular reason why I should go anywhere," observed Marion, truthfully. "It is a very pleasant day for staying at home."

But she was not destined to stay at home on this particular Sunday, which was the beginning of a change in her life. After breakfast, while they were enjoying the freshness of the Summer morning on the veranda, and before any chime of bells yet filled the air, Miss Morley made her appearance, fully dressed for church parade, and, after a general greeting, said to Marion:

"I have come to inquire if you would like to go to church with me this morning, Miss Lynde. I have heard Helen say that you are not a Roman Catholic."

"I am not anything at all," answered Marion; "and I confess that I do not, as a rule, see the need of church-going; but, since it is such a pleasant day, and you are so kind as to come, Miss Morley—may I ask what church you attend?"

"Oh, Netta is an Episcopalian!" interposed Helen. "She will take you to a handsome church, filled with well-dressed people, where you will have pretty ceremonies and nice music to amuse you."

"Satire is not in your style, Helen," said Marion, putting out her hand to give a soft pinch to the round arm near her. "But, since you give such an attractive description, I believe I will go with Miss Morley."

"Then we have not much time to spare," said that young lady, with a glance at her dress, as a concert of bells suddenly burst out.

"Oh, I will be ready in a few minutes!" exclaimed Marion, smiling.

Her simple toilet was indeed soon made, yet its very simplicity enhanced the striking character of her beauty; and when she followed Miss Morley up the softly-carpeted aisle of the Episcopal Church, every eye turned on her, and everyone wondered who she could be. To herself, the atmosphere which surrounded her was very agreeable, speaking as it did of wealth and refined tastes. Beautiful architectural forms, polished woods, stained glass, a pretty procession, sweet, clear voices singing to the rich roll of a fine organ, and a congregation which gave the impression of belonging altogether to the favored classes of society,—these things she liked, independently of any religious association or meaning.

Indeed, *as* a religious ceremony, the service seemed to Marion very much of a failure, so recently had she witnessed the divine Reality of worship. She missed the thrill of awe which had come even to her when the Sacred Host was lifted up to Heaven in the Mass; and her keen, unprejudiced mind realized how entirely what she now saw was only the mutilated remnant of an older and grander ritual. "It is a pity that the Catholic religion is so exacting, and that so many common people belong to it," she thought; "for it is the only one with any reality about it, or any claim to one's respect."

Nobody would have suspected these reflections, however, from her outward deportment. She went through the service decorously, and listened with exemplary attention to the sermon, which was by no means contemptible as a literary effort. Her beautiful face—conspicuously placed in one of the front pews—somewhat distracted the attention of the young clergyman, and he found himself now and again looking from his MS. to meet the large, dark eyes fixed so steadily on him. But

Marion herself was distracted by no one, although she was aware of the appearance and manner of everybody in her immediate neighborhood.

Among the rest, she observed a lady who sat near, and more than once glanced inquiringly toward her,—a lady of specially distinguished and fashionable appearance. "She does not belong to Scarborough," thought Marion, noticing (without appearing to do so) some of the details of her costume. And her conclusion she soon found was correct. When the services were over, and the congregation, passing out of church, interchanged salutations as they went, Miss Morley acknowledged a greeting from this lady; and Marion, as they walked on, said: "Who is that handsome and elegant woman?"

"Mrs. Singleton," was the reply. "She is very handsome and very elegant, is she not? But she does not live in Scarborough; she is here only for the Summer."

"I felt sure of that," thought Marion—though she had too much tact to say so. "Who is she?—where does she come from?" she asked.

"She is one of *the* Singletons," answered Netta—"at least her husband is,—and you know who they are. They appear to have ample means, and live in a great many places. She has just returned from Europe."

"And why has she come to Scarborough?" inquired Marion, in a tone not altogether flattering to that place.

"Well, chiefly, I believe, because the climate here agrees wonderfully with an old gentleman who is her husband's uncle, to whom they seem to devote themselves."

"Is he wealthy?" asked Marion, with unconscious cynicism.

"Oh, very!" replied Netta, with simplicity; "immensely rich, I believe, and has no children; so he lives with the Singletons; or *they* live with him."

"The last most likely," said Marion, whose knowledge of life was largely drawn from its seamy side.

The conversation ended here, and she

thought no more of it. But on the evening of the next day Miss Morley came into the drawing-room, where the family group were assembled after tea, and, turning to Marion, said:

"Do you remember our speaking of Mrs. Singleton as we came from church yesterday, Miss Lynde? She seems to have been as much impressed by you as you were by her. I met her on the street this morning, and she stopped me to ask who you were. I suppose I must not venture to repeat all that she said of your appearance, but I may tell you that she has some connexions named Lynde, and that she is very curious to know if you belong to them."

"I am sorry that I can not satisfy her," said Marion, who showed no signs of being as flattered as she really was. "Family genealogies have never interested me. If my uncle were here now, he could tell her all that she wished to know."

"So that elegant Mrs. Singleton is in Scarborough again this Summer!" cried Helen, with interest. "Is the same old gentleman with her, and do they still keep up an establishment with so much style?"

"Oh, yes!" her cousin answered. "They have taken the Norton House for the Summer, and have brought a beautiful carriage and horses, and servants, with them. Not many people have seen the old gentleman yet. I hear that he is feebler than he was last year."

"Then no doubt Mrs. Singleton still laments touchingly how sad it is for old people—for their own sakes entirely!—when they live too long," said Paul Rathborne, who was present as usual.

"At least she does not devote much of her time and attention to him," responded Mrs. Dalton, "unless report greatly belies her."

"Why should she?" said Rathborne. "He has an expensive, highly-trained nurse for his special service, beside a staff of servants. What could she do for him, except worry him? Oh, no: it is not on account of any demand upon her time or attention that she thinks he lives too long, but because he

keeps his fortune in his own hands, and will until death relaxes his hold of it."

"How awful," exclaimed Helen, with a shudder, "to want anybody to die! I can not believe that Mrs. Singleton does. She seems so kind and pleasant."

"And you think every one must be kind and pleasant who seems so?" said Rathborne, with a covert sneer. "My dear Helen, it will not do to judge the world by yourself."

"Why not?" asked Helen, innocently. "Why should I not believe that others are honest and sincere as well as myself?"

"Well, really there does not seem any reason on the surface, except that experience proves it otherwise," he answered, with a laugh.

"I hope it may be long before experience proves it to me," said Helen. "I can not bear to think badly of people. It seems to me that it would break my heart to be forced to think badly of any one for whom I cared."

If one heart present felt a twinge of compunction at those words, there was no sign of it; but Mrs. Dalton looked at her daughter with a sudden glance of something like apprehension.

"You should not talk in such a way, Helen," she said. "A broken heart is not a thing of which to speak lightly."

"I did not intend to speak lightly," answered Helen. "I meant what I said very seriously. I do not think I could bear it."

"That is foolish," continued her mother. "We must bear whatever God sends."

"I do not think Helen will ever have to bear a broken heart, or anything like it," observed Marion. "I am very certain that she is made for happy fortune."

"No one in the world, who lives for any length of time, can know unbrokenly happy fortune," said Mrs. Dalton, gravely. "But I do not think it well to discuss such personal subjects."

"Then we will discuss the rich old man who has a highly-trained nurse and a staff of servants," said Marion, laughing. "Tell

me"—turning to Rathborne—"what is his name?"

"Singleton," replied that gentleman. "Have you never heard of him? He is a very rich man, and Tom Singleton—the husband of the lady you have seen—hopes to inherit his wealth."

"He is his nearest relative?"

"Oh, I presume there are other nieces and nephews, but he is a favorite of the old man."

"Have I not heard something of a disowned son?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"A disowned son!" repeated Marion. "I did not know that people out of novels—and even in novels it has gone out of fashion—ever disowned their sons now."

"As I have heard the story," said Rathborne, "it is more a case of the son disowning the father. He refused to comply with his father's wishes in any respect, and finally broke away and left home, going off to South America, I believe. He has not been heard of for a considerable number of years, and Tom Singleton says there is every reason to believe him dead. Of course the wish is father to the thought with *him*, but others have told me the same thing."

"Perhaps his father drove him away by harshness, and remorse is what is the matter with him," said Netta Morley, solemnly.

Rathborne laughed. "From my knowledge of old Mr. Singleton," he replied, "I should not judge that remorse preyed upon him to any great extent. The son, I have been told, was a wild, rebellious youth, whom it was impossible to control—one of those unfortunate human beings who seem born to go wrong, and whom no influence can restrain."

"Where was the poor boy's mother?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"She died when he was very young. But, with all due deference to the popular idea of a mother's influence, I think we see many cases in which it fails altogether."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dalton. "But even if her influence fails, her patience is more long-suffering than that of any one else, and her love is more enduring. Perhaps this

boy might not have been lost if his mother had lived."

"If we begin with 'perhaps,' we may imagine anything we please," remarked Rathborne, in a tone which Marion had learned to understand as expressing contempt for the opinion advanced.

"Without indulging in any imagination at all, so much as is known of the Singletons is very interesting indeed," she said, in her clear, fluent voice. "If I see any of them, I shall look at them with much more attention from having heard this romantic story of a lost son and a great fortune."

"I think you are very likely to see Mrs. Singleton," observed Netta. "She spoke as if she desired to make your acquaintance."

"That is a great compliment—from her," said Helen. "What an impression you must have made, Marion!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Lady's Antiphons.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Alma Redemptoris Mater.

☩ THOU Mother benign of the Saviour! of
Heaven the portal
Open ever, inviting to enter. O Star of the
Ocean!
Succor the wretch who falls, and the fallen,
to rise who endeavors.
Thou who, to Nature's amaze, gavest birth to
Thy Maker eternal,
Virgin before, still Virgin. Ah! by the Hail
of the Angel,
Mother benign, on us—sinners, poor sinners—
have pity!

Ave Regina Caelorum.

All hail, O Queen of Heaven!
All hail, O Angels' Queen!
Hail Jesse's root, hail portal
Whence light the world has seen.
Rejoice, O glorious Virgin,
Fairer than all the fair;
All hail, O sweet and lovely!
For us Christ hear Thy prayer.

Regina Cæli, lætare.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Queen of Heaven!
Alleluia!
For He whom Thy pure womb has given,
Alleluia!
Has risen, as He said, this day,
Alleluia!
Pray now for us to God, oh! pray,
Alleluia!

Salve Regina.

Thee as Our Queen we greet,
Mother of Mercy sweet!
Our life, hope, sweetness hail!
To Thee Eve's exiled children cry,
To Thee we sigh,
Mourning and weeping in this tearful vale.
Confe then, oh! come, our Advocate!
Those eyes of Thine compassionate
Upon us throw;
And of Thy womb the Fruit most blest,
Thy Jesus—when at last we rest
From this our exile—show,
O clement, tender-hearted, sweet
Virgin Mary!

Under Italian Skies

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—SAN MARCO.

THERE is a temple in Venice so stored
with Oriental treasures that even to
look upon it is like breathing frankincense
and myrrh; the atmosphere that pervades
it is drowsy, as if steeped in cassia and
musk. The façade of this queen of churches
is burdened with ornamentation. There is
an almost barbaric splendor in its outward
decoration that is scarcely in keeping with
the exceeding solemnity of the interior.
Within, everything is so rich in texture, so
elegant in form, it can well afford to make
no display. It is the sweetest, the solemn-
est, the most harmonious, the most wor-
shipful retreat for the world-weary that can
possibly be conceived of.

Here you may select a chapel after your
own heart; it shall be rich or plain, dim in
a dusky seclusion, or ablaze with flaming

tapers; or lit by a single lamp, swinging like a great jewel hung by a golden chain to the summit of a deep golden dome. You may, if you choose, meditate before an antique Byzantine crucifix, or a group of stained sculptures almost as old as Christianity; or, if you will, kneel for a time under one of the sad-faced Madonnas, at whose feet the votive offerings are heaped in strange confusion. But come with me, away from the glitter and the glare of the exterior, where the four bronze horses prance, and the eyes grow weary with seeking some point to rest on in all that tropical, rare garden of ornate Eastern beauty.

MORNING.—It is 9.30 by all the clock towers in Venice. Ten thousand iron tongues have uttered their call to prayer. The bell in the campanile of San Marco has clanged twice, for the two quarters of the half spent hour. The bronze Vulcans on the roof of the *orologio* have repeated the solemn strokes with the utmost deliberation; first one of these monstrous twins, the slaves of time, swings his heavy sledgehammer, and beats the rim of the huge stationary bell; then the other follows his example with the greatest gravity; they never change countenance, these imperturbable bell ringers, but gaze fixedly before them, patiently awaiting orders from the mysterious chamber of the clock tower, where every moment is numbered from year's end to year's end.

The second Vulcan has scarcely struck his final blow when it is echoed by one of the silver bells of San Marco, hidden away in the fantastic ornamentation, which Ruskin says "breaks into foam" over the façade of the Cathedral. The crystal notes of that foam-bell flutter the doves of San Marco; now indeed the crest of the façade "breaks into foam"; for, like a cloud of spray, a myriad wings are tossed upon the air—it is the very moment in which to enter for the first time this most marvellous of sanctuaries.

In the entrance hall the eye is at once gratified by a flood of subdued light, which seems to be a part of the structure, as if the very walls were softly luminous; it is richer,

mellower, more religious than any other light that I have bathed in, even in Italy, the land of all lovely light. A multitude of frescos look out at you from the rather sombre ceiling—saints with wide, calm eyes, and angels with great white wings.

The first glimpse of this unique vestibule affects the spirit of the beholder much as the prelude to a chant does; it is the key-note of the whole harmony, and in a breathless and listening mood you enter the nave of the Cathedral. The light grows deeper, richer, more religious; it seems to glow and pulsate with a kind of sacred fervor, as if it were self-begotten and immortal. Softer than sunlight, more satisfying than moonlight, you feel its exquisite beauty, its delicious warmth, without comprehending the source from whence it springs.

A wilderness of mosaics bursts upon the eye; multitudes of forms, human and divine, float above you and about you in a haze that is tinged with gold. I can not single out any one of the thousand figures that are assembled there. I doubt that I could locate more than two or three of them if I were to have them described to me. I would as soon think of numbering the flowers of the field, that give color and character to the landscape. I feel their presence, and should deplore their absence; but to me they are as rays of the sun that burst through clouds of glory—parts of a whole that it were better to accept in their entirety, than to seek to analyze. All the colors under heaven are blended in the soft but radiant complexion of the interior, and the effect is as if the first perfect day—the day of God's rest—were just breaking in the twilight of the dawn, with a promise of beauty that shall reach perfection.

Can you compass in one thought a tabernacle as intricate and as perfect in its plan as is the comb of the honey-bee,—a tabernacle wherein five hundred columns of carved marble are so placed* that not one obtrudes itself; where multitudes of statues are congregated, yet, of the many, no one is prominent; so that, after you have been

again and again in the shady silence of the temple, you shall one day come upon some solemn saint lost in the everlasting ecstasy that marble only is capable of preserving to the world? The statue has been there for ages; you have passed and repassed it a hundred times, but never until this hour have your eyes rested upon it; and its sudden discovery reawakens the delightful surprise you felt when you peered for the first time into the sombre depths of the nave.

As I dream over the inexhaustible riches of this glorious fane, I can not resist the temptation to compare its interior to a primeval forest at sunrise. Does this seem extravagance? Believe me it is not so. There are no straight lines in San Marco; its very pavement is as uneven as a billowy sea; everything seems to have been beaten into shape by great mallets in the hands of skilful artisans—but no: that will give you an impression of rigidity; rather let me say that everything looks as if it had been moulded by deft fingers while it was in a plastic state; or, better still, as if it had grown so; not in a season, not in a single century; but, like a flower, it has opened leaf after leaf; like a forest, it has put forth its imperishable branches, and grown perfect with time.

Every arch of the three-score and upward is full of expression, of individuality, and differs from the rest as one bending branch differs from another. It might be said of San Marco that it has no architectural plan; for in it all laws of architecture are set at defiance; and yet, again, it might be said of it that it is the most perfect creation of man—because it is the most natural, the most interesting, the most inexhaustible, the most satisfying. It is thus the sea-born *polypes* rear their coral halls—by an instinct which is above and beyond all art; it is thus the bee builds his golden cloister.

San Marco is the realization of a thousand changeful moods. You see evidences of this yearning after something that is unattainable in the endless variety of its nooks and corners; it is the finite aspiring to the infinite; it appeals to each and every one in

each and every hour; and somewhere at some time or another touches us to the quick, from the loftiest to the most ignoble. It is an immortal symbol of an immortal soul.

In the morning, while the sun streams through windows that give their light like a fountain whose source is hidden, a sudden burst of music floods the nave, the transepts, and the aisles; it is as if the sunbeams had each a voice, and some curtain had just been drawn apart, admitting a choir of them. You do not, at first, think of locating the source of the melody, any more than you wish to follow a gurgling rivulet to its fountain-head; it is enough that you have found the resounding shore, and for a time, at least, you are content to pause and listen.

As the umbrageous wood at morning is, all at once, filled with music and the rustle of leaves and a myriad fluttering wings, so San Marco reverberates the chorals and the low whispers of the kneeling worshippers. You follow the tide of melody rippling through the aisles, under the flying galleries, into the lofty nave, and see that the high altar in the midst of the choir is twinkling with lights, while the priests, in gorgeous vestments, pass to and fro before it. There are small chapels on each side of the choir, from which, through clusters of columns, as through a grove, you follow the splendid ceremonial of the Mass from a little distance, as one seems to see a pageant in a dream. It is like a dream, the subdued light, the mellow music, the worshipful atmosphere—is it not, O ye who have known this hour yourselves?

But out of this dream you waken. The veiled chalice has been borne into the inner sanctuary; the priests and acolytes withdraw in solemn procession; the purple-caped prelates and the royally-robed venerable Cardinal Patriarch of Venice arise from their antique stalls, and follow with bowed heads and reverent steps. The music dies away like a sun-gleam beyond a cloud. There is nothing left but the perpetual harmony—that silent symphony—of marble and gold and bronze, that lures the bewildered eyes

from side to side, until they are lifted in a kind of ecstasy, and wander helplessly among the golden arches overhead, and the five golden and lustrous domes.

NOON.—This is not the brightest hour in San Marco. The sun is overhead; there are no misty beams of light slanting their dingy gold through the arches, and separating the wilderness of columns into broken and detached groups. A hundred brazen lamps hang before the altars, with the smallest possible flame twinkling at the top of each. The lamps are marvels of delicate workmanship. Like everything else in San Marco, they are a very necessary part of the whole; and, though they may not catch the eye at first, they would be sorely missed were they removed or suffered to burn out.

You will, probably, now find a half-dozen artists at work in various corners of the building; it is a famous resort of painters—their joy and their despair. The color of the inner portions is inimitable; time alone has been able to add this crowning grace to a basilica which has been called “the most beautiful in the world.”

At noon—after the glory of the morning has departed, and before the glory of the evening has come—you leisurely examine the marvellous riches that are gathered here. There are Oriental marbles most ingeniously carved; white marbles and alabaster that have acquired the ripe tints of autumnal leaves—indeed, the whole structure is *ripe* to the very core; it has absorbed the wealth of nine centuries of Venetian sunshine, and the walls are full of sap. The pavement is a mosaic of such intricate pattern, that it were useless to search for any two parts of it resembling one another. The foundations have sunk in many places; you go up and down the undulated surface of variegated marbles, and are almost persuaded that the floor was originally laid on virgin soil that had never yet been broken by spade or plow. The effect is delightful, after the novelty of the first impression—a kind of giddiness—has worn off.

The stranger is strongly advised to ascend to the gallery, and wander over its narrow

bridges, and under its low arches, that are like grottos; to cross the lofty columns that support these airy avenues, and pass beneath the great domes, and from one part of the building to another, on a pilgrimage replete with picturesque adventure and discovery. But, as for myself, I like it not so well as loitering under those high and winding ways, looking up at them from below, and wondering to what undiscovered country they may lead. Would you, if you could, bore into the heart of a honey-comb for the sake of learning its plan, or bury yourself in a rose that you might get a new joy from it?

I entered the gallery at the most favorable moment, and yet have regretted it ever since. The great nave was crowded with the glittering *paraphernalia* of a Venetian funeral. An imposing catafalque stood in the centre of the Cathedral, draped with crimson velvet, and crowned with pompous plumes of black and white ostrich feathers. Scores of robed acolytes and torch-bearers surrounded it; the candles and torches—the latter were fashioned after the pattern of the antique emblem of death—were of colossal proportions. There were banners, and sacred symbols, and tossing censers galore; there were chanting choirs of cherubs in snowy surplices; all that wealth could summon to mourn the untimely decease of the heir of a noble family was there.

It was high noon in San Marco. I, alone, stole through the labyrinthian gallery, and peered down upon the imposing spectacle through clouds of incense, that seemed to take fantastic shapes—even the forms of angels with wide-spreading wings; hosts of them, soaring hither and thither. Yet I wish that gallery were still a mystery to me—something for me to wonder about and aspire to, in spirit only. I feel almost as if I had taken advantage of a hospitality too freely offered; as if I had sought to unravel a mystery which was sacred until I profaned it; as if I had rushed in where angels fear to tread,—so great is my veneration of the holy temple.

NIGHT.—The Vesper bell has ceased

tolling; the Psalms have been sung; the *Magnificat* is ended, and the solemn Benediction has been given from the high altar by a Cardinal in trailing robes. There is dead silence in San Marco. A few worshippers are kneeling before the great bronze crucifix, under the central dome; a few others are scattered about the Cathedral, watching intently the last rays of the sun, that seem to have sought the sacred edifice that they might perish there in a glory that almost rivals their own. This is the consummate hour; this is the hour of hours in which to seek the sanctuary, if you would know the full perfection of its beauty.

The lower half of the building is in shadow,—a shadow that deepens every moment, and rises slowly like an inflowing tide that shall presently submerge the world. But preceding this deluge there is a festival of light—of *reverential* light—so inexpressibly lovely that it were vain to attempt a description of it. It is beyond analysis; it is almost beyond conception. But I must suggest it, if only for the joy I take in the mere effort.

The great central window in the façade faces the west; at this window irresistible floods of glory pour in, and are distributed through the nave, the aisles, the transepts; these floods are turned again and again from their courses, reflected hither and thither by the gleaming walls above the galleries, and caught sometimes upon a gilded prominence in splashes of dazzling light. The five golden domes are glowing like hollow hemispheres of fire; they are fed from a girdle of small windows sunk deep in their massive walls, so that no glass is visible, but only the broad shafts of light that one might call the rafters of heaven. From the great western window plunges a torrent of dead gold, even to the very foot of the high altar. O River of Life! O dream-ladder of Jacob! One almost sees the angels ascending and descending.

The light begins to fade more rapidly; the shadow-tide submerges the antique marble columns; it has reached the capitals, that tell many a legend in elegant and

charming sculpture; it has kissed the feet of the bronze Christ, and is slowly climbing the marble screen of the choir, above which the statues of marble—that look as if they were of ivory, stained with the storms of ages—are standing, seven on the one side and seven on the other side of an old, old crucifix.

Over the high altar the canopy of *verd-antique*, with its curiously carved pillars, looks as black as night; and the twin-twisted columns of alabaster that once adorned the Temple of Solomon, and through which the flame of a candle flickers as through clouded icicles, are lost in the gloaming. Here and there among the domes, or on the corners of the arches, are glints of light—where a glancing beam is caught and held for a moment,—glints that remind one of the low Autumn sun struggling with a stormy sky.

Part of the time the temple has been suffused with a subdued splendor, resembling a rippling, translucent sea,—a diaphanous flood, that vibrated like a chord in the bass clef of the organ—it was almost musical, as the finest music is full of color. But all this is over now. At last there is but one ray of sunlight left; it, like its short-lived fellows, is softer than any light that comes to us in the outer world. It flushes in the delectable languors of death; it seems to be swimming in blood; it is the soul of a blush-rose shriven and translated. It has sought refuge on the breast of the Madonna; it is the apotheosis of the Sacred Heart—a revelation, a miracle! You can almost hear a sigh when that rose withers, when that heart is consumed away in flame; and the silence that follows is as the silence of the grave.

It is evening. Deep shadow has engulfed the infinite riches of this treasure-house. The glory is gone from the golden walls, and from the five golden domes supported by half a thousand pillars of rare marble. The echo of a gun floats in from the Lagoon, and the bronze doors of the basilica are closed and bolted. Such, O my friend! is sunset in San Marco!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Record of a Word.

BY J. C. S.

I have known a word as gentle
As the breath of Summer air;
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.—*A. A. Procter.*

In illustration of this utterance of the gifted author, I am impelled to relate an incident which occurred some years ago, under my own observation, thinking it may implant a useful lesson in some "listening heart."

Early in the Autumn of 185— Mr. S——, a young lawyer, opened an office for the practice of his profession in a pleasant little village of Northern Vermont, bringing with him his winsome bride, whose brilliant personal attractions and graceful social qualities soon secured for her a warm place in the hearts of her new acquaintances and neighbors.

While a house was being prepared for their reception, they boarded with a worthy family, who became much attached to the young wife, and were equally beloved by her. Their beautiful daughter Carrie, aged sixteen, was her special favorite; the young girl assisted in arranging her cosy rooms, and, in return, was invited to pass her leisure hours with Mrs. S——, who delighted to teach her pet many womanly arts, especially needlework, knitting, and embroidery, in which she excelled.

The young couple were converts to the Faith, and the family with whom they were making their temporary abode were Baptists. One day, while Carrie and her friend were chatting over their work, mention was made of a Baptism conferred that morning, in the church near by, upon an infant for whom Mrs. S—— stood as godmother. The girl dropped her needle, and, looking up, remarked: "Our people do not believe in baptizing babies, but I think if Baptism is of any use to older persons, it must be a benefit conveyed to their souls without their doing anything but simply desiring and

accepting it; and it seems too bad to shut off poor babies because they can not ask for that benefit."

"Then, Carrie, you have not been baptized?"

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Oh, you poor little heathen! how sorry I am for you!" exclaimed her friend, and, on being questioned by the girl, she explained the doctrine of original sin and baptismal regeneration.

From that time Carrie's mind was troubled, and, to the great dismay of her mother, she expressed again and again her determination to ask the priest to baptize her; for "dear Mrs. S——, who knows all about it, says I can be nothing but a little heathen without Baptism."

Shortly after this conversation, the young couple took possession of their own house, and Carrie became quite absorbed in the process of removal, assisted in adjusting household affairs, and was, of course, the daily guest of her friend in the new home.

In the early part of the following Winter, Mrs S—— was invited to accompany her sister to the funeral of a friend in a village some miles beyond the Eastern hills. During their absence a heavy snow-storm came on, and the weather was so severe that they were detained there for a week. The day after they left, the Jesuit Fathers opened a mission in the church near Carrie's home. That evening the girl went with some young friends to a dentist's office. One of the party, wishing to have a tooth extracted, could not be prevailed upon to take the anæsthetic, and Carrie, to convince her of its harmless nature, ventured to take it herself. She went home as well as usual, but in the night complained of a violent pain in her head, which speedily resulted in congestion of the brain. Physicians declared, however, that the attack was not caused by the anæsthetic agent. She soon became unconscious, and remained in that state until the afternoon of the third day, when, symptoms of exhaustion and a rapid sinking of the vital powers gave warning of approaching dissolution.

Some Catholic friends, on their way to church, called to inquire about the girl, and were overcome with grief when they heard of her hopeless condition; for she was greatly beloved by the whole community. As they entered the churchyard, a woman exclaimed, between her sobs: "Oh, to think she must die without Baptism, and she was so anxious to receive it!" One of the missionaries happened to be passing at the time, and, overhearing the last words, asked of whom they were speaking. When they told him of the dying young girl, he did not hesitate a moment, but hurried to the house, and entered the room of the sufferer.

The disconsolate mother was at one side of the sick bed bathed in tears, while the physician stood on the other, counting the failing pulses of the dying girl. The priest at once asked permission of the mother to baptize the child, as she had repeatedly expressed a wish to receive the Sacrament. The mother turned to the Protestant doctor, asking what she should do. "Have your daughter baptized by all means, since such was her desire," he replied; and the Father proceeded to perform the rite.

As the regenerating waters were poured upon her head, the agonized expression, which, had hitherto distorted the fair features, passed away; a smile of radiant joy took its place, and, for the first time since the fatal attack, her eyes beamed with intelligent consciousness as she fixed her gaze upon her mother's face. A moment later, with the bright gleam of rapture glowing over her countenance, her innocent spirit passed to its heavenly home, without one token of pain to mark the moment of its flight.

That shining seal of Paradise still illumined the beautiful young face when we closed the door of her "narrow house," and laid the beloved form in its last resting-place. To this day the memory of its brightness is cherished in the hearts of our villagers, who flocked to look upon it for the last time before it passed from their sight forever.

The day after the funeral, Mrs. S—

returned home. She had just entered the house when the Presbyterian minister, who happened to be passing, stepped in, and, after the first greetings, said: "I suppose you have heard of the death of your dear young friend, Carrie B——?"

She was almost paralyzed by the startling announcement, and cried out: "Do you tell me that Carrie is dead?"

"Yes," he replied; "and she was buried yesterday."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a sudden outburst of sobs and tears, "and my precious darling died without Baptism, after all!"

"No," said the minister, and he proceeded to relate the circumstances I have but imperfectly sketched; conveying to the spirit of the mourning friend a revelation of effects which may follow a fitting word spoken in season, and the consoling assurance that the remark uttered by herself, with scarcely a thought of its possible mission, had "nestled in a listening heart, to live forever there."

On Hearing the Vesper Bell in Italy.

HARK! it is the Vesper bell
Sounding forth the hour of prayer;
Bow the head and bend the knee,
God is worshipped everywhere.

Stranger in the city street,
Lift thy soul to Heaven above;
Peasant toiling in the field,
Now adore the Eternal Love.

Man of wealth, thy pleasure leave;
Merchant, cease from trade and gain;
Humbly worship now the King
Who for human guilt was slain.

Hushed be every busy sound;
Let a solemn silence fall
O'er the lowly cottage home
And the proud ancestral hall.

Send your music o'er the land,
Evening bells of faith and prayer!
Holy thoughts of God and Heaven
Gently breathing everywhere.

REV. DR. F. R. MARVIN, IN THE *Home Journal*.

The Church and the Colored Race.

IN the Catholic Church, as every one knows, there is no distinction of races. They are gathered into the One Fold from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South. The poor and the despised have the Gospel preached to them without any contemptuous exclusiveness. How different the course of Protestantism! What, for instance, has it done for the negro race? Some sects, indeed, have not shown any deficiency of zeal in making proselytes among them, and furnishing the means for pandering to fanatical enthusiasm. With this they have been content. Other sects have not done so much as this. If they have been charitable or kind at all to the colored race, they have been charitable by substitute and kind by proxy. They will give alms, indeed, to be distributed among them, but they will not have the hem of their garment polluted by their touch. By giving promiscuous alms they try to salve their consciences, although they know, or should know, that such alms are incredibly pernicious.

Now, what has the Catholic Church done for the negroes? It has presented them no sponge full of the vinegar of sham sympathy, it has smiled no smile of cheap compassion mingled with supercilious superiority. No: it has sought them out by its missionaries; it has built special churches for them; it has fostered all their high and noble qualities; it has dealt gently with their failings. It has made them feel that they are members of one great family, in which none is before or after the other, none is greater or less than another. And its efforts for the salvation of the negroes are increasing and extending every day. We need only mention the St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union, entirely devoted to the evangelization of the colored race. The *American Catholic Tribune*, an organ of the colored Catholics, remarks that they number more than one hundred thousand in the United States, and that they have a sister-

hood in Baltimore and one in New Orleans. The name of Father Tolton, the colored priest, will be familiar to all. In a word, the Church is doing everything in her power to hasten the coming of that day when a great multitude which no man can number, "of all nations and peoples and tongues," shall stand before the Throne and before the Lamb, singing praise to Him who has redeemed them by His Blood.

The Fate of a Scoffer.

The Angelus.

IN the year 1875 I had the pleasure of visiting the thrifty little kingdom of Belgium. Persons of every class, from England, France, and Germany, were then flocking thither, to witness the miraculous ecstasies of Louise Lateau, and testify to the marvellous issue of blood from the five wounds in her privileged person, and to acknowledge the finger of God working in the midst of an incredulous generation. What wonder if sectaries saw in her a silent reproof of their own conduct, and discerned in her supernatural *status* a living evidence of the very God they had sworn to disown? The direct result of this reflection was a hatred which was intensified by the Father of lies.

When Carnival approached, the professors of infidelity and of the lodges of the *Solidaires* in the town of L— were no longer rational; they were dispossessed of reason, and carried away by their antipathy to this passive victim of the Faith in which they too had been born and baptized; and finally they devised a plan whereby to vilify religion, and depreciate the veneration in which Louise Lateau was held. Elaborate preparations were made, large sums of money were expended in arranging a procession of infamous characters, in which all that was sacred was travestied; even the adorable person of Our Redeemer Himself was mimicked.

In the line of procession there appeared a large car, handsomely decorated and drawn by fine horses, which contained a group intended to crush out completely all reverence for the Stigmatizée of Bois d'Haine. There was Louise represented as a buxom village maid, most at variance with her natural retiring character,

and unbecoming her extraordinarily privileged state; while her companion, equally well contrived by these haters of truth, represented the devil. He was repulsive in his costume, more disgusting still by his unseemly gestures, and even more hideous by the contrast intended, and by the association which the tableau was designed to inculcate. People looked at the car. Some laughed at the ludicrous *ensemble*; others were frantic, as if possessed; others again were sad, and exclaimed: "*Ah—trop fort!*" and some went away blushing for shame that such things could be.

Animated on one side at the success of his freaks, and enraged on the other by the manifestations of disapproval, the inebriated demon saw, in both, the effects of his rôle, and lost no opportunity of continuing his part, to the satisfaction at least of his taskmasters.

The streets had been paraded till there remained only the by-ways and alleys wherein to reiterate the shameless exhibition. Finally, still dressed in his infernal garb, the wretched actor left the gilded car for the seething bar-room, where, proud of his vile feats, he continued to gratify the shameless passions of associates of his own cast. At last he left the inn and tottered down the street to seek his home. He passed before the beautiful old parish church as the bells chimed out the hour of midnight, and made for the narrow bridge that spans the canal. He had not gone far when he lost his balance, and down he fell into the sluggish stream below. Help! help! help—! But no one heard his cry of distress.

The morning bells rang out their duty notes, and the strokes of the *Angelus* invited Christians to another day of prayer; and the anxious mother, who had sat the long night through by the flickering candle watching for the return of her wayward boy, blew out the light and stood by the doorway. But no Jean Jacques appeared. An hour later, however, the passers-by discerned a frightful object—not a man, not a creature of earth—in the dark waters of the canal.

Men and women gathered round, and held grave consultation. The mystery was soon solved. The corpse of the demon actor was dragged from the polluted waters, and laid out in the *gendarmérie* in all the sad irony of fate;

and many a reckless youth, who had cheered the player of the day before, went home, asking himself whither had gone the soul of the unfortunate man who but a few hours ago was so hale, so strong, so thoughtless of his end.

Catholic Notes.

The Virginia Mission Union has been for seven years the great means of the enlightenment and salvation of the colored race in that State. It is now to be absorbed in the St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union, which is intended for the propagation of the faith among the 650,000 negroes of Virginia. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, has written an eloquent appeal for funds for the purpose of carrying on this missionary work, which he has entrusted to the care of the Rev. Father Slattery. Pity, love for the Sacred Heart, zeal for religion, love of country,—all these motives should urge us to support this excellent work.

There were three hundred and thirty (330) divorces granted in one day—Dec. 13—by the courts of the city of Paris! What a frightful commentary on the moral condition of the French Republic, and what a terrible foreboding of impending social ruin, the consequence of the iniquitous working of the anti-ecclesiastical divorce bill!

Mention has already been made in THE "AVE MARIA" of a strange circumstance connected with the burning of the Temple Theatre in Philadelphia, on the morning of the 27th ult. A friend residing in that city, who visited the ruins, writes: "The building contained a large *musée* and an exhibition of wax figures in addition to the theatre proper. The fire broke out about ten o'clock in the morning, not long after the *musée* and exhibition were opened, and there were very few visitors present. There was, therefore, no loss of life in the audience, but the fire was one which did its work thoroughly. In a short time there was nothing left of all the beautiful building except the blackened walls, and they, in their fall, carried death to two of the firemen. When the cloud of smoke had cleared away, and the confusion attendant upon the horror of the scene had sufficiently

subsided to allow of close inspection, it became apparent that a small room on the third floor had partially escaped the ruin, which at first seemed entire. All around it, the flames had swept away floors, stairs, ceilings, columns, balconies—everything. There it hung on the front wall, its back gone, and its contents exposed to view, but apparently unharmed. The very cloth fastened across the great window of the front, as a background to the wax group, was undisturbed, and against it stood the wax figure of a life-size *Christ on the Cross*, in a wonderful state of preservation. A figure of the Blessed Virgin was at the foot of the cross. Her blue and scarlet draperies conspicuous among the black and crumbling fragments, and Her pale, sweet face looking out across the smoking ruins.

"Of course, the daily papers mentioned the fact, usually without comment; and, after seeing several references to it, I visited the place to satisfy myself as to their truth. My visit was made more than a week after the fire, when a portion of the *débris* had been removed. By a narrow street at the rear, I made my way to what had been the centre of the back of the Temple, and found a number of visitors upon the same errand as myself. It was evident to every eye that the papers had told only the truth. The fire had not even blackened the image of the Crucifixion. Preparations were then being made to remove the whole of the wall, and the room with it; and there is now no trace of what was, at least, a remarkable instance of preservation. I have my own opinion of the presence of such a representation in such a place; however, this escape from the destroyer has at least had the effect of calling the attention of those who are not Catholics to many things Catholics know well. Various views are taken by various minds, and the ever-hungry newspapers have brought to light and commented upon facts of the same kind now almost forgotten. Those who did not see it, speak of it as 'a sensation.' I know it was 'unvarnished truth.' From a distance not too great to trust one's eyes, the figures appeared unharmed, and certainly they were *there* where *nothing else* resisted the flames. Just under them the fire raged hottest, and the firemen were buried under the falling wall. It fell from the end, across the front, as they entered directly under the group."

Belgian missionaries are making great efforts to advance the work of the evangelization of Africa. Propaganda has recently created two more Vicariates Apostolic in that country. An African seminary has been recently opened at Louvain to train priests to carry on the glorious work. The honor of being the pioneer in this apostolate belongs to Abbé Huberlant, of Binche, in the Diocese of Tournay, who was the first to enter the Congo Seminary. Although his diocese is suffering for the want of priests, the Bishop could not oppose the wishes of his generous levite, and readily gave his consent.—*Catholic Sentinel*.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Leitmeritz, Austria, recently published a pastoral letter, in which, after signalizing the grave evils which infect the organization of society in our times, he admirably sums up the remedies which should be applied. First amongst the means to counteract social disorders is a unity of charity and action among men; 2d The apostolate of the press is of supreme importance in our day, and its diffusion and development should be in every way encouraged; 3d. There should be a general and strict observance of the law 'Remember to keep the Sabbath holy.' The sanctification of Sunday is one of the principal safeguards of social order; 4th. There should be an intelligent and loyal participation in public affairs; 5th. Religious instruction in the education of youth should be made a primary and essential element. In this summary, the reader will see at once how well adapted these suggestions are as remedies for the existing state of things in our own country.

As a Christmas offering, the Holy Father distributed 12,000 francs among the poor, and furnished 160 new beds to as many indigent families in Rome.

At the dedication of a new church somewhere in the State of New York, not long ago, the reverend pastor, in his address to the multitude on the happy occasion, declared that he knew personally many of the most distinguished and intelligent Protestant families who were converted to the Catholic Faith by the pure, exalted and virtuous lives of their domestics; they arguing, logically, that a Church which could plant the seeds of such eminent

qualities in simple and uncultured minds, and cause them to bloom so profusely in rare virtues, must be all true, divine, and full of heavenly beauty. What an incentive ought a statement like this to be—one founded upon the experience and observation of a worthy priest of God—to encourage and animate domestics in fidelity, honesty, and virtue in general! Many a poor soul might thus, in heaven, reap the reward of having been, virtually, in a measure, a missionary here on earth.—*Catholic Columbian*.

From the Eighth Annual Report of the Diocesan School Board of the Diocese of Fort Wayne we gather that the Catholic schools under Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger's jurisdiction have nothing to be ashamed of, either as regards numbers of attendants or standard of education. The standard attained in some of them is, in fact, remarkably high. Altogether, the past year has been a very prosperous one for the parochial schools of the Diocese of Fort Wayne.

When Munkacsy's *Last Moments of Mozart* was exhibited in Paris, a band of unseen singers sang the *Requiem*, and the effect is described as thrilling. The canvas is shortly to be taken to Pesth, the artist's birthplace, after which it will be exhibited in the principal provincial towns of England, and probably in the United States.

On the 29th ult., Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, a pontifical decree *Confirmationis Cultus* of fifty-four English martyrs was issued and solemnly proclaimed in Rome. On December 4th, when the congregation of Cardinals deputed by His Holiness to examine into their cause held an extraordinary sitting, the English College presented a memorable scene. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the chapel from nine a. m. till noon, in order to enable the English and others in Rome to implore divine light and aid for this solemn deliberation. There in adoration knelt the English students, while flocking in successively came those from the Irish College clothed in black and red, the North Americans in black and blue, and a band of German students in bright scarlet. Then appeared the Dominicans, and the brown habit of St. Francis; Jesuits and Benedictines in black; nuns of various English houses, either resident or

staying in Rome, and some of the laity. Prayers were unceasing, that God would "vouchsafe, by the solemn judgment of His Church, to glorify the blood of the English martyrs, who have been put to death in England for the testimony of Jesus." A more fitting or more hallowed spot could not have been chosen than the chapel of the English College, in ancient times the hospice for English pilgrims, and where St. Thomas of Canterbury once sojourned.

The list of martyrs includes Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Father Campion, and Margaret Plantagenet, mother of Cardinal Pole.

The *Michigan Catholic* quotes the following words of an English Protestant writing of churches in Australia:

"St. Mary's Cathedral in Sidney, and St. Patrick's in Melbourne, will probably be the finest buildings which future Australia will be able to show. The Catholics of Sidney greatly lost ground in the race through the terrible fire, by which, nearly twenty years ago, the structure, involving the labor of many years, was destroyed. But St. Patrick's at Melbourne is, not only in size and architecture, but also in position, *the* church of the city. Westminster Abbey, set upon a commanding hill, would give one an idea of the building in its present state; and in a few years, when the high spire is added, there will be few buildings in the British Empire grander than St. Patrick's."

New Publications.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND FLORAL GUIDE. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Another stride towards that perfection which this welcome publication always seems to have attained, until the arrival of a new issue shows us something more perfect still. Nor does the promise which the book holds forth prove a mere advertising dodge. We have had proof positive by the flowers we have raised from seeds furnished by the genial publisher, that the brilliant chromos which adorn his work are far from being overdrawn or too highly colored. In fact, no artist, however skilful, with the finest tints that modern science can prepare, will ever be able to do simple justice to the rich yet delicate hues with which Flora, especially under the propitious circumstances with which Mr. Vick sur-

rounds her, arrays her favorites. The flowers raised from the seed sent by him have formed an acceptable adornment to the altar of God all Summer long; and thus employed have best fulfilled their mission, assisting the worshipper to elevate his heart towards the bountiful Creator, who, not content to supply the mere necessities of existence to His creatures, displays His goodness by adorning this temporary place of sojourn with rays of beauty which seem to emanate from the pure delights of a better and eternal home.

Not that this little book is concerned alone with the ornamental. The utilitarian will find pages and illustrations devoted to luscious fruits and succulent vegetables, from which an appetizing odor seems to arise as we turn the attractive leaves. The delicate roses on the cover offer a well-borne-out intimation of the book's contents. The group of pansies, which is to be found within, is especially fine. The pansy, though an old-fashioned flower, never seems to lose its popularity. The sentiments that we have learned to connect with it have brought it nearer to heart and home than any other blossom. This number also contains many valuable hints to the horticulturist, on the laying out of flower-beds, illustrated by diagrams, the planting and sowing of perennials and annuals, the cultivation of shrubs and bulbs, etc. We earnestly recommend it to the attention of all who have time to improve their hearts and minds by the development of a refining and elegant taste.

THE YOUNG PHILISTINE, and Other Stories.
By Alice Corkran. London and New York:
Burns & Oates.

This volume, which is dedicated to the poet Browning, contains four stories—"The English Teacher at the Convent," "The Young Philistine," "Père Perrault's Legacy," and "The Village Genius." Miss Corkran has already made a high reputation as a writer of skill and talent by the articles which she has contributed to some of the leading British magazines. The little book before us is one which will do much to enhance that reputation. All the four stories are charming pieces of writing, and display a finish and a grace of style which is seldom attained to—we are sorry to have to say it—by those Catholic writers of the present day who deal with lighter subjects, such as those of these stories. The

stories are all so remarkably well written, and the interest is so well sustained, that it is difficult to put any of them on a higher level than the rest. Perhaps, however, the first and last in the volume bear off the palm. As a charming book, which can not fail to delight all who have a sense of dramatic power and an appreciation of carefully finished style, we can confidently recommend Miss Corkran's tales.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 МАСН., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary of St. Angeline, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who was called to the reward of her holy life on the 19th inst.

Sister Mary Aloysius, of the Sisters of Mercy, whose life of charity and self sacrifice was crowned with a happy death at Merion, Pa.

Sister Mary Ignatius and Sister Mary Mechtilda, of the Sisters of St. Mary, Lockport, N. Y.

Sister Mary John, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who piously rendered her soul on New Year's Day at Shawano, Wis.

Mrs. Margaret Clark, whose sudden death occurred in Brooklyn on the 13th inst. Though the summons came "as a thief in the night," her whole life had been a preparation for it.

Miss Rose McKinnon, of Patterson, N. J., an old friend of THE "AVE MARIA," who departed this life on Christmas morning.

James D. Sullivan, of Fall River, Mass., another warm friend of Our Lady's Messenger, who passed away on the 19th ult.

William B. Barry, of Cincinnati, whose death, fortified by the last Sacraments, took place on the 9th inst. He bore his sufferings with edifying patience, and expired with the holy names on his lips.

Mrs. Eliza Durkin, of New Haven, Conn., who was called to a better life on the 10th inst. Her death was the edification of all who witnessed it.

Mrs. Isabella Harrison, Mr. James E. Roach, and Mr. Francis Sheehy, of San Francisco; Miss Ellen Torney, Contra, Cal.; Mrs. M. Randal, Antioch, Cal.; Mrs. Delia Richards and Mrs. Mary Ford, New York; Mrs. Catharine Baumaster, Columbus, O.; Mrs. — Flynn, Montreal; William and Bridget Hedderton, Co. Cavan, Ireland; John Galligan, New York; Mrs. A. Carroll, Davenport, Ioa.; Mrs. Rachel and Peter Adams, St. Augustine, Pa.; Joseph and Mary O'Neill, Trenton, N. J.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A Father's Secret.

(CONCLUSION.)

VIII.

In the home of Francis Aubrey everything was silent and gloomy. The doctor had retired, and night was already far advanced. The street-lamps in the lonely suburb had long been extinguished; travel on the turnpike had ceased; the wind moaned gently through the Norwegian pines that adorned the grounds, and the regular tick of the clock alone marked the slow progress of that night of agony and grief.

The faint flicker of the taper threw alternating lights and shadows over the gay flowers in the velvet carpet, on the goblet and vials that stood on a small table near the head of the bed, and on the damask counterpane, on the outside of which one arm of the sick man lay, weak and benumbed. His silvery hair was lost in the snowy linen that covered his pillows of eider-down. Now and then a moan, a feeble cry of anguish, or a nervous start, gave evidence that life still lingered in that weakened frame.

Luke watched and prayed; his hands joined, his eyes raised heavenward, expressed deepest grief, indescribable anxiety. From time to time he rose from his kneeling posture, to see if he might catch an opportunity of alluding to the incidents of the previous evening. Finally, he was startled by a sudden, unfavorable change in his father's countenance; he drew close to the bedside.

"Luke, do not go away—stay here, my son—I am afraid—"

"Dear father, there is nothing here to frighten you"—yet trembling at the blue lips and glazed eyes of the patient. "We are all alone in our own home." And he

leaned over, and gently pressed the old man's head to his breast.

"I am afraid—of dying—before having spoken," slowly stammered the feeble voice.

"O father! do not think of death! The leeching has done you good; the doctor says it was only a fainting fit, and that you will be better to-morrow."

"No—no—it is the end," murmured the old man; "my father died just this way. My only regret is that I can not live to see you happily settled in life."

"I am all but that, dearest father; you have given me an education and a fortune."

"Fortune!—no—no, my son! I can not give what does not belong to me—what I have taken from another," said the sick man, in a broken, husky voice. "In the presence of death, I must tell you that I own nothing—you are a poor man. The money in bank, the farm, this house and all its accessories, even that arm-chair in which you have been watching me to-night—all belong to *them*—to the two brothers—the Arlingtons. My poor boy, you have reason to blush, but I can not die without speaking."

"I am afraid you are not in your right mind, father; I do not understand you. Let me send for a priest?"

"Yes, yes, by all means; but, in order to make restitution, if that be possible, it is to you that I must speak—alas! my tongue is so thick." And he made signs for writing materials.

Luke dispatched a messenger for the nearest priest, and then put a pen into his father's hand, and supported the benumbed fingers while they traced the following lines:

"This is my confession: In my youth I was appointed overseer of the plantations and property of Mr. Arlington, whom I served faithfully, but with a secret hatred, because I could not endure his exercise of authority over me; and with envy, for I longed to become rich. I obtained money in any way I could. When the Civil War broke out, Arlington, though a Union man, declined to fight against Virginia, his native State, and travelled to Prussia, leaving me a considerable sum to restore to his elder son when he should return to his birth-

place. The old gentleman died in Europe; I bought the plantation that was confiscated by the U. S. Government, and when his son came to claim the sum I had received in trust, I denied that I had ever been made its depository. A few hours ago, when I saw young Arlington in such distress, and about to be sent to prison, I had no longer courage to retain my ill gotten wealth. I confess this to God, and, if required, will confess it before men; but it is especially to you, my son, that I avow my shameful sin, so that you may repair it, if possible. Poor boy! how I have loved you! Be just, be courageous, and try not to curse the memory of your father."

Luke was overwhelmed with emotion; he remained silent for a few moments, then, resuming courage, he responded to his father's touching appeal by folding him in his arms and kissing his brow with filial respect.

"Rest assured, father," he said, in a voice broken with sobs, "that I will obey you, and repair, to the utmost of my power, the great wrong done to the Arlingtons; and, far from blaming you, I will always love and pray for you."

Francis Aubrey listened attentively, first with a vague, wondering look, as though unable to realize the meaning of the words that fell on his ear; then a smile replaced the sinister lines on his brow, and he laid his hand on Luke's head, and murmured, "Thank you a thousand times!"

The young man knelt beside the sick bed, weeping and praying, until the priest entered, and, tracing the Sign of the Cross in the air, begged God's blessing on father and son. His task was to teach the one how to die, the other how to live and carry his cross; both were in need of Heaven's blessing, which gives strength to faith. Luke bowed beneath the pastor's uplifted hand; the dying sinner looked at the stranger with calm amazement. Many years had passed since he had approached the holy tribunal or spoken to a priest.

"Here is the priest, father," whispered Luke. "Would you like him to read what you have just written? Meantime you can prepare the rest of your confession, and excite yourself to contrition."

The sick man bowed assent. Then Luke,

with streaming eyes, handed the paper to the priest, and went to kneel at a distant window.

The minister of God addressed his penitent in slow, solemn tones, trying to excite faith in a heart whose pulses would soon cease to throb, to impress a seal of peace on a brow which ere long would be bathed in the icy sweat of death, and to call forth contrite tears from eyes that must soon close to scenes of earth. God blessed his zealous efforts; scarcely an hour had elapsed, when that chilled heart began to warm with heaven-born love, and in that deep-set eye glistened a tear, the pearl of Redemption.

Thanking the priest with a smile of grateful affection, the dying man beckoned to Luke to approach, and murmured, softly: "You said well, my son; the man of God has brought me peace." Then he joined his hands and raised them towards the crucifix, as if to cast his soul upon the Saviour's mercy; but the two livid hands, cold and stiffening, fell back upon his breast; he heaved a long-drawn sigh, and the weary soul, consoled and strengthened, winged its flight to the presence of its Maker just as the morning sun was rising in glory above the eastern horizon.

IX.

Mr. and Mrs. Langlois came early to offer their assistance, but were deeply grieved to learn that the venerable Francis Aubrey was no more. Then Mr. Langlois asked if he could aid in organizing the funeral, but Luke declined respectfully, and, to the general surprise, desired the presence of Mr. Alfred Henry. The latter hesitated at first to enter the house of the deceased, but finally yielded to Luke's pressing invitation. The two young men remained for a long time in close conversation, and it was remarked that Alfred, on taking his departure, was deeply moved, and went at once to find an eminent lawyer to plead the cause of his brother Junius.

After the funeral services were over, and his father had been laid to rest, Luke took occasion of the first opportunity to visit the

cottage of the Langlois family. Mrs. Langlois burst into tears as soon as her eyes fell upon the mourner, and Aliette joined her hands and exclaimed, in tones of tender compassion: "How you must suffer, Luke; for you are now an orphan!"

"Not only an orphan, Aliette, but poor," said the young man.

"Poor!" cried the girl, while a look of painful surprise overspread her face. "What do you mean?"

"My father," resumed Luke, blushing and hesitating—"my father was in possession of a fortune that belonged to Mr. Arlington, whose family he believed to be extinct. But the other day he discovered that there are two descendants—two grandsons—of the old gentleman still living. I am now only the depository of their wealth; the whole fortune belongs to them, and I restore it to them cheerfully."

Aliette grew very pale, and seemed about to drop on the floor; she sank into a chair, and buried her face in her hands. Luke looked at her with a grave, melancholy countenance, and, as soon as he could control his voice, said:

"Aliette, I am poor, homeless, friendless; I have only health, courage, and, above all, prayerful trust in God. Still, I will not abuse your generosity; I release you from your promise during the coming year; in the meantime I shall endeavor to provide for the future. If I succeed, you will know, and recall me, I hope; if I do not, you are entirely free."

Aliette wept, but uttered no word of sympathy or tenderness; and when she saw the young man on the threshold, pale and trembling, she simply said, "Adieu!"

Luke hurried to the church, and wept before the altar. "She will never, never recall me!" he said. Just at that moment a caressing hand was laid upon the mourner's shoulder, and a soft voice whispered in his ear: "All is not lost, my son; God and duty are yours." It was the kind-hearted priest who had recently attended his father's death-bed.

The young man listened to the voice of

friendship, and arose comforted and encouraged. As he had predicted, Aliette never again expressed a desire to see him, although informed of the lucrative professorship he had obtained in a celebrated university. After a time his mind grew calm, and the designs of God became clear to him.

At the close of a fervent retreat, Luke entered a religious order, and, after his probation, was sent to teach school for the pastor of B——, in his beloved Virginia. There, in the parish cemetery, the venerable Brother may be seen every evening, with Rosary in hand, praying at the graves of two loved ones; the crosses that mark these tombs so dear to his memory are inscribed, one "Francis Aubrey," the other "Junius Arlington."

The charges brought against Junius had been condoned by the president of the bank when he learned the history of the brothers, and the mortification of a public trial was spared them. The admirable conduct of Luke Aubrey made them his devoted friends; but Junius, continuing to indulge in dissipated habits, soon fell ill, and died at the early age of thirty; but not before he had heard from his confessor the blessed words, "*Pax tecum!*"

Alfred married Aliette, and after the death of her parents they moved to California, far from the scene of this little narrative. There is one evening in Alfred's life too painful for recollection, but in his prayers for the dead he always includes Francis Aubrey.

The Sister of Roderic Sanchez.

More than three hundred years ago there lived in Spain a little girl named Teresa Sanchez, who, when she was seven years old, used to take great delight in reading the Lives of the Saints with her mother and her brother Roderic, who was four years older than herself. He was her favorite of seven brothers. "I love him best," she said; "though I love them all very dearly, and they love me."

Roderic and Teresa thought the martyrs were very fortunate in being sure of going straight to heaven. "Just think," said Teresa, "they will be happy with God forever and ever! Roderic, let us be martyrs too?"

"Yes," answered her brother; "but how?"

"Let us go to some country far away, where infidels live; and they will kill us because we are Christians."

Roderic agreed to this plan, and they set out together, taking a lunch with them.

"How shall we find the country of the infidels?" asked Roderic.

"Oh! we will keep on till we come to the sea," said Teresa; "then we will cross over to Africa. That is where the Moors live."

"But maybe they won't kill us."

"Oh! yes, they will—I'm sure! The Moors are deadly enemies of Our Lord, and they are always glad to have Christians to put to death."

"But how will they know we are Christians?"

"Why, we will go and ask them for charity in the Name of Jesus Christ; and then they will say, 'These youngsters are Christians,' and they will take us and kill us; and then we shall be martyrs, and the angels will come and carry us straight to heaven."

So they went on together, hand in hand, till they came to the bridge of a river, not far from the town, where they met their uncle, who made them go back home with him. Their mother had missed them, and had been afraid they were lost; so she reprimanded them both, especially Roderic, because he was the elder. But the boy laid the blame on Teresa, just as Adam laid the blame on Eve in the Garden of Paradise.

Roderic and Teresa were not discouraged, but decided that, if they could not be martyrs, they would be hermits. So they set to work to build two little hermitages of stone in the garden; but they did not succeed very well, for the stones would fall down almost as soon as they were put up.

Teresa had great devotion to Our Blessed Lady, and loved to recite the Rosary. When she was twelve years old, her mother died. In her grief, the little orphan threw herself on her knees before a picture of the Blessed Virgin, and said: "Sweet Lady, you see I have now no mother on earth; be a Mother to me, and make me your own devoted child." Teresa was also very devout to St. Joseph, and declared that she never asked him for any favor that he did not grant.

Whenever, in reading the Lives of the Saints, she came to the word *eternity*, she would stop and try to understand its meaning, and then repeated again and again, "Eternity! eternity!" At the age of twenty she became a nun, and lived to the age of sixty-seven. After her death she was canonized, and is now the great St. Teresa. Her body remains incorrupt to this day.

When Roderic grew up he entered the army, and while on duty in South America was drowned in the Rio de la Plata. His saintly sister no doubt offered daily prayers for him after they were separated, and now, let us believe, they are forever united in heaven

How to be Happy.

Once upon a time there was a king who had a little son whom he loved very much, so he took a great deal of pains to make him happy. But, for all this, the young prince wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length, one day a magician came to the court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face, and said to the king: "I can make your son happy, and turn his frowns into smiles." The magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of paper. Then he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and see what he could read. The boy did as he was told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "Do a kindness to some one every day." The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the realm.—*Catholic Youth*.



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A Rhyme of Life.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IF life be as a flame that death doth kill—
Burn, little taper, lit for me,
With a pure spark; that I might rightly see
To word my song, and utterly
God's plan fulfil.

If life be as a flower that blooms and dies—
Forbid the cunning frost that slays
With Judas-kiss, and trusting love betrays;
Forever may my breath of praise
Perfume the skies.

If life be as a voyage, or foul or fair—
Oh! bid me not my banners furl
For adverse gale, or wave in angry whirl,
Till I have found the gates of pearl,
And anchored there.

Dr. Brownson on the Worship Due to Mary.

THE extracts which we have already made from Dr. Brownson's Works on the influence of devotion to the Blessed Virgin on morals and society, show how highly he appreciated this devotion, as well as the utility and importance of the devotion itself. But this is very far from conveying his whole thought on the subject. He regarded devotion to the Mother of God not only as useful and beneficial, but as necessary. Whilst honoring all the

saints, we are at liberty to choose such as our own tastes, condition of life, or other accidental circumstance may incline us to select for our especial patrons, and the objects of our particular veneration; but this is not the case with regard to the Mother of God. She constitutes an order by Herself in the heavenly hierarchy; She bore an essential part in the Incarnation and in the redemption of man; and as Christ Himself was given to us only through Her, so only through Her can we partake of His graces and His glory. If the worship of God is an obligation of justice, requiring us to render Him the tribute of our being because He has created, preserved, and owns us, in like manner justice imposes on us the obligation of venerating, thanking, and praising Her who was the voluntary medium of the Incarnation,—who of Her own free consent gave to God the human nature in which alone He has wrought our redemption.

We see not how any one who really believes in the Incarnation of Our Lord can reflect without trembling on the awful suspense with which angels and men awaited the answer of the Holy Virgin of Nazareth to the embassy of the Angel Gabriel. What if She had refused Her consent? What if She had doubted the power of God to do that which was beyond the conception of any created intellect? From the creation of the world to its final consummation, there has been no other, there will be no other, worthy to be the Mother of God. We owe to Her Our Redeemer, our redemption

therefore from sin and the power of the devil, all the graces we have received or ever shall receive—the Church, the Sacraments, and the everlasting glory of heaven. It is, then, a duty, an obligation of strict justice to pay Her an homage inferior only to the worship we render to God.

In the non-Catholic world, where the doctrine of the Incarnation is only obscurely and incorrectly believed, or else wholly denied, devotion to Mary, the Mother of God, has no place, and is regarded as superstition and idolatry. Principally to answer the sneers and objections of unbelievers, but also at the same time to afford Catholics a clear understanding of the worship due to Mary, Dr. Brownson has, on several occasions, treated of Her relation to the Incarnation, and our consequent duty of worshipping Her as the Mother of Our Redeemer. We select a passage from his review of Mr. Derby's "Letters to his Son." Mr. Derby was a well-known lawyer in Boston, whose son was inclined to become a Catholic; and the object of these letters was to convince the son of the "errors and superstitions" of the Catholic Church. Among the charges which Mr. Derby brought against Catholics, one was that we worship the Virgin Mary. After explaining the worship which Catholics render to the saints, and to Her who is the greatest of saints, Dr. Brownson says:

"The author, and Protestants generally, find grave difficulties in understanding and appreciating the worship Catholics pay to Our Lady, because they cease to believe in the Incarnation, and have lost the sense of the mystery of the Word made Flesh. They do not understand that it is God made Man, and therefore God in His human nature, that redeems and saves us. They see no necessary connection between the Incarnation and the final beatitude of man; they see not that the whole redemption and all the rewards in heaven depend on Our Lord in His human nature, not on Him regarded solely in His divine nature. They are, almost without exception, Nestorians or Eutychians, and either give to the flesh assumed

a human subsistence or personality distinct from the divine—which is virtually Unitarianism—or they deny to the divine personality two forever distinct natures, the one divine, the other human, and thus adopt the Monophysite theory. They fail utterly to recognize the indissoluble union of two forever distinct natures in one Divine Person.

"Hence, while they are willing enough to say that Mary is the Mother of Christ, they shrink from saying that She is the Mother of God. They can not bring themselves to say that God was born of woman, or that He had or has a mother. Thus they dissolve Christ, deny virtually that the Word was made Flesh, and that since the Incarnation human nature is truly and as substantially the nature of God as the divine nature itself. The Word, since the Incarnation, or hypostatic union, has a twofold nature, the one human and the other divine; and the one, therefore, is as much and as truly His nature as the other. Hence the term *God* applies to Him as properly in His human as in His divine nature, in which He is one with the Father and the Holy Ghost. This is the meaning of the assertion that the Word was made Flesh—*Verbum caro factum est*.

"God in His divine nature, as the Divinity, was not, indeed, born of Mary, any more than He died on the cross; for in that nature He is eternal and immortal—can neither be born nor die; but God in His human nature was born of Mary, and therefore what was born of Her was not simple humanity—that is, a man adopted and united by the Word to Himself,—but God Himself in His humanity, or human nature. Therefore, as by the Incarnation human nature becomes really and substantially the nature of God, Mary was as truly the Mother of God as any mother is or can be the mother of her own son. The relation of mother and son, by virtue of the hypostatic union, really and truly subsists between God and Mary, and must forever exist. We must say this or deny the Incarnation.

"This granted, Mary necessarily holds to

God a peculiar relation, a superior and more intimate relation than is or can be held by any other woman or by any other creature. It is not possible to assign Her in creation a rank above Her real rank. She holds and always will hold the relation of Mother of God, and (as Her Son is universal King) of universal Queen-Mother. She is, by the very fact of that relation, placed above every other creature; above all the sons and daughters of men; above all the choirs—thrones, dominations, angels, and archangels—of heaven, and can be below none but God Himself. This is no exaggeration, but sober and literal truth, when once it is conceded that 'the Word was made Flesh.' Weak men and sciolists, wicked men and devils, may rage or cavil at it, but so it is, and so it can not be. Exclaim as you will against it, nothing can alter it; nothing can prevent it from being true that eternal justice imposes on us the obligation of recognizing that relation, of acknowledging Her exalted rank, and of rendering Her the honor, the love, and the veneration due to it. Fine Christians we should be if we refused Her the honor that is Her due, and great honor and respect should we show to Him who has given Her that exalted rank above every creature in heaven, on earth, and under the earth!

"It is not Catholics, worshipping Mary as the Mother of God and the Queen of Heaven, who need to defend themselves, but Protestants, who refuse Her the honor that is Her due, and will not conform to the real relations which God Himself has established between Mary and Her Son,—Protestants, who think they maintain truth by rejecting it, and that they show their respect for the Son by refusing to honor His Mother for what She is, and what He, by being born of Her, has made Her. Let them defend themselves if they can, but forbear to accuse us.

"Protestants for the most part, at the present day, at least, fail to recognize the office of the Sacred Flesh in our redemption and salvation. In losing the sense of the mystery of the Incarnation, they have

lost the sense of salvation by an Incarnate God. The Redemption, in which as Christians we believe, is not merely satisfaction made by the Incarnate God for our sins, original or actual, and the purification of the soul, or spirit, but also a redemption and sanctification of the flesh. The Word was made Flesh,—*Verbum caro factum est*,—and it was not merely the spirit, the soul, or immaterial part of man, that God assumed to be His nature, but also the flesh, the body no less than the soul of man. It was our nature, and our whole nature—'perfect man'—that He assumed and made His nature; and in the Incarnation the flesh as well as the soul is elevated to union with God—deified, or made the nature of God.

"Here opens a view we all too seldom appreciate. The heathen believed in the immortality of the soul, and the return of the spirit to God, who gave it; but they had no conception of the resurrection or future life of the flesh. The distinctive doctrine preached by the Apostles was not the immortality of the soul, as some sectarians contend, but the *resurrection* of the dead, therefore the resurrection of the flesh; for only the flesh dies. Yet we apprehend the Protestant world has virtually lost or is rapidly losing all belief in the resurrection of the flesh,—*carnis resurrectionem*,—and confound belief in the natural immortality of the soul with belief in the resurrection of the body. Hence, placing no belief in the resurrection, or attaching no importance to the resurrection of the flesh, they fail to perceive the significance of the mystery of the Word made Flesh.

"But whoever reflects a moment will see that the redemption of the flesh, and its elevation to union with God, could by no possibility be effected save by the Incarnation of the Word; and, as its redemption and elevation were in the design of God from all eternity, theologians of no mean repute maintain that the Word would have been incarnated even if man had not sinned. But, be this as it may, certain it is that where sin abounded, grace superabounded;

and that the Word was made Flesh not merely to repair the damage done by sin, as Protestantism would fain have us believe, but, over and above repairing that damage, to elevate us to a union by nature with God Himself, and therefore to make man in both soul and body one with God. Hence the reason why the Word assumed our nature. Had He assumed the nature of animals, He would not have redeemed us or elevated us, for we are above them; had He assumed the nature of angels, He would not have redeemed or elevated the flesh, since that enters not into the nature of angels; or if He had assumed our nature only in its angelic or spiritual part. But by assuming flesh, and becoming perfect man as He was perfect God, He elevated our whole nature to Himself, and made it His nature. As the human nature He assumed was complete human nature, soul and body—for man is not soul alone, or body alone, but the union of the two,—and identical with our nature, He elevates us by nature, soul and body, to the nature of God.

“Our nature, if we may use the expression of St. Leo, is by the Incarnation deified—made as truly the nature of God as the divine nature itself. As this includes the flesh as well as the soul, it is evident that the Catholic doctrine of fasts, mortifications, and chastisements of the flesh, has its foundation in the mystery of the Incarnation. They are not merely lacerations of the flesh for the good of the soul, but are chastisements of the flesh for its own good—to fit it to be the temple of the Holy Ghost. The flesh itself is to live forever, and its discipline is as necessary to prepare it for practical union with God hereafter as the discipline of the soul. In the redemption and elevation of man, soul and body, the whole lower creation is also redeemed and elevated; for man is, as the ancients said, a microcosm, and contains in himself the several natures of all the orders below him, and, in fact, in his intelligent part, the elements of the angelic nature, which is above him.

“Now, when we take this view of the

redemption and elevation of created nature through the Incarnation, we can easily perceive that the rank of Mary must be the highest under God. That rank is determined by Her relation to the Sacred Flesh of Our Lord, through which, and which alone, He effects this universal redemption and elevation. The Sacred Flesh was taken in Her womb, and was flesh of Her flesh; Her relation to it must necessarily be more intimate than that of any other creature; and, as it was not taken by violence, but by Her free consent, She necessarily participates in its glory in a sense in which no other creature does or can participate. As Mother of the Sacred Flesh born of Her, She is the Mother of God; and, as it is only through it we are redeemed and sanctified in our flesh, She is the Mother of our redemption and sanctification. As we by redemption and sanctification become united in our flesh to the Sacred Flesh of Christ, She is, in the order of redemption and sanctification, literally our Mother, and as truly the Mother of redeemed and glorified humanity as Eve was the mother of natural humanity, or the human race in the natural order.

“These considerations, to those who are capable of understanding them, will show that what Protestants should object to in us is our belief in the Incarnation, and the resurrection and future glory of the flesh,—not the worship we pay to Our Lady; for if the Word was made Flesh, the strongest language the Church has ever authorized, and the warmest affection, the tenderest love, and the deepest devotion of Catholics to the Mother of God, are fully warranted. The whole *cultus* of Mary flows from the profound mystery of the Incarnation; and the belief in that mystery, and what Protestants so injuriously call our ‘Mariolatry,’ do and must stand or fall together. It may be that popular Catholic writers, writing for Catholics alone, and even some popular controversialists, who have more piety than thought, and more erudition than philosophy, have not taken sufficient pains to show the connection between the Incarnation and

the worship of Mary, and the future resurrection and glorification of the body; but that connection exists, and it is impossible on any rational grounds to deny the consequences which flow from it. If we look into history, we shall find those who believe the most firmly and vividly in the Incarnation are the most devout worshippers of Mary; and we seldom find our worship offending any except those who lack faith in the mystery of the Word made Flesh, and who resolve Christianity into pure materialism, or a pure spiritualism, which regards man as all soul, and denies the resurrection of the flesh."*

"If we bear this in mind," says Dr. Brownson, referring to the fact that Mary is the Mother of God, "we shall find no difficulty in justifying the peculiar worship of Mary, or in vindicating the strongest language which Catholic piety has ever used in addressing Her. Mary is the Mother of God; from Her the Son of God took His flesh, His human nature. By this fact She becomes intimately connected with the mystery of our redemption and final salvation. We are redeemed only by God, not in His divine nature, but in that very nature which He took from the womb of Mary. In the present providence of God, man could not be saved and enabled to gain his supernatural end without the incarnation of the Son,—that is to say, man could be redeemed only by God in the flesh, God in human nature; for as the divine nature can neither suffer, nor obey, nor merit, it was only in human nature—in the flesh, become really His nature—that God could perform the work of redemption; that He could satisfy for sin, and merit for us the grace of pardon and sanctification. Mary is thus called, and rightly called, 'the Mother of Grace'; for She is it, inasmuch as She is the Mother of the Sacred Flesh through which grace has been purchased and is communicated to us."†

In an argument addressed to Protestants

who reject the Sacrament of the Eucharist, it would obviously be to no purpose to attempt to show the office of the Sacred Flesh of Christ in sustaining the Christian life of those who eat the Flesh and drink the Blood of the Son of Man. But only those who receive the Flesh and Blood of Our Lord have the life of grace and a title to everlasting life. They abide in Him, and He in them; they are united in a union so intimate that it has been compared to the commingling of melted wax. The Sacred Flesh which gives this life and produces this union was formed in the womb of Mary, who is therefore truly the Mother of that life that is thus communicated to the soul, and consequently in the highest sense the Mother of all who partake of the Blessed Eucharist.

Mary is, then, the Mother of our redemption, of our supernatural life; and as justice, gratitude, and every instinct of nature inculcate love and respect for the mother through whom we have received our natural life, so also, but in a far higher degree, is it an obligation of justice and of gratitude to pay to Her, through whom we have received true life, the homage of the tenderest love and profoundest reverence. Expiring on the Cross for our sake, Our Blessed Saviour published His last will and testament, saying to every one of the faithful, "Son, behold thy Mother!" That we should love and worship Mary as the Mother of God and as our true Mother is Our Lord's last injunction, His dying legacy. Whoever obeys this last command, "Behold thy Mother!" will obey all the other commandments of Christ, will be a true son of Mary, a true son of God, and the heir to everlasting glory.

LET us not fear giving pain to our brother who has gone astray; let us recall him to duty generously, delicately. Our words will cause in his heart a beneficent trouble, a salutary disquiet, which he will not, perhaps, avow either to himself or to you for the time being, but which he will confess with gratitude after his return.—*Abbé Roux.*

* The Works of Orestes A. Brownson, vol. vii., pp 421-426.

† *Ib.*, vol. viii., p. 70.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER V.

EVENTS soon proved that Helen was right in saying that Marion must have made an impression upon Mrs. Singleton. A few days later that lady's card was brought to Mrs. Dalton, who regarded it with mild surprise, saying, "Why, I have not called on her since her arrival this Summer!"

"But you called on her last Summer," said Helen; "and I suppose she has some reason for coming without waiting for you to make another formal visit. Pray find out what it is."

It was not at all difficult to discover Mrs. Singleton's reason for the visit. She declared it frankly and at once. "I hear that you have your charming daughter at home, Mrs. Dalton," she said; "and, knowing her accomplishments, I want to secure her aid for some musical evenings I am anxious to inaugurate. Mr. Singleton—my husband's uncle—finds almost his only pleasure in music; so I desire very much that these evenings shall be a success. Do you think Miss Morley will assist me?"

"I have no doubt she will be very glad to do so," answered Mrs. Dalton.

"I am delighted to hear it. And I am told that a very striking-looking young lady, whom I saw in church with Miss Netta Morley last Sunday, is your niece. Has she, also, taste and talent for music?"

"Oh! yes: she has a finer voice than Helen," said Mrs. Dalton, "and sings much better."

"How very charming for me!" cried Mrs. Singleton. "May I have the pleasure of seeing the young ladies? I should like to have their definite promise to help me."

The young ladies were summoned, and very readily gave the promise asked of them. They would be delighted, they said, to assist to the full extent of their musical abilities. "And when," Helen asked, "will the evenings begin?"

"Oh! at once," Mrs. Singleton replied. "On every Wednesday I hope to gather all the musical talent of Scarborough into my drawing-room. I shall send out my cards immediately to that effect. You don't know, Miss Lynde,"—turning to Marion—"how pleased I am to find unexpectedly such an addition as I am sure you will prove."

Marion smiled. "You are very kind," she said; "but I fear you are taking too much for granted. I am not a good musician. I have never had industry enough. Helen plays much better than I do."

"Oh, but, Marion, your voice is so fine!" cried Helen. "And everyone likes singing best."

"I do, I confess," said Mrs. Singleton. "And so, I think, does my uncle. I have no doubt that you sing well, Miss Lynde."

"That is kind of you again," responded Marion; "but I must warn you that Helen is not altogether a trustworthy witness. She always thinks well of what her friends do, and poorly of what she does herself."

"I am willing to wait and let Mrs. Singleton decide whether or not I think too well of what you do," observed Helen, with a gay little nod.

"Mrs. Singleton has no doubt what her decision will be," said that lady. "Meanwhile, Miss Lynde, I wonder if we are not related in some way? I am very certain that the Singletons have connexions of your name, and I fancy it must be your family."

"It is likely," answered Marion; "but matters of pedigree and relationship have never interested me sufficiently for me to know much about them. I regret that fact now," she added, with unusual graciousness; for she felt that she would not be sorry to be able to claim relationship with people of such social position as these were.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Singleton, "my uncle will know all about it, I am sure. Like most people of the old school, he thinks a great deal of such things. And I hope I may prove right in my conjecture," she added, as she rose to take leave.

"What an impression you must have made upon her, Marion!" cried Helen, as

soon as they were alone. "Do you know that she is usually the most supercilious woman, and so haughty that the idea of her claiming relationship with any ordinary person seems incredible!"

"Do you consider me an ordinary person?" asked Marion, laughing, as she walked toward a mirror. "I am exceedingly obliged to you."

"You know that I consider you a most extraordinary person," answered Helen, with emphasis; "but Mrs. Singleton does not know yet what you are in yourself, and—and you are not rich or—"

"Distinguished in any way," said Marion, as she paused. "There is no doubt of that. As far as the outward accidents of life go, I am a very insignificant person. But I shall not be so always, Helen. I am sure of that, and people who know the world seem to have an instinct of it also."

Helen looked at the fair face which, with such an air of conscious power, regarded itself in the mirror. To her this ambition belonged to the order of inexplicable things, yet she had a belief that it was natural enough in Marion, and that it was fully justified by gifts which she acknowledged without defining.

"No one could know you and not be sure of it," she said, in answer to the last speech. "Of course you will fill some great place in the world—we settled *that* long ago. But I do think it strange that Mrs. Singleton should recognize how remarkable you are—so soon."

"Perhaps it is an indication that other people will recognize it too," replied Marion, with a smile; while she said to herself that one other person had recognized it already.

And, indeed, the recognition of that person had by this time become sufficiently evident to every one. In the innocence of her heart, Helen rejoiced that her hero and oracle agreed with her in admiring the cousin whom she admired so much. "I knew how it would be!" she said to him, triumphantly. "You might be critical about other people,

but I knew you *must* acknowledge that Marion is beyond criticism."

"That, however, is just what I don't acknowledge," Rathborne answered, laughingly. "Miss Lynde is by no means beyond criticism; she is only a beautiful and clever young lady, who has clearly determined to do the best for herself without much regard for others."

"Marion has never been taught or accustomed to think of others," said gentle Helen. "But I do not think she would harm any one for her own advantage."

"Oh! no: she would only quietly walk over the person who was unlucky enough to get in her way," remarked Rathborne. "And it is not I who would blame her for that."

Helen looked at him reproachfully. "Now you are doing yourself injustice," she said. "I understand that you do not mean anything of the kind, but such remarks make others think badly of you."

"No doubt," he replied, carelessly; "but, my dear Helen, there is nothing in the world of less importance to me than what others—the class of others you mean—think of me."

"But it is of great importance to *me*," said Helen. "I can not bear that you should be misjudged by any one."

He laughed—people were right who said of Rathborne that he had not a pleasant laugh—as he replied, "Who can say when one is misjudged? Don't trouble yourself about that. As long as you are satisfied with me, I can snap my fingers at the rest of the world."

"You know how well I am satisfied," said Helen.

"Yes, I know," he answered, with a short thrill of compunction. "I am not all that you think me, Helen. The 'others,' whose opinion makes you indignant, are nearer right than you are, if the truth were known, I suspect."

"You shall not say such things!" cried Helen. "There is nothing I could want changed in you, except"—her face fell a little—"except your religion. If you were

only a Catholic, I should be perfectly happy!"

Rathborne smiled a little, as one might at the folly of a child. "I a Catholic!" he said. "My imagination is not strong enough to fancy that. No, my dear little Helen: you must be content with me as I am."

"Have you read the book I gave you—which you promised to read?" asked Helen, wistfully.

"I glanced into it—because I promised you," he answered; "but I found little of interest, and nothing to change my convictions. Do not indulge the hope that they ever will be changed. Let us understand each other on that point from the first. You are at liberty to believe and practise what you like, and I claim the same liberty for myself. Is not that just?"

"I—suppose so," answered Helen, whose forte was not controversy, and whose eyes were full of tears. "But surely you wish to believe and practise the truth?"

Rathborne shrugged his shoulders. What is truth?" he said. "There is ancient and high authority for that question, and I don't know that it has ever been answered satisfactorily. I shall not endeavor to begin to answer it. And I shall not take an answer from the lips of a priest. Now let us change the subject."

The subject was changed, but poor Helen's heart was heavier than before it was begun. Whenever she did not talk to Rathborne on the subject of religion, she indulged a hope of his conversion, founded on her own ardent desire; but whenever she timidly opened the subject, she felt the hopelessness of moving this nature so deeply rooted in self opinion, spiritual indifference, and worldly interests. At such times her poor little heart had its first taste of the bitterness of life,—that bitterness which is so largely made up of the jarring of different natures and of irreconcilable desires.

Meanwhile some irreconcilable desires had begun to disturb the even current of Rathborne's carefully-planned life. For years he had seen very clearly what he

meant to do—first to marry Helen, in order to secure the financial independence which her fortune would give; and then to climb, by certain well-marked steps, the ladder of professional and political eminence. He had never hesitated or wavered for an instant in this plan, neither had any obstacle arisen in his way. Helen had yielded to his influence, her mother's opposition was easily overcome, his professional success was all that he could desire, and already he was known as a man certain to gain the coveted prizes of public life.

But now into this well-ordered and orderly existence a distraction came. A beautiful, imperious, ambitious woman suddenly appeared in his path, and the strongest temptation of his life assailed him—the temptation to give up Helen and her fortune for Marion and Marion's striking gifts. "What might not a man accomplish with such a brilliant and ambitious spirit to aid his own ambition!" he said to himself, and so felt the temptation grow daily stronger. Yet he was well aware that in giving up Helen, he would give up more than her affection (which he did not count at all), and her fortune (which he counted very heavily): he would give up also a large and influential family connexion, and the respect of every person of his acquaintance whose respect was worth most to him. He felt, however, that he might make up his mind to the last, if it were all; for he was too cynical and had too thorough a knowledge of the world not to know that people do not long remember anything to the disadvantage of a successful man. But to resign Helen's fortune, after the careful work of years to secure it, was something more difficult to him; and he had by no means made up his mind to do so when the above conversation took place.

It was the day of Mrs. Singleton's *musical*, and presently Rathborne, who found conversation tiresome to maintain, said as he rose to go, "Shall I accompany you this evening? Of course I have had a card like everyone else."

"Oh! yes: come by all means," replied

Helen. "Mamma is going with us, and Netta and Frank are to call by; but it is always pleasant to have *you*."

"It is not pleasant to me, however, to form one of a caravan," he said, with some impatience. "If I am to accompany you, can you not dispense with Miss Morley and her brother?"

"I hardly like to tell them not to come; and why should you object to them? It is pleasant for us all to go together."

"Do you think so?" said Rathborne, with the sneer which came so readily to his lip. Some words of Marion's recurred to his mind. "Helen is so gregarious and so easily pleased," that young lady had said, "that I think she would like to live always with a mob of people." But for the memory of this speech he might not have felt so irritated with a harmless and amiable love of companionship; but the contempt which dictated the words found a ready echo in his own mind.

"If your cousins are going to accompany you, there is no need for me," he observed; "so I will content myself with meeting you at Mrs. Singleton's. Good-morning."

"Oh, I am sorry!" said Helen, with quick regret. "Netta and Frank would think it very strange, else I would send and ask them not to come—"

"Not on my account, I beg," responded Rathborne. "I am very well satisfied with matters as they are. It gives me the opportunity of choosing my own time to appear."

"Don't be too late," said Helen. "You know that Marion and I are both going to sing; and Marion, I am sure, will do her best."

"And you also, I hope."

She shook her head. "I am not like Marion. A public performance unnerves me, but it always puts her at her best. You will hear to-night how much better she will sing for a number of people than she has ever sung for a small circle."

"I shall certainly hear," said Rathborne. "Tell Miss Lynde that I am preparing myself to be electrified."

Perhaps he was aware in uttering these

words that Miss Lynde had appeared in the open door behind him. At least there was no surprise on his face, but a great deal of satisfaction, when she came forward saying:

"And why, pray, Mr. Rathborne, should you be preparing yourself to be electrified?"

"Because Helen has just been telling me how much you are inspired by an audience," he answered; "and you are to have all Scarborough for your audience."

She made a gesture of indifference. "Give me credit," she said, "for caring a little more for the quality than the mere quantity of appreciation. 'All Scarborough' does not mean a great deal to me, I assure you."

"Such as it is, though, it will be at your feet," he said. "Do not scorn it."

"I shall certainly wait until it is at my feet to begin to do so," she answered, with a laugh.

"It is not good policy to scorn even that which is at your feet," he said. "You may need it some day."

"Be sure that I have no inclination to scorn any kindness that comes in my way," she observed, quickly. "You do me injustice if you believe me capable of that."

"Then you will not scorn your audience to-night," he answered; "for I am sure you will meet nothing but kindness from it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On Our Lady's Purification.

BY M. A.

PURIFY the first soft ray
That lights the morning sky,
And tints with gold the snowy clouds
That in its pathway lie!
And purify the moonbeam fair
That smiles o'er land and sea;
For though their light is very pure,
'Tis far less pure than She;
O far less pure than She who stood
Before the Temple gate,
Her soul a fount of heavenly light—
Mary Immaculate!

And purify the crystal drops
That gem the violet,

And crown the opening rosebud's brow
 With diamond coronet,—
 The hyacinth amid its leaves,
 The blossom on the tree;
 Though pure in nature's loveliness,
 They are less pure than She;
 Less pure than She, that Virgin blest;
 For who can estimate
 Her more than angel purity,
 Mary Immaculate?

Then purify with all your skill
 The delicate snow-flake,
 The water-lilies as they float
 Upon the silver lake,—
 The snowy dove, with plumes fresh bathed,
 The pearls beneath the sea;
 For though they all are very pure,
 They are less pure than She,
 The Virgin-Mother of our God,
 Without the Temple gate,
 Lily of Israel, snow-white Pearl,
 Mary Immaculate!

Under Italian Skies

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—VENETIAN VIGNETTES.

VENICE is an album of *vignettes* and *silhouettes*. There are ten thousand glimpses of sea and shore, of animate and inanimate nature, one or another of which is forever coming into view and fading away again in the space of three minutes and three paces; each is round and full, with its own light and shadow, its span of sky, its margin of sea—a complete and perfect picture.

Some of these pictures—they are often more like artist's studies, a mere suggestion of form and color and atmosphere—are as clean-cut as cameos; they have all the delicate tints of the sea shell; others are like faint etchings on mother-of-pearl. The hour of the day, the season of the year, the state of the weather have much to do with them; but they are all tinged with sadness,—a sadness that is pleasurable rather than painful, and is something akin to the mo-

notonous melancholy of the sea, and is perhaps born of it.

There are no broad, straight streets, no meadow-lands, no dim vistas in Venice. For a vista one must stand with one's back to the silent city, and look out to sea, or to the soft lines of the undulating shore. Within the city the eye is at once caught and held by a church, whose marble steps rise out of the water, and are often festooned with dripping weeds and grasses; or a weather-beaten palace, whose foundations are washed by the flowing tide, or narrow strips of canal spanned by three or four bridges, with a wilderness of windows and balconies opening upon them.

As for the suburbs, they teem with fleets of fishing-boats, are cut across by the smooth-sliding gondola, and dotted with small islands, lovely repetitions of the island-city; they look like little cities, each and all of them, with their blank sea-walls, tiled roofs, clusters of gray domes, and tall square towers, with one side shining in the sun. Each island is a unit, each islander independent of his fellows—isolated, non-committal, self-dependent.

The life of Venice and her satellites is something quite apart from the life of the great world over yonder on the mainland. The Venetians resemble creatures of another planet; they have their own dialect, their own costumes, customs, songs. Let me give you a brief sketch or two of Venetian life and manners.

THE LOTTERY.—A great national institution is the lottery, and the Government feeds upon the profits thereof. The people, who are always buying tickets, can invest two cents, and draw something if they happen to hit upon a lucky number. There are individual drawings every Saturday in Rome, Venice, Naples, Florence, Genoa, Milan, Turin, and other cities. You can invest in any one or all of these, if you choose; as soon after the drawing as possible, the fortunate numbers will be telegraphed to the various journals throughout the kingdom. There is not a village, however small, but has its bank, where tickets are on sale,

and not a bank but drives a thriving trade.

Five numbers are published every week, —five numbers ranging from one to ninety inclusive. You may put your two sous, or whatever sum you please, on any one of these five numbers, or on all five of them, if you dare risk it. Three numbers are usually selected; if you put a franc on three numbers, wagering that all three will appear among the lucky five on the following Saturday, and they *do* appear, you will have won five thousand francs (\$1,000). If one number out of the chosen three appears, you get nothing; if two appear, you get nothing—unless you have bet that one or both will come in case all three do not, and it is so stated on your ticket; in this kind of betting one wins far less, in consequence of his double or treble chances of winning something.

The selection of these numbers is quite an art. Some people dream them—and do not get anything; most betters have a little published—and, I suppose, authorized—dictionary of numbers, to which they invariably refer. The "Book of Luck" for Venice contains a list of ninety popular churches—there are two hundred or more in the city,—in which San Marco is set down as No. 43. The several parishes, the months of the year, the days of the week, the names of favorite saints, Christian names of men and women, every possible misfortune or good fortune, most common nouns, and a thousand other things are classified and numbered.

Now, if I were a fortune-hunter, and as devoted to the lottery as most Italians are, this is how I would do my betting. Say I sneeze fifteen times to-day; there is something ominous in that, for it is seldom that I am so blessed. I at once turn to my "Book of Luck," and see that to sneeze is No. 26; Saturday, No. 49; February, No. 7. I hasten to the nearest lottery bank, put a franc on the three numbers, 26, 49, 7—and win nothing! Probably I should have bet on No 15, since I sneezed that unusual number of times.

It is said to be most fortunate to see a

black cat, especially of a morning; a broken leg, a fall from the roof of a house, or to meet a man with a mole on his nose, are all good to bet on. When I met with a misfortune in the Campagna, near Rome, friends and acquaintances were invited to bet on a broken arm, a blind horse, and a foreigner—but the numbers were as unlucky as I.

There is no man or woman too poor to invest in a lottery ticket. Every city has numerous banks; your chance comes weekly, and people *do* win a trifle sometimes. A distinguished Italian died a sudden and mysterious death; everybody bet on it, and nearly everybody selected the same numbers from the "Book of Luck"; the Government, discovering this, grew fearful, and stopped the sale of tickets. This was wise enough; the numbers actually appeared; hundreds of people were jubilant over their winnings, and the municipalities were nearly bankrupt.

The temptation to try one's luck is very strong, for cheating is apparently impossible. We enter the piazza under the walls of San Marco, and see the splendid police—as fine as major-generals, every one of them—making their way through the throng of fortune-seekers gathered there. A large wire wheel stands in the open door of a chamber under the *Campanile*; it is here the drawing takes place. A small boy, blindfolded, and with his arms bared, is stationed by the wheel; he holds his right hand—the hand of fate—above his head, greatly to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. Three or four government officials sit in a row, in full sight of every eye; and as the first takes a card about a foot square, with a large figure I upon it, he turns it very gravely toward the people, who duly admire it, and then passes it to the next official, who with much solemnity rolls it up and inserts it in a pasteboard cylinder; he then delivers it to a third official, who deliberately drops it into the wire wheel, where it is plainly seen by everybody.

Numbers 2, 3, 4, etc., follow, and when the tenth cylinder is deposited, the wheel is vigorously whirled for a few moments.

After the addition of every new decade, the wheel is set in motion, and when the ninety cylinders are hopelessly mixed, the small boy inserts his arm and extracts, by a trap-door in the top of the wheel, a single cylinder. This is exposed to view, and creates no little commotion in the audience, which by this time has swelled to vast proportions. There is a fresh turn of the wheel, and the excitement increases when the small boy with the hand of fate dives once more. Thus the five numbers are fished out, and the moment the fifth and last number makes its appearance, a swarm of youngsters, who have been transcribing the result of the drawing, rush through the town with their bulletins, and speedily dispose of them to the impatient people, who can not await the official returns, though these are publicly exposed at every bank, as soon after the drawing as possible. Then the telegraph whispers the list in every corner of Italy, and as soon as the affair of the week is over, all are ready and eager to dream again, or run across black cats, or watch for accidents, hoping thus to be aided in the selection of their numbers on the following week.

As far as I could learn, there is no serious damage done by the encouragement of the lottery in Italy. No one gets angry, or turns pale, or loses his mind. Everybody bets because it is a custom of the country; and, then, perhaps, one may draw something sometime.

I have seen the half-starved *lazzaroni* standing by the side of the richly-dressed idlers of Rome, Naples, and Venice, who were, most likely, looking on out of mere curiosity; and when the drawing was over, the crowd dispersed in the best of humors, and one, apparently, as well satisfied as another. Many of the speculators may feel the same interest in the turn of the wheel that I did once upon a time; or that our gondolier does, who has purchased a ticket weekly ever since he was a child; and whenever one of his three numbers makes its appearance, he is as happy as a lord—even though he gets nothing for it.

I played in Rome on three numbers, and one of them appeared; the next week I played again, and two of my numbers dawned upon my vision; but there I stopped playing, lest on the following week all three of my numbers might stare me in the face—which would have been a stroke of good fortune much greater than I could bear.

THE TROUBADOUR.—While the gondoliers are singing their part-songs in front of the fashionable hotel, the *Danielli*, on the *Riva Schiavoni*, and getting tolerably well paid for it, there is an old, old man who wanders apart from the mob, strumming a guitar, and singing with a skill which is exceptional, and a taste which is, I fear, lost upon the listless ear of the lounge.

I have watched this man night after night as he went his round, led by a companion as old as himself; for the singer is totally blind. He has a flowing white beard and thin white locks, and he is so infirm that he sometimes needs the assistance of his guide to support his tottering steps. He is not infrequently sung off from the *Riva* by the hearty chorus singers, who shout at the tops of their voices; when he gets a hearing, he sings some *romanza*, musical with mellifluous words and glowing with imagery; and then his rich baritone, a voice full of color, seeks to echo its old triumphs; but the pauses in the melody are long, and the guitar tinkles an interlude, improvised and prolonged to make up for the failing strength of the singer.

He seems never to get any reward for his songs; having sung—and sung grandly, though with evident effort—he waits patiently for some sign of recognition, and vainly waits until he is led sorrowfully away by the hand of his speechless companion.

This minstrel, whom Walter Scott would have delighted to pension, remembers when he was called to the foot-lights, and cheered by the thousands as raptured with his song. He remembers all the charm of that charming and charmed life, and has as keen an appreciation of it now as when he was fêted and crowned with laurel, and called again

and again before the curtain, and still the populace had not half expressed their joy; yet now the pathos of that swan-song can not once startle them, or his pitiable condition move them never so little. Alas! this is but one of the vicissitudes of professional life in Italy.

A FUNERAL.—One morning the blustering strains of a brass band attracted me to a little chapel in the rear of my lodgings. At a distance, the effect of the somewhat discordant music was almost agreeable,—more so, I think, than the shrill clang of a bell that swings half the day in a neighboring belfry no bigger than a chimney.

The chapel was crowded; a coffin, covered with a pall of crimson velvet, rested on a bier in front of the altar. The bier was enlivened with skeletons, done in grayish white on a black ground. They were reclining upon heaps of folios, and with their bonny feet kicking over the emblems of pomp and glory; while with a wasted finger they pointed at a taper flickering in its socket, and as they pointed smiled a sardonic smile.

These diverting cartoons were displayed on each side of the bier, directly in front of the pall-bearers—who, by the bye, seemed the only interested parties present; they were all young fellows, and for the most part wore eyeglasses, undimmed with tears, and a profusion of dark locks carefully and tastefully arranged.

While Mass was being chanted two or three men in long frocks went about with a scraper and a dust pan, gathering the stalagmites that were continually springing up under the enormous candles, burning by dozens, and breaking off the oozing stalactites that hung from their melting tops. Nobody seemed in the least distressed; the chapel was as gay as a bazaar, and when Mass was over, and the procession wound through the excessively narrow lanes on its way to the canal, the torches flared and smoked, the banners fluttered, the acolytes swung censers, and the priest read prayers.

Many idlers turned to join us, and we all fell in, moving forward to the march from

Ione, played by the band at the front. A broad, flat barge, with a black and white flounce trailing in the water, was the floating hearse. Priest and acolytes entered a gondola, and led the way; the pall-bearers were grouped about the coffin, as it rested upon a catafalque in the centre of the barge; others followed in a train of gondolas.

The barge-men pushed off into the stream; the band sounded its farewell; the bridges over the canal were crowded with idlers, who were silent enough, yet who seemed not much impressed. Just as the death-barge was floating away, with a pace majestic beyond parallel, a butterfly dropped suddenly out of the air and lighted on the very centre of the coffin lid. The last I saw of that Venetian funeral was a procession of raven-black boats and barges fading slowly and noiselessly into the shadow of the Styx, while on the lid of the coffin a butterfly was still panting and fanning the air with its splendid wings.

THE DOVES OF SAN MARCO.—It is thought necessary, by most foreigners in Venice, to buy a paper of wheat in the piazza of San Marco, and feed these blessed pigeons—a very harmless and innocent amusement, certainly, for the foreigners; but the poor birds are nearly bursting with riotous living. Moreover, they behave scandalously: they roost all over the domes of San Marco, and over the King's palace, and over everybody and everything.

There are thousands upon thousands of them, all with a strong family resemblance; they quarrel like brothers and sisters; they are as greedy as they can be; they try to take the bread out of the mouths of widows and orphans,—surely some of them are widowed and orphaned—and they “go” for every fresh arrival with an avidity that savors of pure worldliness.

They push one another off from high cornices, and crowd like anything when some gentle stranger sails into the centre of the piazza and begins to sow corn broadcast over the stone pavement; and you should hear the flutter they make when one of them gets caught out on the fly!

Well, the pigeons are privileged characters. You know their ancestors once brought good news to Venice—years and years ago; and these little things are luxuriating on the reputation of their first families, the postmen, who achieved honor about the 12th century, I believe; for it was decreed that the descendants should feast for evermore under the patronage and protection of a romantic and grateful people.

It is rather pretty, though, to see some blushing bride, honey mooning by the Adriatic, with her gloved hands full of grain, and she, poor thing, literally coated with pigeons; her hands, her arms, her shoulders, her hat covered with ravenous birds. They act as if they would like to eat her up; but her lord, raising his umbrella—he is an Englishman,—rushes to the rescue, when, *presto!* the birds vanish in a cloud of feathers, that fills the air like whirling and driving snow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Romantic and Sainly Life.

WE are apt, in this busy and material age, to forget or ignore the romantic element that runs through so many lives which the world deems commonplace and monotonous. The life of a religious, for example, which to the secular eye seems to be one long dreary round of peaceful sameness—how full is it often of the most romantic episodes and heart-thrilling events! A sketch of the career of one who lived a truly saintly and at the same time a truly interesting and eventful life may serve to quicken our delight in the saints that are on the earth, and in them that excel in virtue. We presume many of our readers are well acquainted with that excellent series of religious biographies which is being issued under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Healy Thompson, of which nine volumes have now appeared;* it is the last issue of

this series, the Life of Jean-Baptiste Muard, to which we wish specially to attract their attention, containing as it does a most eloquently written account of the life of one of those high heroes of unselfishness, whose name will live when the memory of the world's great ones has passed away.

Jean Baptiste Muard, destined by Providence to become the founder of the Congregation of St. Edme, and of the Monastery of La Pierre-qui-Vire, was born in 1809, in an obscure village of Burgundy. The child of parents who, though good at heart, had—perhaps owing more to their misfortune than their fault—fallen into neglect of their religious duties, he nevertheless was brought up in an atmosphere of piety and devotion. While still an infant the equanimity of his temper was manifest. His mother never knew him to cry or be cross. As he grew older he became remarkable for his reverential behavior in church; he would pray as he walked along the road, and, to aid his childish piety, he had manufactured for himself a substitute for the Rosary (which he did not possess) in the shape of a small piece of wood, on which he cut notches.

As Jean-Baptiste grew up, he advanced in grace, but his opportunities for acquiring knowledge were somewhat restricted. However, he distinguished himself at the village school, not so much by brilliancy of intellect as by industry and habits of reflection. When he was in his eleventh year, an event occurred which decided his vocation to the priesthood. He happened to meet the *curé* from whose parish Jean's native hamlet was served. The priest called the child to him, and, without any preamble, asked

Eustelle Harpain; III. The Life of St Stanislaus Kostka, S. J.; IV. The Life of the Baron de Renty; or, Perfection in the World Exemplified; V. The Life of the Venerable Anna-Maria Taigi, the Roman Matron (1769-1837). With Portrait; VI. The Life of Marie Lataste, Lay-Sister of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart. With a Brief Notice of her Sister Quitterie; VII. The Life of Henri-Marie Boudon, Archdeacon of Evreux; VIII. The Life of Léon Papin-Dupont, The Holy Man of Tours. Burns & Oates, Publishers, London and New York.

* Library of Religious Biography. Edited by Edward Healy Thompson, M. A. I. The Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, S. J.; II. The Life of Marie-

him whether he would like to learn the Gospel for the Purification. Jean-Baptiste, delighted at the proposition, ran home and soon made himself perfect in his task, and, when the festival came round, repeated it in the class of Catechism without making a single mistake. M. Rolley was pleased, and asked his little friend if he would not like to learn Latin, and study, that he might become a priest some day. A most enthusiastic and emphatic "Yes" broke from the boy's lips, and from that moment he never entertained a doubt of his vocation to the ecclesiastical state.

When he returned home, however, and told his parents of the career in store for him, they were far from viewing the matter in the same light, and gave him no encouragement. Through the influence of the pastor, however, their objections were, to some extent, overcome, though his mother avowed in after years that she frequently endeavored to thwart his aspirations, and fix him in some secular profession.

"It is related how upon another occasion he had an unpleasant scene with his mother on the subject of his vocation, when the good woman seems to have lost her temper. She then left him alone, and went to look after her household avocations, when suddenly, feeling moved with curiosity to know what her boy was about, she returned, and, peeping through the keyhole, saw him on his knees praying. In the evening she asked him what he had been doing there by himself, and he replied in all simplicity, 'Praying the good God for you, mother.' She was silent, but, indeed, when she had caught sight of the boy on his knees, like another Aloysius, she had said to herself: 'It is all over: he will be a priest.' From that moment she ceased all active opposition."

The time was now come for Jean to make his First Communion; with what feelings of awe and reverence, mingled, however, with a sublime joy, did he approach the Holy Table! For months he had been preparing himself, so that he might not receive Our Lord unworthily; and when the day came, his biographer tells us that the expression of heavenly calm, recollection, and sweetness displayed on his countenance was so great that persons who had seen and observed the boy, went home saying that he

looked like an angel adoring before the throne of the Eternal.

Early in life he manifested that predilection for austerities and severe discipline which was to remain his most striking characteristic to the end of his life. When a matress was required for an object of charity, he parted with his own, and slept on straw for more than a year with lively satisfaction. He disciplined himself, too, when quite a boy, by wearing a hair-shirt. His pastor, the Abbé Rolley, acted in this matter most wisely. Perceiving the boy's attraction for austerities, and noticing that he always enjoyed good health, he did not thwart his inclination, but directed and guided him in the way by which God seemed to be leading him. One day, when it was extremely hot, and Jean had been walking for many miles under a blazing sun, there was no pure water at hand with which he might slake his thirst; nothing but a muddy puddle presented itself. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his companions, he stooped down and drank of it with avidity. "The water is certainly very bad," he said; "but if I am ever a missionary among savages I may not always get as good."

When Jean was fourteen years old, he entered the Petit Séminaire of Auxerre, to which he was presented for admission by his pastor, who was justly proud of his pupil. "I bring you to day," he said, "one who is but a little child, yet already a great saint." Beloved by all his companions at the Seminary, he was commonly designated "the good and holy Muard."

"A Benedictine Father, who had been one of his fellow students, writing half a century later, bears a similar testimony. Grave and serious as was his character, it was nevertheless, he says, most winning and gracious. He describes him as having about him such a charm of amiability, such a holy fascination, as engaged at once the esteem, the confidence, and the sympathy of both his fellow-students and his teachers."

Muard was always a model seminarian, and even at the Petit Séminaire never forgot the tremendous issues before him. "He had the maturity of age and the amiability of youth." But we must hurry on, though

we would like to give a detailed account of this, perhaps the happiest, period of his life. Entering the *Grand Séminaire* of Sens in 1830, he devoted himself to the more immediate preparation for the ecclesiastical state, and to the study of philosophy and theology. To speak of the love and veneration entertained for him here, would be but to repeat, in more emphatic terms, what has been already said of the estimation in which he was held at the *Petit Séminaire*. He was admitted to tonsure as soon as he had completed his course of philosophy. Some remarks of P. Benoit, who enjoyed his full confidence, and was for many years one of his most intimate associates, may here be reproduced:

"'Never had I,' young Muard said to me one day, 'the slightest doubt with regard to my vocation; nevertheless, while following it I experienced interiorly two attractions, which struggled with each other; they were both of them good. The one drew me to embrace a penitential life: to go and bury myself alive in some solitude, there to devote myself in expiation for my own faults and the faults of sinners. Should I be a penitent religious? Should I be a Trappist? I knew not, but I had already begun to feel within me an immense need of sacrifice. This feeling,' he added, 'was strongly opposed by another, the object of which was also sacrifice. In the depth of my heart I felt a longing to devote myself, in an active ministry, to the salvation of my brethren's souls, who forfeit them with such thoughtless gaiety.'"

The superior of the Seminary was fully aware of the passionate desire to go on foreign missions which filled his pupil's heart; but, while by no means discouraging the idea, he thought it well to keep his zeal in check for a time. At the age of twenty-three he received subdeaconship. No record of his sentiments on the day of the reception has been found. Perhaps, suggests his biographer, his heart was too full for him to write of them. On the 24th of May, 1834, he was ordained priest. A slight but beautiful incident is recorded of his humility on that occasion. A friend who had been a witness of the sweet and charming resignation which he had displayed during a serious illness, had become particularly attached to him, and, holding the office of sacristan on

the day of young Muard's ordination, had selected for him the richest vestment at his disposal; but in vain: the humble deacon perceived what was intended, and contrived to pass it on to his neighbor, so great was his repugnance to anything that might savor of pomp or display.

Father Muard was appointed to the parish of Joux-la-Ville, where, by his reformation of abuses, his zeal in training the young, and his charity and self-sacrifice on behalf of the sick, he endeared himself to the hearts of all his parishioners. But he still cherished, with more ardor than ever, thoughts of embracing the austere and toilsome life of a missionary. With this object, he made continual appeals to his Archbishop for permission to join the Society of Foreign Missions. The Archbishop, however, declined to give his sanction to this project, and wrote, telling him that he intended to remove him to a post which he thought would be more suitable to him than his present one—namely, the parish of St. Martin's, in the town of Avallon, which had just then fallen vacant.

Obedient to the orders of his superior, Father Muard entered on the duties of his new charge, not, however, without some inward reluctance and misgiving; for he feared that by thus contracting new engagements he would indefinitely postpone the accomplishment of his dearest wishes. In this he was mistaken; for his removal was one of the means which Providence employed to insure the success of his future enterprises, by placing him in connection with persons who were destined to give him valuable assistance in carrying them out.

While at St. Martin's, Father Muard devoted himself heart and soul to the fulfillment of his duties, but he could not rest satisfied: he still felt an almost insuperable attraction to the Foreign Missions, which continued to be a source of great anxiety and even torment to him. At length, however, he saw that it was utterly useless for him to think of ever obtaining permission to go and labor among the heathen, and he therefore began to entertain the project of

dicoesan missions, the carrying out of which would, he thought, be attended with a less degree of difficulty. He again made an appeal to the Archbishop, from whom he finally obtained permission to devote himself to the work of Diocesan Missions. This long-delayed consent brought deep joy to his heart, but joy alloyed by the pain of separating from his beloved parishioners, who united in pathetic supplications to him not to forsake them.

Père Muard, in company with the Abbé Bravard, one of the clergy attached to the cathedral at Sens, agreed to make his missionary novitiate at Lyons, with the Marist Fathers. They were set to work at once, "preaching and confessing as if they had been old missionaries."

"'Better than ever,' he says, 'do I now recognize my true vocation to be that of a missionary. Oh, what a pleasure it is to announce the word of God in that character! What a happiness to see a multitude of faithful, of all ages and classes, crowding eagerly into a large church—almost heaped together, to listen to God's word! How animating, how inspiring it is to behold a congregation composed of above three thousand persons, all hearkening with a religious attention to sermons lasting more than an hour! But what is most consoling is to see so many men, so many old sinners, surrounding the confessional, and presenting themselves with faith at the Holy Table. This sight kindles zeal, rejoices the heart, and makes one feel happy to have left all for a ministry which fills the soul with so much consolation. Yesterday evening was the close of a novena to the Blessed Virgin. We gave the holy Scapular to more than three or four hundred persons, many others having received it nine days before, while more are preparing to be invested with it. It is edifying to see the number of men assuming the holy livery of Mary, and this with such strong marks of devotion.'"

After spending a few months in missionary work at Lyons, Père Muard left for Rome. We wish we had space to quote his impressions of the Eternal City. He speaks in glowing terms of his first visit to St. Peter's, of the splendor and solemnity of the closing exercises of the month of May, and his interview with the Holy Father, Gregory XVI.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Favors of Our Queen.

[We borrow the following account of a marvelous incident of missionary life among the Indians of British America from the current number of *St. Joseph's Advocate*.]

IN 1853 Father Pandosy, O. M. I., and three Indians were travelling in British Columbia. Their object was to procure, from a distant post, a supply of altar wine. On their return, the little party were overtaken by a terrific snow-storm. The air was filled with blinding flakes, and the trees of the gloomy forests through which they passed were laden with snow, and cast an almost impenetrable darkness over their path. Even the Indians, who alone knew the way, declined to proceed, and it was resolved to bivouac until the following morning.

The next day, when the missionary rose from his snowy bed, the storm was still raging. On looking around, to his dismay he found himself abandoned by his guides. They had fled during the night, and left him to his fate. Certain death now seemed to stare him in the face; for the snow had obliterated every trace of a pathway, even if he had known where to look for it. Full of anxiety, he had recourse to prayer. At that time there was question of the definition of the Immaculate Conception as a dogma, and Father Pandosy, remembering that he was an Oblate of Mary Immaculate, knelt down and made an act of faith in this mystery. He concluded his prayer with the words, "O Mary, Mother of God, as a proof of Thy Immaculate Conception, deliver me from my present danger!" Then he sang the *Ave Maris Stella*. When he arose, to his astonishment he saw before his feet a pathway where none before existed. There it lay, as clearly marked out as though an invisible hand had swept the deep snow carefully from its surface. For the remaining three days of the journey, that saving pathway led Father Pandosy through prairie and forest, until it conducted him safely to his home, where he arrived with the altar wine, of which he had gone in search.

Catholic Notes.

Our Holy Father the Pope has made over to the Propaganda the sum of 500,000 francs from his own private purse. It will be remembered that a like sum was given by the Sovereign Pontiff to this institute at the time of its spoliation by the Italian Government. This truly royal munificence of Leo XIII. has a character of striking opportuneness, coming as it does at a time when the Propaganda—that grand support of the Church in the fulfilment of her mission of spreading the light of the Gospel throughout the world—has assumed an importance, more commanding than ever before, in the eyes of rulers and potentates. While official Italy may strike, and seek to impoverish the Propaganda, in order thereby to prevent its effectiveness, the Pope shields and supports it, and thus presents a noble and generous example, which commends itself to the imitation of all Christians.

A dispatch to the *Moniteur de Rome*, dated Jan. 4, states that in the Vicariate of Nianza (Africa), which is under the spiritual direction of his Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie, 100 Christian negroes were recently put to death for the Faith, by order of the new King.

We gave a brief notice in our columns a short time ago of the Rev. Augustus Law, S. J., who was first an officer in Her Britannic Majesty's Navy, and afterwards became a Jesuit. From the biographical sketch of this heroic priest, compiled by Father Russell, S. J., we quote a few notes which formed the groundwork of a sermon of Father Law's on the Rosary, for which he had a singularly tender devotion:

"There is no devotion in the Church sweeter than the Rosary, and none more powerful. Why this is we now consider. And first, it breathes nothing but Jesus and Mary, than whom nothing can be sweeter. Its fifteen scenes place them before us, and put us in their blessed presence. Saying the Rosary is holding sweet converse with Mary, and speaking to Her about Her Divine Son and about Herself. And what can be more powerful to keep us from sin, and to plant virtue in us, than to live with Jesus and Mary, to talk with them, to accustom ourselves to their ways of thinking, speaking, and acting, which we do by being much in their company,—at one moment being present at the Manger, at another at the foot of

the Cross, at another seeing Our Lord and His Blessed Mother in heaven? But, then, we are reminded in the Rosary that this meditation and contemplation of Our Lord's life is not to be a mere speculation, but it is to bear its own proper fruit; that fruit is expressed in the petitions of the 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary.' We look at Our Lord and Blessed Lady, and our hearts get warmed and seek for an outlet in words. At once there are the ardent petitions of the 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary,' which will express the most ardent desires that any saint ever had. In a word, there is nothing like the mysteries of the Rosary to excite us to pray; nothing like the two prayers, *Pater* and *Ave*, to express what we should pray for. For, whether you are in joy or in sorrow, in hope or in fear, near God or far away from God, still those two prayers will always fall in with your desires, and exactly suit your particular circumstances. But all this and much more is better understood by using the Rosary than by talking of its use."

Encouraging accounts have reached us of the progress of religious instruction in France. The report lately submitted by the Committee of Catholic Schools at Lyons shows that they have had put at their disposal for educational purposes a sum of more than twenty thousand dollars during the past year. This indicates no falling off, when compared with the receipts of the year previous; while the number of children attending the schools has been steadily on the increase, and the progress they have made is all that could be desired.

The *Washington Post* notes that in some hundred messages and letters of condolence addressed to Mrs. Logan—whose distinguished husband died recently in that city—which have been published in the papers, only two had any allusions whatever to the Supreme Being or to the consolations of religion. These honorable exceptions are by Stephen A. Douglas and Col. John Hay, both of whom wrote, "May God comfort and sustain you!" "Fifty years ago," remarks the *Post*, "it would have been impossible for such omissions to have occurred; and a century ago, a message of condolence that lacked the religious element would have seemed a mockery."

M. Gounod, the celebrated composer, recently had occasion to visit the city of Sens in France. While there he entered the church, and, after admiring its treasures, asked permission to try the great organ. The custodians of the sacred edifice replied that the instrument

was old and dilapidated, and was not worthy to be thus honored. The *mãestro*, in that clear, precise, eloquent language which characterizes his conversation, at once began to defend the old relics of a master-age, and spoke with all the vehemence of one repelling a charge against an old friend. "These organs of our modern days," he said, "have, indeed, the brilliant grace which marks a frivolous world. But they do not possess those inimitable tones, those cloister-like sounds, sweet and deep, of the old-time instruments, recalling the piety and devotion of contemporary monks. We must not be too quick to condemn these old friends, who can speak longer and a thousand times better than younger rivals. Do not shove them to oneside, but repair whatever injury time may have wrought." Then M. Gounod proceeded to justify his words by the tones which he produced from the old organ. Under the touch of his skilful fingers, there poured forth a rich melody of sound, which electrified the bystanders, and seemed to give expression to the sublimest sentiments of adoration, prayer, and Christian hope.

We are indebted to the *Bombay Catholic Examiner* for the following notice of Don Serafino Balestra, an Italian priest, whose life of singular devotedness to the deaf was brought to a premature close not long since, in Buenos Ayres. He was so forgetful of self that at his death he did not possess the means to defray the expenses of his interment:

"Don Serafino Balestra had been for many years the director of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes, at Como, in Northern Italy, and enjoyed throughout Europe the reputation of being one of the ablest and most successful teachers of the deaf. He was amongst the first of his Italian *confrères* to recognize the superiority of the oral method of instruction; and the highly satisfactory results which, under his direction, were exhibited at Como contributed greatly to the adoption of the system in the various schools of Italy, where previously the mimic methods generally prevailed. Zealous for the propagation of the system of which he was an enthusiastic advocate, the good Father travelled into England, visited several of the principal institutions, and at considerable trouble and expense employed himself in initiating English teachers into the mysteries of a method which at the time was comparatively unknown in England. With the consent of the authorities of the National Institution at Paris, he spent several months in that establishment in the

work of organization, and on leaving received the thanks of the Government for his valuable and disinterested services. A little more than two years ago he was promoted to a canonry in the cathedral of Como; but some months after his appointment, he generously sacrificed his preferment, and, in company with three young assistants from the Bologna Institution, proceeded to the Argentine Republic, for the purpose of establishing a school, the first in the country, for the education of the class to whose interests his life had been devoted."

People often wonder at the poverty of families, the heads of which are rarely out of work, and whose labor commands good wages. Such families would enjoy every necessary comfort were it not for intemperance. Bishop Ireland has well said: "A laborer earning even \$2 or \$3 a day can not support his family, his church, and a saloon too."

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Sister Mary of St. George, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who departed this life at San José, Cal., on the 16th ult. She had reached the year of her diamond jubilee in religion.

Sister Mary of St. Paul, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who was called to her reward on the 27th ult., at the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sister Mary Catherine, of the Sisters of Mercy, who calmly breathed her last at St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.

Georg Heinrich Carstens, of Honolulu, H. I., a fervent convert and a devoted son of Mary, who died a holy death at the Queen's Hospital in that city, on the 14th of December.

Mrs. Catherine A. Masi, a well-known resident of Washington, D. C., whose long life closed in a happy death on the 5th of December. She was remarkable for her charity to the poor and the orphans, and for her tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Miss Agnes Carroll, whose precious death occurred on the 20th ult., at Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. Agnes Ebner, of Dixon, Ill.; Marie Jenevein, New Orleans; Mrs. Margaret Byrne, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Buckley, Sacramento; Michael and Neil Hurley, Thomas P. Burns, Martinez, Cal.; and Mrs. Anastasia Fitzpatrick, Toronto, Ont.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Child and the Brook.

FOR THE "AVE MARIA," FROM THE GERMAN, BY
SYLVIA HUNTING.

"O BROOKLET, silvery and clear!
I hear thy singing far and near;
Tarry a while and whisper low:
Whence dost thou come and whither go?"

"Born in the hills, of Summer showers,
My pathway lies thro' ferns and flowers;
The heavens woo my soft caress,
I mirror their bright loveliness.

"With voice as glad as thine, sweet child,
Thro' peopled vale and lonely wild
I run, and He who guides my way
Knoweth its course from day to day."

The Palm Benny Won.

BY S. L. B.

I.

"Thunderation!" The boy's exclamation was only a whisper, but it expressed some good-natured derision and more astonishment. He eyed his seat-mate curiously, wondering at the quick blush that dyed the fair face crimson, and the tears that filled the brown eyes.

Benny resolutely kept back the tears, and swallowed with an effort a great, choking sob, remembering what his Aunt Martha had told him in the morning, when she found him drearily crying for his old school, with all his light tasks undone.

"You can't make bitter sweet by pulling a wry face over the dose," she had said; "the best way is to swallow it, and say nothing. What is, *is*, and you won't change it if you cry your eyes out. I don't wonder that you feel sad; it would be unnatural if you didn't; but that's no reason why the chickens

should go without their breakfast, or your uncle's dinner be late for want of a few chips to start up the fire. You have a good home, and you're as welcome as if you were our own boy. Your uncle will be kind to you, and I don't mean to make any difference between you and the baby. You'll be pretty lonesome for a while, but the pleasant weather is coming, and when you get acquainted with the boys, you'll be all right."

She was busy with the bright new dinner-pail as she talked. Benny watched her spread the yellow butter on the white, sweet bread, and cut generous slices of cold chicken, and the loaf-cake he liked so well, with a big apple and a lump of maple-sugar for dessert.

Benny bent to kiss the baby good-bye. He shook her rattle until she laughed and crowed, and looked at him in such a funny, important way, that he laughed, too. Then he lifted his face to his aunt.

"I am so sorry, Aunt Martha," he said, bravely, with his quick, ready blush, "that I forgot to bring in the chips and feed the chickens this morning; and I'm sorrier because papa and mamma wouldn't like it if they could know that I was crying for them, instead of doing what you wanted me to, when you are so good to me. I'll try not to forget again. And please don't tell Uncle Ben; I'd rather tell him myself."

Mrs. Benson kissed him heartily, set his new straw-hat straight on the dark curls, and told him to be a good boy, and not stop to play on the way home from school. And Benny trudged off, comforted, he couldn't tell why, by the sight of tears in his aunt's bright black eyes.

Benny's mother was a Catholic, but unfortunately she had married one not of the Faith, trusting in his promise that she should believe as she would, and only when her boy was born did she realize what she had done. She hoped and prayed for her husband's conversion; but he only laughed, and patted her cheek, and told her to do as she liked; if she made the boy as good as she was, he was content; as for himself, he was too old to change.

"But if I should die?" she said one day, when a hacking cough and a sharp pain in her breast had troubled her for weeks.

Her husband looked at her with an amused smile; but, seeing the agony of mother-love in her eyes, answered, solemnly:

"If you die, I promise you our boy shall be taught as you would have him. Now smile and be happy, and don't talk of dying any more. Bless you! we are both young; we shall live to see our great-grandchildren."

She smiled back at him, and hid the growing pain and anxiety; but she kept her boy with her every moment that she could, teaching him, praying with him and for him; telling him over and over the stories he never wearied of hearing of the Manger at Bethlehem, of the holy childhood of Our Lord with His B'essed Mother and the dear St. Joseph, and stories of the saints. But best of all he liked to hear of the glorious martyrs, those who had loved Our Lord bravely and well, and been true and steadfast through cruel torture, and triumphant in death. St. Sebastian, St. Agatha, St. Lawrence, St. Agnes—he had a book with pictures of them all, and many more. He would turn the pages, as he sat by his mother, listening again and again to the stories he already knew by heart. He was a dreamy, quiet little fellow, but the spirit behind the soft dark eyes was a brave one, for all its gentleness.

"Don't you think," he asked once—"don't you think, mamma, that Our Lord will let me have a palm when I go to heaven? I don't mean a great big palm, like my martyrs have in the book, but just a little, tiny one. I'd rather have that than anything else. But I don't see how I can get it, do you, mamma? I can be a Christian now, and nobody will say anything. Maybe it's better so, 'cause, you know, I might be afraid when I saw the lion ready to spring at me. But don't you think I can win a little palm, some way, before I die?"

And the poor mother thought, with an agony greater than she had ever known, of the fast-coming time when her boy must be left alone. Oh, if his father were but one

with her in faith! If she could only know that he would carry out the work she had begun! She knew too well that her boy might have many an opportunity to win the palm he desired so much; for to a loving and sensitive nature, ridicule and scorn are verily lions in the way, and the faith of many a weak heart has gone down before them. She could only pray with all the fervor of a mother's fear, and hope with all the strength of a mother's love.

When the end came, and Benny was motherless, his father was faithful to his promise. The boy had always been taught at home, but now he went every day to the parish school, where a gentle nun, with soft eyes like his mother's, taught him, not only the lessons he must learn to fit him for his life in this world, but also other and better lessons that should help to make him worthy of life eternal. Every Sunday Mr. Benson took Benny's hand and led him to the church his mother had loved so well. And because Benny's wistful eyes brightened when he stayed, he often sat beside him through the holy services, feeling in his heart something of the exceeding peace of the Sacred Presence on the altar, as he watched his boy, whose face grew every day more like that of his fair dead mother.

In the evenings he lifted Benny to his knee and, leaning his cheek on the dark curly head, listened while the boy talked half to his father, half to himself, telling over and over the stories his mother had told him. And then the fond parent gave him his good-night kisses, and let him kneel beside him to say his prayers before he slept, the little fellow ending always as his mother had taught him: "Dear Father in heaven, bless papa and Benny, and make us good; and bring us, and dear mamma, to be happy in heaven forever, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

II.

One morning Mr. Benson went to his work as usual, and when the peaceful spring twilight came, Benny stood watching in the window, thinking eagerly of all he had to tell his father, especially of his approach-

ing First Communion; his large eyes grew dreamy and soft whenever he thought of it, and he folded his hands together with a little prayer to Mary, his Mother in heaven, that she would tell his other mamma up there. Then he thought of the prize he had gained in school that day—another book containing stories of the martyrs, with illustrations; for gentle Sister Agnes had long before won his love and confidence, and knew what would please him best.

While Benny watched, he saw a group of men with grave faces, who carried something very tenderly and slowly; the form was all crushed and bleeding, but the face, his father's face, was unmarred. He had fallen from a great height just before quitting work. Mr. Benson was dying, and he could not even speak to bid his boy good-bye.

Benny knelt beside the low couch, with wide, tearless eyes, and pale, parted lips, until some one, seeing the end draw near, whispered him to kiss papa good-bye. He bent to kiss his father's lips, and then, with a burst of tears, sobbed out, scarce knowing what he did, the prayers that always followed the good-night kiss. And as he ended, his father's lips were seen to move as if in fervent prayer, then the soul went forth; and the peace that rested on the dead face seemed the exceeding great peace of those who sleep in the Lord.

Mr. Benson's brother came at once from the quiet farm. Benny had seen him long before, but had nearly forgotten him. Uncle Ben was his father's brother, and there was the strange, fleeting family resemblance often seen, although the brothers had been so unlike. In a passion of love and grief unchildlike in its intensity, Benny clung to the great, bearded man, whose kind voice grew husky and failed as he tried to speak cheerfully to the pitiful little figure.

There had been no question of Benny's future. His father had left him nothing; his mother had no relatives, and his uncle was able and willing to keep him. "I've always wanted a boy," he said. "If I hadn't been so glad of a baby anyway, I expect I'd

have been somewhat disappointed because it wasn't a boy. Brother John's boy will be the same as my own."

So he took Benny home, and Aunt Martha gave him a motherly welcome. She was one of those notable housewives who hide kind hearts under a busy, bustling exterior, and show their love not so much in words as in deeds. To be sick or in trouble was a sure passport to her good graces. All the children far and near called her "Aunt Martha." Every baby in the neighborhood was a treasure; but, of course, her own—the baby girl—was above and beyond all. And she took Benny into her heart of hearts, when she saw his pale little face brighten, and heard him say:

"O Aunt Martha! what a darling little baby! Just see, she isn't afraid of me—not one mite. I can have her for my own sweet little sister, can't I? Please let me hold her a minute? I won't hurt her; I'll be just as careful!"

As the first few weeks went by, Mrs. Benson possessed her soul in patience over Benny's dreamy ways; she quietly did herself the light tasks she had allotted to him, or gently reminded him to fill the basket with chips, to feed the chickens, to drive the geese to the pond, to turn the calves into their pasture, and to carry drink to the men in the fields. And whatever else Benny might neglect or forget, he was sure to give the baby her due meed of attention.

There was trouble the first Sunday, when Benny found they were not going to "his church," and steadfastly refused to go with them; though he looked wistfully at the big wagon, and thought how much pleasanter it would be riding along the shady country road to the village, five miles away, than to stay at home alone.

"No, Aunt Martha, I can not go with you," he said, his soft, childish lips set in a firm line—"the regular Benson look," observed Uncle Ben, with a grim smile. "My mamma was a Catholic, and my papa promised her I should be one too. Even if there were no other reason, and I didn't care, I couldn't make my dead papa tell a lie."

It would have taken harder hearts than Mr. and Mrs. Benson's to trouble Benny after that. "We'll let him alone; he's little more than a baby," Aunt Martha said. "Maybe he'll come around after a while; especially as there isn't a Catholic church anywhere within ten miles of us, that I know of. Isn't it astonishing, though, how set Catholics are in their religion?"

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Daddy John.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

Did you ever hear of Daddy John? Not long ago I came upon a hint of him—scarcely more, as I read it then; but with what I have learned since, it seems a story worth telling.

Daddy John—but that is the translation of his name; in his own sweet Italian tongue they called him *Tata Giovanni*—was a poor man, a day-laborer as a mason in Rome. Many people would have thought him an ignorant man, for he could neither read nor write; and most people would have considered him a lonely man, of very little account, for he was unmarried and had no house of his own. But there is more wisdom than can be learned from books, and there are other things than domestic affections to fill certain hearts.

Coming and going through the life of the streets, toiling at his daily tasks with other laboring men, lingering in the churches where the poor come always, and bearing everywhere within him a great and tender heart, Daddy John was gaining an education the angels could revere. He was learning to love his neighbors as himself, and, through loving them, to understand them and to help them. Where there was sickness, Daddy John went as nurse; where there was pain, he went with tender sympathy and willing hand; where there was care and sorrow, he went with all the aid and encouragement of his heart and head.

Many a long night he passed by sick beds

and suffering minds and bodies. Many a morning he saw dawn on a day of toil, to which he must carry the aching head and wearied limbs of an overworked and sleep-lacking man. But so far was he from wearying of good works, and of those who needed help, that he not only did what he could in the present, but thought and planned and prayed over work to be done in the future.

All this going to and fro with the poor and the sad laid bare to him more and yet more of the sorrow of life. He shared it all, but, after a while, his heart yearned most over the homeless boys, the wild little waifs, who pine and thrive in Rome as in the cities of the New World. At early morning and late at night he found them in his path. They slept, weird little bundles of rags, on the steps of the churches, under the stately arches, in the dim corners of the lovely squares. They slept the sleep of childhood, with no cover but the skies, no lullaby but the falling fountains, which are nowhere so musical as in Rome. They were hungry and ragged and lazy, and worse than ignorant, for they knew vice well.

Daddy John felt their condition in every fibre of his childless yet truly fatherly heart, and his feeling made itself manifest. Whenever he had time, he stopped to talk with them. When he did not find them in his path, he sought them in other places. He won them and held them, and they named him "Daddy John." They were ready to go with him and do for him. At last he took some of them home to his lodgings; he clothed them, fed them, had them prepared for confession and Communion, and apprenticed them one by one to good mechanics.

As "mother's love grows by giving," so did Daddy John's. The few he helped made him yearn yet more tenderly for the many he could not help. But he did what he could from day to day. He secured the lower floor of the house where he lodged, and filled it. He worked harder and harder, and God blessed him. His work came to be noticed. Rich men felt the wordless reproach of his patient, earnest *doing* without talking. They took the lesson in a good spirit, and

helped him with what they had and he lacked—money. Other earnest workers gave time when they had no money, skill when it was needed, learning, kindness, where there was place for them. A society was organized, an asylum opened, and so much good effected by it that in 1784, the Pope—it was Pius VI.—gave his blessing to Daddy John's work, and its success was assured.

Then what joy for Daddy John! We can imagine it. The Palazzo Ruggia was purchased, and a daily shelter was put in working order for the reception of one hundred boys. The name by which it was known from one end of Rome to the other was "Daddy John's" (*Tata Giovanni*), the familiar and tender title which the little fellows always gave their friend. Soon the temporary refuge became a permanent home; then the home became a school. A few hours in the evenings, the good and great of Rome—priests, prelates, noblemen, professors—came to Daddy John's, and taught the boys the common and necessary branches of a tradesman's education.

After a while, skilled artisans volunteered to teach them trades. The little fellows went out each morning and came home each night. Still the work grew and prospered, and Daddy John had the joy of seeing himself able to have his boys taught at home, to have them work at their trades at home, cared for, watched over, guarded from temptation until they were strengthened in virtuous habits. His aim through all things was to have them *first* thorough Christians; after that it would come naturally that they should make good citizens, good workmen, good neighbors, good husbands, and good fathers.

Giovanni Borgi, mason, day laborer,—illiterate, poor, homeless, unmarried, showed himself wise and strong and noble above most men. When he stood among his five-score sons, the children of his love and utter unselfishness,—when he looked around with brightening and softening eyes upon their home and their many comforts, who would not envy his satisfaction, who would not be-

lieve in his deep and fervent gratitude to God for his life-work? Who would not long for such a passing away as his must have been? Who can count the harvest of good deeds, good works, good thoughts, the after years have reaped from the seeds of his sowing in those otherwise barren and weed-cursed lives? Well might it be felt the good will go on until the end of the world.

That was one hundred years ago. There is still in Rome—or was a few years ago—the *Ospizio Tata Giovanni*. It stands between the street *Dei Falegnami* ("The Carpenters") and the narrow lane of *Santa Anna*. It is still an industrial school; and in the Church of Santa Anna, which adjoins it, and serves as its chapel, the saintly Giovanni Mastai said his first Mass, on Easter morning of 1819. "Who was Giovanni Mastai?" asks some one who does not as yet know everything at a moment's notice. He was that strong, sweet, priestly soul who came in time to be the "Father John" of all the Catholic world. He was the holy man we knew and loved, so many of us, as Pope Pius IX.

It is a beautiful thing to look back upon, that he began his work of loving and serving, of saving and helping the wide Christian world with the little helpless, wandering, straying, starving hearts of the boys who found home and heaven in the shelter of the loving and ever-living care and labor of Daddy John. All his life, Pius IX. remembered the children who were his first care, and showed favor and kindness to them. Certainly "the memory of the just is blessed."

God's Providence.

The wheels of a watch or clock do not all move in the same way; some go contrary to others, yet they all serve the original purpose of the maker—to show the time or strike the hours. So in God's world. Providence seems sometimes at cross-purposes, sometimes even against God's promises; yet, in truth, it is all working out His Will, the great ends and purposes of the Creator all wise and all good.—*The Monitor*.



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Thou Seemest Like a Flower.

BY M. E. M.

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold, so schön, so rein,
Ich schau' dich an, und Behmuth
Schleicht mir in's Herz hinein

Mir ist's, als ob ich die Hände
Auf's Haupt dir legen soll't,
Betend, daß Gott dich erhalte
So reih, und schön, und hold.

—Heine.

THOU seemest like a flower,
So fair and pure thou art;
I watch thee, and a sadness
Steals slowly to my heart.

Upon thy head in blessing
My hand I fain would lay;
Beseeching God to keep thee
Fair, sweet, and pure always.

On the Blessed Virgln's Power to Work Miracles.

THE power which the Blessed Virgin Mary holds from God to overrule natural laws, or, as we say, work miracles, is plainly established in the Gospel. Let us turn to the promises of Her Divine Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ. "Amen, amen, I say unto you, he that believeth in Me, the works that I do he shall do also, and greater than these shall he do." * To render

this promise yet more impressive, Our Lord vouchsafed to strengthen it by a striking illustration—namely, of faith ordering a mountain to remove, and the mountain obeying. The circumstances which called forth this wonderful declaration are remarkable in several respects.

"There came a man to Jesus, who fell down on his knees before Him, saying: Lord, have pity on my son, for he is a lunatic, and suffereth much; for he falleth often into the fire, and often into the water; and I brought him to Thy disciples, and they could not cure him. And Jesus answered and said: O unbelieving and perverse generation! how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? Bring him hither to Me. And Jesus rebuked him, and the devil went out of him: and the child was cured from that hour. Then came the disciples to Jesus secretly, and said: Why could not we cast him out? Jesus said to them: Because of your unbelief; for, amen I say to you, if you have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, you shall say to this mountain: Remove from hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you." *

We see by this that the unbelief of the disciples displeased their Master. He was indignant, grieved, and, if we may so express it, apparently surprised, that they had been unable to relieve the suffering child at the prayer of its father. He wished them

* St. John, xiv., 12.

* St. Matthew, xvii., 14-19. Protestant version.

to work this wonder, rather than Himself. In like manner he rebuked the weak faith of the disciples in the storm, and of Peter walking on the waves. Indeed, Our Lord seemed to avail Himself of every opportunity to show the intimate connection between faith and miracles, both as to working them and receiving them. "Take courage, daughter; thy faith hath made thee whole," was His reply to the unspoken prayer of the woman who touched the hem of His garment. "Do you believe I can do this unto you?" He asked the two blind men who followed Him; and when they answered, "Yea, Lord," He touched their eyes, saying: "According to your faith be it done unto you."

If, therefore, we put aside for the moment Catholic dogma respecting the Blessed Virgin, and try to regard Her as merely "Christ's Mother," the mother of an historical character,—whose faith in Christ could equal Mary's? Who believes in a man as strongly, as tenderly, as unshakenly as his mother? Every one knows that the greatest reprobate is not all bad in his mother's eyes; that the most commonplace of men is a hero, a genius, a saint, if you take his mother's estimate; and if you hesitate to accept it, she deems you blind, stupid, or envious. We call it one of nature's mysteries, this strong faith in a son's virtues or abilities. Now, are we to suppose the Mother of Christ different from all others in natural feeling and instinct?

When the joyful Shepherds, and those to whom they related the angels' visit and the mystery of Bethlehem, conversed of these things, Mary *kept* and pondered *them in Her heart*, just as our mothers treasure in their hearts the good sayings they hear about "the baby," and can repeat them years after. She is amazed at the wisdom of Her Child in the Temple, disputing with the learned doctors of the law, and, after returning to Nazareth, "kept these sayings in Her heart." Again, we remember our own mother always being surprised at our sense and knowledge, and delighting in recalling what we said or did. Even the interpre-

tation which has been given to certain texts as showing that Christ did not recognize Her maternal authority, or care for Her solicitude—alas! that the commentators did not perceive that in trying to depreciate the Mother, they were blaspheming the Son, as disregarding one of His own Ten Commandments—even this would make the Mother's picture more touchingly true to life, when we see Her loving, faithful, and devoted to the last, to the bitter end on Calvary.

Thus, then, it is plain that, viewing the Gospel narrative as mere biography, it must be admitted that Mary's belief in Her Son must be greater than any other person is capable of, from the fact of being His Mother, and having the natural feelings that belong only to the maternal relation. And it follows as a necessary consequence that whoever holds the New Testament to be inspired, and believes Christ is God, must admit His Mother's power to do more wonderful works than it pleased Him to do during His mortal life.

Now, let us rise from the natural to the supernatural, and study for a few moments the Mary presented to us in Scripture, the Mary honored by the Catholic Church. But, first of all, let us pause to acquire a distinct idea of what a "miracle" really is.

"Miracles form the most intelligible language by which men learn to understand Divine Providence," says the eminent Jesuit, Père Martin.* "As the admirable order which His laws have established in the universe is the general expression of the greatness of God, so the prodigies by which these laws are suspended are the particular expression of His wishes. God willed to found His religion on miracles, in order that these proofs of its truth might be equally accessible to all minds. Thus from the epoch of its creation, prodigies have never ceased on earth. We are familiar with the dread majesty of those which characterized the Mosaic Law, and with the

* "Le Pèlerinage de Sainte-Anne d'Auray," pp. 147, 150, 151.

touching sweetness of those belonging to the Gospel. In proportion to the vividness with which the saints reproduce in their lives the humility of the Saviour of the world, God is pleased to bestow on them a larger share of the glory of His power; and this power, by a sublime contrast, appears to be attached particularly to their earthly dust, and sometimes to the simplest representations of them. . . ."

We shall content ourselves with indicating the rules, fraught with wisdom, which the Church follows in judging of miracles. They are principally these four:

(1.) First of all, the fact of the alleged miracle must be duly established; and it is to be established, as all facts are, by proofs carefully collected and considered.

(2.) The fact being established, its utility must be shown; for God does not waste His power, nor does His wisdom lend its aid to scenes for the gratification of the idle and inquisitive.

(3.) The object being worthy of God, it must be proved that the means employed are not less so: it is by prayer and approved practices of religion that these favors are obtained.

(4.) The event, finally, must bear a supernatural character; that is to say, it must derogate from the laws of nature either in itself or in its accompanying circumstances. It derogates from natural laws in itself when it surpasses the limits of created powers, or the means which human wisdom and strength can furnish. Although we can not tell precisely the utmost limit of these forces, we know with perfect certainty many things to which they are unequal. Without being able to say the exact number of pounds a strong man may carry, I can indicate a number that no man, however strong, will ever bear. A fact is miraculous in its circumstances when these manifestly co-operate with a superior intention. Thus the cure of a disease may enter into the natural course of events; but to obtain a sudden and complete cure at the very instant it is implored, and after having tried all remedies in vain, is one of those things

which can not be explained as accidental or natural, and which must compel every sensible man to recognize that the power of God has been exercised.

That the favors obtained at Lourdes and other shrines of Our Lady are in accordance with these four rules is self-evident. The cures are testified to by numerous and disinterested witnesses thereof; they are beneficial to the sufferers, and therefore worthy of Him who during His mortal life went about doing good; they are obtained through prayer offered in places approved by the highest ecclesiastical authority; and they take place inexplicably, instantaneously, after every remedy accessible to the patients had been tried in vain during months or, most frequently, during years.

Let us get firmly into our minds that the Blessed Virgin is as truly our Mother as She is the Mother of Jesus. This truth is so implicitly received from our earliest years that it is not easy to form an explicit idea of its importance. The impossibility of any one outside the Church receiving it, shows it to be an integral part of Christianity, and shows again how far from the real faith which Christ established is the "fragmentary Christianity," now so much in vogue. Outside the Church no one, however earnest in seeking the truth, or pious in practising its accepted duties, ever attains to that unhesitating belief in Christ being our Brother, which to the most lukewarm Catholic seems the most natural thing in the world. Unwittingly enunciating the grandest truth of Christian faith, the Catholic claims Mary as Mother. Just as unconsciously denying that fundamental dogma, the non-Catholic claims Christ as Brother, but not Mary as Mother; and, in not recognizing Her, rejects Him. There can not be a clear and practical acceptance of the fraternal tie which binds Our Saviour Christ to us, without a quick and undoubting recognition of His Mother's maternal relationship to us likewise. Hence even the Episcopalians, while holding to the Nicene Creed, have but vague impressions of the hypostatic union. They can not take in

the grand definition of the Incarnation so clearly given in the Athanasian Creed:

"Now the right faith is, that we believe and confess that Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is both God and man. He is God of the substance of His Father, begotten before the world; and He is man of the substance of His Mother, born in the world. Perfect God and perfect man, of reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting. Equal to the Father according to His Godhead, and less than the Father according to His manhood. Who, although He be both God and man, yet He is not two, but one Christ. One, not by the conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by the taking of the manhood unto God. One altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person. For as the reasonable soul and the flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ."

Here we have the divine personality of Mary's Son as fully elucidated as human words can do so. Our separated brethren, unable to grasp this truth of "unity of person," imagine a certain "confusion of substance," and so receive not "one Christ," but "two." The Virgin Mary is the Mother of Christ the Man, but not of Christ the God; thus they argue, because they can not see that the two natures of Christ are united in one person—a Divine Person. It is a mystery that can only be believed through that little phrase so familiar to Catholic lips from infancy: "Mother of God." Not more truly is God the Father of the Divine Redeemer than the Virgin Mary is His Mother. If, therefore, we have a right to call Almighty God our Father, because His Divine Son is our Brother, we have the very same right to call Mary our Mother. Father and Mother are indissolubly united here, and the stupendous fact that the Father is the Creator of all things, while the Mother is but a human creature, the work of His hands, furnishes us with no excuse for doubting it.

It is precisely this fact that gives us the *children's* claim on God. If one of our earth-born race were not as truly the Mother of His Divine Son, Christ Jesus, as God is

the Father, both Father and Son would be no nearer nor dearer to us than they were before the Incarnation. The first two Persons of the Holy Trinity held that relationship from all eternity: what would it matter to us mortals if they were pleased to have it take on a new form in some strange way? But it *does* matter to us that one of ourselves was necessarily connected with it, in the closest, sweetest, tenderest and strongest of all ties—as Mother. This it is, only this, which enables us to love God as our Father. Without the mother there is no family. Through Mary we have an inalienable right to call the great God our Father; He is brought nearer to us, and, without for a moment losing sight of His transcendent majesty, we use our privileges with the native grace of children enjoying their birthright.

Then it is only needful to remember that as our Father, God is both powerful and willing to help us in all wants, so is our Mother Mary; the only difference being that He has the power and will in and of His own adorable Self, while She receives both from Him. That She has a right to them, follows from Her office of Mother; for it is God Himself who teaches us intuitively that a mother can not be indifferent to her children's woes. Thus both naturally and supernaturally Mary may be expected to work miracles for Her children; and all human beings are Her children, being all the children of Her Divine Son's Father; and She is ever showing, to those who petition for Her favor, the wide world over, that She recognizes Her relationship to them. Now, as at the marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee, Mary is the advocate with Her Divine Son of all who petition for temporal or spiritual favors.

THE sculptor having thought out a statue, first sketches it in the shape of a rough model, then casts it in bronze, then erects it on a pedestal. Christian, imitate the sculptor: make for yourself an ideal life, all of terrestrial trial now, all of celestial glory in the future.—*Abbé Roux,*

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER VI.

NEVER was a prophecy better fulfilled than that of Rathborne; for no one of the large company assembled in Mrs. Singleton's spacious drawing-room but felt prepared to admire and approve the beautiful young stranger, who was led to the piano by her host when the musical programme was about half over. Everybody had an instinct that the star of the evening had now appeared—that one who looked so proud and confident was not likely to entertain them with a mediocre performance. And, indeed, Marion, who had professed to scorn "all Scarborough," was sufficiently inspired by her audience to feel capable of doing her best. As the first notes of the accompaniment were struck, she threw back her head like one who answers to a challenge, and when she opened her lips such a tide of melody rose, such crystal clear notes, such a flood of pure, sweet sound, that even the lowest undertone of conversation stopped, and people held their breath to listen.

Rathborne, who had been late in arriving, and who stood just outside one of the open windows, conveniently sheltered from observation, smiled to himself as he watched the scene within. It was one which gave him as much pleasure as his nature was capable of feeling. That beautiful, stately figure beside the piano, with its regal bearing and crown of red-gold hair, deserved to be the centre of all attention, and suited his own taste so exactly that he did not even perceive Helen's sweet, smiling face near by. It did not surprise him that Marion sang as he had never heard her sing before. He had read her character accurately enough, by the light of his own, to feel sure that she would never fail when occasion called for display.

His glance swept around the apartment, taking in the expressions of the various faces, and finally fastening on one that was

partly sheltered behind a curtain at the end of the room. This curtain fell between the drawing-room and a smaller apartment opening from it. Now and then during the course of the evening a few of the oldest and most distinguished of Mrs. Singleton's guests were admitted to the smaller apartment, where it was understood that "old Mr. Singleton" was established to listen to the music at his ease. It must have been very much at his ease that he listened; for he had given no sign of his presence or appreciation until now, when—as if Marion's clear, ringing notes had been a spell—Rathborne observed at the opening of the curtains a thin face, with a high, aquiline nose and white moustache.

Mrs. Singleton also observed it, and as soon as the song was ended, leaving others to crowd around the singer and express their admiration, she walked to the curtained arch and exchanged a few words with the person sheltered behind it. Then, turning, she crossed the room and deftly made her way to Marion's side.

"My dear Miss Lynde," she exclaimed, "what a pleasure you have given us! What a delight to hear such a voice as yours! My uncle is charmed, and he begs that you will sing again. Of course we all beg that you will, but I give *his* request first, because it is a very great compliment—from him."

It was certainly a compliment which he had paid no one else; and Marion smiled with a sense of triumph. She preserved due modesty of manner and appearance, however, as she said, "I am exceedingly glad that I have been able to give pleasure to Mr. Singleton; perhaps there is some special song that he would like to hear?"

"Oh! I am sure he will like to hear anything that you sing," replied Mrs. Singleton, who did not wish to delay the amusement of the evening long enough to make inquiry.

So Marion sang again, with increased self-confidence and success; and the thin, keen face appeared again at the opening of the curtains, as if looking were no less a pleasure than listening.

But, this song over, Mrs. Singleton was too wise a hostess to encourage any request for a third. "We must not ask too much of Miss Lynde's kindness," she said. "Later in the evening, perhaps she will sing for us again; and we must be reasonable. Miss Royston is going to play for us now."

Miss Royston, a tall, angular young lady, whose elbows seemed unduly developed, took her seat on the piano-stool, struck a few crashing chords, and began a sonata. Being fresh from a conservatory of music, and having a severely classical taste, she was understood to be a very fine musician—a fact taken on trust by most of those who composed her present audience; but very soon a conversational murmur began to be heard; those who were near windows slipped out on the veranda "to enjoy the cool air while they listened," and there was no longer any glimpse of the aquiline nose and white moustache at the opening of the *portières*.

Marion, who had not been conscious of this brief, partial appearance of the invalid recluse, for whose amusement the entertainment had been arranged, whispered to Helen, by whom she sat down: "I wonder how Mr. Singleton likes this?"

"Not as well as your singing, I am sure," answered Helen, in the same tone; "for all the time you were singing he was looking at you from between those curtains yonder."

"Was he indeed?" said Marion. She looked at the now closed, unresponsive curtains with a quick glance of interest. "What does he look like? I wish I had seen him."

"When you sing again, glance over there, and you will certainly be gratified," said Helen. "But here comes Paul at last. He has missed your singing; is not that too bad?"

"I doubt very much if he considers it so," replied Marion. "He has heard me several times, and never expressed any particular pleasure, that I remember."

"That is Paul's way," said Helen, ea-

gerly. "It is hard to tell what he feels by what he expresses. He admires your voice very much. I am sure of that."

"What is it you are so sure of, Helen?" asked Rathborne, who had drawn near enough to hear the last words through the crash of the piano.

"That you are very sorry not to have heard Marion's singing," answered Helen, looking up into his face with a smile.

"I should certainly have been very sorry if I had not heard it," he said; "but, as it happens, I had that pleasure. And it was just as I expected," he added, turning to Marion. "You sang as I never heard you sing before. An audience inspires you—an occasion calls forth all your power."

She laughed softly. "Perhaps it was not the audience or the occasion so much as the consciousness of Mr. Singleton's presence, and a desire to evoke some sign of interest from a critic who buries himself in silence behind drawn curtains."

"Well, if so, you evoked it. I congratulate you upon that."

"Helen was just telling me that he vouchsafed a glimpse of himself during my song. I wish I had seen him. I have a curiosity to know what he is like."

"Like a very ordinary old man," observed Rathborne, carelessly. "But here comes Mrs. Singleton—to tell us, perhaps, that we should not be talking while the music is going on."

So far from that, Mrs. Singleton began at once to talk herself, in a discreetly lowered tone. "Miss Lynde," she said, "I hope you have no objection to making the acquaintance of my uncle? He has asked me to bring you in to see him. He is an old man, you know, and an invalid, so you will excuse his not coming to see *you*."

"I shall be delighted to go to him," answered Marion, with ready courtesy and grace.

So the entire company were surprised and interested to see their hostess leading the young stranger across the room to the jealously-guarded inner apartment where Mr. Singleton was secluded. All eyes fol-

lowed them curiously, and lingered on the curtains, which Mrs. Singleton held back for a moment while Marion passed within, and then let fall.

Marion's own curiosity and gratification were equally balanced. It was like a public triumph to be led in this manner behind these curtains, which had opened for no other of the performers of the evening. Evidently this rich and presumably fastidious old man was to be included in the number of those who recognized her to be something more than ordinary. The instant that the *portières* were drawn back, she looked eagerly into the apartment thus revealed.

It was smaller than the drawing-room behind her, and was luxuriously furnished. The light which filled it was softly toned and shaded, but quite brilliant enough to show all the variety of silken-covered chairs and couches, the richly-blended tints of Eastern rugs, the carved tables and stands covered with books and papers. Sunk in the depths of one of the easiest of these easy-chairs was a small, slight man, his wasted face, with its high, distinct features, snowy hair and moustache, thrown into relief against the back of the chair on which he leaned. His hands, which rested on its arms, were like pieces of delicate ivory carving, and his whole appearance spoke as distinctly of refinement as of ill-health. Seated opposite him was an old gentleman, whose robust aspect was in strong contrast with his own, and who was talking in a tone which showed that he took no heed of the music in the next room.

He paused and rose at sight of the two ladies; but Mr. Singleton did not stir, though Marion felt his bright, keen eyes fasten on her at once. She followed her hostess, who went forward to his chair.

"Here is Miss Lynde, who has come to see you, uncle," said that lady.

"It is very kind of Miss Lynde," replied Mr. Singleton, with the air of the old school—that air which a younger generation has lost and forgotten. He held out his hand, and, when Marion laid her own in it, looked

at her with an admiration to which she had always been accustomed, and an evident pleasure in the contemplation of so much beauty. "Will you sit down?" he said, after a moment, indicating a low chair by his side. "I want you to tell me where you learned to sing so well."

"Where do the birds learn?" asked Marion, smiling. "I have sung like the birds as long as I can remember; although, of course, I have had some teaching. Not a great deal, however."

"It is a pity that you should not have more," he said. "Your voice, if fully trained, would be magnificent. But, as it is, you sing remarkably well; you have no vices of style, and you have given me a great deal of pleasure."

"I am very glad to have given you pleasure," answered Marion, with an air of gracious sincerity. "Mrs. Singleton has told me that you are very fond of music."

He made a slight grimace. "I am very fond of good music," he said; "but I do not hear a great deal of it from amateurs. When Anna told me of the entertainment she had arranged, I had little idea of hearing such a voice as yours."

Marion laughed. "While I was singing," she said, "I had something of the feeling which I imagine the singers must have who are obliged now and then to go through an opera in an empty theatre, for the sole benefit of the King of Bavaria, who is invisible in his box."

"But you had plenty of visible listeners besides the invisible one," said Mr. Singleton.

"I thought nothing of them," she answered. "I was singing to *you* altogether, and now I feel as if I had been summoned to the royal box to be complimented."

There was a playfulness in the words which deprived them of any appearance of flattery, yet it was evident that Mr. Singleton was not ill-pleased at being compared to royalty—even such eccentric royalty as that of the then living King of Bavaria.

"To carry out the comparison," he said, smiling, "I ought to have a diamond brace-

let to clasp on your arm. Such are the substantial compliments of royalty. But, instead, I am going to ask a favor of you—a very great favor. Will you come sometime and sing to me alone? I promise you that I will not be invisible on that occasion."

"I shall be very happy to do so," she answered, promptly. "It will be a real pleasure to myself. Tell me when I shall come."

"That must be settled hereafter. My health, and consequently my state of feeling, is very uncertain. Sometimes even music jars on me. Anna shall see you and arrange it."

Mrs. Singleton, hearing her name, turned from a conversation which she had been maintaining with the gentleman who was the other occupant of the room.

"What is it that I am to arrange?" she asked. "That Miss Lynde will come sometime and sing to us alone? Oh, that will be charming! But now I must go back to my duties, for I think I hear the sonata ending. Will you come with me?" she said to Marion.

"If my audience is ended," replied Marion, with a pretty smile, to Mr. Singleton.

"Your audience is not ended, if you do not mind remaining with an old man for a little while," he answered. "Anna can return or send for you when she wants you to entertain her guests again. Meanwhile I want you to entertain *me*."

"Before I go, then, I will introduce General Butler, and charge him to bring you back presently," said Mrs. Singleton, after which she disappeared.

General Butler, no less pleased than his friend with the charm of a beautiful face, sat down again, and said to Marion: "Your name is very familiar to me, Miss Lynde. I wonder if you are not a daughter of Herbert Lynde, who was killed at Seven Pines?"

"Yes," answered Marion, "I am his daughter, and always glad to meet his old friends. You knew him, then?"

"Oh! very well. He was in my brigade, and one of the bravest men I ever saw. I thought there was something familiar to me in your face as well as in your name. You are very like him."

"Herbert Lynde!" repeated Mr. Singleton. "If that was your father's name, my niece was right in thinking that there might be some relationship between us. The Singletons and *those* Lyndes have intermarried more than once. I hope that you do not object to acknowledging a distant link of cousinship with us?"

"So far from objecting, I am delighted to hear of it," answered Marion. "Who would not be delighted to find such cousins?"

There was something a little sad as well as ironic in the smile with which Mr. Singleton heard these words, as he extended his hand and laid it on hers.

"That sounds very cordial and sincere," he said. "I hope you may never find reason to qualify your delight. I confess I am glad to find that we are not altogether strangers. It gives me a faint, shadowy claim on your kind offices. I am not a man whom many things please. But *you* have pleased me, and I shall like to see you again."

"I shall like to come," answered Marion, "for my own pleasure as well as for yours. I am not easily pleased either," she added, with a smile; "so you must draw the inference."

"It is one I should like to be able to draw also," observed General Butler. "This is really too narrow. I can not claim relationship, Miss Lynde, but remember I am an old friend of your family."

"Of mine, too, then," said Marion, holding out her hand to him. As he bent over it with a flattered air, she had a triumphant sense that it was a conclusive test of her power to be able to charm and influence men of the world and of mature experience like these.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To love to know is human, to know how to love is divine.—*Abbé Roux.*

Under Italian Skies

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—AMONG THE VENETIAN ISLES.

VENICE is a cluster of two and seventy islands, caught and held together by a web of bridges. Some of the islands look as if they would float off to sea but for the marble arches that link them together—every link completed in the mirror of the water under the bridge.

Venice has her satellites—sea-washed temples and palaces, floating gardens and crumbling ruins, all adrift in the broad Lagoon within a half-dozen miles of the Piazza of San Marco. Will you cast off the stern line, and voyage with me to-day? We will touch upon the reefs yonder, making our explorations and discoveries in the abundant sunshine of an afternoon becalmed. *Andiamo!*

THE LIDO.—It is mid-summer; the sea is glassy, the air balmy; the nights are languid and luminous. A diminutive steamer, with streamers flying, and a flush-deck crowded with pleasure-seekers, swings off from the *Riva*, near the Ducal Palace, a dozen times a day. One can rush over to the Lido in twelve minutes on this craft, but it is far pleasanter to take a gondola, and a half or three-quarters of an hour to it.

A sail or row is an appropriate overture to the drama that is played over yonder. We beach our bow on the yielding sands and spring ashore. There is nothing between us and the Adriatic but a long, low island, carpeted with wild grass, thinly wooded and more thinly settled. It is almost like a reef-island in the South Pacific, this Lido; but the waving palms are missing, and the flapping banana leaves, and the far flying Bo'san birds, with the two spear-like scarlet feathers in their tails. The Lido is less than half a mile in width; you continually hear the roar of the surges that beat upon the weather-side of it; when the wind is favorable and the sea tempestu-

ous, the loud monody of the waves rings in the ears of all Venice.

Upon one side of the island there is a Jewish cemetery strewn with fallen columns and broken tablets; there the ivy clammers as if it were searching out the curious Hebraic inscriptions, that are moss-grown and weather-worn and well-nigh obliterated; its sensitive tendrils trace out the letters with scrupulous care, and in some instances the shattered and neglected monuments would have fallen to the earth, but that the ivy has caught them in its embrace and holds them fast. Do you remember, in "The Bravo" of Fenimore Cooper, there is a scene laid in this very cemetery? Somehow, one always thinks of the fictitious characters that have been associated in song or story with the places one is visiting—at least I do,—and too often they seem more real than the historical personages who may have lived and reigned there.

At the Lido is the fine old Church of San Nicolo, where the Doges were wont to hear Mass when they came in from the windy waves of the Adriatic; they came enthroned on the burnished poop of the *bucentors*, propelled by five-score golden paddles. Their marriage ceremony was over; the Doge had flung into the deep his bridal-ring, and cried in a loud voice: "We wed thee, O Sea! in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty."

But that marriage vow has been broken, like many another that was sweet and holy in the hour of its consummation. There is nothing left to tell of the pompous ceremonial, when the Bride of the Sea was in her prime, save the walls of the old Church of San Nicolo, where a handful of worshippers daily gather to receive the solemn benediction of the Mass that is unchanged and unchanging forever and ever.

Twilight strands upon the shore of the melancholy Lido; it is a dumb island, that has gone to sleep in the lap of the sea, and will probably never again awaken to anything like its former glory. On the outer side of it is a long, long beach paved with pebbles and strewn with shells.

At Favorita, the pride of the Lido, there are baths, music, dancing, feasting; there is light opera—*al fresco*—and bowers of beauty full of Japanese lanterns, and coffee or wine-drinkers, and the smokers of the vilest cigars that ever turned to ashes in the lips of man. There is a semblance of jollity during the bathing season, when the Viennese flock hither. But the day will come when *Favorita* will have lost favor in the eyes of the Venetians and the Viennese; when the noise of music will be hushed, and the Japanese lanterns will burn low in the chill night air. There will be nothing but heavy frosts, and rude seas plunging madly upon Byron's beach; and the abomination of desolation will sit on the low mounds of the forlorn cemetery, and sneer at the children of men.

SAN LAZZARO.—The dainty island of San Lazzaro is as complete and perfect as a sea-shell. It is hedged about, this darling island, by the low walls of an Armenian monastery; above the walls, that everywhere rise out of the sea, you catch glimpses of waving trees, and stone gables, and towers that have a bulbous, Oriental look—as indeed they should have, for this island belongs to the Levant.

Within the walls there are gardens full of grapes and figs; paths lined with tall, flowering hollyhocks, and jungles of fragrant lilies; the buildings are frescoed with rose-trees tacked like a tapestry from basement to rustic eaves. There is a cloister, where every exotic capable of surviving the inclemency of the Winter months puts forth its blossoms to the innocent joy of the friars. There is a rich chapel, and a library wherein it were impossible to browse long without writing a book full of sentiment.

Byron haunted this serene sanctuary. You are shown his chamber, which is quite like any other chamber you ever saw; and his table—the very table whereon he used to write. I could discover nothing singular in it; it is plain, simple, substantial, and of convenient size, like a table for two in a *café*.

An amiable Armenian pointed with pride

to a portrait of the poet, which Byron had graciously left as a *souvenir* of his monastic life. It was the same old picture—a handsome fellow of the oval-headed type, with short curls and a haughty lip; he is looking abstractedly into the future, over a shirt-collar of august dimensions. Byron stayed six weeks at the monastery, in order to acquire a knowledge of the Armenian tongue; this he is popularly supposed to have done—though the friars told me it takes seven years to master it.

What a droll-looking language the Armenian is! The type seems to have been set in a semi-liquid state, so that it has all run together in a kind of scroll; a line of it resembles a vine with an infinite number of short, twirling tendrils—but there blossom in profusion the gorgeous flowers of Oriental speech!

I was shown another portrait of his lordship. "Behold," said a soft-eyed Armenian, pointing to the picture—a very poor oil-painting—"Lord Beeron contemplating the sea!" There he sat in collar and cuffs, bare-headed, in a corner of the garden, looking off toward the Lido, beyond which a thin blue line of the sea is visible. Very childish and theatrical seemed to me all this; but poets are not supposed to be sane, though Heaven knows they have need of a double portion of mental ballast. This was well enough for Byron, who had a singular reputation to sustain as poet and as lord also. He doubtless gave the utmost satisfaction when he threw himself in divine despair upon the sod under a scrub olive, and was rapt in contemplation of the sea, while some enthusiast made a careful study of him. But to-day there is considerably less posing; indeed the affectation of traditional mannerisms seems to decrease in proportion to the alarming increase of poets.

San Lazzaro is the haunt of swarms of Armenian children, who have been sent hither to be educated; handsome cherubs they are, with great, dreamy eyes, rich olive skin, and scarlet fezes. They have each a garden plot, which they plant and cultivate to their hearts' delight; one is all roses,

like a huge bouquet; one a mass of gilly-flowers, and one a wilderness of sweet-peas; another is laid out in a maze of little gravel paths about two inches wide; and yet another has an artificial mountain in its centre—a baby mountain three feet high, with a long, winding trail leading to the very top.

Even the friars indulge their fancy in the line of landscape gardening; they have built a lake—a few paces long—fashioned closely after a lake in Armenia very dear to them all; its shores are miniature reproductions of those far-off shores, and even the foliage has been copied in little, with the aid of stunted shrubs. What a breeder of nostalgia must this pool be, when the gentle exiles sit beside it and dream of fatherland!

Nothing can be more winning than the looks and manners of this Eastern brotherhood; they are as light-hearted as children, have much of the harmless and ingenuous coquetry of infancy, and are so easily pleased or amused! They seem to regard Lord Byron as one but little lower than the angels, who sought sanctuary in their holy house, where he was made a thousand times welcome, and there his memory is cherished still with a love that is akin to veneration.

Having seen the printing establishment, where one may purchase books in a half-dozen languages—I brought away with me copies of "Childe Harold" and "The Deserted Village," translated by one of the friars, and printed in Armenian and English;—having been served with a dish of preserved rose-leaves and a cup of intoxicating coffee—an uncommon courtesy this, and therefore doubly appreciated—there was nothing left to do but take one's leave.

A low-voiced friar led us to the water-gate. On our way we saw one of the cherubs playing "hooky" behind a rosebush; our friar caught him much as one might catch a butterfly, delicately, by the wings, and he was reprov'd in a melodious lingo, which it was quite a pleasure to listen to; the gazelle-eyed culprit stood bareheaded and dejected, until the lecture was over, when, with a *salam* profound enough to have humbled a much haughtier spirit than that of the friar,

the youngster disappeared as suddenly and as effectually as if he had extinguished himself with his fez.

SAN MICHELE.—It is the Island of the Blessed. The funeral barges of Venice and her sister isles sweep up to its silent shores, where the waves seem sadder than all other waves, and are hushed as they creep up and down the moist steps of the gloomy mortuary chapel.

When I opened the chapel door no one was visible; death indeed reigned there, and with a kind of shudder I ventured to enter; then, suddenly, the nave was flooded with angelic music,—music that fell from unseen fingers, and thrilled me with a holy joy. I turned and discovered an old friar in the organ-loft; I saw the tip of his tonsure—like a diim halo—high up in the gilded gallery. There he sat, quite alone and evidently unconscious of my intrusion; while, rapt in an ecstasy, his fingers charmed the soul of melody from a full-voiced and impassioned instrument, that fairly trembled with half-suppressed emotion.

Passing into a cloister with sunshine gilding the columns on two sides of it, and deep shadow over half the place, I read the names of the dead who sleep there under sculptured marble and wreaths of *immortelles*. Two and two walked the barefooted friars, to and fro between the graves that fill the sunlit field beyond the chapel. How thickly they are sown, the long and narrow graves, with black crosses at head and foot! Delicate flowers nodded over them in the softly-sighing wind; butterflies balanced themselves in the air, or, poising lightly upon the arms of the crosses, rocked dizzily for a moment and were away again. O Life—so dainty, so delicious! O Death—so solemn, so profound! An atmosphere of peace unspeakable pervaded everything; it seemed typical of that eternal peace that, once known, never again forsakes you.

In one corner of San Michele there is a nook, full of trees and flowers, where are gathered the ashes of the few Protestants who have died in Venice. I searched there for a name familiar to most readers, and

found a stone, weather-stained, unkept, sunken among long, damp grasses. It lay prone, like the title-page to a volume that no man may read; the same name is printed upon a hundred volumes and in more tongues than one—it is that of G. P. R. James.

James, the prolific author of the romances of a past age; the representative of a literary mannerism effete and out of date. He sleeps at last in a land which is half water, and where the *horsemen* are indeed *solitary*; for there are not horses enough to go round—if there were, there is no place for them to go to, save a wide and watery grave.

SAN GIORGIO OF THE SEAWEED. — It lies alone, sequestered—this San Giorgio the Less, popularly known as San Giorgio of the Seaweed—away off in the blue waste of waters between Venice and the mainland. The great railway bridge, with its two hundred marble arches, hems its horizon on the one hand, while on the other loom the Euganean Hills, whose cloud-like beauty the poet Shelley has celebrated in deathless song. They surely look like clouds, those changeable, shadowy hills; but they are scarcely company for poor little San Giorgio in his watery nest.

All that is left of a church and a monastery that once sanctified the island is a wall where the seaweed clings, and a grim tower which no man may enter, lest he bring the whole mass of crumbling masonry down about his ears. Nothing can be more pitiful than the shell of this once lovely islet. Rude earthen fortifications have been thrown up in the centre of it, and there is an old pensioner left on guard. I offered this solitary a cigar, and he grew confidential; he marched me to and fro across the enclosure, and showed me where the walls of the church once stood; I saw the cistern that was in the cloister, now dry and choked with weeds, and the cloister a heap of rubbish.

One mournful rose-tree stood in a corner of the island—it is hardly a hundred yards across from shore to shore,—and looked as if it were seeking shelter from the keen

winds that sometimes sweep over the place, loud with roar of the sea.

In another angle of the wall stands a statue of Our Blessed Lady, smiling a benediction upon the waters. "Star of the Sea!" She has cheered many a poor fisherman as he struggled with the boisterous waves; for a beacon once flamed before Her in the still night hours, piercing the inky darkness like a very star. The canopy above the shrine has been blown over by the storm, and, as San Giorgio of the Seaweed has been spoiled of its treasure, and the keepers of that treasure driven forth penniless into the world, the canopy is suffered to hang awry, and no one has the spirit or the power to straighten it.

The desolate little island drifts alone in the sea-meadows, unvisited, untenanted; and the belated fisherman, toiling at the oar, no longer sees the votive lamp flickering across the calm face of the Madonna, or the reflected globe of fire plunging, quenchlessly, in the deep flood that murmurs at Her feet. San Giorgio of the Seaweed is a waif lost in the wilderness of waters, and whose story of desertion, desecration, and decay is sad and poetic; but so is almost every page in the traditions of this marvellous and mournful Venice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Almost Persuaded."*

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

ALMOST persuaded! And why not all?
 Why will you pause and debate?
 Struggling so vainly in heresy's thrall
 Just within sight of the gate!
 Darkness, disquiet, and fear are without,
 Safety and peace are within;
 Knock for admittance, nor parley with doubt,
 Longer to stay would be sin.

* These stanzas were suggested to the writer upon her attention being called, not long ago, to a white-haired man, of great intellectual powers, who, though convinced that the Church of Rome "teaches all truth," still hesitated to take the final step.

What tho' your kindred turn coldly aside!
 What tho' your friends may depart!
 Seek you a friend in the Saviour who died,
 Find you a home in His Heart;
 Heed not the voices, tho' pleading with love,
 Bidding you turn from your quest;
 List to the call of the Eucharist Dove,
 "Come, tired wanderer, and rest."

Almost persuaded! What hinders you, then?
 Intellect-pride? Oh, the shame!
 What are you, friend, but a man among men?
Who gave you talents and fame?
 Here is a crucifix: kiss the dear Feet,
 Once for you nailed to the Tree;
 Here is a Rosary: softly repeat,
 "Pray, Blessed Mary, for me!"

How She will draw you, in ways all Her own,
 Patiently, tenderly on,
 First to the altar, and then to the throne
 Where sits the King, Her own Son!
 Night is approaching, oh! cavil no more—
 Hark, 'tis the *Angelus* bell!
 Christ is the Temple, and Mary the Door:
 Enter, and all shall be well.

A Romantic and Saintly Life.

(CONCLUSION.)

PÈRE MUARD, immediately after his return from Rome, began to carry out his cherished project of giving diocesan missions. His labors were attended from the outset with unqualified success. He soon submitted to the Archbishop a plan for restoring the Abbey of Pontigny, and using it as a dwelling-house for himself and the few priests who had joined him in his mission work. After many difficulties, this plan was eventually carried out, and Père Muard was installed at Pontigny as superior over his little band of devoted workers. Here he continued with untiring charity and self-sacrifice the blessed work of bringing the lost sheep to the Fold by all the powerful appliances of mission work. His labors were eminently successful; but he was not yet entirely satisfied that he was devoting himself to the vocation to which God had called him, and he still waited for

a further manifestation of Divine Providence. He soon received a supernatural intimation that he was to found a religious community; and, after long and mature deliberation, and a protracted retreat, helped by the advice of holy and devout priests whom he consulted, and having received the sanction and approval of his Archbishop, he determined to carry out what was evidently the will of God upon him.

Surely the workings of divine grace are mysterious, but, once grasped, they must be responded to without hesitation and without questioning. Père Muard saw a hand that none else could see beckoning him; he heard a voice that others could not hear, and, like a true follower of Christ, he was ready to be guided by that voice whithersoever it might lead him. He sailed for Rome, and from there went to Subiaco, where he presented himself to the Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery which had been built on the site of the Sacro Speco of St. Scholastica. Père Muard told the Abbot all that was in his heart, and begged that he might have some grotto granted him, to prepare himself for God's work. Abbot Defazy received his communication without doubt or hesitation. "I seemed to see," he said afterwards in a letter, "quite special circumstances in the arrival of Père Muard at St. Benedict's; accordingly I felt no mistrust—a feeling never absent from a superior's mind, if he has any experience of the world, when he is addressed by one who announces that he wishes to found a community."

In reply to Father Muard's request, the Abbot told him that about a mile and a half from the abbey there was a venerable spot, owned by the Order, which was dear to St. Benedict, and the place where he established one of the twelve monasteries which he founded in those parts. The monastery no longer existed, but there remained a hermitage, which had been hallowed by the austerities of a holy penitent of the Order; there, too, was a grotto where St. Benedict had received visits from the Blessed Virgin and the angels. Thither Père Muard

repaired, and devoted his time to recollection, mortification, and familiarizing himself with the rule of St. Benedict, which, with certain modifications, he determined to adopt for the community he was destined to found. At the conclusion of his retreat he went to Gaeta, where he had an interview with His Holiness Pius IX., who expressed approval of his work, and bestowed his blessing on it. Leaving Gaeta, he spent ten days with the Trappists at Aiguebelle, where he enjoyed the sweets of rigid claustral solitude.

From Aiguebelle he returned to Pontigny, where he made his final arrangements, receiving permission from the Archbishop to make his novitiate at La Trappe d'Aiguebelle, and take with him any priest of the diocese who should resolve to embrace the mode of life which Père Muard had mapped out for his order. His six months' novitiate with the Trappists is perhaps the most interesting of the many interesting periods of his life. Nothing can be more edifying than the admiration which he expresses in his letters for the beloved Abbot and his community, who seemed to him to be leading the life of angels upon earth. "Oh! how beautiful," he writes to his former disciples at Pontigny, "does the religious life appear as witnessed at La Trappe! I always loved it, I always desired it, but since I have learned to know it a little here, I love and passionately desire it. My companions share these sentiments with me." He determined to borrow from the rule of La Trappe whatever would be found suitable to the life of his order. Speaking of the Trappists' practice of mortification, which in part he proposed to adopt, he remarked that it was not as difficult as people in the world generally supposed.

"What is most difficult at La Trappe," he says, "is the death to self at every moment,—this continual immolation of self-will, this obedience the most absolute that can be conceived,—an obedience which rules not only all actions, but even the mode of performing them, down to the smallest detail, so that there is not an instant of his life in which a Trappist can say, 'I am doing

my own will.'" There is but one will here—that of God manifested by the voice of the superior; and, indeed, it is a ravishing spectacle to see the manner in which everything in this house is done.' In another letter he recurs to the happiness and repose he enjoys in this holy house of Aiguebelle, which he considers to be an image of heaven, if one is to be found upon earth. He says that on arriving he found his companions much advanced in the interior life, and ardently desirous to make daily progress. The Abbot had spoken most highly of them. 'May the Lord be blessed!' he adds; 'while I was occupied with material stones, God was Himself fashioning the living stones.' He considered that they had left him far behind. 'I am,' he said, 'like one of those scholars who, having been absent a year from college, find themselves the last in their class. I am greatly behindhand, and the last of all—I do not say of the religious, for with them I dare not compare myself, but of my companions. Pray, then, for me as fervently as you can, that I may repair lost time, and rejoin those who are so far ahead of me.'"

From Aiguebelle, at the expiration of six months' novitiate, he went on a pilgrimage to La Salette, and then to La Pierre-qui-Vire, where he had previously selected a site for his monastery. A temporary shed was at once put up; the building progressed rapidly under Père Muard's superintendence, and soon reached completion. It was not large, but comprised all the requisite accommodations—chapel, chapter-hall, refectory, kitchen, cells for the members, court and garden. Such was the monastery of Sainte-Marie de la Pierre qui Vire, placed on an eminence in the midst of austere natural surroundings, the fitting type of the austere lives of its inhabitants. A belfry, with a cross, marked the monastic character of the edifice; and the inscription on the door consisted of those memorable words, so intense in their meaning, so solemn in their application, slighted and ignored by many even of the best Christians of the present day, but echoing to us across the centuries with ever-increasing significance: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."

Let us now endeavor to give a brief idea of the rules and constitutions of Père Muard's Order of St. Edme. They consisted

of the rule of St. Benedict, in its strict primitive observance, with some modifications made to suit the circumstances and needs of the new Order. These rules of St. Benedict enforce the most rigid system of abstinence, and the most complete spirit of poverty and self-abnegation. Here is an extract from the code that Père Muard drew up for his religious, which will give our readers a sufficient idea of its spirit:

"We must look upon ourselves as the last of religious—having only mean thoughts of ourselves, as miserable sinners worthy of every ignominy,—and our society as the lowest of all. We must, therefore, never say anything to give a good opinion of our community, never rectify the false ideas which persons may entertain of us or of our manner of life (unless the glory of God evidently demands it), never write a word with this object, preferring to allow ourselves to be despised and trodden under foot. Let us make ourselves little—so little as not even to seem worthy of contempt, from whatever quarter it may come. Let us keep ourselves in spirit at the feet of all men; let us find our happiness and our glory in being contemned by all, after the example of our Divine Master, who was saturated with opprobrium and ignominy at the hands of all sorts of men. Let us sincerely love humiliations, not only for ourselves personally, but for our society also; let us reject with horror the praises which might be given us, especially when brought into connection with persons living in the world. When we are on mission; let us never say anything which might lead to the commendation of ourselves or our community; and, above all, let us beware in judging others of making comparisons to our own advantage; it would be an abomination before God. I will not enlarge further on this point. I will only say, Let us read, read often, and meditate more often still on the chapter of the rule concerning humility, in which St. Benedict, or rather the Spirit of God, has included all that can be said that is most admirable about that virtue; and let us strive to ascend the steps traced out by this great master, if we desire to arrive at the summit of perfection."

On the 3d of October, 1850, Père Muard and his two companions made their solemn profession: It was, as his biographer says, a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Gladly would we reproduce his eloquent and touching description, but we must hasten on.

Our tale is now drawing to a close; after the foundation of the Monastery of St.

Edme, the life of Père Muard was of that tranquil, happy character which needs no history. There were indeed some clouds, and dark ones, but they were only transient. Fresh novices were received, and the community continued to grow and flourish. But the founder's health was gradually giving way; he had never spared himself before, much less was he inclined to do so now. He still retained his apostolic energy and fervor, but his strength was ebbing. One day, after giving a mission at Avalon, he returned home to the monastery in a state of extreme exhaustion. Before he crossed the threshold, however, he went to kneel before the image of Our Blessed Lady, and thank Her for the success of his expedition. It was the last he was ever to undertake. Seized with a violent attack of illness, he went to the infirmary, which he was never to leave alive. His sufferings were acute, but he bore them with unflinching resignation. He received the last Sacraments with all that intense devotion which he had manifested in every action of his life.

Shortly before his death, overhearing the word "Rosary," he observed: "But I have not said my Rosary to-day." "We are going to say it for you," replied one of the religious." "No, no," he insisted; "I must say it too." Thus did he continue to the last his extreme devotion to the Mother of God. He made the attempt to say the Rosary, but all through the *Credo* and *Pater* could only utter inarticulate sounds. When he came to the *Ave Maria*, however, he made a desperate effort, and pronounced the words clearly and distinctly. Was the Blessed Virgin looking down upon and helping him verily and visibly in the hour of death? That Rosary, we may be sure, has not been forgotten in heaven. His bed was surrounded by the members of the community he had devoted his life to founding. "Suddenly a gleam of animation passed over his countenance. His eyes, which had been closed, reopened, and turned toward heaven, while two large tears rolled down his cheeks; he smiled, then came a soft sigh, and

his beautiful soul had departed to God."

Such was the life and death of this saintly hero. What are the lessons we should learn from it? "Follow not the multitude to do evil"; "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh my help"; "Trust in God and do the right,"—such and similar lessons are taught and enforced by the contemplation of such a life,—lessons which we need, even the best of us, to have constantly reiterated.

In conclusion, let us say that we can not thank Mr. Edward Healy Thompson sufficiently for this truly admirable volume. "To quicken our delight in the saints that are on the earth, and in them that excel in virtue," is the aim with which he has edited his series of religious biography, and in the carrying out of that noble aim he has nobly succeeded. In these days of tenth-rate literature, not worthy of the name of literature at all, the appearance of a book like the volume before us, a worthy treatment of a high and noble theme, is unspeakably refreshing; and in the midst of lives so inconsistent, so dwarfed, so conventional as are the lives of the very best of us, it becomes an absolute necessity of our spiritual nature that we should from time to time spur on our lagging souls by a study and contemplation of such characters as that of Jean-Baptiste Muard, who fought and conquered in the battle we are fighting, who wrestled with our adversaries, and overthrew them. We hope that Mr. Thompson will continue to give us many and many more lives of these glorious heroes, who shine like a river of stars across the firmament of the Church.

What Led to the Founding of the Carthusian Order.

THE following extraordinary event, which is related by the Bollandists, and is said to have occurred in broad daylight, and to have been witnessed by thousands of persons, gave rise to the Order of Carthusians, the most austere religious community in the Church, and one which, though in

existence for eight centuries, has never stood in need of reform.

Raymond Diocrèse, a celebrated doctor of the University of Paris, died in 1082, universally mourned by his pupils. The body, placed on a bier, and covered with a pall, according to the custom of the times, was carried into the Church of Notre Dame, followed by an immense concourse of people.

The canons were chanting the Office for the Dead. At the words of the fourth lesson, "Answer Thou me; how many are mine iniquities and sins?" a sepulchral voice, which seemed to come from beneath the pall, was heard throughout the church saying, "By the just judgment of God I have been accused." They raised the pall—the body was there, immovable, cold, dead. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, the chanting was resumed. At the words, "Answer Thou me," etc., to the indescribable terror of the congregation, the dead man sat up, and, in a louder voice, exclaimed, "By the just judgment of God I have been judged," then he fell back. The doctors present examined the body anew, and searched in vain for some sign of life. The excitement had now reached such a pitch that it was impossible to proceed with the Office, so the ceremonies were deferred until the next day.

At the appointed hour all Paris hastened to Notre Dame. The Office was begun. At the words, "Answer Thou me," etc., the dead man sat up, and, in a voice which thrilled all present, and froze their blood with terror, cried out, "By the just judgment of God I have been condemned."

Among the witnesses of this extraordinary event was Bruno, one of the most learned doctors of the time, renowned throughout Europe for his talents and virtues. Such was the impression made upon him that he resolved to leave the world. With four companions, he retired to the solitude of La Grande-Chartreuse, near Grenoble, there to prepare in time for the just judgments of God, and to found an Order which is one of the glories of the Church.

A Retribution of Providence.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Church Progress* in Wisconsin relates the following singular incidents. Few readers, we think, will fail to discern the finger of God in the punishment of Mr. T—:

A young man belonging to a gang of bridge carpenters of a railroad fell from a high trestle, and was severely and dangerously injured. Our parish priest was at once summoned to the unfortunate man, and requested to hurry, as there seemed to be well-founded fear of his approaching death. The messenger who called the priest was told by the latter to request the section boss to convey him on a hand-car to the dying man. Mr. T—, the section boss, a renegade Catholic, and an active member of a secret society, refused, and declared he would rather pull the hand-car for the devil than for a priest. One of the hands then begged Mr. T— for the use of the hand-car, and offered to find men to pull it. This was refused, and the injured man died before he received the last Sacraments. The priest would have been there in plenty of time, had not the use of the hand-car been refused.

Last Summer Mr. T—'s son was taken dangerously ill, and there was no hope of recovery. The priest was wanted, but was not at home; he was in a little town on the railroad seven miles east of here, where there is a small congregation attended once a month. The section boss started on the hand car to bring the priest to his son. It was a dark, stormy night. About four miles from here, on the very trestle where the young bridge carpenter got hurt, the hand-car ran against a freight-train. Mr. T— was killed instantly, and three of his men dangerously hurt; the fourth was thrown against the embankment, and only slightly bruised. The latter was the man who had begged for the use of the hand-car for the priest some months before.

When Father L— returned home on the night train, the son of the section boss was dead, and gone to follow his own father before the tribunal of the just God.

OUR grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle*.

Catholic Notes.

The Rev. J. S. Vaughan, writing from the House of Expiation, London, points out the strange fact that absolutely no notice seems to have been taken in the English Catholic papers of the death of the saintly Bishop of Perth, in Western Australia the Rt Rev. M. Griver, although there are circumstances in connection with the event that can not fail to be edifying, and help to spur on our weakness to nobler efforts. The death of Bishop Griver occurred, it appears, on the morning of All Souls'. He had been ill for some weeks previous, and unable to say Mass; but on All Saints' Day he was somewhat better, and summoned up all his remaining strength to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice for the last time: the next day he was called to his eternal reward. When the body was being prepared for burial, imagine the astonishment of those engaged in this last sad office when they found that it was not only marked with the scourge, but that "fixed to the back, and partly imbedded in it, was a stout wooden cross, about a foot long, from which five large iron spikes penetrated nearly half an inch into the flesh." The cross was kept in its position by a painful, knotted cord. Surely in these days of softness and luxury, when Religion walks in silver slippers, an example like the foregoing is a warning to all who are treading "the primrose path of dalliance," and fondly trying to persuade themselves that it leads to heaven.

A tablet is about to be placed by the committee of Parisian inscriptions on the house 23 Rue Thérèse, to indicate that the Abbé de l'Épée, the philanthropist who devoted himself to the teaching of the deaf and dumb, died in the house in the Rue des Moulins, which formerly stood on the same spot.

Another case of the miraculous operation of the Water of Lourdes is recorded in *The Monitor*, of San Francisco. Mr. Thomas Hallahan, a New York business man, has recently experienced a remarkable cure. The facts, on his own authenticated testimony, are as follows: Mr. Hallahan contracted spinal disease several years ago, and was finally obliged to use crutches. Various doctors were consulted without success; but Mr. Hallahan

did not despair. He had always been a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, and his faith was never weakened in this time of trial. Having gone to Philadelphia to consult the most prominent specialist in that city, who, after a thorough diagnosis of the disease, pronounced it incurable, he paid a visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor, who gave him some Water of Lourdes, and advised him to make a novena. He accordingly did so, but neglected to complete the novena by receiving Holy Communion. Notwithstanding this, he was partially cured. Some months afterwards, however, his disease returned with increased severity; and finally his strength seemed altogether gone, when, happening to pay a visit to Brooklyn, he again received some of the Lourdes Water from the Sisters of Mercy. He began a second novena, at the end of which he rose from bed a radically cured man. In a true spirit of gratitude, he left this country almost immediately for France, that he might repair to the Grotto of Lourdes, in fulfilment of a promise he made to the Blessed Virgin.

Clients of St Francis of Assisi will be gratified to learn that the indulgences of Five Sundays in honor of St. Francis are now extended to the whole world. The privileges are the same as for the Six Sundays of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The Five Sundays may be the five immediately preceding the Feast of the Sacred Stigmata (Sept. 17), or any five Sundays at choice, provided that they be consecutive. A plenary indulgence is granted for each of the Sundays, on the usual conditions of confession, Communion, and prayer for the Pope's intention.

According to recently published statistics, the Society of Jesus now counts 2,500 missionaries; it has had 248 saints, 1,500 martyrs, 13 popes, 60 cardinals, 4,000 archbishops and bishops.

The Chinese Government has issued important instructions to the local governors, in pursuance of which these officials have put forth proclamations warning the people against the persecution of missionaries and Christians. "Know all men," says the Governor of Che-kiang, "that the sole object of establishing chapels is to exhort men to do right; those who embrace Christianity do not cease to be Chinese, and both sides should,

therefore, continue to live in peace, and not let mutual jealousies be the cause of strife between them." And Kung, the Governor of the province in which Shanghai is situated, after explaining that, under the treaties, missionaries have the right to hold ground and houses on lease, and to travel about to preach, "their sole aim being the inculcation of the practice of virtue, and having no design of interfering with the business of the people," goes on to say: "Such of the subjects of China as wish to become converts may lawfully do so, and, as long as they abstain from evil-doing, there is no law prescribing inquisition into or prohibition of their action"—*London Tablet*.

A cable dispatch last week from Rome announced the appointment of the Rev. Father Matthew Harkins, rector of St James' Church, Boston, Mass., to the episcopal see of Providence, made vacant by the decease of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hendricken. The newly appointed Bishop is a native of Boston. He began his education at the Latin School, and completed his theological studies at St. Sulpice, Paris. He has successively filled pastorates at Salem, Arlington, and Boston, and is respected and beloved wherever he is known. It is an interesting fact that Father Harkins is the third rector of St. James' (Boston) who has been promoted to the episcopate.

A dispatch from Constantinople, dated the 14th ult., states that Mgr. Azarian, the Catholic Armenian Patriarch, has left for Rome, bearing an autograph letter from the Sultan to Pope Leo XIII., and a valuable ring set with diamonds, which the Ruler of Turkey presents in remembrance of the Golden Jubilee of His Holiness.

Adam (a Catholic paper published in Tennessee) hits the nail on the head when it says: "The Catholic who ignores the sacred obligations of his Church denies his God, and becomes the greatest enemy of his race and creed. We are in this country losing more by the infidelity of Catholics than we are gaining by the fervor of good Catholics and converts. The Catholic who neglects to assist at Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation, or to approach the Sacraments as commanded, who gets drunk, is a living scandal, especially to the little ones. As soon as one command of

the Church is ignored grace is lost, and the end no man knows. We need practical Catholics to-day."

It has been said with some truth that, while the University of Oxford is the University of movements, *e. g.*, Tractarianism, Methodism, etc., the University of Cambridge, on the other hand, is the University of men. From the days of Bacon down to our own time, what a glorious bead roll of famous names it can count up! Foremost on this roll of distinguished names is one who is entitled to a place among the very noblest of all England—Cardinal Fisher. President of Queen's College, and virtually founder (through his influence with Lady Margaret Beaufort, his penitent) of the ancient and religious College of St. John the Evangelist and Christ's College, he was the last Catholic chancellor of the University before the Reformation, and continued to discharge the duties of that office to the day of his death. In a letter to the English Catholic journals, Mr. Christopher Scott, a resident of Cambridge, remarks that it is time that Catholic Cambridge, with all Catholic England, should do some signal mark of honor to the Blessed Cardinal. The opportunity is afforded, he points out, at the present moment, when, through the munificence of a benefactress who wishes to remain unknown, a church of unusual magnificence is in course of erection at Cambridge, to be dedicated first to Our Lady and then to the English martyrs. A statue, representing Cardinal Fisher in the robes of his office, with the crucifix and New Testament in his hands—as he held them on the day of his martyrdom,—is being prepared for the church, in which there will be an altar dedicated to him in union with St. Thomas of Canterbury.

The following extract from Judge William M. Merrick serves as an illustration of the true attitude of the Church towards Science, and shows that scientific development is simply the handmaid of revelation:

"The Church, through its ministers, has not for an instant avoided the challenge to enter the field of historic and philosophic inquiry, and to invite and stimulate its laity to do the same. No matter how far the telescope of the astronomer may penetrate, no matter how many immeasurable worlds may be proved to exist beyond those now dreamed of, it knows that God is still there, and the more

and more overwhelming is the necessity for His presence. No matter how minute and how perfect, in the descending scale, the organisms which the microscope discloses, yet more and more it demonstrates that only the constructive and sustaining powers of a divine Architect are capable of causing these harmonious developments. But, with or without a law of development, Reason must pause before some final and impulsive point. Failing at last, the intellect must turn to revelation for aid. And then steps forward the Church, repeating to Reason one of its own forgotten truths: that the *finite* can not measure the infinite, that the less can not prescribe a law to the greater. And, with Reason thus baffled and humbled, she addresses the heart: 'Can it be an indignity or a degradation to receive a favor from one whom you have loved—from one whom you know to be prompted by an immeasurable love for yourself?' Behold, if there were the sting of dependence in creation, it is taken away by the brotherhood of Redemption; and man is lifted by gratuitous aid to an immortal rank far higher than the wildest dreams of intellectual pride could ever reach. The law of love reconciles science with religion, man with his Maker."

At the recent examination for licentiates in pharmacy by the Wisconsin State Board of Pharmacy, Sister Mathilda, of the Franciscan Community, La Crosse, attained an average of 95 per cent.—*Catholic Universe*.

New Publications.

ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1887.

In little more than one hundred pages, this volume gives a very sensible, because easily mastered, sketch of the history of our country. Facts without comment must constitute the matter of such a condensation, and facts without comment are palatable only to those who have had plenty of facts with comments. It is the misfortune of all school histories that they must be given in a condensed form, and too seldom with the aid of a master-pen. Few young people have a taste for history. The recent escape from the dry pages of the text-book they were compelled to study at school does not incline them to research in the closely-printed, heavily-bound volumes of the masterpieces of the storied past. Yet there is no fiction so thrilling as these shadows of the truth, no reading more calculated to arouse our sympathies and widen our views. History

does, indeed, "but repeat itself," and the student of it may look ahead with something of the prophet in his vision. But he must not accept *all* history nor *one man's* history. He must be wide read as well as deep-read, and learn to judge for himself, and to fear prejudice in an historian as much as deliberate falsifying. Such a handy volume as this "Elementary History" is not only valuable but interesting, calling up a thousand thoughts and trains of thought suggested by the lights and shadows of the finished picture it so cleverly outlines. The beginner, for whom it is intended, will not find in it the same charm, but it is of great value to him, nevertheless.

A THOUGHT FROM ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI FOR EACH DAY OF THE YEAR. Translated from the French by Anna T. Sadlier. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

It is scarcely necessary to introduce a book of St. Alphonsus Liguori with words of praise. He is a Saint who has been the guide, the comforter, the adviser of so many souls, that one looks confidently for spiritual instruction from any page to which his name is prefixed. The small volume which Miss Sadlier has prepared with her usual care and grace contains a few lines for each day of the year,—a finished thought which is a warning, a caution, or an endorsement of one's daily course. It is a wonderful fact that a detached thought often works out "a soul's salvation" in a perplexing and precarious situation. Shorn of its attendant comments, arguments, and conclusions,—altogether bare and unshadowed,—a stern rebuke or a loving persuasion strikes into the innermost recesses of the unsubdued or the discouraged heart, and strength and wisdom follow its cleaving ray. Therefore, we may hope for a fruitful harvest from these "Thoughts" of a man who thought the thoughts of God, and uttered them from his pure and fiery heart.

GLISTENING GRAINS FROM GOLDEN SANDS: "A Thought for the New Year." "Litany of Goodness and Devotion." "To Make Friends." "Our Mother Mary." "Sanctification." "The Sacred Heart." Same Publishers.

Six little books, scarcely larger each one than a car-ticket, contain many of the lofty thoughts of the series "Golden Sands," which has now reached the fourth number. They are vest-pocket companions, and, commencing

with the first, "A Thought for the New Year," it would be no bad plan to carry one of them until it wears out, and then supply its place with another. Odd moments in a busy life may sow the seeds of wonderful harvests.

THE LIFE OF ST. GERMAINE COUSIN. By M. L. F. Guerin. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. Same Publishers.

The story of St. Germaine Cousin is that of "a life hid with Christ in God." The motherless peasant maiden, growing like a flower of her own lonely fields, in simple, sweet and holy piety, left no startling record to amuse the idle reader. But the lesson of her life has been often told, and is not less beautifully repeated in the translation before us. The Dedication is the prayer of an earnest and sincere soul, asking a blessing upon his labors. Under the protection so humbly asked, the book will go forth to a good work.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 40

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Hugh Haggerty, the worthy and beloved pastor of Hollidaysburg, Pa., whose death occurred on the 25th ult.

The Rev. John Ehrenstrasser, of the Diocese of Grand Rapids.

Sister Mary Catherine, of the Sisters of Charity, Kingston, Ont., who departed this life on the 29th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Joseph E. McKinney, who calmly breathed his last on the 16th ult., at Johnstown, Pa.

Mrs. Martha Campbell, an old friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in Wilmington, Del., who died a happy death on the 16th ult.

Mrs. Louis Pelletier, whose death, sanctified by the last Sacraments, took place at St. Paul, Minn., on the 23d ult.

Mrs. M. Dunn, of Lancaster, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Holmes, San Francisco; Ellen Pigott, Cohoes, N. Y.; John Morley, Patrick McDonough, and Bartholomew Nolan, Iowa City, Ioa.; Mrs. Mary D. Walsh, San Francisco; Thomas Murray, Cedar Rapids, Ioa.; Mrs. Mary Moran, Preston, Neb.; Mrs. Anna Fanning, Lakeville, Cal.; Mr. Daniel Dougherty, San Francisco; Elizabeth Powers, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Michael Corcoran, Co. Tipperary, Ireland; Mrs. Bridget McManus, Wilmington, Del.; Michael F. Gavin, Manchester, N. H.; D. E. and John F. McCarthy, and Mary Griffin.

May they rest in peace!



The Palm Benny Won.

BY S. L. B.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

And so after a short time Benny came to his first morning at school. He dreaded it a little, for he had already learned enough to know that it would be very different from his dear convent school; but he was also learning to make the best of what he could not help. He went early, that Miss Smith might have time to talk to him, and find out, as she said, if he knew anything.

Benny missed the black veil and Rosary and sweet, motherly face of Sister Agnes; but was comforted at finding that Miss Smith seemed to be pleased with his correct spelling, his knowledge of the Multiplication Table, and such other of his childish attainments as he was able to display in the short time given to his examination. The lady's voice sounded cheerful and amiable, and he was certain she had a kind heart, in spite of her sharp eyes, and the grim look she put on, as befitting one who had charge of over thirty lively boys and girls.

Miss Smith called in Charley White, a boy older than Benny, with whom he was to sit. It was within a few minutes of bell-time. Benny thought Charley was disposed to be friendly; for he showed him his jack-knife and marbles, gave him a willow whistle, asked him if he liked spelling and how far he had ciphered, if he had a kite and could walk on stilts, and finally invited him to go fishing the next Saturday. Benny answered the questions, and mentally decided to accept the invitation, if Aunt Martha and the baby could spare him.

He felt that the worst was over, and gave a great sigh of relief when the bell rang, and he glanced around, meeting a friendly

though somewhat curious look on each face. He felt a chill of disappointment, though, at not seeing the familiar little altar, but sat quietly with the rest, listening reverently to the words of the "Our Father," with which Miss Smith always opened school in the morning. At the close he made the Sign of the Cross, and then it was that Charley was startled into the exclamation with which my story opened.

Benny opened his arithmetic at random, and, bending his burning face over his slate, worked away, without having a clear idea of whether he was adding, or dividing, or struggling with the intricacies of fractions; only conscious of Charley's amazed eyes, and feeling as if every one were looking at him. It is not pleasant for a man or woman to stand all alone, even with a consciousness of right to help one; and it is no wonder that poor Benny's heart beat until he fancied every one in the room could hear it; while there was a strange, buzzing noise in his ears, and the figures on his slate seemed to be running over each other, and the prayers he tried to say were all jumbled together with the thought of his father and mother, Aunt Martha, Uncle Ben, the baby, and Sister Agnes.

And all the while Charley's whispering went on, the young scapegrace having noticed Benny's scarlet cheeks and troubled eyes. With a book spread wide-open before his face, he braved the terrors of the law against whispering, for the pleasure of gratifying his curiosity.

"Say, Benny," he went on, "what did you do that for? You looked so funny! What was it for, anyway? You looked solemnner than a deacon, with your hand flying about so."

Oh, if Benny could only silence him by telling him why he did it! though he thought it was hardly possible that a boy who lived outside of heathendom did not know the Sign of the Cross. But there was the rule against whispering, and, though Benny might forget, he would not wilfully disobey.

It was a relief when he heard Miss Smith

ask, sternly: "Charles White, are you whispering? Well, bring your book here and sit down by me; then you can whisper as much as you like. And you will remain in at recess."

Charley marched sulkily to the seat indicated, and bent over his hated spelling-book, meeting all Benny's pitiful glances with a scowl.

When the boys laid aside their books, and trooped out to recess, each one shouting as soon as his head was fairly out of the door, Benny followed slowly, looking back and hesitating; when he reached the door he fumbled with the latch for a moment, then turned and walked back quickly, for fear his courage should fail.

"Please, Miss Smith," he implored, in a low voice—"please let Charley go out. It—it was partly my fault that he whispered."

"Did you whisper to him? Why did you not tell me at first?"

"No, ma'am," faltered Benny, who had not thought he would have to explain; "it was something I did."

"What did you do, Benny?"

"Nothing much—that is, I'd—I'd rather not tell," he answered, nervously.

"I can not let Charley go unless you tell me what you did, and I shall have to keep you in too," continued Miss Smith, seriously.

"I only crossed myself after morning prayers," said Benny, his cheeks crimson, but his eyes looking bravely into the lady's face.

"Ah!" she replied, "I heard something of this, but supposed your uncle would put a stop to it. You may go now; I'll see you after school this evening. Yes, Charley may go too."

Of course Benny had to explain to the boys why he had crossed himself, but it was not so hard a task as he had imagined. Two or three of the little fellows asked a few questions, and one bit of worldly wisdom hazarded the remark that "Catholics are always poor; my pa says so." Still, Benny's bravery in begging pardon for Charley, and

his generosity in claiming a share of the blame, disposed the boys to be friendly, and they gathered around him, laughing and chattering.

"Tell you what, though," said Charley, with a wise nod, "Benny's just a-going to catch it. I know what it means when Miss Smith draws her mouth down so tight. I've seen that look before. She doesn't often use that great big ruler you saw on the desk, but look out for your hands, Benny, if you don't just turn around and be a Presbyterian quicker'n a wink. I'm in her Sunday-school class, and I tell you if we don't have to learn our lesson so's we can say it off without stopping to breathe!"

Benny felt a little sober over the outlook, but decided wisely to wait until he was certain of the results, before he troubled himself. So he joined in the games with boyish heartiness, and on returning to the school-room studied hard, and, in consequence, when school closed was marked perfect in all his lessons.

Miss Smith said little to Benny; she only told him she was surprised that his uncle had not taught him better, and she forbade him to make the Sign of the Cross again.

"Will you promise to obey me, Benny?" she asked. "If you do not, I must punish you severely. I will not have such a relic of idolatry in a Christian school-room."

Pity and the stirring of the true Catholic missionary spirit lent words to Benny's fear-tied tongue.

"O Miss Smith!" he said, "and you don't know about Our Lord, and how He died for us on the Cross? Oh! I am so sorry! I thought everybody knew all about it."

Miss Smith sat dumb before the child, a flush mounting slowly to her cheeks, while a faint doubt of the propriety of meddling with faith so simple and earnest troubled her conscience for a moment. Then she said, sternly:

"You should not speak to me like that, Benny. Of course I know of the Lord Jesus and His death on Calvary; but your Sign

of the Cross is the mark of the Roman Church. I can not permit it in my school-room. You must promise me never to make it again. Will you promise? . . . If not, hold out your hand."

A hot flush dyed Benny's face scarlet, while his heart beat violently. In all his life he had never received a blow. Then he remembered the blessed martyrs, who had gone cheerfully even to death, rather than deny the holy Lord Jesus, and through the dread and the shame came an exultant thought that made him strong. His little palm—the palm he had longed for, and prayed he might win! Perhaps Our Lord was answering his prayer now. Such a little palm, Benny thought humbly, but still, perchance, one that his Crucified Lord was holding out to him.

He looked up, his dark eyes clear and steadfast. "I can't promise, Miss Smith—I never will," he said, firmly. "I'd rather die than deny Our Lord."

He bowed his head while he whispered an *Ave*, then the little hand was held bravely out.

Miss Smith looked at the child in wonder. "Is that the way you feel, Benny," she asked—"as if I wanted you to deny Our Lord?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the little fellow, simply.

"And I suppose," she continued, with a smile, "you think I'm a Miss Nero, at least?"

"Why, no," said Benny, honestly; "not so bad as Nero, of course. He'd kill me, but you'll only hurt me some."

Miss Smith's father had said: "Miranda is dreadfully set in her way; I have never known her to yield to anybody since she put on long dresses." But she was not unjust, and she was brave enough to own even to a little child she had been in the wrong. So she said, quietly:

"Very well, Benny; if you feel like that, I shall not punish you this time, though I am very sorry for you. Now you may run home."

The tears that had not even dimmed Ben-

ny's eyes came now in a flood. He almost danced home. He gave Aunt Martha a full account of the day, and won her consent to the fishing expedition. Then he did all his little chores, and went to bed the happiest boy in the land.

Dear young readers of THE "AVE MARIA," I think Benny won his palm that day, don't you?

The Outcome of a Wager.

BY A. E.

Once upon a time—not many years ago—two young sub-lieutenants, from Saint-Cyr, who were in Paris seeing the sights, entered the Church of the Assumption, near the Tuileries, and stood gazing around at the frescos and other works of art collected in that beautiful temple. It was very evident that they had not come to pray.

One of them, having noticed a young priest, vested in surplice and stole, kneeling near a confessional, said to his companion:

"Look at that priest; he seems to be waiting for some one to go to confession—perhaps for you."

"Let him wait, then," answered the other, with a laugh.

"I'll bet you are afraid to go."

"What will you bet?"

"A royal dinner."

"Agreed," said the other; and, going up to the priest, he signified his wish to go to confession. The priest arose and entered the confessional, followed by the young scamp, who cast a triumphant glance at his companion.

When the slide was pushed back, the mock penitent rattled off a list of sins, saying at the end, "I don't care to make a real confession; I only came here to gain a bet."

The priest had listened without a word, but now, recalling perhaps the conversation between St. Philip Neri and the young man, he said, gently:

"My friend, I see you belong to the army. Of what grade are you?"

"Sub-lieutenant," answered the young man, surprised at the question.

"And how soon do you expect to become a full lieutenant?"

"In two or three years."

"And after that?"

"Oh! after that I shall become captain."

And so he continued to answer the priest's questions up to the grade of Marshal of France.

"And after that?" asked the priest.

"Oh! that is the height of my ambition. I don't care what happens after that."

"I will tell you what will happen after that," said the priest, solemnly: "you will die, and you will appear before God to be judged. If you do not amend your life, you will be condemned to everlasting torments."

The young man felt that the tables were being turned on him, and was anxious to make his escape as quickly as possible.

"One moment more," said the priest. "You owe me some reparation; what I ask is very simple. I am sure you are a man of your word; promise me that for eight days you will repeat the following sentences: 'Some day I shall die—but I don't care. After my death I shall be judged—but I don't care. I shall be condemned—but I don't care.'"

The young man promised, and came out from the confessional, looking very red and very foolish. He left the church at once, followed by his friend.

"Upon my word," said the latter, "I thought you were going to confession in earnest. Do you know, you were in there twenty minutes! But you have fairly won the bet. Shall we dine now? I declare I am hungry as well as tired."

"Excuse me," said the other; "I have an engagement; I must leave you." And he parted from his friend and dined alone. He remembered his promise to the priest, so he said to himself, before retiring: "Some day I shall die; I shall be judged; I shall, perhaps, be condemned"; he did not dare to add, "but I don't care."

Several days passed; his "penance" was

ever in his mind, and seemed to ring in his ears. On the eighth day he returned to the church, and sought out the same priest, to whom he made a good confession. This time he came from the confessional with tears in his eyes, peace and joy in his heart.

A Providential Accident.

A priest was hastening one dark and stormy night through some of the obscure lanes in London, to give the last Sacraments to a poor dying person in that neighborhood. As he passed, suddenly the ground gave way under his feet, and he was precipitated through one of those cellar entrances which in some quarters of the great city are so frequently to be found adjacent to the wall. Recovering from the first shock, a deep moan, proceeding as if from the farthest end of this sombre vault, engaged all his attention. "In God's Name, who are you, and where am I fallen?" asked the priest. "I know you," said a feeble voice. "You are a priest, come to console me at my death." Our little narrative is soon concluded: this poor person received from the priest's hands the last Sacraments, and then expired in his arms.

The Story of Brother John.

There was once a monk, named John, who took the notion that he ought to be "without care like the angels, doing nothing but praise God." So he gave up the employment with which he was charged, and finally left his brothers and the abbot, and went into the desert. But after seven days he came back and knocked at the door of the monastery.

"Who is there?" asked the abbot.

"John; I am hungry and want to return."

"Brother John is turned into an angel, and is no more among men."

So he left him outside all night, and in the morning gave him to understand that, if he were a man, he must work; but if he were an angel, he had no need of food.



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In Wintry Weather.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

MADONNA, though the whitened meads
across

No breath to-day of balmy zephyrs floats,
Nor tuneful song from little feathered throats
Falls from the wayside trees, whose branches
toss

Their naked arms above the frozen fosse;
Albeit that the gardens and the moats,
Beneath the ermine of their winter coats,
Sigh for the flowers, and sorrow for their loss,
This sombre season speaks of Thee withal:
For in the winds which whistle as they blow,
And in the flakes which eddy as they fall
On the broad bosom of the fields below,
Voices there are which whisper, and recall
The legend of Our Lady of the Snow.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER VII.

WELL, Marion," said Helen, "now
that you have seen Mr. Singleton,
what do you think of him?"

They were walking home through the
soft, moonlit summer night when this
question was asked, and Marion answered,
lightly: "I find him charming. He is re-
fined, fastidious, has seen a great deal of the
world, and is altogether a man after my own
taste."

"Then," said Frank Morley, who was
walking by her side, "a man after your own
taste must be a heartless valetudinarian;
for that is what Mr. Singleton has the credit
of being."

"As it chances," said Marion, "neither
his heartlessness nor his valetudinarianism
concerns me in the least—granting that
they exist. But I confess to a doubt on that
point. Are you very intimately acquainted
with him, Mr. Morley?"

Had the moonlight been brighter, it might
have been perceived that young Morley
flushed at the tone of the question. "No,"
he answered; "I have no acquaintance with
him at all. But that is the opinion of every
one."

"The opinion of 'every one' has very
little weight with me," said Marion. "I
prefer my own."

"You are quite right to distrust an un-
charitable opinion, my dear Marion," inter-
posed Mrs. Dalton's quiet voice. "The fact
of its being general is no reason for credit-
ing it. People are always quicker to believe
evil than good, I am sorry to say."

"I suppose that is meant for me," said
Frank Morley. "But really I am not in-
clined, on general principles, to believe evil
sooner than good. I do think, however,
that some weight is to be given to a *consensus*
of public opinion."

"What a large word!" cried Helen,
laughing, while Rathborne observed, with
his familiar sneer:

"A word which represents a large fact

also, but a fact that must be based on knowledge in order to have any value. Now, the public opinion of Scarborough has no knowledge at all of Mr. Singleton. Therefore its decision about him has no value."

"I am glad to hear it," said Marion; "for I do not believe that he is either heartless or a valetudinarian."

"I suppose he made himself agreeable to you," said young Morley.

"Very agreeable," she answered, coolly. "He informed me that we are related, and he asked me to come and sing for him alone."

"I congratulate you on a triumph, then," said Rathborne; "for he is a most critical person, who likes few things and tolerates few people."

"So I judged," she answered, "and I felt flattered accordingly."

"How frightened I should have been of him!" exclaimed Helen. "I am very glad that my singing was not worthy of his notice!"

There was a general laugh at this, as they paused at Mrs. Dalton's gate, where good-nights were exchanged. "I will see you to the house," said Rathborne, when his aunt declared that in the soft, bright moonlight there was no need for any one to accompany them farther: he opened the gate and went in, while the Morleys walked off.

"Frank," said Miss Morley, "what is the reason that you so often speak to Miss Lynde in a manner that sounds disagreeable and sarcastic? I don't think it is well-bred, and I never knew you guilty of speaking so to any one before."

"I never had such cause before," answered Frank. "It is the tone Miss Lynde habitually employs to *me*. You will say, perhaps, that is no excuse, but at least you will admit that it is a provocation."

"A provocation you ought to resist," said the young lady. "I am really ashamed of you! What is the reason that you positively seem to dislike each other?"

"Miss Lynde appears to think that I am a person who needs to be kept in my place

by severe snubbing," replied the young man; "and I think that she is the most vain and conceited girl I ever encountered. I don't trust her an inch; and if there is not something very like a flirtation going on between Rathborne and herself, I'm mistaken."

"How can you say such a thing! Why, Paul Rathborne is as good as engaged to Helen, and, of course, her cousin knows it!"

"That's neither here nor there. Whatever she knows or doesn't know, you have only to see them together to observe how well they understand each other. As for Rathborne, no treachery would surprise me in him."

"Frank, I am really shocked at you!" cried his sister. "You have let prejudice run away with your judgment. You dislike Paul Rathborne until you are ready to suspect him of anything. Of course he admires Miss Lynde—every one does except yourself,—but that is no reason for believing that he would be treacherous to Helen. And Miss Lynde's manner is the same to him as to every one, so far as I have observed."

"As far as you have observed may not be very far," said Frank, with brotherly candor. "Wait and see—that is all."

"I think *you* ought to wait and see before you make such charges," returned Miss Morley. "You always disliked Paul Rathborne, and now you dislike Miss Lynde, so you suspect them both of very unworthy conduct. It shows how we ought to guard against disliking people, since to do so leads at last to unjust judgments."

"Very fine moralizing," remarked the young man; "but not at all applicable in this case, since I don't suspect them because I dislike them, but I dislike them because I suspect them. There's all the difference in the world in that."

"It amounts to the same thing with you, I fancy," answered his skeptical sister. "But I hope that at least you will keep your suspicions to yourself. If you breathed them to Helen—"

"Do you think I would!" he said, in-

dignantly. "What good could it do? Helen will believe nothing against any one she loves. And she does love Rathborne—confound him!"

"Frank, you are really growing so uncharitable that it distresses me to hear you talk," said his sister, solemnly.

Frank only responded by a laugh compounded of scorn and vexed amusement; but in his heart he knew that it was true—that he was growing uncharitable, and that he disliked Rathborne so much that he was ready to believe any ill of him. It was this dislike which had sharpened his eyes to perceive what that astute gentleman thought he was concealing from every one—the fact of the strong attraction which Marion had for him; and whoever else that fact might surprise, it did not surprise young Morley in the least: He had never believed in the disinterestedness of Rathborne's affection for Helen, and it had enraged him to perceive the trust with which his cousin gave her heart to a man unworthy of it. These sentiments had prepared him to observe any failure in the conduct of that man, and there had been a gratified sense of the justification of his own judgment when he perceived what was so far hidden from every one else except Rathborne himself and—Marion.

For Marion was fully alive to the admiration with which Rathborne regarded her; but it is only justice to say that no thought of treachery to Helen was ever in *her* mind. Many and great as her faults might be, they were not of a mean order. By towering ambition and arrogant pride, she might fall into grievous error, but hardly into baseness—at least not by premeditation. But it is hard to say at exactly what milestone we will stop on the road of seeking the gratification and interest of self. It pleased her to see that Rathborne regarded her in a very different manner from that in which he regarded any other woman with whom she saw him associating; the unconscious homage of his air when he approached her, of his tone when he addressed her, the choice of his subjects when he talked to her

alone, were all like incense to her vanity; and it was this incense which she liked, rather than the man. Concerning the latter, she had not changed her first opinion, which did not differ very widely from that of Mr. Frank Morley.

The day after Mrs. Singleton's evening, Helen said to her cousin: "I wish so much, Marion, that you would sometimes sing in our choir! Miss Grady, our organist, said to me last night that she would be so glad if you would, and I promised to ask you."

"Why, certainly," replied Marion, with ready assent; "I shall be very glad to do so whenever you like. Catholic music is so beautiful that it is a pleasure to sing it; but I don't know much of it."

"You know that lovely '*Ave Maria*' you used to sing at the convent."

"Gounod's? Oh! yes; but when can I sing that?"

"At the Offertory in the Mass. I know Miss Grady will be delighted, for she has no really good voice. Fancy, mine is her best!"

"How modest you are!" said Marion, smiling. "Very well, then, I will sing the '*Ave Maria*' next Sunday with a great deal of pleasure, if your organist likes, and your priest does not object to a Protestant voice."

"He is not likely to do that; but I thought you always declared that you are not a Protestant."

"I suppose one must be classed as a Protestant, according to the strict sense of the term, when one is not a Catholic—and that I am not."

"But you may be some day."

"Nothing is more unlikely. Your religion is too exacting: it puts one's whole life in bondage. Now, I want to be free."

"Not free to do wrong, Marion! And the only bondage which the Catholic Church lays upon people is to forbid their doing what is wrong."

"I must be free to judge for myself what is wrong," returned Marion, with a haughty gesture of her head. "But we had better not talk of this, Helen. We do not think

alike, and I do not wish to say anything disagreeable to you."

"Nor I to you," said Helen; "and indeed I have no talent for argument. One needs Claire for that. Dear Claire! how I wish she were here!"

"So do I," said Marion; "but not for purposes of argument, I confess."

Glad to do something to please her aunt and cousin, Marion went willingly the next Sunday to the Catholic church, and, having already seen the organist—a pleasant young music teacher—accompanied Helen into the choir-loft. Here, sitting quietly in a corner during the first part of the Mass, she had time to contrast the scene before her with that which she had witnessed during the other Sundays of her stay in Scarborough. The first thing which struck her was the poverty of the small building, as compared with the luxury and beauty of the Episcopal place of worship. Here were no finely-carved and polished woods, but plain, plastered walls, relieved from bareness only by the pictures, which told in simple black and white the woful story of the Cross. The sound of moving feet and scraping benches on the uncovered floor, jarred on her nerves after the subdued quiet which was the result of carpeted aisles and pews; while the appearance of the congregation spoke plainly of humble, hard-working lives. No suggestion of social distinction and elegance was here. But in the sanctuary there was something of beauty to please even her æsthetic eye.

The small altar was beautifully dressed with freshly-cut flowers, draped with spotless linen and fine lace, and brilliant with light of wax tapers. Evidently Helen's careful hand and convent-bred taste had been there, even as Helen's pure, sweet, young voice was even now singing the angelic words of the "*Gloria*." The priest, who was a pale and rather insignificant-looking man, certainly lacked the refined and scholarly air of the handsome young clergyman with whom Marion instinctively compared him; but there was an assured dignity in his air and gestures as he stood

at the altar, which she was too keen an observer not to perceive, and remember that the other had lacked.

In the midst of these mingled thoughts and impressions—thoughts and impressions wherein devotion had no place—she was suddenly summoned to sing. She took her place with the self-possession which never failed her, and began that beautiful strain to which Gounod has set the sacred words of the "*Ave Maria*." There were not many musically trained ears or critically trained tastes among the congregation below, but even they turned instinctively to see what voice was rising with such divine melody toward heaven. Over and over again Marion had sung these words without thinking of their meaning, but she had never before sung them in the Mass; and now something in the hush of the stillness around her, in the reverence of the silent people, in the solemn, stately movements of the priest and the uplifting of the chalice, seemed to fill her with a consciousness that she, too, was uttering a prayer—a prayer of such ancient and holy origin that careless lips should fear to speak it.

"*Sancta Maria, Mater Dei!*"—never had the wonder, the majesty, the awfulness of the Name struck her before as it struck her now, when she was, as it were, the mouthpiece for all the believing hearts that so called the Blessed Maid of Israel—"ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ." Her voice sank over the last words with a strange sense of their meaning. The hour of our death! It would come to her, too, that hour—a sudden, intense realization of the fact seemed to run through her veins like ice,—and when it came, would it not be well to have appealed in earnest to Her who stood by the Cross, and was and is eternally the Mother of God?

Such a thought, such a question was new to this proud and worldly spirit. Why it came to her at this moment is one of the miracles of God's grace. It was not destined to make any lasting impression; but for the time it was strong enough to cause her, when the hymn was ended, to go and

kneel down in the place she had left, while from her heart rose the appeal which only her lips had uttered a moment before, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me now and at the hour of my death.'

It gratified Helen to observe that Marion knelt with apparent devoutness during the solemn portion of the Mass; but when they came out of church, and she turned with a smile to congratulate her on her singing, she was struck by the paleness and gravity of the beautiful face. "What is the matter?" she asked, quickly. "Has anything displeased you?"

"Displeased me!" said Marion, with a start of surprise. "No; why should you think so?"

"You look so grave."

"Do I? Perhaps I am displeased with myself, then. I did not know before that I was impressionable, and I find that I am. That vexes me. I detest impressionable people; I detest above all to feel that I myself am at the mercy of outward influences!"

Helen looked all the wonder that she felt. "I don't understand what you mean," she said. "How have you found out that you are impressionable—I mean particularly so?"

Marion smiled slightly. "I am afraid you would not understand if I told you," she replied. "Or you would misunderstand, which is worse. But don't ask me to go to your church again, Helen. Something there—something about the services—affects me in a way I don't like. Nothing I should dislike so much as to become a mere emotional, susceptible creature, and I feel there as if I might."

"But, Marion," exclaimed Helen, half-shocked, half-eager, "surely our feelings are given, like everything else, to lead us to God! And, O Marion! how can you turn away from what may be the grace of God? For remember, *God Himself* was on the altar to-day!"

She uttered the last sentence in tones of reverent awe; but Marion frowned impatiently.

"It was because I knew you would not understand that I did not want to speak," she said. "What I am talking of is a mere matter of susceptibility to outward influences. It is disagreeable to me, and I do not wish to subject myself to it—that is all. I am never troubled in that way at the Episcopal services," she added, more lightly. "I shall go there in future."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cathedrals of Dublin.

BY THE REV. H. W. CLEARY.

I.

DUBLIN possesses two churches of ancient date, which rank among its principal landmarks—namely, the Protestant (formerly Catholic) cathedrals of Christ's Church and St. Patrick's, celebrated alike for the beauty of their architecture, and for their strange, eventful history, a brief sketch of which I purpose to lay before my readers. In order to keep this paper within merciful limits, I must pass over much that is deserving of notice in these gray old piles. The visitor or eager inquirer may see and admire and ponder over them the live-long day, undisturbed. Printed "guides," or handbooks, written by members of the cathedral chapters, are exposed for sale at the church doors. Their descriptive catalogues of the monuments are perfectly reliable, their "history" is a delusion and a snare; and, in their treatment of subjects affecting Catholics, the same may be said of the more bulky Baedeker and Murray, and in general of every tourist's "pocket-bible" that issues from a Protestant source.

Christ's Church and St. Patrick's are, as I have already said, both cathedrals. Yet, this fact by no means indicates a dual headship in the Protestantism of the Irish capital. "Plunkett" (as he signs himself) has his *cathedra* in Christ's Church, which he fills as "Lord Archbishop of the United Dioceses of Dublin and Glendalough," etc.;

but with all his lengthy titles he is a mere pacha of three tails beside his nine-tailed brother of Armagh, who fills at stated times the *cathedra* of St. Patrick's, and is Primate, Pope, and Supreme Head on earth of the Protestant Church in Ireland.

His present Cathedral of St. Patrick had been for almost a century devoted principally to theatrical displays, till the new *cathedra* was erected therein in 1871, three years after Gladstone—more power to him!—had relieved Irish Catholics of the burden of supporting an alien Church. In that year, in the fifth month, a decree went forth from the General Synod erecting St. Patrick's into a National Cathedral and Primatial Church, a sort of joint-stock concern, in which equal shares were allotted to each diocese of the Church of Ireland: *alias* the "Irish Church," *alias* the "Protestant Church in Ireland," *alias* the "Late Established Church," *alias* the "Aforesaid Church." The two last are its parliamentary *aliases*, and it has ever so many others; for, since it was cut adrift from the British mother Church in 1869, its quest after a fitting title has a parallel only in the adventures of "Japhet in search of a Father," or "Cœlebs in search of a Wife." Just at present Irish Protestants show a preference for the title "Church of Ireland"! We are thus prepared for the time when the little handful of their brethren that hibernate in the Eternal City shall lay claim to the style and title of "Church of Rome."

Revenons à nos moutons, the cathedrals. They are both cruciform structures, in the first pointed or early Gothic style, and are situated at a short distance from each other in the oldest part of the city—partly surrounded even still by a maze of sinuous, sunless streets and alleys, relics of the "good old time" when it was the fashion to tight-lace the inhabitants of a city within a belt of wall that would scarcely enclose a village green. Happily for the interests of sanitation, this ancient *quartier* is growing small by degrees, and beautifully less under the spade and crowbar of the contractors' men, and in another lustrum such sanguin-

ary spots (I name them from memory) as Skinner's Row, Cut-Throat Lane, Bull Alley, etc., will be nameless here for evermore.

Until a few years ago the surrounding contagion of mouldiness and decay had sadly infected these two great monuments of ancient Irish faith and skill. Their ruin—a ruin brought about, as we shall see, by shameful neglect—began on their first contact with Protestantism. The wicked capers and divine claims of Bluebeard VIII. and his successors having been anathematized all over Ireland, there was the usual fall of heads, and the places of the "recusants" of Christ's Church and St. Patrick's were filled by a *coterie* of imported worshippers of the Jumping Cat, whose souls and bodies were the King's—faithful *replicas* of the old worthy whose creed and motto ran: "No matter who is king, I will die Vicar of Bray."

Plentiful revenues were "by favor of our lord the King" bestowed upon them, and increased reign after reign by plundering, thumb-screwing, and taxing the unhappy "papishes," until Dublin, and Ireland generally, became the El Dorado of aspiring English churchmen. Their fat revenues a'ganged the same gait, creating nabobs, starting "noble" families, and fattening the "new clergy," their wives and little ones, their man-servants and maid-servants, their flocks and herds. For fully three centuries scarcely any of the spoil was devoted to repair what rust and moth had consumed; and the two brightest glories of Dublin and of Ireland "seemed doomed," says a canon of St. Patrick's, "to hopeless and pitiable decay":

"Ceilings and walls and windows old
Covered with cobwebs, blackened with mould;
Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,
Dust on the benches and stalls and chairs";

and cracks and crevices and general unsoundness everywhere.

Towards the close of Elizabeth's reign the beautiful stone roof of Christ's Church came down with a crash. The *débris* were levelled out to form a new floor, and a rough

wooden covering was rigged up between the worshippers and the *belle étoile*. The roof of St. Patrick's was, within the last thirty years, supported in every part by wooden props; its foundations were sapped and its floors periodically inundated by the waters of the river Poddle, which in the benighted Popish days had been taught to flow harmlessly by. And thus vilely and shamelessly neglected, they kept nodding to their fall—hanging in mid-air, menacing, as two swords of Damocles, the crowd of toilers that lived around their base.

At length Protestant Ireland was aroused. There was a preliminary flourish in press and pulpit to prove—what everyone knew—that the cathedrals were within an inch of falling. Then came the grand central fact of the "agitation"—the bold and definite proposal, "Something must be done." (General acclamation). "But the funds," said some "low, practical fellow" in the crowd; "where are *they* to come from?" Ay! there was the rub. Irish Protestants happened to be "out of change" just at that moment—most distressing coincidence,—and couldn't for the life of them tell where the needful sums were to be found. After a time the suggestion went clacking around that Parliament ought to "stand." But Parliament, in effect, gruffly replied: "No business of ours; *ipsi videritis*." So the matter dropped, and churchmen were beginning to resign themselves to the inevitable fall of the sacred buildings, when—forth steps a *deus ex machina*, Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart., LL. D. (brewer of XXX porter for the world at large), and undertakes to put St. Patrick's on its feet at his own expense. Wise heads wagged slowly: "Get thee Medea's caldron, Sir Arthur; and then thou mayest give back the charm of youth to that decrepit pile." But Sir Arthur had a golden spell, that right soon (1860-65) restored it to the peerless bloom of the old Catholic days.

Some years later (1871-78) Mr. Roe, a wealthy distiller, did likewise to Christ's Church. "Beautiful building!" exclaimed an enraptured English parson, gazing on

the renovated pile. "Beautiful corpse!" quoth an aged dame that had overheard his remark; and in her brief retort there lay a world of meaning; for had they not taken her Lord thence—Him who had in other days informed and given life and feeling to that body of stone, and made it the very portal of the jasper walls and golden streets of God's living temple, the New Jerusalem?*

In this sense, then, the elaborate toil of years was, after all, but a costly embalming process. But the process, as far as it went, was thorough. Brewer and distiller never asked and never received from Protestant Ireland the value of a copper farthing; yet they "rectified, adorned, and further endowed" the cathedrals—choirs, sextons, and all,—and handed them over to their chapters, every wheel oiled with the golden lubricant that keeps the world a-wagging on.

But the old wail of the chapters is again on the breeze; "the daughters of the leech cry, 'More, more!'" Notices on porch and wall and pillar appeal to you for funds in all the eloquence of type. A young priest, who was solicited for an offering to the church, replied that he was quite willing to subscribe for its restoration to its "ancient and honorable use." The hint was not taken, so he tried a parable with better effect: Once on a time there lived in Africa a certain knight, who systematically relieved explorers of their *impedimenta* in three cantos. In the first, he robbed them fairly and above board (this Irish Protestants did *versus* Irish Catholics, 1534-1702); in the second, he demanded tribute (I. P. v. I. C., 1702-1869); in the third, he explained that it was usual to "fork out" the remainder as *backsheesh* (I. P. v. I. C., 1869 till—Irish Protestantism shall be no more). This may be very good fun in its way, and Irish Catholics could "grin and bear it" as well as most others; but when persevered in for three centuries and a half, it becomes somewhat monotonous.

* Apoc., xxi.

II.

Christ's Church (called till the time of Henry VIII. the Church of the Holy Trinity) stands at a stone's-throw from Dublin Castle, the centre of English rule in Ireland. It is, as already stated, of the early pointed Gothic style, in the form of a Latin cross (Protestants *will* call it a "long" cross). It combines an apsidal end with square-ended eastern chapels—no instance of a similar arrangement, it is said, being known in Gothic architecture, except at Pershore Abbey, in Worcestershire, England. A square tower rises from the intersection of the arms of the cross with the nave. Within, the new stone roof is supported by beautiful clustered pillars, with capitals of mingled beads and foliage, supporting graceful arches, over which are prettily ornamented niches, above which again are windows of the same form, terminating in the groined arches that compose the roof. The north wall leans outward, "pretty much out o' the plumb," as the custodian expressed it. St. Lawrence O'Toole, Strongbow (Ireland's first Norman invader), Raymond Legros, and Fitzstephen took part in its erection. Some of the chevroned Norman arches of Strongbow's structure still remain intact in the choir.

The whole edifice stands on a cyclopean substructure of low, heavy arches, which form a sort of crypt. During the restoration the great, unsightly monuments that cumbered the church were removed thither, and there they still remain, coated with the dust and cobwebs of fifteen years. Notable among them are the tomb of Strongbow, who died in 1177; "of a cancerous sore in the leg." A curious, truncated stone effigy lies beside it, which, tradition says, represents Strongbow's son, "cut in two by his father for displaying cowardice in battle." The tomb of the Earl of Kildare, a huge, plain structure, usurped the place of the high altar when altar and sacrifice were no longer needed; and a motley collection of other tombs, tablets, and statues (almost all of Protestant days) perpetuate the memory of local nonentities and historical villains

in epitaphs "so flattering to all, that surely death hath claimed the good alone"—an instructive contrast with the plain, unvarnished date-tale and the humble *orate* of the olden Catholic days.

On a shelf stand two altar candlesticks and a gilt tabernacle. An interrogatory look elicits from the custodian the unwilling information that they were kept over as relics of the time when King James set up Roman worship in Christ's Church—for a brief season. In reverent proximity to the tabernacle are the mummified bodies of a cat and a rat, discovered by some workmen wedged fast in a crevice behind the great organ. They are in excellent form and preservation. Every muscle in pussy's frame is strained to the utmost tension in unavailing efforts to reach the little rodent, who has taken refuge in a narrow slit in the wall, just one little inch beyond the reach of his pursuer's deadly claws. The custodian evidently looked upon the mummies as the gems of his collection, speaking of them with unwonted volubility, and "letting off" for the thousandth time a venerable jest about the frying-pan and the fire. A corner is devoted to a suspicious-looking miscellany of steel and iron instruments, which, rightly or wrongly, we found ourselves coupling with the bloudie dayes of "good Queen Besse" and Cromwell, when the "papist Irish" were hunted like the wild wolf on hill and plain, and it was instant death for one of their detested creed to approach within a statute mile of any walled town.

Our attention is next called to a judicial relic of a later day—the old stocks of the city of Dublin. They consist of four wooden bars, about five feet long, two upright (fixed) and two horizontal,—placed one over the other, the lower one fixed, the upper sliding freely in a groove-cut into the two upright bars, after the manner of a window or the blade of a guillotine. Two holes are cut between the horizontal bars to receive the culprit's nether limbs, which, being once inserted, the upper movable bar is locked securely down on its lower fellow, and he is

left a prisoner in the open air. It remained in operation in Christ's churchyard, to the terror of dipsomaniacs and kleptomaniacs—then called, with shocking vulgarity drunkards and thieves—till the year "Boney died" (1821). Its efficacy as a suppressor of crime was due (I quote the opinion of the "oldest inhabitant") not so much to the inconvenience of a temporary detention, as to the superadded torture of pelted stones, mud, and divers savory missiles, which the *gamins* of Dublin never failed to shower on the hapless culprit.

"Ah!" said our informant, "that was something like punishment. Why, Lord bless you if the criminal had his choice, he'd rather be in the earthquake at Charleyston!" And he spoke on and on in praise of the stocks; the noble stature, the chivalric deeds of his youthful days were all direct or reflex effects of its all-pervading influence; and as he spoke, his prophetic soul beheld the Genius of Civilization setting up stocks in every market-place and home in the Grand Utopia of the Future.

From the time of Strongbow and the English occupation, Christ's Church was a kind of judicial centre, strictly reserved to the ruling tribe, lay and clerical, no "mere Irishman" being for centuries allowed to take Holy Orders within its walls. Down to the 16th century a motley host of lord-deputies, lord-lieutenants, etc., were sworn in, and many parliaments were held within its precincts. In 1486 a young "Pretender," said to be the Duke of Warwick, and rightful heir to the English throne, was solemnly crowned King before its high altar, his youthful brow being graced with a crown taken for the purpose from a greatly venerated statue of Our Lady. The usurper Henry VII. and the Lancaster party maintained that the newly-crowned King was no scion of Warwick's noble house, but a common, yellow-blooded plebeian, named Lambert Simnel, son of a joiner; and, as they made their position good by the popular logic of success, their version of the young "Pretender's" pedigree has been generally accepted as the true one. No other proof, as

far as I know, has ever been offered against the validity of his claim to the throne.

When Simnel's (or Warwick's) successful rival passed off the world's stage, his son, Bluff Hal, became, "by the grace of God," King of the Britains," and later on, by favor of the Pope, "Defender of the Faith"—a title flaunted by all his successors down to and including her "Most Gracious Majesty" Queen Victoria. How Henry defended the faith—and the property—of the Dublin churches, we have already seen. It only remains to tell how, in 1538, he ordered their holy relics to be burned by the public executioner, near the spot where the old Parliament House now stands. Among the relics thus sacrilegiously destroyed were the miraculous statue of Our Lady alluded to above, and the "Staff of Jesus," which St. Patrick had carried with him in his apostolic journeyings through Ireland. Tradition told how it had been given him in the Island of Lérins by a holy hermit named Justus, who in turn had received it from the hands of our Divine Lord Himself. Hence the name, "Staff of Jesus." The destruction of the relics was the final act but one in this great drama of sin. The last was soon enacted, when the Divine Guest was banished from His house, and the abomination of desolation settled down on the old Church and Priory of the Holy Trinity.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

An Old-English Ballad In Praise of the Blessed Virgin.

THE following quaint and interesting ballad in praise of the Blessed Virgin is taken from Alexander Barclay's (or Barklay's) "Ship of Fools," a famous satire published in England at the beginning of the 16th century, now almost forgotten. It was founded on a German satire of the same name, on the follies of all ranks, by Sebastian Brandt. Little is known of Barclay, except that he studied at Oxford, and was a priest. He translated into English an alle-

gorical French poem entitled "The Castle of Labor," also Sallust's "Jugurthine War," and wrote the lives of several saints. He died in 1552. "The Ship of Fools" enjoyed extraordinary popularity in its time, and was translated into Latin and the principal European languages. Our extract is a faithful copy as regards punctuation, capitals, and spelling; it is entitled "A conclusyon of this Boke with a Balade of the translatour in the honoure of the blessyd Virgyn Mary, moder of God." It will be noticed that long centuries ago She was invoked in our own language under the title of Mother Immaculate:

O Moder mary flour of all womankynde
In beauty passynge eche erthly creature
In whom the Fende no thought of synne coude
fynde

O blessyd moder remaynyng Mayden pure
O lemyng* lampe in lyght passynge nature
Moste clere Crystall by clene virgynyte
O holy moder, and virgne most demure
Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

O well of mercy: o godly graffe† of grace
Bryght as the mone, and porte of Paradyse
In whome Chryst Jesu elect his dwellyng
place

Chosen as the son, O rose passynge all pryce
Plantyd in Ann without consent of vyce
O noble fruyte spronge of a barayne tre
Syns to thy son: thou art our medyatryce
Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

O ceder tre growynge in Lybany
O rod of Jesse, and spouse of Salomon
O well of water lastynge eternally
O gardayne, closyd, o flees of gedeon
O cyte of god, and sempiternall trone
Of god elect for thy humylyte
To the I call: o Lady here my mone
Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

O Mary, myrrour clere and immaculate
O tour of Dauyd: with Pynacles without pere
O pleausaunt olyue, with vertue decorate
Pyller of fayth, whyle thou wast lyuyng‡
here

O heuenly starre, of gardyns fountayne clere

O plesaunt Lyly moste goodly in beautye
Compalyd rounde with the sharpe thorne and
brere

Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

Hayle moder of mercy: Hayle myrrour of
mekenes

Hayle Quene of blysse: hayle sterre celestyall
Hayle hope of synners, eternall Emperes
Whiche by the fruyt of thy closet virgnall
Mankynde hast wasshyd from synne orygynall
Lowse of our bondes, and make vs synners fre
From paynfull pyt and dongeon infernall
Gydyng our lyfe in this tempestous se

O Quene vs red out, of captyuyte
On the we call, in the our confort is
That by thy prayer to the hye Trinyte
All shall be pardonyd that we haue done amys
Syns thou art in eternall joy and blys
Our mediatryce: before the deyte
Our hope is sure: that thou wylt neuer mys
Our lyfe to gyde in this tempestous se

O glorious Lady: o Quene most excellent
Howe may I synner thy lawdes comprehende
My synfull mouth is nat suffycient
Worthy nor able thy goodnes to commende
My wyt ne reason coude nat therto extende
Thoughe euery member of myne were tungen
thre

Yet is my trust that thou wylt euer intende
To gyde vs synners in this tempestous se

Syns synners stray here in this se mundayne
In dyuers synnes, by error and fraylnes
By thy bryghtnes redure our way agayne
Shewe vs thy lyght to clere our thicke derknes
And to subdue the Prynce of viciousnes
With all his pompes, his pryde and vanyte
And come to heuen by way of rightwysnes
Thou gydyng vs in this tempestous se

O blessyd Moder, set hye in goddes trone
In ioy and blysse surmountynge mannes
mynde

Syns by thy fruyte we saued are echone*
And heuen yatis opened to mankynde
Graunt that we dayly by the may sucour fynde
Of soule and body in eche aduersyte
Let thy lyght, Lady, the Fende subdue and
blynde

* shining

† graft

‡ living

* each one

And gyde vs wretches in this tempestous
se

Thou art the Sterre, blasyng with bemys
bryght

Above these worldes wawes so violent
Our synnes darke enclerynge with thy lyght
Mannys mediatryce to god ommypotent
Wherefore to the, o Lady I present
This symple Boke thoughe it vnworthy be
But pore and symple and moche ineloquent
Rudely composyd in this tempestous se

O blessyd virgyn, O resplendaunt lanterne
Defende my Shyp from the malyciousnes
Of fals enuy, withsaue* it to gouerne
From stroke of storme; as most holy patrones
My soule and body: to the also Empres
And all my workes I submyt besekynge the
That the foule Fende me neuer may oppres
Whyle I here wander in this tempestous se

And after whan my soule is separte
From this mortall body, and clot of clay
With thy holy presence, o moder immaculate
From me expell the ougly fende away
O moder of mercy syns thou well may
Thy sonnes presence purchase for me
By thy ayde and socour that I may say
That I haue escapyd this stormy se

Our Shyp here lenyth the sees brode
By helpe of God almyght and quyetly
At Anker we lye within the rode
But who that lysteth of them to bye
In Flete strete shall them fynde truly
At the George: in Richarde Pynsonnes place
Prynter vnto the Kynges noble grace.

Deo gratias.

Leprosy in the Olden Times.

I WAS at Bayeux (Calvados, France) when
word first came that Father Damien had
contracted the Asiatic leprosy during his
ministry among the ghastly exiles of Molo-
kai. My mind was full of the noble figure
in the far-off Pacific island, when one day,
in the course of an aimless search in the
Municipal Library, I came upon some an-

cient records of leprosy, and, following up
the trail, unearthed certain particulars of
the former relations of the Church with this
disease, which may prove interesting and
of edification to the readers of THE "AVE
MARIA."

The story of Bayeux is like the history of
an individual of feeble constitution: some
days of fleeting strength, seasons of moping
debility, and times of dire prostration. Of
plagues, and pests it has had its share at all
times—the typhoids and the small-poxes of
later days, whose grim records are graven in
living hearts, as well as on the grave-stones
of its crowded cemetery; and, then, far back
in its history, it has tasted the fell power of
that worst of human scourges, the Asiatic
leprosy, which lets its victim taste in life
the dishonor and corruption of the grave.
In and around Bayeux many are the
monuments and ruins that tell of its visi-
tation, and of the far-reaching tenderness
of Holy Church for the welfare of both the
souls and the bodies of her stricken chil-
dren.

It was at one time generally believed
that the Eastern leprosy first made its way
into France in the company of bands of
Crusaders returning from the holy wars in
Palestine. But students of French history
will remember that long before the Crusad-
ing ages, even so early as the 8th century,
lazarettos had been established in various
parts of that country. Laws regulating the
marriage of lepers were framed by King
Pepin, and in 787 an edict was passed by
the Council of Compiègne ordaining their
separation from the untainted living. It is,
nevertheless, undeniable that this malady
became more general and widespread in
consequence of the increased communica-
tion with the East, which was a result of the
Crusades; for after this period its ravages
were felt to an extent never before experi-
enced in Christian lands.

Side by side with its growth and spread,
grew likewise feelings of practical respect
and sympathy for the stricken. the simple
faith of those good old Catholic days be-
holding in them the image of holy Lazarus,

* vouchsafe

or of Him "in whom there was no soundness," and who was "as a leper and as one struck by God." The marvellous fertility of the charity was witnessed—more especially at and around Bayeux—in the countless leper asylums raised by bishops, priests, and pious laymen, by subscriptions, legacies, endowments, state funds, etc., wherein the sufferers, attended by religious entirely devoted to their care, might pass their days with all the comfort possible to their condition.

These establishments were known by divers names, being called, at different times and places, "Misellaria," "Mezelleries," "Maladrieres" (shortened to "Ladrieres"), and "Lazaretti" (from Lazarus). No city in Europe was, perhaps, so rich in asylums as Bayeux, in and around which at least thirteen large leper-houses are known to have "functioned" at the same time,—a number which will enable us to form a rough estimate of the ravages caused by that plague around this quaint old Norman city.

The Church took official cognizance of the leprosy in a manner not extended, except in a general way, to any other form of physical suffering. In the material sense, she elicited, developed, and organized the leper charities; in the spiritual, she sanctified the condition of the stricken, and blessed the life long quarantine which the nature of their disease and the safety of others required. An order of visitation of "suspects" was drawn up, and circulated among the clergy in the infected districts. A copy of this curious and now exceedingly rare document is preserved in the library of Bayeux. To it I am indebted for most of the liturgical part of this little paper.

As in the Mosaic rite of old (Lev., xiii.), the subject suspected of leprosy was "viewed by the priest," and, if "reckoned among the unclean," was "by his judgment separated." The office and ceremonies of "separation" in the New Dispensation were very striking and characteristic. Sadness was the almost unbroken burden of the rite, the black robes and solemn chants of the Office

of the Dead being aptly used, to typify the leper's future state of death-like separation from the untainted living. And yet through the plaintive strains there fell ever and anon upon the ears the sweet, decisive chords of some verse or antiphon, that breathed forth tones of comfort and consolation, and counterbalanced the hopelessness of bodily cure with the hope of spiritual healing here and of life incorruptible hereafter.

The priest, robed in surplice and stole, and preceded by a cross-bearer, arrived at the dwelling of the leper, who, dressed in black, received an exhortation to possess his soul in patience, and bear with resignation his incurable malady. The priest sprinkled him with holy water, and then all moved in solemn procession towards the church, to the accompaniment of mournful psalms and funeral hymns. In the church the leper knelt between two funeral palls, and Mass began. The Introit—"Circumdederunt me gemitus mortis"—was the opening chord of the strain of sorrow that ran through the whole proper for the occasion. Then followed the beautiful prayer, "*Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, salus æterna credentium*," etc. The Gospel was "*Cum introisset Jesus Capharnaum*," etc.

After Mass the priest went to the church door, and sprinkled the leper with holy water. The *Libera* was sung as in the Office for the Dead, after which the leper was brought to the *leproserie*, or to such other asylum or retreat as might be assigned to him. Before his departure, however, the priest recommended him to the prayers and charity of the faithful, and "objurgated" him as follows:

"*Primo*.—As long as thou art sick, thou shalt not enter nor lie down by night in any house other than thine own—nor go into a mill.

"*Item*.—Thou shalt not look into any well or fountain, and thou shalt eat all alone.

"*Item*.—Thou shalt not take part in any lawsuit.

"*Item*.—Thou shalt not enter any church while service is going on therein.

"*Item*.—When thou speakest to any one,

keep to the side of him that is farthest from the windward.

"*Item.*—When thou askest alms, thou shalt sound thy rattle. Thou shalt not go far from the dwelling without having donned thy mantle, which shall be of *quamelî*, without any dye whatsoever.

"*Item.*—Thou shalt not drink from any vessel other than thine own.

"*Item.*—Thou shalt have thy well or fountain in front of thy house, and shalt not draw water from any other.

"*Item.*—Thou shalt have before thy house a plate [for alms] fastened upon a pole set upright in the ground.

"*Item.*—Bridge or foot-stick thou shalt not cross without having first put on thy gloves.

"*Item.*—Thou shalt not go anywhere so as not to be able to return to pass the night in thy house, unless with the permission of the *curé* or of *monseigneur* the official.

"*Item.*—If with permission, as aforesaid, thou go far, thou shalt have letters from the said *curé* and the approbation of said *monseigneur* the official."

Having promised obedience to these commands, the leper was conducted to his solitary abode, or, as was more frequently the case, to the *leproserie*, where he enjoyed all the liberty consistent with the safety of others, and was attended till his dying hour by religious filled with the zeal and self-sacrifice which have made the name of Father Damien glorious in our day.

AIDAN.

The Miraculous Crucifix of Wijck.

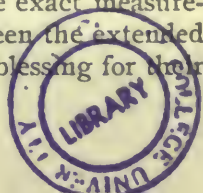
THE Church of St. Martin, at Wijck (a suburb of Maestricht, capital of the Dutch portion of the province of Limburg, to which it is united by a bridge of nine arches), possesses a miraculous crucifix, which legend tells us had the following origin:

In the 13th century a gentleman of Maestricht made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to venerate the sacred places sanc-

tified by the life and the death of the Redeemer of mankind. On his return, after prolonged absence, he distributed amongst the members of his family gifts and *souvenirs* brought from Palestine. When he arrived home, his youngest daughter, Anna, was kneeling in the church, offering her customary daily prayers to Heaven for the safe return and spiritual welfare of her absent father, whom she tenderly loved. When she welcomed him, naught was left for her share save a walnut, wrapped in a bit of silk together with odoriferous herbs, which the father presented to the young maiden, who forthwith planted it in her garden.

The nut took root, sprouted, and quickly grew into a tree, with wide-spreading branches, which attracted universal admiration. Some time after, a fearful tempest arose, causing frightful havoc. The walnut-tree was split in two parts, and, to the astonishment of the pious family, a crucifix was discovered in the centre, rising upright from the nut originally planted by the maiden. Anna, more than ever delighted with the paternal gift, reverently removed the precious treasure, which a few days later she bore with her to a convent of Augustinian nuns in the vicinity, wherein she afterwards took the veil and died in the odor of sanctity. Since that time this crucifix was ever the object of popular devotion among the faithful of all lands; and a pilgrim from Hungary, we are told, presuming to cut thence a splinter to bear away with him, was miraculously kept prisoner within the railing encircling the crucifix, until he had openly confessed the sacrilegious deed, and promised to return thither every seven years to make public reparation and penance.

Numerous cures have been wrought among the crowds of pious visitors who flock to Wijck from the country round, and it is even now customary for pilgrims to carry home with them the exact measurement of the distance between the extended arms of the crucifix, as a blessing for their homes.



This wonderful crucifix was placed in the beautiful church of Wijck in 1804, and in September, 1813, was instituted therein the Confraternity of the Holy Cross, which still continues the devotion to this precious relic, specially powerful in the cure of fevers and other deadly epidemics. The month of September naturally brings countless visitors to the shrine, many of whom are living witnesses to the miraculous graces and favors Heaven is pleased to concede to their faith and devotion.

Heart-Flowers

AN ANNIVERSARY OFFERING.

I.

RICH and glowing and fragrant,
Drooping with odors rare,
Roses—red as my loving heart,
I place on the marble fair
They are like to the rich, deep nature
That slumbers under the stone,
And the love that glows in the heart of the
rose
I leave there as my own.

II.

Pale and spotless and lovely,
White as the fleecy cloud,
Roses—pure as a daughter's prayer,
I place o'er thy honored shroud.
They are like to the chastened spirit
That broke from our love away,
And the stainless light of the roses white
Shall gleam o'er thy sleeping clay.

III.

There are tears on the fragrant roses,
Tender and sad and warm,—
Tears that gleam like the dropping stream
That is wept by the summer storm.
They are Love's sweet gift of affection,
Heart-roses, white and red,
Gemmed with the soul's own tribute,
Tears for the holy dead!

MERCEDES.

FEB. 17, '87.

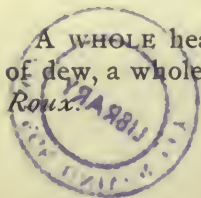
Favors of Our Queen.

THE CURE OF A RELIGIOUS.

A TRULY wonderful cure took place during the last pilgrimage from Lorraine to the Grotto of Lourdes. Sister Angelica, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, had been suffering greatly for a length of time, particularly from dropsy. All medical aid proved useless, and several of the most eminent doctors pronounced her incurable—but let us reproduce the account she gives of the case herself, from the *Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes*:

"I am thirty-four years old," she writes. "Since 1875, I have suffered intensely. My whole body was affected, and I was subject to nervous crises. I felt great pains, especially in the stomach and about my heart. I could not retain any food, and my nights were sleepless. Later on, dropsy set in. The doctor of the house, and afterwards the most eminent physicians of Strasburg, and other places, were consulted, but all declared my malady incurable. Such was my condition up to the 10th of last August, when, at the advice of Mother Superior, I determined to undertake a pilgrimage to Lourdes. My journey, as might be supposed, was rather painful at first, but travelling by stage became more comfortable towards the end. I reached Paris without fatigue; in fact, I felt so well that I was able to visit, on foot, the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, where I received Holy Communion. But when I left Paris all my troubles returned, and I really doubted whether I should ever reach Lourdes. However, my pains abated somewhat when approaching the city, and on arriving there they left me entirely. With eagerness and joy I hastened to the rock of Massabielle, and in the Grotto I prayed as only one inspired by love of Mary can pray. I did not dare to expect a complete cure, but I felt my faith and confidence increase every moment at the sight of the miracles wrought in my presence; so, full of confidence, I recommended myself

A WHOLE heaven is contained in a drop of dew, a whole soul within a tear.—Abbé Roux.



to the prayers of the sick, and felt assured that they would be heard. After many fervent supplications, and several baths in the piscina, I *was* cured, and returned to Lourdes without the least fatigue."

The usual medical certificate confirming the statement of the Sister accompanies the narration in the *Annals*. It declares that on her return from Lourdes, in September, she walked eight or nine kilometres, and that there was every indication of a perfect cure.

Thus does Our Lady of Lourdes open the bosom of Her mercy to all, in order that all may receive of Her fulness, each according to his need—the sick, healing; sinners, pardon; the just, grace; the sad, consolation.

Missionary Enterprise.

THE following letter from the well-known apostle of charity in our days, the Rev. Don Bosco of Turin, Italy, will, we have no doubt be of interest to our readers, and prove the source of instruction and edification; while at the same time it suggests a worthy means whereby each generous Christian can most effectively serve the Church in her work of bringing souls into the vineyard of the Lord:

"Now that our missionaries have traversed the immense plains of Patagonia from the Atlantic Ocean to the Cordilleras, and twice crossed over those famous mountains on their way to Chili, instructing and baptizing various tribes of savages as they went, exposed to innumerable privations and perils, — now, I say, under the powerful protection of Mary Help of Christians, the time has come when we should take into serious consideration the means of consolidating, perpetuating, and vigorously advancing the good work already commenced. For those tribes, pacified and converted to the true Faith, having once tasted the charms of a civilized and Christian life, are not content with the mere passing visits of an apostolic missionary, though it be he who has called them from their social misery to the genial light of the Gospel. Naturally enough, they desire to have him continually amongst them, not only to direct, instruct and console them through life, but

also and more especially to be assisted by him in sickness, and comforted by his hope-inspiring presence on the eve of entering the uncertain passage which leads to eternity.

"It is not surprising, therefore, that his Lordship, Mgr. Cagliero, Vicar-Apostolic of Patagonia, should feel grieved to see the rites and comforts of our holy religion denied to those poor savages, who, notwithstanding their primitive degradation, are yet his dear children in Jesus Christ. But he has neither sufficient staff nor means to satisfy their ardent desire. In order to establish fixed residences for missionaries in the Patagonian desert, according as the natives unite in colonies or villages, he obviously requires a much greater number of priests, catechists, and nuns, also a goodly store of household chattels, provisions, and diverse articles indispensable both for daily sustenance and divine worship.

"Those poor neophytes, though willing to assist us, can offer nothing to our priests save the sad spectacle of their deplorable misery. They themselves are in want of everything, even food and clothing, especially in the first stages of their conversion. Hence the mission is entirely dependent on the pious Salesian Society and the charity of our co-operators. But should we lose courage on this account? Oh! no: on the contrary, let us redouble our exertions in behalf of this undertaking, for which we have already labored so much.

"I take pleasure also in informing you that, in order to render more effectual the conversion of Patagonia, we have resolved to open a way on the western side of Chili, and already a band of Salesians have gone there to found a college in the city of Concepcion. Thence will go forth bands of missionaries to evangelize Araucania and West Patagonia, spreading themselves later on, little by little, to Terra del Fuego and the archipelagos of Chiloe and Magellan, which are peopled by tribes without even an idea of religion or civilization. Father Fagnano, who at present is visiting the Malvine Isles, intends to explore every islet down to Cape Horn, at the same time studying the positions that seem most eligible to pitch the tents of the new crusaders who are soon going to join him.

"It is difficult to imagine, dearly beloved co-operators, how I am continually pressed and supplicated by our indefatigable missionaries, and by the native inhabitants themselves, to

send out fresh and not inconsiderable reinforcements of men and money. *Apropos* of which, Father Louis Lasagna has returned from that distant land precisely to plead and make better known the wants and—thanks be to God—encouraging condition of our American missions; nor has he neglected any means by which he might induce us to prepare this time also a numerous expedition of Salesian priests and nuns. He himself requires a goodly number for the mission I have confided to his care in the vast Brazilian Empire, more extensive in itself than the whole of Europe together, and peopled almost exclusively by savages, who range the forests of their native land, languishing for some friendly hand to draw them out of the ignominious barbarity in which they have been entombed for centuries, and to which they may yet be condemned perhaps for many generations, if the zeal of the missionary, sustained by the charity of the faithful, does not come to succor and liberate them.

"Induced by those powerful motives, we have decided to prepare a fresh band of missionaries, who will set forth (*D. V.*) towards the end of December. Confiding in the prompt assistance and generous supplies of our benefactors, we hope to be able to furnish at least some forty or fifty young messengers of peace and of the Kingdom of Heaven. But, as our dear co-operators can easily understand, the outfit of so numerous a body incurs an enormous expenditure in sacred articles, in clothing and habiliments generally, in church ornaments, school furniture, and household utensils, not to speak of the expenses of travelling. Hence my only hope, after Almighty God, must be centred, dearly beloved co-operators, in your generosity, that as you have succored me in the past, you may also come to my aid in the present expedition."

WHAT do we find so difficult as to keep ourselves in our own possession, so that no part of our nature shall slip away from the command of the will, or from the empire of charity? Our Divine Lord seldom gives His reasons for His precepts, because they carry in themselves their own light; but He has given us the whole reason why we need the virtue of patience, when He tells us that it is by this virtue we hold possession of our souls.
—*Bishop Ullathorne.*

Catholic Notes.

Interesting accounts come from the Cape of Good Hope of the progress of the mission work of the Church among the natives of Southern Africa. The Very Rev. Father Weld, Provincial of the Jesuits, is pushing on the work of converting the colored people with indefatigable energy. Seeing very clearly that, in order to be successful, he must have the assistance of a sisterhood, he applied to several communities, without meeting with a response. Finally he determined to organize a local sisterhood, and, with the blessing of God on his labors, and the approval of Bishop Ricard, success has crowned his efforts. The superior of the community is a convert from Anglicanism, who, as a Ritualist, helped to establish a Protestant mission. At first it seemed very strange that she should be selected for the laborious and responsible office of directress. Although possessing every necessary mental and moral qualification for becoming the head of a sisterhood, she was unfortunately a sufferer from a chronic and incurable disease. Father Weld, however, specially requested her to undertake the good work, and her earnest prayers for the recovery of her health were immediately answered. She is now the first Superioress of the Confraternity of Blessed Peter Claver, the object of which is to provide for the instruction of colored children, and perform kindred offices of charity.

In a recently published book of travel in a comparatively unknown country—"Here and There in Yucatan," by Alice D. le Plongeon,—the author describes the communism which formerly existed among the Peruvians and the Mayas of Central America, and the institution seems to be the nearest realization of Christ's doctrines and precepts that has ever been attained. In Peru no one had a right to attend to his own interests until the lands of all the helpless people were sown with seed. Charity was not merely regarded as a virtue to be honored, but as a paramount duty. The system extended throughout a population of millions, every matter being regulated with the greatest nicety. The Mayas were no less charitable than the Peruvians. Not content with giving assistance when requested, they searched their towns and villages to find the

maimed and infirm, providing them with all the necessities of life.

It is a strange but undeniable fact that the very men who to-day profess to preach progress—the intellectual and moral emancipation of man from the shackles of religious despotism—are at the same time the most intolerant and arbitrary of all the so-called leaders of humanity. Hear what Cardinal Manning says about them: "The men of the nineteenth century who profess to be the guides and lights of men, the creators and promoters of progress and modern civilization, are beyond all men intolerant, despotic, and tyrannous. They have found out that the highest thing on earth is not the Church of God, but the State; that the State is supreme; that liberty of conscience is a fiction; that obedience is due in all things and from all men to State laws, all revelation, all jurisdiction, all liberty, all rights of God and of His Church notwithstanding."

Four men were hanged recently at Fort Smith, of whom three were received into the Church by Baptism. It is often asked why so many become Catholics before execution. It is because men before being hanged give up human respect, worldly ambition, and dissimulation, and, having lost fortune and name in this world, try honestly to better their lot in the next. If the heretics of the world were all hanged, seventy-five per cent. of them would become Catholics, and among the converts would be nearly all the preachers. Protestantism is a good enough religion for a man that does not want any.—*Western Watchman*.

A hospital for incurables is about to be founded in New York city, under the care of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. The want of such a hospital has long been felt, and its non-existence is a crying evil. The nurses are now ready—the best nurses in the world,—the ground is prepared, and only one thing is wanting: the requisite funds. These must be supplied by charity—charity dictated by the purest and most pressing Christian motives. "The love of Christ constraineth us." Let the good Sisters make the appeal in their own trumpet-tongued words: "The poor creatures are passed from one institution to another, refused admission, except for a short time, because every bed and facility are needed

for those who are only in temporary need of hospital care. Think of their last days passed in miserable torture, vainly trying to find a shelter, a resting place, a home! Surely they appeal more strongly than all others to tender care, devotion, and charity."

Leo Taxil's late work, entitled "The Vatican and the Freemasons," contains two remarkable letters of Voltaire. One of these is a dedication of the tragedy "Mahomet" to Pope Benedict XIV., which the Sovereign Pontiff acknowledged by sending his benediction and a gift of some medals, at the same time kindly criticising some faults in versification on the part of the French writer. Under date of Oct., 1745, Voltaire replies as follows:

MOST HOLY FATHER:—The kindness of your Holiness is expressed by the medals which you, in your great goodness, have sent me, as also by the letter with which you have deigned to honor me. I offer at your feet my most humble and sincere thanks. *I am constrained to acknowledge the infallibility of your Holiness in literary matters, as well as in matters of far higher worth.* With sentiments of the deepest veneration and the liveliest gratitude, I kiss the feet of your Holiness.

VOLTAIRE.

This acknowledgment of Papal Infallibility shows the depth of that faith which marked the character of Voltaire in early life, but which the intellectual pride of a later period completely destroyed.

Prosperity is attending the labors of the Sisters of St. Ann, who are conducting several schools and academies in Vancouver's Island, B. C. They have been lately making large additions to their academy in Victoria, and it will soon be one of the finest buildings in the city. Times have changed since they first arrived in 1858, and began their good work in a small building provided by the zealous, self-sacrificing Bishop Demers. In 1871 they began to erect the present imposing structure, to accommodate the largely increasing numbers of their pupils. They will soon be in a position to enlarge their sphere of operation, and afford increased facilities for instruction.

A grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes has lately been erected in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, attached to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, Me. The

shrine is made from designs furnished by the Right Rev. Bishop Healy (who has been at Lourdes quite recently), and is an exquisite piece of workmanship. A beautiful figure of Our Lady is encased in an irregular shaped circle, forming a perfect model of the original. It is arranged in such a way that the rays of the sun fall on it from a window overhead, while at night a number of miniature lamps burn before it. The grotto is said to be one of the most unique shrines in this country.—*The Pilot.*

New Publications.

THE SOCIAL DANGER; or, Two Years of Socialism in Europe and America. Translated from the French of l'Abbé Winterer, Representative in the Imperial German Parliament from Alsace and Lorraine, by the Rev. J. P. Roles. Chicago and New York: Belford, Clarke & Co.

This work, though small, is one of more than ordinary importance. It is divided into three parts. The first is a "Review of the Movements of Collectivist Socialism since 1882." Collective socialism "condemns private property, as we understand it; it asks that all instruments of labor, including the soil and mines, be held collectively by the State" (p. 5.) Part second treats of "Anarchistical Socialism," of which the author says: "Anarchism rejects the State and everything belonging to it; condemns the present society altogether, purposes to destroy it by all the means possible, and appeals to violence. Its principal allies are petroleum and dynamite; it despises political action and universal suffrage, which its disciples employ only as an occasional weapon." (p. 99.) The relation between these two species of socialism is shown. The third part consist of "general observations" on the situation, the nature of the evil, and the cure, treating of which the author points out the functions of the State and the Church; of the latter he very justly remarks: "The Church is the first moral and religious force to be brought to bear against this moral and religious evil. Modern governments have overlooked this elementary truth. They trammelled the Church at the moment when society had the greatest need of her free action." (p. 177.)

The translator has added an Appendix, in which he discusses the work of the anarchists

of Chicago, especially during the Hay-Market riots of May 4, 1886.

The exceptional opportunities enjoyed by the author, the care he bestows upon the treatment of his subject, reviewing it in both its aspects in every nation of Europe and North America, and the fact that he has published other works on the question, make him an authority deserving of careful study. Socialism is one of the great features of our day, which Catholics as well as other citizens are frequently called upon to discuss, and they who would study it carefully should consult such reliable works as this. The part of the translator appears to have been carefully performed.

THE GREAT MEANS OF SALVATION AND OF PERFECTION. Prayer; Mental Prayer; The Exercises of a Retreat; Choice of a State of Life, and the Vocation to the Religious State and to the Priesthood

THE INCARNATION, BIRTH, AND INFANCY OF JESUS CHRIST; or, The Mysteries of the Faith. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.25.

The above are the titles of Volumes III. and IV. of the Centenary Edition of the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, Doctor of the Church, edited by one of his spiritual sons, the Rev. Eugene Grimm, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. The fact that these books are the production of a scholar, a genius, and a saint would be enough to entitle them to the highest consideration, but their worth is known also by long experience. Hence we need only give their titles. It is a pleasure to again call the attention of our readers to this edition of the Saint's works, and to state that it is in every respect the most desirable. The volumes are well bound, printed on excellent paper from new type, and each has an ample table of contents, and an alphabetical index. It is surprising that books of more than 500 pages, so nicely gotten up, can be sold at such a low price.

We close our brief notice with the Saint's own estimate of the work which forms the third volume of the Centenary Edition. After speaking of several controversial and devotional treatises which he had composed, St. Alphonsus says: "But I do not think that I have written a more useful work than the present, in which I speak of prayer as a necessary and certain means of obtaining salvation, and all the graces that we require for that object.

If it were in my power, I would distribute a copy to every Catholic in the world, in order to show him the absolute necessity of prayer for salvation."

POEMS By Marcella Agnes Fitzgerald. Published for the Author by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

This volume of poems is divided into three parts, the first consisting of verses on miscellaneous subjects, the second dealing with religious themes, and the third being a collection of legends and ballads. Though there are many graceful and beautiful pieces in the first part, we do not think the talented authoress displays as much skill in handling secular subjects as she does in the avowedly more difficult task of the treatment of sacred things. In this department she seems more at home; the fervor of her piety is rich, but it is unobtrusive, and she seems to have got rid of a certain straining that is apparent in some of the miscellaneous pieces. The legends and ballads, of course, are not new as regards their subject-matter, but the dry bones of tradition and history are, under Miss Fitzgerald's hand, clothed with a rich and graceful garb of poetry.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Vincent (Joyce), whose happy death took place on the eve of the Feast of the Purification, at the Presentation Convent, Powell Street, San Francisco.

Mrs. Alice Mahan, a zealous friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in Chicago, who departed this life on the 6th of January.

Mrs. Mary Kelly, of Boston, who died in the dispositions of a fervent Christian on the 27th ult.

Mrs. Margaret Langen, of Pottsville, Pa., whose precious death, at the age of seventy-three, occurred on the 26th of January.

Miss Julia Sullivan, one of the first subscribers of THE "AVE MARIA" in Cambridgeport, Mass., who breathed her last on the 19th ult.

Mrs. Johanna Welch, of Boston, a fervent Child of Mary, who, after a long and painful illness, passed to her reward on January 6th.

Mrs. Joseph Kost, Mr. James Duffy, Mr. P. Kennedy, and Mrs. Julietta Starrs, all of San Francisco; Miss Catharine Moffatt, Glens Falls, N. Y.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Little Peter's "Good Birthday."

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

I.

"I wish," said little Peter Paulson—"I do wish I could have a good birthday!"

"A good birthday?" questioned his mother. "What would make a good birthday for thee, little Peter?"

She looked at him as she said it, very tenderly and very sadly. But Peter did not know it. He was kneeling on a broken chair, looking out at the gray marsh, the gray river, the few poor little houses, and the stray dog or two that made up that part of Chicago visible from the Paulsons' window.

"Oh, I don't know, mother!" he said. "Something real nice—something that never happened before. If I were to get right well; or if Jan were to get a good place that would last, you know. The places never do last, I b'lieve."

Then there was a long silence. Peter and his mother were used to these silent times. They were shut up together all day and every day, and, while it made the great happiness of both poor lives, it did not keep them always merry. They very seldom laughed. At seven years old, Peter had forgotten—if he had ever known—the hearty, noisy, sweet laugh of a happy child. He knew far more of care than he did of joy.

He was a delicate little fellow, with a gentle, pretty, pale face, blue eyes, and fair hair. The Paulsons were Swedes, but Peter was born in the United States soon after they came from Sweden. Then his father died, and ever since they had been very poor. The other children had died in the seven years since Peter's birth, leaving a wide gap between him and his brother Jan. Jan was twenty. All that Peter had ever

known of those who would have been his playmates were sorrowful memories of days when his mother had done the best she could for him, between the times of nursing and the times of hard work; and all these sorrowful memories ended in the gloom of a poor funeral.

Poor little fellow! No wonder he wished "something real nice" would happen. But in his short list, few people would find anything they would think wonderful. To be "right well," to "get a good place,"—why, that happens all the time to most people.

"Here comes Jan, mother!" said Peter, looking sidewise from the window, and pressing his cheek close against the pane for a better view. "He's walkin' pretty fast, and I b'lieve he's smilin' at me. Maybe it's good fortune, mother! It does come sometimes, you know. You said so once. Here he is!"

And here he was, coming in at the low door, his six feet of big, fair young fellowhood seeming to fill the small room. He was a good-looking Jan—not a bit delicate, but far from fat. One could not help thinking as he stood there that he ought to have something to eat—something strong and savory and wholesome, and plenty of it. But he showed his white teeth in a smile no one could doubt when his mother looked up at him, and he spoke in a voice that warmed one like the flash of a blazing fire.

"Well, mother,"—he said it with the voice of a foreigner, and there was something "broken" in all his English—"it is cold this day. I have walked far—very far. Is there supper for me?"

"There is supper, Jan. But it is early. The night is long after the supper."

"So! Yes, mother, but I must walk again. There is a place I must have—a good place, I know it is. And I have a letter in my pocket. I will go, and I will come. Little Peter, thou art not at thy play?"

Peter had slipped from his chair upon Jan's first entrance, and put his thin little fingers into Jan's great hand. It closed round them at the first faint touch, and held them all through the talk with their mother.

Nobody had such a brother as his, Peter was always sure of that.

"Let me go with you, Jan!"

"Go with me! And it so cold, and the mother all alone!"

"Oh, please, Jan! I am so tired of being here all day, where it is so dark, dark all the time! You will go round the corner, I know; and the sun will show yellow in the sky, and the wind will blow, and we will walk to meet it. Please, Jan!"

"Ah, if he could see Sweden!" murmured the mother, looking at her first-born, who could remember her native land.

"It is good here," said Jan, stoutly. "It will be very good here when I get the place. Come with me, thou! Come with me, and bring good fortune, little Peter! Thou hast thine Angel always with thee, hast thou not?"

"Always, always, always! Father Henry said it," answered Peter, gravely. The earnest little face, the earnest little voice, the small hands clasped devoutly, moved the two listeners strangely. His mother caught him in her arms and kissed him.

"Thou art a good child to keep the Father's words," said Jan. "Thou shalt have a walk whenever it suits the mother."

Then together they wrapped him in his warmest clothes, tied his little scarf over his ears, and tucked the ends over his rapid-beating heart. He quivered with happy impatience, and pink flushes of healthier color ran up and down his thin cheeks—Such a glowing face to live always in his mother's memory!

She stood watching them from the doorstep, in spite of the cold. She saw the tall, upright figure and the clinging, unevenly-stepping baby shadow "go round the corner" into the yellow gleam of the sunset sky. Then she turned back into the home that seemed darker and colder than ever without them. She busied herself in getting the supper ready, put the lamp and matches where she could reach them, and sat down to rest in her own chair by the stove.

How long after that was it Jan came

home—alone? She could never tell. She must have fallen asleep, but she did not know it. In utter darkness and cold, there came the rapid tread of feet, and her door burst open.

"Mother!" cried Jan; "mother! Where is he?—where is little Peter?"

There was some one with him, and they struck a match, and lighted the lamp. In its sudden light, the mother rose up and faced them, but she said never a word. Jan came and took her in his arms.

"Mother!" he said in Swedish, "keep thou a good heart. I will bring him. It is not far."

Then he was gone again, and the neighbors were left to talk and do their kindly best. Everything had suddenly grown strange to the mother, and she did not fully understand the tongue that had become so familiar on her baby's lips. Oh, but the night was long! Only the good God and the Mother of Christ know how she prayed as it slowly, slowly passed. And never once had she any hope that she should ever hear him speak again.

II.

Holding fast to Jan's hand, and keeping step as best he could with Jan's shortened steps, little Peter had gone joyously along the street towards the setting sun, asking a question now and then, but for the most part content to look around him. He left home so seldom that even the near neighborhood was new to him every time he saw it. Jan was a hard and steady worker whenever he could get work to do, and it was only on his rare holidays that he could take his little brother with him. Once or twice lately he had taken him, as he was taking him now, on the quest for work, and that had prompted the little fellow's petition.

They walked a short distance up the street into which they turned from their own, and then crossed a wide, open lot to the railroad. That part of the city was newly built up, and for the most part consisted of manufactories, foundries, boiler-shops, machine-works, and the dwelling-houses of the workmen employed in them.

It was to one of the foundries Jan was going. They took the shortest path, following the railroad-track to the very building, and walking but a few steps until they came to the great gates. It was late; working hours were almost over, and Jan had hurried his little companion rapidly along. At the door of the office he paused.

"Wait thou here, little Peter," he said. "I will not leave thee long, and it might not please the master if I took another into the office. Run thou up and down, if thou feelest the cold too bitter."

And, smiling at each other, the brothers parted. The great door closed on Jan, and little Peter stood alone in the darkening street. There was a faint tremor, certainly, in his heart, and perhaps a little mist in his soft eyes; but he was a brave and sensible boy, with trust in that dear Jan's wisdom and love, which made all things right Jan did. So he only stood a little closer to the wall, looked up and down the long, dull street, and waited.

Presently a bell rang and a whistle blew. Then there was a hush everywhere, until the great gates opened and the workmen came pouring out. In twos and threes, singly, in hustling groups, they came and came and came, until Peter's head grew dizzy watching them turn with a jerk as they stepped clear of the door. Among them there was a number of boys, and some were quite small. These were almost the last to appear, and they at once caught sight of Peter.

"Hello, you there! What d'yer mean?" shouted a wild-looking, ragged fellow. "We don't hev no babies here, I tell yer."

And he made a rush at Peter, stopped short within a foot of him, and made a horrible face. The others laughed. Peter stood perfectly still.

"This yer's a dummy!" said the boy. "What's yer name, yer little white cat? I'm the perlice. Yer'd better speak up, er I'll 'rest yer."

The others shouted with laughter, and broke out into noisy and cruel suggestions, which were enough to terrify poor, innocent

little Peter. Then the bad boy took hold of him, and gave him a slight shake. Peter began to cry.

"Here now! None o' that. What yer cryin' fur?"

"I want my brother," sobbed Peter.

"Oh! yer do? Well, he's went out the tother door. Didn't yer see him? There he goes, follerin' a chap jest like yer. He's turned down the next street. I'll bet yer life he thinks yer run off!"

"O Jan! Jan!" cried little Peter, breaking away from his tormentor, and starting to run at full speed in the direction pointed out. "O Jan, please wait! I'm here! I'm right here where you left me!"

The tears, the night, the cutting wind, prevented the child's seeing the deception practised on him. Only to catch Jan and be saved—that was his thought, and, following it, he ran and ran, half sobbing and half calling, until he could run no more. He staggered against something and clung to it. All was strange around him. Oh, where was Jan! He called him as loud as he could. A great dog roared close at his side, and there was the rattle of a chain. Peter sprang from the fence against which he was leaning, with a cry of terror. His greatest dread was of a dog, and his cup of sorrow was certainly full to the brim when that hoarse sound reached him. He ran a little farther and stopped again. He had come to the railroad.

At once his spirits rose. He was a very sensible little fellow, and he soon reasoned that to follow this road, on which he and Jan had walked to the great works, would take him within a short distance of his home. So he turned on to it, and hushed his sobs (quiet ones though they had been since his fright at the dog), and trudged along as fast as he could on his tired little feet. It was rough and uneven walking for them at the best of times, but he kept on. Alas! he was going up instead of down, and every step took him farther and farther into an unknown land. When, even through the darkness, he became conscious of this, he stood still in a hopeless stupor.

There was a loud rush and rumble close at hand while he stood waiting. A great light blazed on him, flew past him, and was gone. Peter clasped his hands, and began to say his little prayers. Something brought the thought of his Angel ever near him, which quieted him. He stood there praying softly over and over his night prayers. In the darkness he heard voices calling, and presently a shaky, fluttering light came towards him. After a while he saw it was in the hand of a strange man, large and dark and gruff. There was another man with him, smaller and older; for his beard was quite white. They came close up to him before they saw him.

"Here he is!" cried the little man.

"Where?" asked the other. "Oh, I see! Well, who is he? What is he doing here? Ask him, Tom."

The man asked him something, but little Peter was not sure what it was. It seemed to him that he was not quite sure of anything, although he could not have said that if he had been telling it to any one. There was a strange confusion in his head, which mixed and mingled these men with all the things he had ever known or ever heard. Sometimes he thought it was the father he had never known who had come after him. Sometimes he thought it was some one he had learned of in church. And then there came a sudden, awful fear of an Evil One he had heard of from his mother, who had power over bad and disobedient children. He had never felt afraid of him before, but he feared him now. The man stood over him, asking and talking through this confused state of things. Then the light went away suddenly, there was another rush and rumble, and all was still and dark around him.

"Good Angel!" he prayed, "don't let him take me. Tell the good God I did not mean to be bad, and I am just as sorry, as sorry!" Then he said the "Hail Mary" in Swedish and in English, as his mother always heard him at night. And, going over and over all the little prayers she had ever taught him, and brokenly murmuring all

he had learned of good from the gentle priest whose favorite he had been, little Peter wandered on. Not far, however; for he grew so tired and so cold he could not walk. He had become so used to the darkness that he saw, even with his dimmed eyes, a great pile of logs at the side of the road. With some confused idea of shelter or comfort in removal from the cold earth, he climbed on them, and lay down. He put his tiny hands over his face, turned his back to the high, star-bright heavens and the wild winds, and began to dream of mother and Jan, of the angels and the "Sweet Lady," as he always had called the white statue over his mother's bed.

When the early morning train came thundering by, the watchful engineer saw a small dark bundle, not of wood, on the heaped-up logs. The train was stopped, and soon there was more than enough where one person had been so sorely needed such a short time before. Rough but tender hands carefully turned the little bundle towards the waiting crowd. The child's scarf was drawn over the face, and the child's mittened hands clasped above it. They gently moved the hands and turned back the scarf. The dear little face was the dead face of a child, calm, sweet, white, cold and pure. The Angel who was always with him had gone up to heaven with the loving soul of little Peter.

"Gentlemen," said a very grave voice, "he is frozen to death. He has been dead many hours."

When, after the long hours of night, Jan found the lost darling of their hearts, and carried him home to his mother from the place where the men had gently and reverently laid the little body, she rose from her knees, and hastened to the door to meet her sons.

"Mother!" said poor Jan, very low; "I have brought him back to you. Oh, mother, mother!"

"My son," she replied, "weep thou not. The good God has given my dear little one his heart's wish. He has a good birthday this time! Oh, my little Peter!"

And in her lonely home, the poor mother thinks of that, and not of her sorrow. All unselfishly, she remembers his last hours with her; she thinks of his earnest little face, of his earnest little voice, and of his tiny folded hands as she dressed him for the last time. He had his Angel always with him, and the Son of Mary was there, with the "Sweet Lady," His Mother. Her little boy was not alone, was not afraid, nor cold, nor sick, nor sad, when he woke up from his slumbers on his "good birthday."

Jan got the place. When he came out that night to find Peter gone, he had the "good place that would last" secured to him. But he goes to and from his work with a sad heart, and his mother's comfort is not all his. One lesson he has learned—never to pass a lonely little child uncomfortable and unquestioned, never to leave one where there is shadow of danger. With reason or without reason, such a child, if it ever falls into Jan Paulson's hands, will be put into safe shelter before he goes on his way.

And every man who saw that little white face uncovered that winter morning learned the same lesson, and solemnly resolved to do the same thing. To teach that lesson was, perhaps, all the work of little Peter's seven years of life.

What Came of a Trifle.

Two men were at work together one day in a ship-yard. They were hewing a stick of timber to put into a ship. It was a small stick, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips, they found a worm—a little worm about half an inch long.

"This stick is wormy," said one; "shall we put it in?"

"Yes," said the other; "it will never be noticed."

"But there may be other worms in it, and these may increase and injure the ship."

"Come! never mind that worm; put it in."

The stick was accordingly put in. The ship was finished, and, as she was launched off into the waters, all ready for a cruise, she looked beautiful as the swan when the breeze ruffles his white-feathered bosom as he sits upon the waves. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were all eaten away by worms, but the captain thought he would try to get her home. He had a great, costly load of goods in his ship, and a number of passengers.

On the return voyage, a storm gathered. The ship for a while climbed up the waves, and then plunged down, creaking and rolling finely. But soon she sprung a leak. They had pumps, and the men worked at them day and night; but the water came in faster than they could pump it out. She filled with water, and then went down under the dark, blue waves of the ocean, with all the goods and all the people on board. Every one perished. Oh! how many wives and mothers and children mourned over husbands and sons and fathers for whose return they were waiting, and who never returned; and all this, probably, because that little stick of timber with the worm in it was put in when the ship was building! How much may depend on a seeming trifle! This is why the saints were so careful to avoid even the smallest faults. The course of evil begins with a slight source, but, if not checked, it grows stronger and stronger.

THERE are ways—Our Lady knows them,
And Her children all should know—
How to find a flower for Mary
Underneath the deepest snow;—

How to make a lovely garland,
Winter though it be and cold;
How to buy the rarest offering,
Costing something, but not gold;—

How to buy, and buy it dearly,
Gifts that She will love to take;
Nor to grudge the cost, but give it
Cheerfully for Mary's sake.

—*Adelaide Procter.*

The First Thanksgiving for the New World.

That was a memorable thanksgiving when, in the early Spring of 1493, Columbus returned from his first voyage of discovery to Palos, and hastened to meet the Spanish sovereigns at Barcelona. Columbus was a man of faith. "God made me the messenger of the new heavens and the new earth," he said in his old age, "and told me where to find them." It was this patriarchal faith that inspired him to weigh the earth and to travel the unknown seas.

Palos throbbed with excitement as the banner of the cross and crowns of Columbus rose above the wave, and streamed into the harbor. The bells rang. On landing, the admiral and his crew went to the principal church, accompanied by the whole population, and offered up solemn thanksgivings for the success of the expedition.

Columbus hastened to Barcelona to meet the court. His journey was a triumphal march. It was the middle of April, the month of nightingales and flowers. Columbus entered the city amid music, bells, and shouts of triumph. Ferdinand and Isabella, seated under a superb canopy, received him as a viceroy rather than an admiral, and requested him to relate to them the history of his voyage. He did so, surrounded by the Indians whom he had brought with him, and offerings of tropical birds and fruits.

As he ended his wonderful narrative, there arose a burst of music, that bore away to heaven the thoughts of the sovereigns and nobles and people, already thrilled and melted by the most marvellous tale ever told of human achievement.

It was the chapel-choir of Isabella.

"We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord; all the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting."

The majestic *Te Deum* swept on until it reached the sublime words:

"Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory!"

The great audience was filled with ecstatic devotion. It was perhaps the happiest moment of Columbus' life—the first thanksgiving for the New World.—*Youth's Companion.*



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Our Lady of Perpetual Succor.

BY SISTER MARY AGNES.

MARY! earthly mothers often
Love their weakest children best,
Seeing that they need protection
More than any of the rest;
And the tenderness unbounded
Of God's love seems fullest poured
On the prodigals He welcomes
To His outraged arms restored.

Am I right, then, O my Mother!
If I think that Thou wilt give
Special help to those who scarcely
Life of grace can hope to live,
Save by Thy perpetual succor,
Save through Thy maternal love,
Gaining for them perseverance,
Else so far their reach above?

Mercy's Mother, sinners' Refuge,
Pardon's Portal, hope's sweet Star,
Overwhelmed by stormy passions,
Calling on Thee from afar;
One of God's most feeble creatures,
Yet at bitter cost redeemed,
Trusts to Thee the soul Thy Jesus
At so great a price esteemed!

Mother, love alone could bind Thee
To a heart so frail as mine,
Mother's patience only win it
To grow like the Heart Divine;
Let my helplessness without Thee
More than words impassioned plead,
And the measure of Thy mercy
Be the measure of my need!

The Cathedrals of Dublin.

BY THE REV. H. W. CLEARY.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

TURN we now to the National Cathedral and Collegiate Church of St. Patrick. Our way lies southward, through Nicholas and St. Patrick Streets. Nicholas Street is wide enough for a single cart to pass "abreast." The way in Patrick Street is narrow, and many there be that travel by it, and the sidewalks thereof are laden with things ancient and venerable—old clothes, old furniture, scrap-iron, and frowzy meat. At its farther end is St. Patrick's, built beneath the level of the lowest ground in Dublin, on the spot where fourteen centuries ago the Apostle of Ireland miraculously caused water to flow for the baptizing of a multitude of his neo-converts.

The present building dates from 1190, and occupies the site of an older church built by St. Patrick in 448. It measures 300x80 feet, and has a handsome spire on its western front. In style and general appearance it greatly resembles Christ's Church, but is lighter and more elegant. Its interior is a veritable *certosa*; memorials of the dead crowd aisles, transepts, and choir, encroach on the nave, and perch themselves in every conceivable position up the walls: exhibiting every variety of form, from the plainest

slab to the most elaborate architectural composition, and every phase of monumental literature, from the simple *orate* of Catholic times down to the strange mingling of paganism and Christianity that characterizes some of the inscriptions of later date.

Among the scores of memorials erected to Protestant ecclesiastics, we single out that of Dean Swift (bust and tablet), the most popular and beloved of them all, whose witty sayings are still familiar as household words in every Irish home. Beside it is a memorial to "Stella" (Hesther Johnston)—his wife, mistress, or friend,—so celebrated in his writings. She died before him, and was buried in the night, by torchlight. When he passed away, his remains were, by direction of his will, borne to the grave at the same hour, and laid with the same ceremonies by her side, beneath the floor of the old Cathedral.

The Boyle monument, erected by the Great Earl of Cork, in the 17th century, is, perhaps, one of the hugest marvels of bad taste that ever stood within a Christian church. It is of black stone, divided into four stories, each story into four compartments or niches, in each of which is a life-size kneeling figure—stiff, staring, expressionless, and bedaubed with fierce red paint: the whole representing sixteen members of the Boyle family, one of whom is supposed to be Robert Boyle, the philosopher, "father of chemistry, and brother of the Earl of Cork." This extraordinary freak of stone once occupied the place of the high altar, from which position it was removed at the instance of Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Charles' Lord Deputy in Ireland. This "high-handed" interference with their just rights set the blood of all the Boyles a-boiling in their veins. They watched and waited for vengeance, and their day soon came. Strafford was impeached for high treason against the fickle master he had served so faithfully and well, and the "Great Earl" hurried over to London to add his charge to the weight of "evidence" that sent the foredoomed Wentworth to the block on Tower-Hill.

There are other tombs that call for notice, but we must be brief. Here is one erected to Dame St. Leger, who had the singular glory of surviving four husbands (*ob.* 1603); and a little farther on, one to Sir Henry Wollop, who was "a rogue and no honest man." We pause with awakened interest before the monument to Curran, the orator and wit; and that to Lover, poet, painter, and dramatist—*tria juncta in uno*, like his country's "chosen leaf." A suitable memorial has been erected to the blind harper, Carolan, "the last of the bards," who composed some of the most touching of the beautiful airs that are wedded to immortal verse in Moore's "Irish Melodies." Here is a tablet to the memory of a kindred spirit—Balfe, composer of "Killarney," "When through Life Unblest we Rove," "Music," etc., etc.; and author of some twenty-five operatic works, "The Bohemian Girl" (*I Zingari*) being that to which his fame is pinned. A modest slab, with a medallion profile likeness, commemorates the Rev. Charles Wolfe (*ob.* 1823), whose "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore" found their way, it is said, from the W. P. B. of a country newspaper into every text-book of English literature.

Over a tablet in the north transept hangs the cannon-ball which killed the Duke of Schömberg "fatally dead" at the battle of the Boyne (1690). His body was buried by William of Orange under the high altar; the skull is now shown as a curiosity in the sacristy, with the "identical hole" (so we were solemnly assured) that was drilled through it by that fateful ball. Old Schöm's fall was, after all, a "stroke of luck" for his descendants, who still benefit by it to the tune of a perpetual hereditary pension of about \$11,000 a year. There are other military memorials by the score. One, in marble, tells how Colonel Stewart's brave young soul was wrenched from its tenement of clay in the campaign that saw the flower of British chivalry "smashed" by the charges of El Madhi and his men. It is but one of many: there are dozens of regimental colors, tattered and torn, hanging on the walls,

and tablets and *relievi* at every step, that tell a story of meddling and muddling on which the sun never sets—in India, China, Burmah, the West Indies, New Zealand, Egypt, and in every clime

"... from polar cold to Afric's burning sand."

I looked in vain for a monument to the two warrior deans of St. Patrick's. The first of these champions of muscular Christianity was the Rev. Mr. Colton, a man possessed of a Brobdingnagian bump of combativeness, that kept him at loggerheads eternal with the world at large—his friends, his chapter, his polemical antagonists. Oh! how he did let loose the vials of his wrath upon them, till at length his contentious soul found peace in war with the "mere Irishry," against whom he performed such doughty deeds of arms, that on his return he was created Lord Deputy! (1380.)

The other warrior dean, Edward Basenet, was a man of meaner clay—a creature of Henry VIII. He fought his master's Irish enemies in the field, received castles and lands for his services; and then, with an eye on future favors, clapped his chapter into prison, and delivered up the revenues, estates and possession of his church to the crown. On the back of one of the deeds of this transaction, Dean Swift described him as the "scoundrel who surrendered the deanery to that beast, Henry VIII."

"John the Sexton" is pilloried in the annals of the chapter, for that he by his carelessness did cause the church to go on fire (1362). It was, however, quickly restored, and about a century later (1492) was the scene of a remarkable tragi-comic interview between the Earl of Ormond (who had sided with the house of Lancaster in the War of the Roses) and the Earl of Kildare (whose politics during that period had been "York"). On the triumph of the White Rose, Henry VII. appointed Kildare his governor in Ireland. This piqued Ormond, who, believing himself unjustly passed over, and slandered into the bargain, marched to Dublin with a large body of men, "to clear himself." His retainers remained outside the city walls, while he proceeded alone to

St. Patrick's, to hold an interview with the newly appointed governor. In the midst of their somewhat heated discussion, a tremendous "hullabaloo" arose outside, followed by the entry of the armed retainers of Kildare, who swore that their swords would drink the heart's blood of "the other cove."

"Betrayed!" was Ormond's instant thought, and he made the "best on record" for the chapter-house, entered it unperceived, barred the door behind him, and sat down to await the course of events. His baffled pursuers turned the church furniture topsy-turvy, poked their javelins and shot their arrows into nooks and crannies that could not afford concealment to a liliputian. At length Kildare calmed the hubbub, and cried out to Ormond to come forth, that the coast was clear. "Not so," returned Ormond, "until my Lord of Kildare gives me his hand that no mischief shall befall me." To this Kildare agreed.

Suddenly it struck the cautious Ormond that, if he opened the door to grasp the proffered hand, he would be at the mercy of his foes. He intimated his fears to his rival outside the door, and there ensued a dead-lock in the negotiations. A suggestion came at length from the Man in the Crowd: "Cut a hole in the door." It was done. "Now reach me your hand, my Lord of Ormond." But the wary Ormond still hesitated. "They want to chop off my hand," quoth he, and fifteenth century diplomacy was again at its wits' end. The Man in the Crowd sang out once more: "Reach *in* your hand, Kildare." The hand was grasped from inside, the breach was healed, and another Damon strode down the church arm in arm with another Pythias.

That ancient door is in existence still. Many and many a change it has witnessed in the gray old Cathedral since the days of the fighting Earls of Ormond and Kildare. It saw the sacred building robbed and desecrated by Henry VIII.; turned into a "common-hall of the four courts" by his son Edward VI.; restored for a brief season to its "ancient and honorable use" by his daughter Mary; desecrated again by his

daughter Elizabeth; used as a court of "justice" (*alias* a "slaughter house") by Cromwell, and as a cavalry barrack by King James; raised to the third heaven of renown by Dean Swift; turned into a sort of theatre for the shows of those "high, mighty and puissant princes," the Knights of St. Patrick; * fallen into decay, and restored at length, as we also have seen.

Yet time and change have never been able to rob these ancient piles of their Catholic look and feeling.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,

But the scent of the roses will cling round it still";

and so much of Catholic form and poetry and legend clings round these old cathedrals still, that the knee instinctively bends before the spot wherein the Divine Presence once had dwelt. A few short hours would fit them again for the offering of the Clean Oblation, if God's own hour had come. There are still the altars, but "altar" and "sacrifice" have ceased to be relative terms with those that kneel there now. The baptisteries still hold their ancient places, but Baptism is fast losing its significance to the Protestant mind. "Those that wish for it may have it," said a Protestant divine; "those that don't, needn't mind."

There are in both cathedrals chapels still dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary and to various "popish" saints—for the especial behoof of men and women who slight God's Holy Mother and scoff at His saints; and there are scores of other names and emblems peculiar to that Church which is the "beast" of their Apocalypse. Perhaps a day of final restoration may yet come, when these signs shall cease to be shadows of things that have been, and a future generation shall kneel before that altar to adore the Presence there in the spirit and truth of the faithful of the olden time, who raised to God those beautiful twin "hymns in stone."

* An order of knighthood founded by George III. in 1783, and very different in origin and purpose from the patriotic body of the same name that has become so widespread among the Irish in America.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was not very long before Marion's promise to Mr. Singleton was recalled to her mind—if, indeed, that could be said to be recalled which had never been forgotten. For she had not exaggerated in saying that this old man, with his air of the world, with his keen, critical glance, and the mingled imperativeness and courtliness of his manner, was after her own taste. His evident admiration and appreciation of herself no doubt led greatly to this result; for had she been treated as he was in the habit of treating people whom he did not like, there could hardly have been much liking on her side. But since his approval of *her* was very manifest, her approval of *him* was not less so, and was, moreover, sharpened by the restless ambition which made her look eagerly for any opening by which she might gain her desired ends.

She was glad, therefore, to receive one morning a note from Mrs. Singleton, begging to know if that day would suit her for the fulfilment of her promise to sing for Mr. Singleton alone. "I should have asked *you* to name the day," the note went on, "but for the fact that there are only certain days on which my uncle feels equal to the exertion of seeing any one; and, of course, he wishes to see as well as to hear you. If you have no other engagement for this afternoon, will you, then, gratify him by coming at five o'clock?" And I hope to keep you to spend the evening with me."

Had any engagement interfered with the proposed appointment, there is no doubt that Marion would have broken it like a thread; but she was, happily, free from such a necessity, and had only to tell Mrs. Singleton that she would accept her invitation for the afternoon with pleasure. So, at the time appointed, her aunt's carriage dropped her at the door of the house which the

Singletons had taken for the season. It was by far the handsomest house in Scarborough—wide, spacious, stately, with nobly proportioned rooms, and halls that spoke eloquently of the wealth that had planned them. It was a wealth that had vanished now, as the house had passed out of the possession of those who built it; but the fine old place served admirably as a setting for the Singleton establishment, which was formed on a very lavish scale.

When Marion was shown into the drawing-room, she found Mr Singleton there, established in a deep easy-chair near the piano, with an open newspaper before him. He laid it on his knee when she entered, and held out his hand.

"You will excuse my keeping my seat," he said, as she came toward him. "I rise with great difficulty, owing to obstinate sciatica, and never without assistance. But you must believe that I appreciate your kindness in coming."

"I am very glad to come," she said, with cordial sincerity. "I told you that it would be a pleasure to me. I like to sing, especially to one who knows what good singing is, and whose praise, therefore, has value."

He smiled, evidently well pleased. "And how do you know," he said, "that my praise has that value?"

"One can tell such things very quickly," she replied. "I think I should have known that you possessed musical culture even if I had not heard so."

"I have a good deal of musical knowledge, at least," he said. "In my youth I lived much abroad, and I have heard all the great singers of the world. It has been a passion with me, and I have missed nothing else so much during these later years of invalidism. You can judge, therefore, whether or not it is a pleasure to hear such a voice as yours."

"I know that my voice is good," said Marion; "but I also know how much it lacks cultivation. I fear that must jar on you, since you have heard so many great singers."

"No, it does not jar on me, because you

have no bad tricks. You sing simply and naturally, with wonderful sweetness and power. Sing now, and afterwards I will take the liberty of asking you some questions about yourself."

Marion went to the piano, and, animated by the last words, sang as well as she could possibly have sung for a much larger audience. In the lofty, wide room, she let out the full power of her splendid voice with an ease, a total absence of effort, which delighted her listener. Lying back in his deep chair while song followed song, and marking how clear and true every note rang, his interest in the singer grew, and he began to rouse a little from the state of indifferent egoism which was normal with him, to consider what would be the future of this girl, whom nature had so richly endowed. Perhaps curiosity had a part in the interest; at least when Marion had sung for some time, he said, suddenly:

"That is enough for the present. I must not be unreasonable, and I must not let you strain your voice. Will you come now and talk to me for a while?"

"Willingly," she answered, rising from the instrument with a smile. "But you must remember that it does not follow that because I can entertain you by singing, I can also entertain you by talking."

"I think it will follow," he said. "You talk, if not as well as you sing—for that would be very extraordinary—at least well enough to make me desire to listen to you. And, in order to make you appreciate that, I must tell you that the talking of most people bores me intolerably."

"Are there any signs by which one can tell when one begins to bore you?" asked Marion, sitting down on a low chair in front of him. "Because I should like to cease as soon as that point is reached."

He smiled, all the lines of his face relaxing as he looked at her. In fact, he found the charm of her beauty almost as great as that of her voice. Had it been an unintellectual beauty, he would have cared nothing for it; but the flash of that indescribable quality which the French call *esprit*, the

quickness and readiness of her speech, the grace of her manner,—all pleased and interested the man, who was not easily pleased or interested.

"I do not believe there is any danger of your ever reaching that point," he said. "And I think you are sure of it yourself. You have no fear of boring any one; for you know the thing is impossible."

"You are very kind," she answered. "But I have never observed that the people who bore one are at all afraid of doing it. So, lack of fear would not prove exemption from the possibility. But I flatter myself that I have penetration enough to detect the first sign, and I am certain that I would not need to detect a second."

"Any one who saw you would be certain of that," he said, regarding her intently. "As it chances, however, it may be I who will prove the bore; for I am going to claim one of the privileges of an old man, and ask you some questions about yourself; or, to spare the trouble of asking the questions, I should like for you to tell me something about your life, if you have no objection."

"Not the slightest," replied Marion; "indeed your interest flatters me. But I am sorry to say that there is very little to tell. You see, my life is only beginning."

"True. You have just left school, I believe?"

"Only a few weeks ago. I came then with my cousin from the convent, where I had spent two years."

"You are not a Roman Catholic, I hope?"

"Oh! no, certainly not." It occurred to her, as she spoke, that if he should ask what she was, she would not be prepared with so ready an answer. But his interest was apparently satisfied with ascertaining what she was *not*, and he went on to another question:

"Where is your home?"

"Ah! that is difficult to answer," she said. "Before going to the convent, I lived with my uncle, but I could hardly call that home; and, since I have no desire to return to his house, I must reply with strict correctness that I have no home."

"That is a sad statement for one so young. Is not your uncle your guardian?"

"I suppose that he is; but, you see, I have no fortune to look after—somehow it has all vanished away,—and, personally, I am not very much in need of a guardian."

"Permit me to differ with you there," said Mr. Singleton, gravely. "Personally I think that you are very much in need of a guardian. And by that I do not mean any reflection on your power of conducting yourself—which I have no doubt is very sufficient,—but I mean that no young and beautiful woman of good social rank should be without the protection of such guardianship."

"I presume certainly that my uncle considers himself my guardian, and it is very likely that he has legal power to interfere with my actions," said Marion. "But I think he does not feel interest enough to interfere—unless he thought me likely to bring discredit on the family. And I believe he knows me well enough not to fear that."

Mr. Singleton smiled at the unconscious pride of her tone, and the gesture with which she lifted her head. "One need not know you very well in order to be sure of that," he observed. "But, since these are your circumstances, allow me, as your kinsman, to ask another question. What are your plans for the future?"

She opened her hands with a gesture signifying emptiness, and lightly shrugged her shoulders. "Frankly, I have none," she answered. "I am waiting on fate. Don't think that I mind it," she added, quickly, catching an expression on his face. "It is interesting—it is like waiting for a play to begin. If I had my choice, I should prefer the uncertainties of my life to a life already mapped and arranged like that of my cousin, Helen Morley. Why should uncertainty of the future daunt one who has a consciousness of some powers, and has no fear at all? I am only anxious for the play to begin, that is all."

"Poor child!" said her listener. The words were uttered involuntarily, and startled him a little; for he was not easily moved

to sympathy or compassion. But the very dauntlessness of this courage, the very rashness of this self-confidence, were sad to the man who knew so well the pitfalls of life, the dangers which no powers could avert, no bravery overcome. If Marion had subtly calculated how best to rouse his interest, and touch whatever heart remained to him in the midst of the gradual withering up of the springs of feeling, she could not have succeeded better, nor, probably, half so well. Any appeal to his sympathy, any tearful eyes or supplicating tones, he would have resisted; but this proud daring of fate, this quick rejection of pity, moved him more than, beforehand, he would have imagined possible. When conscious of the words which had escaped him, he went on:

"Pardon me, but I have known so long the life you are just beginning—indeed I am about to leave the stage as you make your *début*,—that I fear that the play may not prove all that you fancy. It is apt to take sudden turns which no skill can foresee, and which force one, whether one will or not, into very unpleasant situations. But I have no inclination to act the part of a prophet of ill, so I hope all this may be reversed for you; certainly so much courage and so much beauty ought to propitiate fate. And, meanwhile, if there is anything I can do to serve you, remember that I am your kinsman, and let me know."

"Thank you," said Marion, graciously. "But while waiting for the play to begin, I have nothing to desire. My friends are very kind. And now I fear that I may have reached that point of which we spoke earlier,—the point of possible boredom. At least I know that I have talked too much of myself."

"Not at all," he replied, quickly. "You have only answered my questions, and I have been, I fear, too inquisitive. But my interest in you must plead my excuse. I suppose I have been more ready to gratify it because it is not easily roused—at least not to the degree in which *you* have roused it."

"That is very pleasant for me to hear,"

said Marion, truthfully. "I like to rouse interest—every one does, I imagine; and yet I should not care for it if it were easily roused."

"No, I imagine not," said he, with a look that seemed to read her through and through. "You will care only for difficult things, and you are made to gain them."

Before Marion could express her approval of this prophecy, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and Mrs. Singleton entered the room, in the freshest and prettiest of evening toilettes. She held out both hands to Marion, with an air of effusion.

"I was roused out of my *siesta* by the most delightful sounds!" she cried. "At first I thought it must be an angel singing, but angels are not in the habit of visiting me; so then I remembered your appointment, and that I had intended to be present to share the pleasure with uncle. Unfortunately I slept too long for that, but you will sing some for me now—or perhaps we had better defer it until later, when Tom can have the pleasure too. You remember that you are going to spend the evening with us."

Marion remembered, and was very willing to do so; for these were people whom she liked to cultivate. They were not only people of high social consideration, who might be useful to her, but their knowledge of the world, their familiarity with society abroad as well as at home, and their easy habits of wealth and luxury, pleased her taste and gratified her own instinctive yearning for these things. The quiet, old-fashioned comfort of her aunt's establishment lost all its charm when contrasted with the fashion and lavish expenditure which were here. She was the only guest at the beautifully-served dinner to which they sat down in the summer gloaming, but she could truly assure Mrs. Singleton that she was glad it was so. "Who could be found in Scarborough as entertaining as yourselves?" she asked.

"How very nice of you to say so!" replied that lady, patting her hand. "Then we are very well satisfied; for I am sure

nobody could be found in Scarborough as entertaining as you are. In fact, you do not belong to the Scarborough order of life at all; you are totally out of place here."

Marion laughed. "I am afraid I feel so occasionally," she said; "but I have an idea that it is my fault: that I expect too much of Scarborough."

"You belong to another life altogether," repeated Mrs. Singleton, positively. "I felt sure of it the first time I saw you. A quiet, sociable, country-town existence may suit other people—your pretty cousin, for example,—but it does not suit *you*."

"That is very true," said Marion. "As a matter of taste, it certainly does not suit me; but I learned early that one can not always expect to have one's tastes gratified."

"You are very philosophical. Now, for me, I always expect to have my tastes gratified, and they generally are. Demand a great deal, and you will get at least some of it; that is my philosophy."

"And, unlike many philosophers, you always practise what you preach. That I can testify," said Mr. Singleton (the husband). "Don't let her demoralize you, Miss Lynde. If you have any moderation of desire, by all means keep and culture it."

"Unfortunately my desires are boundless," replied Marion, smiling. "It is only my expectations which are moderate."

"Well, that is remarkable enough," said the gentleman; "if only you can manage to keep them so—but you will not!"

"Why not?"

He cast a glance into an opposite mirror. "About the best reason I offer is to be found there," he answered. "No woman is going to expect less than Nature gave her a right to demand."

And so on all sides fresh fuel was offered to the vanity which already turned high and strong in dangerous flame.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERE is nothing so hard to forgive as the sight of suffering in others caused by our own injustice.—*Kathleen O'Meara*.

Legend of the Red Anemone.

SHADOWS of the night have fallen
From the tranquil eastern sky,
All the light of day departed,
All her glory passèd by.
And the earth is hushed to stillness,
Hushed is Life's tumultuous roar,
Only, now and then, a wavelet
Breaks along the distant shore.

Angels gaze on Jesus weeping,
Bowed to earth in mortal swoon,
'Neath the darkly brooding olives
Silvered by the Paschal moon.
Nature hears His cry of anguish,
Leaves in pity o'er Him fall,
And the moonbeams quiver round Him
Like the fringes of a pall.

Men have left their Lord forsaken
In His life's most bitter hour,
Nothing comes to give Him comfort,
Save a little star-like flower.
For as Christ, in prayer, is bending,
Raises she her cup of gold,
Drops of blood therein are falling
From His garment's crimson fold.

And, amid His hour of darkness,
Jesus casts a loving eye
On the little trembling chalice,
Witness of His agony.
"Bear henceforward," He low whispers,
"On thy breast, O child of light!
Crimson drops, henceforth unfading,
Tokens of this mournful night."

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VI.—TORCELLO, THE MOTHER OF VENICE.

TORCELLO lies about seven miles north of Venice. It is the chrysalis out of which this gorgeous butterfly-city was born; for Venice has been a butterfly in its day, though that day is over and gone.

There is nothing sweeter or sadder in all the Venetian Sea than this lonely isle, with its melancholy ruins; its muddy canals, where the tide seems half paralyzed; its low mounds, whereon the long grass waves

in the fitful winds, and where the shutters of the crumbling palaces swing to and fro, creaking dismally. What other sounds does one hear there, save the lowing of cattle as the dusk draws on, or the faint, high treble of some juvenile islander crooning to himself in the midst of a path that winds through the solitary fields?

OUTWARD BOUND.—It is high noon; the meridian sun showers over the glittering water his golden warmth. On such a day the *felse*—the little cabin of the gondola—is removed entirely, so that we may enjoy the full deliciousness of the scene. Having threaded the canals with the current that is sweeping seaward, we shoot out into the open lagoon, and head for an island that looks as if it were half submerged in the deep, blue waters that stretch away to the horizon. We see the pale red and yellow walls of a few houses that are clustered about a tower—a tower that looms above them like a shaft of flame; there is a suggestion of greenness and fertility in the long, low shore,—a mere suggestion rather than any visible verdure. That is Torcello, our port of destination.

On our left, as we sail, lies San Michele, the Island of the Dead; farther on is Murano, a very ancient city, older than Venice, but impoverished in its age, and now chiefly interesting for its cathedral mosaics and its glass manufactories; and farther yet, Burano, a livelier but less interesting fishing settlement, full of gossips and ill odors and teasing *lazzaroni*.

When we have passed Murano, we may consider ourselves at sea. A sail is hoisted on a light, movable mast in the bow of the gondola; our gondoliers lazily ply the oars; we sink back among luxurious cushions, and drift into a reverie. We are scarcely six inches above water, amidships; but the silver crest on our prow is proud and high, and the gondolier behind us seems to be poised in mid-air, where he plies the oar noiselessly and with infinite skill.

As we are borne across the lagoon, we near the scattered islands that seem to have sought each its own solitude. "Surely noth-

ing can be more secluded than this," we murmur—"unless it be that one lying still beyond!" Thus they grow more and more lonesome as we are wafted on our way.

At one of the small sea-oases there is a wee chapel open to the air; a weather-stained altar stands under the shelter of a roof; the crucifix is discolored with rain and the salt winds; a short, sturdy, stumpy grass grows to the very steps of the altar. There is a lantern hanging above it, in the peak of the narrow roof; and at night, when the fisherman plies homeward across the silent lagoon, he marks the feeble but friendly ray of this swinging lamp, and blesses himself as he passes it. Even our more worldly gondoliers of Venice touch their hats, and we drift onward, still lost in a reverie that is as deep and as quiet as the sea.

There is one islet whereon stands a very little fort mounting six small guns. A soldier looks blankly at us from a corner of this harmless plaything, as if we were visitors from some remote shore; but we were suffered to continue our voyage unchallenged. *This is New Italy!* Afar off, almost out of reach, lies another islet; it seems to be the last land of all on this side of the world; there is a wall and a shining tower amid cypresses—all twinkling in the sun. It was the blessed St. Francis who, after his return from the Holy Land, rested here a while, and built himself a lodge of rushes in the midst of the sea, and had only the winds and waves and the birds for companionship. His Brothers are still there, at San Francisco del Deserto, and that is a fragment of the Italy of old!

A PAGE OUT OF THE PAST.—It is not alone the unspeakable solemnity of Torcello that impresses the voyager who comes to these shores with a light heart—he is sure to be a pleasure-seeker,—but the very air is burdened with sorrowful influences; all merriment is out of place here, and laughter but a mockery.

Thirteen hundred years ago, Torcello and all these low lagoon-meadows were uninhabited. A few sea-fowl blew about in the wind, and the fishermen from the mainland

cruised among the shallows; but no one had then dreamed of the glorious cities that were to rise among the waters,—cities that are still glorious even in decay.

The inhabitants of Altinum were driven from their homes by the invasion of Attila in the fifth century; while their houses were in flames, and they were flying and falling before the fury of their conquerors, there was but one avenue of escape—the sea. From the smoking ruins of Lombardy, they sought refuge in the moist marshes of Torcello. They were not cast down; sea-air and sea-water are life-giving. A city arose in the very foam of the Adriatic, and the stout-hearted refugees flourished under the inspiration of a broader liberty than they had ever known before.

From Torcello to Murano was but a step; the tribe increased, and covered island after island. The settlement of the Rialto followed; around this island, afterward the *Ghetto* of the Jews, were scores of little islets; these were woven together by innumerable bridges; the land was filled in and raised above high-water mark; the channels were deepened; the city spread like some splendid sea-plant that decks itself with a thousand floating flowers.

This was Venice, the crowning glory of the toilers of the sea; she still lives, though in her decadence, and with her splendor dimmed and tarnished; but Torcello, the mother of Venice, is twenty times dead; it is a grave, the memory of which is half obliterated.

ON SHORE.—We float into a channel that is cut through the centre of the island; it resembles some still-flowing country stream, with banks scarce four feet high. Bits of stone-wall are scattered along the shores; marble steps lead up to meadows where palaces once stood; grass has covered the foundations of these ancient dwellings, so that in many cases their very outlines are untraceable. The few tenements that remain—most of them unoccupied—are moss-covered; iron gratings of windows have rusted away; carved stone faces above the doors are worn smooth by the gales of

more than a thousand Winters—the winter gales in the Venetian Sea *are* wearing.

We land at the terminus of a cow path that meanders through what was once the heart of the city. Wild blackberries grow on either side of it, and it is scarcely broad enough for a solitary pedestrian to thread without brushing the rank grass that waves along its borders. Yet this is the main thoroughfare of Torcello. Two or three half-drained canals cut the meadows into convenient fields, where cattle are feeding quietly. A broken arch of stone partly spans one of these canals; flocks of domestic ducks sail up and down beneath it, while two children fish with pin-hooks and thread lines from the ruins. This is the state of affairs in a city that was once populous and prosperous.

The Cathedral is about all that remains to identify the locality of the town itself. The whole island was probably thickly settled, but the public square is close to the Cathedral, and the chief buildings must have all been in the immediate vicinity.

Ruskin is charmed with the Cathedral, and calls it the best-preserved specimen of ancient religious architecture in Northern Europe. The mosaics are older than those in San Marco at Venice, but not less beautiful or intelligible. The sorrowful Madonna, a majestic figure of extraordinary size—"divinely tall"—looms above the altar, and pleads for the lonely islanders with a shower of golden tears. The venerable sanctuary is worn nearly smooth, if I may be allowed the expression; there is not a sharp angle in it; it is softened and refined, so that the marble no longer seems hard and cold.

You are continually witnessing this effect in the ancient churches of Italy. It is the last touch that can be given to the majestic basilicas,—the finishing, the harmonizing touch of time that perfects all things. You see it in the mellowness of old paintings—an effect that no hand, however skilful, is capable of producing; you see it in antique sculpture—something infinitely beyond the finest stroke of the chisel; it is the slow ripening of color, the softening and the

rounding of form—results as wonderful and as inimitable as the beauty that clothes a strong soul after long sorrow and suffering. Ah! these stones are permeated with prayer; ten thousand world-wearied souls have put off their iniquities as a garment, and risen up in supremest stature, conquering and to conquer, within these sacred walls.

FROM A TOWER.—In the top of the campanile, where half a score of bells hang motionless, and the *deadly night-shade* clings in the chinks of the plaster, we stand looking out upon a shoal of islands and a fleet of cities swimming in a glowing sunset sea. Below us is the cemetery of Torcello; of all the dead that lie there, not more than a score or two have so much as a headstone to mark their lowly beds. There are a few black crosses in a small enclosure just back of the Cathedral, between it and the tower—the tower stands alone by itself; for it was built in a day when a tower was invested with dignity and individuality;—most of these crosses are toppling over; all of them look neglected and forlorn.

Half a dozen houses are scattered about in the broad meadows; the cattle are lowing with unechoed voices that sound all-at-sea. A child's thin cry ascends to us, and, looking down, we see the youngster tossing his heels in an antique marble seat that stands on the lawn before the Cathedral; that chair was the throne of Attila—of Attila, King of the Huns! Then, with a vision of Venice, the dream-city, fading between a sky that is like flame and a sea that is like wine—Venice, with her sea-born satellites melting and diffusing in the fervid flush that absorbs and consumes them at sunset—we hold our breath for a moment, and wonder why so few pilgrims come hither, even when they have reached Venice; for it is like looking upon the towered sea-city as she will appear when the fires of the judgment have enveloped the earth, and the seas have turned to blood.

THE RETURN.—Twilight was deepening; a great hay-barge with widespread sails drifted slowly down what was once the Grand Canal of Torcello, but is now the very

sluggish stream by which we entered the heart of the island. The tide was out; on every hand low mud banks were rising out of the water; these reflected the waning beams of the sun, and were so glossed and varnished that they looked not unlike snow-banks with the pale blue tinge of the afternoon light upon them. Dank tresses of sea-grass hung about us—

“Like the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf.”

The scene was intensely wild and weird: One or two small fishing-boats were climbing home against the current. A gray cloud lay all along the horizon; Venice was half obscured, yet her lovely profile was clearly defined against the mysterious background; she was just a head and shoulders above the mists that gather over the waters at sunset. The lights began to break through this curtain of vapor: a long chain of them girdled the large city with golden pendants trailing in the sea. Another boat passed us, but it was growing too dark to recognize the occupants. Voices floated over the darkening wave,—voices that were not always musical, or even agreeable; snatches of song mingled with the light raillery of the Italian bargemen and the odious platitudes of guides.

There was nothing after this but a blue-black lagoon,—the Murano factories, from the furnace doors of which, as they opened upon the shore, fiery tongues seemed to be lapping the sea. Venice is in mourning weeds; she smiles her sad, sweet smile toward the south, where the winds and the waves greet her cheerfully; but upon the north, the melancholy “*Misericordia*,” backed with gloomy palaces and lit with dim and widely separated lamps, she sits in solitude and mourns. There is an eternal and unchanging sadness in the very atmosphere of the place that tinges all things, and no one who long dwells there may hope to escape it.

Ruskin has said very truly: “Mother and daughter, you behold them both in their widowhood—Torcello and Venice.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Brother's Angulsh.

THERE were two brothers, scions of a noble but impoverished Irish family, who, though devotedly attached to each other, were compelled to separate by the exigencies of circumstance. The younger one, who had received Holy Orders in Dublin, was appointed vicar of one of the principal parishes of the city, and the elder brother entered the French army. After a time the latter, having obtained a furlough to visit his old mother and his brother, returned to Ireland. At the expiration of his leave of absence, he was induced to resign his commission, on account of the political events of the period (1792), which filled serious minds with uncertainty and dread.

The young officer's resignation was accepted, and for a time he gave himself up to innocent recreation; but idleness, as too often happens, led him at last into laxity and occasional acts of dissipation. His mother and brother urged him to marry, hoping that this change in his condition would result in a more regular manner of life. The object of their choice was the daughter of a merchant, who united to the advantage of wealth a good education and excellent qualities of mind and heart. Notwithstanding his poverty and his somewhat equivocal reputation, the young man, by his charm of manner and address, succeeded in making himself preferred to a rival suitor, who became in consequence his confirmed enemy. Unhappily, the ex-officer had not sufficient force of character to abandon his evil habits entirely, and often visited the tavern, where he frequently met his rival, and where, on many occasions, they manifested their mutual hostility. Their animosity became notorious, and finally they sought occasions of quarrel, and a duel seemed imminent.

One evening, after a more than usually acrimonious dispute, they left the tavern, one a few minutes after the other, and two hours later the corpse of the unsuccessful rival was found stabbed to death. As the sword which he carried was in its scabbard,

it was evident that he had not fallen in a duel; and the fact that his money and jewels were untouched showed that robbery was not the motive of his murderer. Vengeance, then, must have prompted the crime, and the public voice designated the unhappy ex-officer as its author. Appearances were so strongly against him, that at first even his brother believed him guilty. His mother alone was so confident of his innocence, that for a time she felt no serious uneasiness as to the result of the indictment against him. But she was soon cruelly disabused; for, notwithstanding his vehement denials of the crime, the evidence against him was so strong that his guilt appeared assured to every one. Public sentiment had already convicted him.

The trial took place in Holy Week, and on Good Friday the reverend brother of the accused was to preach the Passion; he did so with the greater unction and eloquence that his soul was torn within him. The idea of his brother before the jury was associated in his mind with that of Our Saviour before Caiaphas and Pilate. The image of Christ between two thieves represented to him that brother submitting to an ignominious death, which he had not deserved; and the grief of Mary recalled that of his tearful mother. The emotion of the preacher thrilled his audience. Never had their tears flowed so abundantly at the recital of their Lord's sufferings, for never had sufferings been more powerfully portrayed.

On the conclusion of the discourse he found a crowd of the faithful awaiting him at the confessional. Although wearied and dejected, the priest could not decline to exercise his office. He confessed all, being thus occupied till a late hour of the night. When he repaired to the sacristy, on the way to his room, a man, whom the darkness of the church had prevented him from noticing, followed, begging him to hear his confession. At first the priest tried to put him off; he was utterly exhausted, and this man, not being one of his penitents, might apply to some other confessor. At length, however, he yielded to the entreaties of the

stranger, who declared that he could open his heart to him alone, and that he had been so moved by his discourse that he could not postpone till the morrow the declaration of the many terrible sins that weighed upon his conscience. Before concluding his confession, the penitent said that he was the one who had committed the murder for which the priest's brother was condemned to death, though the penitent was unaware of the relationship of the two men.

The first impulse of the young priest at hearing these words was an act of fervent thanksgiving. In this assurance of his brother's innocence, his soul was unburdened of the weight that had oppressed it; but the next moment he realized that this discovery, so precious to his heart, was of no avail for the justification of the accused. He recalled the teaching of St. Bernard: "If a priest learns in the confessional that murderers await him on such a day, in such a place, he must pass that place at that time, if he had previously intended to do so, or if he was in the habit of doing so." Overcoming his emotion, the priest represented to his penitent that he was about to load his conscience with a second crime, worse than the first; he begged and implored him at least to make a declaration (first providing for his own safety), which would secure the release of the supposed culprit. But all was in vain. The unhappy priest was compelled to renounce all hope of touching this hardened heart, of drawing from it the least consolation.

Who can imagine the sufferings of the confessor in this sad emergency! After a sleepless night, he decided to abstain from visiting his mother; and passed the greater part of the day kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament.

At length the fatal day arrived for the unhappy gentleman whose unjust execution no effort could prevent. He was hanged, after being degraded from his rank, seeing his sword broken by the executioner, and his coat-of-arms effaced. The mother of the unfortunate man did not suffer long: eight days after, she rejoined him in another

world. The priest, long a prey to these dolorous memories, found peace in the testimony of his conscience and the exercise of his duties; but, desiring to escape the scene of so much suffering, he asked and obtained a little country curacy, where his days passed pleasantly between work and prayer.

Hardly had two years rolled by when the real murderer, who had persevered in his wicked ways, had taken another life. This time the crime could not escape discovery. After contracting a marriage, the anticipation of which had been, in part, the cause of his previous obduracy, he poisoned his father-in-law. Tried and condemned for this crime, remorse spurred him to a too tardy act of justice. He avowed all the deeds of his guilty life, among them the crime for which another had suffered an ignominious death; and, having learned that the priest to whom he afterwards went to confession was the brother of the unfortunate officer, he also revealed the particulars related above.

The legal process in both cases being forwarded to London, an order from the King and council was returned, solemnly rehabilitating the innocent victim of this cruel error of human justice. His body was exhumed from the cemetery of criminals, and interred with great pomp in the Dublin Cathedral; the Archbishop and his three suffragans officiated. The young priest received from the Government a considerable sum as indemnity for the few goods his brother left, and which had been confiscated; but, unwilling to enjoy this, and happy in the rehabilitation of his brother, he bestowed the whole amount upon the poor. Satisfied with the obscure position he had chosen, and where his efforts to benefit souls were so successful, he also declined the honorable positions offered to him, seeking no other glory as a reward of the painful duty he had so faithfully performed than that derived from the testimony of a good conscience.

HE who says, "I have done wrong," however wicked he may be, could be more so. — *Abbé Roux.*

The Altar of St. Mark's.

WHERE rise the matchless walls of fair St.
Mark's,

In Venice, city which the seas adore,
The bones of that great Saint were known to
rest,

But in what spot no man remembered more;
Such precious knowledge time had washed
away,

Nor doge nor priest could point the penitent,
Who sought the sacred relic, to the spot,
However good might be the soul's intent.

A trial this to all the people there,

For saint and sinner then alike desired
To kneel before the shrine, and gather so
The blessing to which all alike aspired.

And so the doge proclaimed a solemn fast,
And all the people kept it many days,
Then at the great Cathedral's altar vast
They knelt with one accord in prayer and
praise.

As the last note of supplication died,

The Altar of the Cross in silence swayed,
The marbles fell, and then disclosed there
The chest of bronze in which the Saint was
laid.

All sick were healed, all sinful souls were
shrived,

And every man who knelt that day was blest
With the peculiar blessing he had sought,
And then once more the good Saint took his
rest.

So say the annals of the ancient church,

And so the people tell you to this day;
We of this faithless time may scornful smile,
But evermore such simple legends stay.
Where history is lost, tradition stands,
And who shall say no great truth in it hides?
A lie will perish, but some form of truth
Is ever in the word which long abides.

And whether that old Altar of St. Mark's

Its fair-veined marbles rent upon that day,
And blest the kneeling crowds, and whether
still

He sends a blessing when the faithful pray,
We do not care to ask: enough to know
That every soul in bitter need still cries
Unto the God of Blessing, and still sees
The Altar of the Cross ope in the skies.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD, *Chicago Tribune*.

A Great Fraud Exposed.

THANKS to contemporary historical re-
search, and especially to Dr. Janssen's
great work, the "History of the German
People," the monstrous imposture—for it
was nothing else—of the Reformation is
coming to be seen in its true light. A revo-
lution is being wrought in public opinion,
and "the Blessed Reformation," as Protes-
tants used to call it, is becoming less and
less sacred, and there are few to defend the
legend. Even that grave and staid church-
man Lord Salisbury, speaking some time
ago of the means by which the Legislative
Union between England and Ireland was
won, and urging that great institutions are
not to be judged by their beginnings, said:
"The great and beneficent Reformation it-
self was set rolling in England because
Henry VIII. got tired of his wife, and fell
in love with her maid."

Among the superstitions exploded by
Dr. Janssen's research is the Protestant
notion of the doctrine of Indulgences as
propagated in the pre-Reformation period.
It will be seen from the following extracts
from popular books of instruction that were
current in Germany at the end of the fif-
teenth and the beginning of the sixteenth
century, that the doctrine was proclaimed
with the same clearness and precision then
as now:

The „Seelenführer“ says: "Know ye that indul-
gence does not forgive sins, but only remits the
punishments which you have deserved. Know
ye that you can obtain no indulgence when you
are in sin, and have not confessed and truly re-
pented, and really determined to improve your
life; for otherwise all is to no purpose." . . . The
Summa Johannis of the year 1480 likewise declares
that only he "who sincerely repents of his sins
gains the indulgence . . . if the man be in the
state of mortal sin, he can not obtain the indul-
gence; for it is not given to sinners." . . . To those
who said that indulgence was "forgiveness of sins
for money, and therefore that it could be bought,"
the "Explanation of the Articles of the Creed"
[A. D. 1486] remarks that it was a question "of
the praise and honor of God, not of the collection
of money. Again, the indulgence is not given to
those who simply contribute to the building of
churches, unless they are in a state of grace,

and give out of piety, in true faith, with great confidence in the Communion of Saints and their merits, in whose honor and praise the churches are built, and with especial confidence in the mercy and help of God."

And so with all the other calumnies of the time; the light which is being shed upon the Reformation by contemporary historical research is so bright and penetrating that the most hidden motives of the movement are exposed to the scrutiny of all. The shock to believing Protestants ought to be very great; however, let us hope that the rude awakening will prove salutary to them.

Letter from Paris.

PAUL BERT'S FUNERAL; ITS DISASTROUS LESSON.—CRIME ON THE INCREASE.—A QUAIN OLD CUSTOM.—RUMORS OF WAR.—A PAGAN CALENDAR PROPOSED.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—The report of Paul Bert's death-bed conversion was quickly contradicted. The wicked atheist, who did so much to dishonor Our Lord and ruin souls, died as he had lived, the enemy of God. His remains, as you know, were brought back to France, amidst blowing of trumpets and beating of drums, and soldiers and flags bending in funereal salutations. There are few things sadder than to see the honors paid by Catholic France to infidels and anti-Catholic politicians. The effect on the youth of the country is the most disastrous lesson that is being taught them. They see bad men, unprincipled adventurers, whom all men worthy of respect speak of with contempt and aversion, but who have had some intellectual power, some gift of eloquence or science, which they turned to evil uses,—they see these men, Gambettas and Paul Berts, set up on high as heroes and patriots, and placed amongst the demi-gods to be worshipped by a nation that is gradually ceasing to worship the true God. They are a miserable spectacle, these civil funerals, where the poor rotten body is carried pompously to the grave, and buried as the carcass of an animal might be, without a prayer, without anything to suggest that the dead man had a soul, an immortal future waiting him beyond the tomb.

The lesson taught by these pagan apoth-

oses is being learned to some purpose. Crime is increasing visibly, and open violence against religion is being used in many directions. A most diabolical attempt was made at Midnight Mass on Christmas to blow up the Church of St. Nazaire at Lyons; happily the courage and presence of mind of a policeman averted what might have been a terrible disaster. The man noticed near one of the pillars something smoking; on approaching, he discovered it to be a bomb with a fuse attached; he seized it, and, running quickly into the street, flung it into the gutter. On being examined, it was found to be filled with nails and explosive matter of a deadly nature.

Talking of Christmas brings to my mind a pretty, old custom which still lingers amongst the peasantry in parts of Catholic Europe. If towards Christmas-tide any one is sick unto death in the village, it is believed he can be saved on Christmas Eve by a miracle of charity. At the first glimmer of day, the relatives of the dying man run round the country, knocking at the gates of the rich, and begging a few handfuls of hemp for the "love of God." The alms is never refused. When the *Angelus* rings, if enough has been collected, the women sit round the hearth, and proceed to beat the hemp, and to spin and twist it, to make the thread, and to weave the linen. When the linen is ready, it is cut out, and made into the shirt which must be finished before midnight, for the sick man to be clothed in it. The women stitch on with feverish diligence. Every minute is worth its weight in gold. It is a weird scene round the cottage hearth, while the nimble fingers run on, and the eyes keep glancing towards the clock on the wall.

The sick man watches it all from his bed, guessing his fate from the anxious faces lighted up by the flame of the crackling logs. He knows that the Evil One is fighting against the good women, and doing his best to hinder them; he blows the wind through the chinks of the door, he puts out the light, he hides the scissors, he knots the thread, he entangles the skeins—he does all his fiendish wit can invent to prevent the shirt being ready in time. Sometimes the feat is accomplished, and the efforts of charity meet with their reward. Sometimes it fails. Midnight begins to strike, and the work is not finished. With one accord the women fall on their knees, and begin the prayers for the dying; for the Reaper has con-

quered: the patient gives forth his last sigh, and the *De Profundis* goes up for his soul. The charity of the "Christian shirt" sounds like some mediæval legend now, with all the lights of modern progress glaring on it, and making the sweet, childlike practice seem so foolish; but it will be a good day for France when the old "superstitions" come into favor again, and men begin to believe in some higher forces than infidel science and anti-Christian laws.

There is a kind of panic abroad just now, owing to Bismarck's recent speech. The belief that we shall have war very soon is universal, though there is a great variety of opinion as to who is going to make it. France says Germany will begin; Germany says France will; Italy hopes France will, and then she (Italy) will side with Germany; England says, and perhaps Germany *knows*, that Russia is the one most likely to begin. But the question of who begins is not of so much moment; the terrible thought is that, once begun, almost every nation of Europe will be dragged into the conflict, and it will be a war of extermination.

The radical and atheistic newspaper, the *Lanterne*, intends reforming the calendar. It recommends to its subscribers an almanac corrected and improved by Monsieur Antonin Louis. All months are to be of equal length; "it shocks one's sense of justice to see some months with thirty-one days, and others with only thirty, or even twenty-eight"! All saints' names are to be abolished; pagan and mythological ones will replace them. "All idea of God or religion will be put aside as fanatical and superstitious." Monsieur Antonin approves only of the names of men who have contributed "to the prosperity of nations, or to the emancipation of the human race"; and here follows a long string of unknown and almost unpronounceable names. Victor Hugo, of course, has a place in the calendar; but the weaker sex is evidently not in favor; for only *five* female names figure in it, and, strange to say, one is Jeanne d'Arc!

ENFANT DE MARIE.

SMILE not at the legend as vain, that once in holy hands a worthless stone became a heap of silver. Let thy alchemist be contentment, and no stone or ore shall be equal to thee.—*Persian*.

Catholic Notes.

An item of edifying interest comes to us from the venerable and beloved Bishop O'Connell, formerly of the See of Grass Valley, Cal. He says that when in 1851 Archbishop Alemany appointed him to take charge of the Mission of Sta. Inez, the salutation he received from the Indians there—converts of the early Spanish missionaries—was, "*Ave Maria Purissima*," which he was expected to answer with, "*Concebida sin mancha original*,"—"Conceived without original sin." Ought not this incident of itself to be enough to disprove the assertion, so often made by Protestants, that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is an innovation? It was defined in 1854, but the doctrine antedated the definition even among distant Indian tribes. And it need not be observed that the truth of Mary's Immaculate Conception was certainly not new with those who converted them; for a feast was established in the Gothic Church of Spain to honor this mystery as far back as the eighth century.

A Catholic Congress was held some months ago at Fribourg, in Switzerland, for the purpose of studying the Labor question, and solving it in accordance with Christian principles. The principal feature of the meeting was the reading of the Brief which his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. addressed to the Bishop of Fribourg, Mgr. Mermillod, under whose presidency the assembly met. In words revealing the kindly paternal heart and the deep, far-reaching wisdom so eminently characteristic of the Sovereign Pontiff, advice was given, and the true Christian principles enunciated by which the members of the assembly were to be guided in their deliberations. We present an extract from the letter of the Holy Father, which admirably and tersely presents the great cause of the dangers which threaten society, and suggests the only secure means of salvation therefrom. The Sovereign Pontiff says:

"Indeed every sensible mind must admit that forgetfulness of justice and truth, and contempt of religion, have raised up the storm which for so long a time has troubled the bosom of human society. The social body is infected with a poison which will inevitably produce the most deadly effects, unless minds imbued with the teachings

of divine truth, and hearts influenced by the love of justice and religion, seek for peace and rest in the true haven of safety. It is only in this way that society can rest secure upon solid foundations, and that the evils and sufferings inseparable from human conditions may find alleviation and consolation. Our great desire, then, is to see Catholics zealously laboring, by study and by work, under the direction of their pastor, for the good of religion and of society. We love, especially, to see them exercising their intelligence, their charity, all the generous resources of mental and bodily activity, to the end that thereby they may ameliorate the condition of the laboring classes, who have to provide the necessities of life by their daily labor."

The *Moniteur de Rome*, speaking of a delegation recently admitted to an audience with the Holy Father, remarks: "All who were privileged to assist at this audience could see for themselves that his Holiness continues to enjoy most excellent health; and this is assuredly the best news that we can give at the beginning of his jubilee year."

How a rude bark hut became the finest church in Canada—such is the story of the present Church of Notre Dame in the city of Montreal, which is now without a peer in British America, while there are few on the entire Continent that can compare with it. Notre Dame was founded in 1642, and was then a humble structure of bark; it was the first building made on the spot by Europeans, and was, therefore, the founding of the city of Montreal. The founder was a pious French layman, who had been sent over by the Sulpicians, at the head of fifty colonists, to lay the foundations of a church and a colony. Members of the Order followed shortly afterwards, and much of what the Canadian metropolis has since become is due to their enterprising spirit and generosity. The present Church of Notre Dame is of plain Gothic architecture, and is built of the native gray stone of which Montreal is chiefly constructed. The interior is magnificent, the grand altar alone having cost upwards of \$100,000.

A discovery of the highest importance has just taken place at Laurium. In the ancient silver mines, from the possession of which Athens dates her grandeur, many objects have been found belonging to the Grecian workmen, but nothing hitherto denoting the

presence of Christians, except a few terracotta workmen's lamps, having in relief upon them the cross or other Christian symbols. Some members of the French School at Athens, when engaged recently in exploring the narrow galleries near the surface, at a place called Pozzo Anemone, suddenly came upon some short inscriptions cut in the rock, which, to their great surprise, proved to be undoubtedly of Christian origin. Whether these were records left by the persecuted Christians condemned to these mines by the Romans—as we know they were sent to work in the mines of Sardinia, Egypt and the Caucasus—can not now, perhaps, be ascertained. Of these inscriptions five or six were identified by MM. Diehl and Radel as clearly Christian, very like those found in the Roman Catacombs. Crosses appear frequently upon them, and they consist of Christian phrases or maxims, and invocations of God.

The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has commissioned Mgr. Livinhac, Vicar-Apostolic of Victoria Nyanza, in the missions of his Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie, to collect carefully the acts of the negroes recently martyred for the Faith, for presentation to the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

It is an unusual thing for a non-Catholic to say a good word of Mexico or the Mexicans, and calumnies against our sister Republic are so common that many Catholics have the idea that the Mexicans are only half civilized, and that clergy and laity are a dishonor to the Church. A correspondent of the *Boston Sunday Herald*, writing from the city of Mexico, speaks in a different strain:

"The Church party here contains many able, learned and good men. They abound in good works and lead excellent Christian lives. The Catholic Church, despite its complex system of government, despite its pomp of ritual and its array of bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, is a truly democratic institution; it is the Church of the poor and lowly, and utterly unlike our opulent sects, which erect gorgeous edifices, and upholster them, and partition them off in a manner which keeps the poor on the outside. The Catholic churches of Mexico are open every day in the week—open to the poorest Indian-woman with but two simple garments as well as to the rich daughter of an ancient family. The churches here are the houses of God, and not the club-houses of luxurious congregations, who would feel contam-

inated by contact with such poor as there are to be seen in Mexican churches. No better women live on the earth than the pious women of Mexico; they are admirable housewives and devoted daughters, and exhibit in their daily lives all the virtues of Christianity. If the tree is to be judged by its fruit, then the Catholic Church of this country may point proudly to these exemplifications of its doctrines. There are many excellent men in the priesthood,—men of great learning and practical piety."

In an article from the pen of that veteran journalist, Calvin B. McDonald, which appeared some time ago in the *Oakland Times*, occurs the following striking and beautiful illustration of the life and work of the Catholic priesthood; it displays sprightly fancy as well as appreciative knowledge:

"We have somewhere read a fanciful idea that the coral islands are constructed of the dead bodies of insects. A tiny organism dies at the bottom of the sea; another takes its place, and, after a while expiring, adds its poor remains to those of its predecessor; and so the process of submarine architecture goes on, millions of millions contributing to the funeral pile, until at length an island is discovered by some stray navigator, covered with palm and plantain trees and tropical flowers, and peopled by a strange race of mankind. In like manner the Catholic priest may be said to contribute his whole being to the building up of one great structure, the Church of Rome. A man-child is born, perhaps in some thatched cottage of Ireland, and, like Samuel, is dedicated to God from his birth by some mother, who in her girlish prime had been the Colleen Bawn of the Emerald Slope; and, having patiently and faithfully performed his part in the apostolic drama, dies after a while, a thousand miles in the depths of the wilderness, under the burden of Salvation. Another takes his place, and so the work goes on uninterruptedly for a thousand years: these human sparrows falling to the ground, one by one, unseen by the great world, but, as we well believe, full in the sight of God, until at length the conquering sign of the Holy Cross is descried from eminence to eminence all around the circumference of the globe."

We are indebted to the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* for a brief but highly interesting account of Cardinal Newman's every-day life and habits. The Cardinal is evidently a believer in the advantages of combining plain living with high thinking, and his personal surroundings seem to have been in no way affected by the high dignity to which he was raised in 1879. His two rooms are furnished

like those of a simple monk. He rises every morning, says his office, and celebrates Mass. After breakfast he retires to his room, where his devotions, correspondence, studies, and the book he is now engaged on, occupy him till dinner-time. The students of the College have, of late years, seen but little of their President, though he still assists at the rehearsals of their plays, in which he continues to take great interest. Otherwise he seldom appears outside his rooms.

Self sacrifice is a plant of rare growth in our days. True, there is many and many a lady of birth and wealth still to be found in all Catholic countries of the globe, who, forsaking the pomp and pride of the world, gives herself up to toil and penury for the sake of a cause which is dearer to her than life. But this sort of voluntary renunciation of the world is more scarce among men, particularly among those in the higher ranks; and in France especially, where monastic orders are proscribed at this day, those who of their own accord seek to be registered on the roll-call of outlawry, are few and far between. We translate from the *Tablettes des Deux Charentes* the following notice of a case of this kind:

This week Lieutenant Olivieri has taken, at Solesmes, the habit of St. Benedict. M. Olivieri was, in the last war against China, promoted to the rank of Naval Lieutenant and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and special mention was made of him in Admiral Courbet's report, on account of his distinguished bravery. Solesmes Abbey being closed, the ceremony had to take place in a private habitation. After the abbot's address, the postulant divested himself of his naval officer's uniform, and put on the *robe de bure*.

Here, then, is a man whose past career qualified him for the very highest rank in the French Navy, and who might, perhaps in a short time, have risen to one of the highest positions in the naval service of France. He gives up every prospect of becoming a ruler of men, and resigns himself to the position of a servitor, a menial, and an outlaw. We leave the enemies of Catholicity to make what comment they choose hereon — *The London Universe*.

The fortieth and last volume of the *Histoire de l'Église*, which had been begun by the Abbé Darvas, and completed by Mgr. Fèvre, has just been published in Paris. The volume ends with a note, in which the continuator of the

History retracts all the charges and accusations made against the Society of St. Sulpice, and presents a most commendable and edifying example of devotedness and submission to the authority and teachings of the Vicar of Christ and Father of the Faithful. The note is as follows:

"We had just completed the fortieth and last volume of *Histoire de l'Église*, commenced by the Abbé Daras, and published by M Vives, of Paris, when we were summoned before the Archbishop of Paris. His Grace had been charged by his Eminence Cardinal Jacobini, Pontifical Secretary of State, to inform us that our Holy Father Leo XIII. had expressed great displeasure at the manner in which we had spoken of the Society of St. Sulpice in the thirty-seventh volume of our History; and that, to compensate for the injury done, he had addressed a Brief to M. l'Abbé Icard, Superior of the Sulpicians. The Archbishop submitted to us an authentic copy of the Brief, instructing us to publish it in this volume, which now appears, and with it to join our act of submission to the judgment of his Holiness, and a retraction of all that we had too harshly and inconsiderately uttered

"Desiring to yield entire obedience to the will of the Holy Father, and to conform to the instructions which he has transmitted to us, we have inserted at the end of this volume the Brief addressed to the Society of St. Sulpice. We declare, moreover, that we adhere with filial submission to the judgments of his Holiness, and we hereby retract all that appears in our History opposed to the above mentioned Brief of the 10th of July, 1886.

"We are happy, in concluding the 'History of the Church,' to complete our work by a personal act of submission to the Holy See, whose authority we have always sought to defend and maintain."

New Publications.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS CHRIST. Translated from the Italian of the Rev. F. Francis da Perinaldo, O. S. F., by a Member of the Same Order. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

There are many excellent treatises on the sufferings and death of our Blessed Redeemer, but a new one is always welcomed. Let these books be multiplied, and sorrow for sin and love of God will be awakened in hearts in which sin abounds, and God and His interests are forgotten. The present work is intended for people living in the world. Knowing the difficulties that prevent some and discourage

others from the practice of meditation, the author has rendered it easy by reducing the present considerations to spiritual reading, which will yield the fruits of meditation by mere perusal. But he cautions his readers against haste, and directs that the reflections be read slowly and with attention, "one every day, either in the morning or in the evening before retiring"

Nowadays, especially in our country, few can, or rather few *do* fast, and Lent with many passes with hardly a thought of penance. And why? The wail of the Prophet answers: 'Because there is no one that thinketh seriously in his heart.' Hence we do not realize the necessity of mortification, make no efforts to chastise the flesh, and have little love for God or zeal for His glory. To those who would observe the holy season in the spirit of the Church, we say: Read one of these meditations every day, and be sure that the reflections on the sufferings of our Blessed Redeemer will not only bring you to hate and consequently to avoid sin, but draw you closer to Him whose love for us is best appreciated in the shadow of His bitter sufferings and death.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mrs. Elizabeth Freely, mother of the late beloved Dr. Freely, of Brooklyn, who departed this life at her home in that city on the 13th ult. Mrs. Freely was a noble Christian matron, and her memory is in benediction by all who knew her.

Mr. John Lalor, whose death occurred at Hule, England.

Miss Lizzie M. Bruser of Vicksburg, Miss., who was called to the reward of a life of suffering and of innocence on the 7th inst.

Mrs. Alice Mahon, of Chicago, who died a happy death on the Feast of the Epiphany.

Miss Margaret Haden, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. John Ryan, Mrs. Anna Kirwin, Mr. William Buchanan, and Mrs. Jane O'Day,—all of San Francisco; Mrs. Honora Keating, Mrs. Bridget Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, New York City; Mrs. Mary Clarke, Brooklyn; P. W. Kinsler, Hoboken, N. J.; and Miss Libbie Russell, Hudson, Mich.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Marianna.

BY ELIZABETH KING.

I.

"Ah! my light bark, my Katie!" cried a young fisherman, catching up a little girl about three years old, that came toddling up the garden path of his pretty cottage by the sea-shore to meet him.

"Dadda's tome!" screamed the child, till her mother came out to welcome Jim Burke home, after long toiling on the world of waters.

The three would have made a study for an artist—the handsome young fisherman, his blooming wife, and rosy child—as they stood beneath the rustic porch, covered with wild roses and sea-pinks, and looked towards the sea.

"I'm well laden, Lucy," said her husband, setting down his basket of fish. "The gulls are flying into shore, and I think we'll have a rough night."

"I'll never get used to the sea, Jim," replied his wife, as they went into the cottage, and she proceeded to cook some of the fish he had brought home. "And when ye're out of nights I have no rest. I do wish ye were not a fisher; it's such a risky life! And a fish-wife has a lonesome time of it half the year."

"Not more risky than many other callings, where men have to leave their wives as much as we—aye, even among the gentry. But we're all apt to fancy our own lot is the hardest, Lucy."

The young couple were silent until they had finished their frugal meal. Then little Katie climbed upon her father's knee, and, nestling her head upon his arm, fell asleep, while her mother sang, Jim joining in the refrain:

"Brave fishers are toiling far out on the deep,
While on land are tired workers fast wrapt in
sweet sleep;

Fearless they float
In their tiny boat,
While Guardian Angels their night-watches keep.

"When the nets are cast out, thro' the long dark-
some night,
The fishers must wait till the grey morning light;
Fearless they float
In their tiny boat,
Tho' the storm-bird to land may be winging its
flight."

The people are all singers in those parts where the scene of our story is laid, on the beautiful coast of Devon. It is a treat to the tourist to hear the fishermen, on calm nights, far out at sea, singing hymns and ballads, keeping time with their oars.

Lucy sang again a few bars—but hark! the wind rises, whistling like a flute, dying away in soft murmurs for a few minutes; then rising again, louder and louder between each lull.

Lucy knew that the wind's soft prelude must end in a storm, but she resolved to calm her fears, thankful that her husband was at home.

"Ye and the gulls were right. I hope the boats are all in."

"They were close upon me," replied Burke, as he went to the window and looked out, watching the black clouds that came rolling up from the southwest. Then he went to the door. Lucy followed him. The moon had risen, and in a gleam of light, as the dense clouds parted, a vessel was seen close to some dangerous rocks, tossing on the surging billows.

"She'll never reach the harbor," cried Burke. "She's driven too far to shore. Hark! there's a signal! We must see what can be done."

She clasped his arm. "O Jim!"

"Don't hinder me, Lucy; get my lantern." The next minute he was gone.

Mrs. Burke went in and sank on her knees; she prayed and moaned. Yet, even in her bitter anguish, she would not have wished her husband to be other than the brave man he was. She could hear the

shouts on the beach, then a fearful cry went up to Heaven. She could bear the suspense no longer. Covering her child in its cot—for the little one, accustomed to storms from its birth, slept on peacefully,—she rushed through the blinding spray. How she kept on her feet in spite of the fury of the wind, seemed miraculous; but at last she reached the beach. The life-boat was manned. The fishermen's lanterns gleamed fitfully. But—do her eyes deceive her? No: her brave husband is seated at the helm!

"It's madness, in such a sea as this!" said an old fisherman, whose only son was in the boat. "Ah! is it ye, Mrs. Burke? Go home, go home; and I'll come and tell ye the news, good or bad, when it's all over."

Taking her by the arm, the old man led her home, and returned to the shore.

Mrs. Burke made up the fire and spread a blanket before it; there she waited with clasped hands. It came at last, the sound for which she was listening—the heavy tread of feet up the garden path. Yes, it was her husband, whom his comrades bore in their arms, and laid at her feet on the warm blanket.

Mrs. Burke did not weep: she gave one little sob as she knelt down by the inanimate body, and chafed the cold hands. A childless widow came to help her, and tried to console her; but she heeded not: her eyes were fixed on the pale face at her feet. Long she waited; then came signs of life—a twitch of pain, a deep sigh.

"O Father all-merciful!" cried the joyful wife.

Burke opened his eyes. "Lucy!" he said, faintly. Then his gaze wandered round the room, as if in search of something.

"What is it, Jim dear?"

"The child! Did I save her, after all?"

II.

When morning dawned, Burke was sleeping the sound sleep of exhaustion. The sun was shining on the silver-tipped waves, as they majestically dashed on the beach. All nature seemed to be rejoicing over the mischief wrought by the storm. But for the *débris* of the wrecked vessel on the

shore, those who witnessed last night's tempest might have fancied it was only a dream.

When Burke at last awoke from his long sleep, a fish-wife entered the cottage, leading by the hand a child about eight years old. Jim had clasped her in his arms when he had rolled on the beach, apparently lifeless. The poor mother was missing. The crew had been saved except the captain and mate.

"Poor darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Burke; "better she'd died with her mother than be left an orphan in a foreign land."

"Don't say that, Lucy," replied her husband, drawing the child towards him. "Maybe she's saved for some reason we don't know of now. We'll harbor her, anyway."

The child clung to Burke; she evidently remembered that his strong arms had borne her safely over the boiling waters. She could not speak a word of English, but she chattered in her beautiful language—the burden of her sad song, while she wept bitterly, was "*Madre! madre!*"—not a word of which could the Burkes understand.

"I wish Mrs. Denley were not away in Italy for the Winter; she'd have understood her, and would have buried the poor mother; now she must be buried by the parish," said Mrs. Burke.

"No, no, Lucy," answered her husband; "we fishers will collect enough to lay her decently in the grave."

The body of the poor woman had been found among the rocks, and they laid her in the pretty churchyard, where so many touching memorials of the dead tell how treacherous is the beautiful shore on which they perished who lie there.

The Burkes guessed the meaning of the oft-repeated cry when the little orphan fell on the new-made grave, and called out in bitter anguish, "*Madre mia!*"

One day, in stress of weather, a vessel sought refuge in the little harbor, and on board was an organ-grinder. The Burkes asked him to come and see their little

"Gull," as they and the village people called the child, because she came to them with the sea-gulls in the storm. When the man entered the house, he took from his pocket a tiny metallic statuette of the Blessed Virgin.

"*Madonna mia!*" cried the child, in an ecstasy of joy, and kissing it fondly.

"She takes it for a likeness of her mother," said Mrs. Burke.

"It is like her *Madre Santa Maria*. She takes care of poor 'Gull,'" replied the man; and he told the little one she might keep the statuette. He offered to take her away with him to London, where she could soon earn her living by singing in the streets, and his employer would be glad of her. But the Burkes would not part with the child. "The Father of the fatherless sent her to us," said Mrs. Burke; "and we'll see to her till she's old enough to do for herself."

The organ-grinder, questioning the little girl, found that her name was Marianna Lucca, and that she and her mother—her father being dead—had come to England to swell the number of Italians, whose employers reap a good harvest by their earnings.

The Burkes were amused at the child's delight in the possession of the statuette. Mr. Burke made a little bracket for it on the wall, and Marianna would twine wild roses and sea-pinks in a wreath round its feet. Night and morning she knelt down and said her prayers before it. Katie, by way of imitation, would kneel beside her, and try to repeat the words. Both she and her parents caught at last the sound of the oft-repeated "*Ora pro nobis*," and joined in it.

"It is very odd," said Mrs. Burke one day to her husband, "but that image is like the picture of the lady, with an infant in her arms, on those bits of brown cloth * Gull wears; and those bits of cloth are like those you wear, that you say your mother put about your neck."

"Yes, but the picture is worn off mine.

I can just remember mother putting them on me. I wouldn't part with them for gold, and she—"

Burke suddenly stopped. His mother died in the poor-house. It was the only secret he had from his fond wife, and he was often on the verge of betraying it. The overseer of the house told him this when he left it to follow the only craft that then lay open to him. His parents had crossed the Channel, in harvest time, in search of work. His father died of sunstroke, leaving his wife with her young babe quite destitute. The man also told him that his parents were honest and industrious. It was a great consolation to Burke to know that, though poor, they had left him a legacy he prized beyond wealth—a name unstained by crime.

III.

About a year after the stormy night that brought Marianna to the cottage, Mr. Burke became suddenly restless. He no longer joined in the old songs; he ceased to dance Katie on his knee; he sat looking at the fire. He had caught the fever that was raging everywhere—the *gold fever*. Multitudes were daily starting for the "Dig-gins." "Why shouldn't I get a lump quick like other folks?" thought the young fisher; "and then I'll come back and take my sweet little flower and her rosebud to a quiet nook, where she won't fear the wind on stormy nights."

Burke spoke to his wife of the project one day, just after the little fishing fleet had narrowly escaped a disaster.

"O Jim!" she cried; "think of me and the children!"

"That's it, Lucy; I'm going for ye and the children. If I should get drowned here, what would I have to leave ye?"

She said no more, but she cried herself to sleep that night.

In less than a week Mr. Burke had started, leaving his wife and children, with a small sum of money he had saved, with her parents, who thought he was quite right to try his luck.

But Lucy had a sad time after her husband left her. A hard Winter came. Her

* The Scapular of Mount Carmel.

parents did not like the "furriner," as they called Marianna; and the child, accustomed to be petted by every one in the fishing village, bitterly felt their indifference. No tidings of Jim had yet reached his friends. He could not write, but he had promised to get some one to write for him. Lucy tried to procure a little needlework, but she had to walk five miles to the nearest town to get it, and she earned very little.

One morning Marianna took it into her head that she would try to earn some money by singing in the streets, as her mother had done, and slipped away unperceived by any one. On the road she obtained quite a little sum, and when she reached the town she reaped a good harvest. At last, feeling very tired, and seeing the door of a chapel open, she went in. To her surprise, she found herself in a Catholic church. There were very few in England in those days, and this was the first she had seen since she left her native land. Long did the child kneel before the Blessed Sacrament. Then she stole quietly to her "Madonna." Here Mrs. Burke, who had missed her, found her, tracing her without difficulty along the road, her sweet singing, in broken English, having attracted observation.

"How very naughty of you!" exclaimed Lucy, falling on her knees beside the child.

"*Madonna mia* no cross with poor Gull," whispered Marianna, raising her liquid brown eyes to the statue.

Lucy could not understand the child's feelings, but she saw that her face was radiant with joy, and a sweet peace entered her own soul as they both rose to leave the church. When Marianna prostrated herself before the Blessed Sacrament, a feeling of awe stole over Lucy, which many Protestants have experienced in the Divine Presence.

When they were outside the church, Mrs. Burke told Marianna she must never sing in the streets again, but she could not scold her.

"*Madonna mia* get this for poor Gull; she want it for *madre mia*," replied the child, untying a knot in her handkerchief,

and producing the very sum Lucy wanted to pay a debt, and had failed to earn that week.

IV.

Still harder times came. A bad harvest, the failure of the potato crop, provisions at famine prices, reduced wages,—all rendered it impossible for many among the poorer class to eke out a subsistence. Lucy's father, a farm-laborer, died broken-hearted, and her mother had to seek that last refuge of the destitute, the poor-house. The well-to-do were retrenching everywhere, so that Mrs. Burke could get very little work in her line. She tried to find a place for Marianna, but no one would take a "furriner"; so Lucy left the pretty cottage in which she was born, and took a miserable lodging in the town, where she could more readily get work. After a time, Marianna obtained a place with a poor but pious Catholic lady, as nurse to her baby.

Here Marianna received advice and instruction from the good priest of the mission. Lucy often wished she could go to the church and find out what it was that filled the soul of the child with so much joy and peace. But in England, in those days, if a Protestant became a Catholic, he had to face starvation; for few people would venture to employ him. If Mrs. Burke had felt sure that she would find the Truth in the Catholic Church, she would probably have risked everything to obtain the "pearl of great price"; but she felt in need of a higher motive than peace only to induce her to take the step.

V.

It is the eve of Lady Day. Mrs. Burke is sitting beside the grate, in which a few embers are still smouldering. She is pale and thin; dark circles under her sunken eyes tell of want of food and rest. Katie is in bed, but too feverish and fretful to sleep. Marianna kneels by her good mother, hiding her face in her lap, and sobbing at intervals. To-morrow she is to receive her First Communion. Mrs. Burke is putting the last stitch, by way of mending, in a clean white frock to be worn on the happy occasion.

She seems to be absorbed in her work, but tears are falling from her eyes, and suddenly, though half unconsciously, she exclaims, "O Jim! Jim! where are ye? for I'm sure ye're true to yer poor Lucy!"

"Here, here, and true as steel!"

Jim Burke stood before his wife. She nearly fainted in his arms. He had raised the latch of the door so quietly that she had not heard him enter the room.

They were all very happy that night, Burke promising to relate all his adventures on the following day.

To Marianna's surprise, she saw Mr. Burke at Mass the next morning; so he who had saved her from death was present at her First Communion, that great event in the life of a Catholic child.

"But why did ye not write, Jim?" said his wife, while they were taking breakfast. "If my mind had been at rest about ye, I could have borne everything."

"Well, ye know, Lucy, I can't write, and there wasn't a man I could ask or trust to write for me. Ye can't think what a dreadful set they were—most of them—out there. Then I was unlucky, and didn't turn up an ounce, while fellows next to me got pounds and pounds in no time. Then, Lucy, I got to despair, and—and—I'll own it, darling—I took to gambling, and was lucky, and then I took to drink. But often yer sweet face came looking at me, as it seemed; and I fancied I heard yer dear voice whispering, 'O don't, Jim! don't do it!' Then I had a bad fall, and was picked up insensible. When I came to, there was a kind face bending over me, and a grave voice asked: 'How's this?' And the gentleman took hold of the bits of brown cloth my mother gave me, that had slipped outside my waistcoat. When I told him how I came by them, he says: 'Then yer mother must have been a Catholic.' That good man was a priest, darling; and he saved me, by the grace of God. He brought me to see my sins, and be sorry for them. He helped me to get out of the slough I was in—helped me to get work. And now I've got what will set me up in business. But I didn't get

it by the 'Diggings': I earned it selling provisions to the miners.

"The good priest was called away suddenly, just as I was going to ask him to write a few words to you; and I know he would have done it. Then there was no one I could trust, and I thought ye might never get letter nor money if I sent it from those parts. And, then, I remembered ye were safe and comfortable with yer parents; and I kept waiting a bit longer and longer, to be able to bring ye home more money, Lucy; but I wish now I hadn't waited." And Burke looked at his wife's pale face, and brushed away a tear with his coat-sleeve.

"Now," continued Mr. Burke, hesitating, "I've something to say that may be a sorrow to ye, though it's a great joy to me. I'm now what mother was, and what father was, too, I fancy—a Catholic."

Lucy burst into tears.

"Ah! Lucy, I feared it would grieve ye."

"No, no, Jim! It's joy makes me cry. I was wondering how I should break it to ye that I want to be a Catholic."

"And I was well-nigh putting off telling ye I was one, because ye looked so ill."

"It's all through that dear Gull, Jim; she's been no end of comfort to me, and has taught me a deal. I've often thought of yer words when I said she'd better had died than be left an orphan: 'Maybe she's saved for some reason we don't know of now.'"

"James Burke, fishmonger," flourished in large gilt letters over a handsome shop-front in the country town, near the picturesque village of C——, not long after Jim's return from the "Diggings." Lucy's aged mother soon filled the best corner in the cosy back sitting-room.

Marianna and Katie were daily seen gliding in and out the cottages at C——, ministering to the wants of the sick and poor—giving the cup of cold water that shall not lose its reward.

A pretty stone cross soon marked a grave covered with flowers, in the little churchyard, where a young girl might often be seen praying for the soul of her *madre*.



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Refracted Lights of Catholicity.

BY THE REV. J. T. DURWARD.

HAVE been reading to-day the Song of Hiawatha, the lines of which, "like household words, no more depart," but, young, already linger in the memory of many Americans, along with nursery rhymes a thousand years old.

And what a reading!—this maple above, and this dolomite rock behind; and there, stretching far to eastward and northward, the veritable Gitche Gumee, with its waves saying "Mudwayaushka" to the shore, as of old, and sparkling as blue as ever wave that lapped Sorrento. There is, perhaps, the very spot where the wigwam of old Nokomis stood; there the pebbly margin * where she and the sea gulls toiled so hard; and yonder on the horizon you almost expect to see the birch canoe, with paddles rising, sinking in the water. Friend, take a seat, and let us read together.

But what is this broad-leaved plant that luxuriates by the edge of the path, superceding year by year the wiry Indian-trail grass? Ah! fit emblem of the superior race that, however much we may deplore it, is

* As I presume that everyone has Longfellow's Poems, I will not give extracts in full, but often only indicate them; nor will I trouble the typesetter by quotation marks at every harmonious phrase that I borrow from the Song. The glory to the poet!

destined to tread out the poor Indian, it has been named by those very Indians themselves The White Man's Foot. It was unknown here before Europeans trod these continents; it follows the white race, as the honey-bee precedes it. Break off a leaf at the root; it resists you: it has come to stay. Turn the leaf upside down, and you perceive the resemblance to a foot: five prominent ribs run down its length, giving it the English name of ribwort. Try to break the leaf-stalk, and you will see it is full of sinews, stronger for its weight than the Achilles tendon of your ankle, that stretch valiantly before they break. It is the *Plantago major* of botanists.* You will find it in every door-yard, sending up its spire of seed, loved by the birds.

But let us return to our book, reading between the lines the higher meaning.

In the Song of Hiawatha we have proof that somewhere, sometime, and somehow, the traditions of Christianity were known to the North American Indians. We may not be able to say when this was; but, like a river that disappears to emerge again in a far-distant region, by identity of water we prove it to be the same, though we are ignorant of its course; so we perceive in these legends, immortalized in sweetest song—yet, like the music of nature, without rhyme—an identity of belief and tradition. True, they are much changed, distorted,

* See Dr. Gray's address, "Characteristics of North American Flora," before the British Association at Montreal, 1884.

refracted; but enough of the original light still beams from them to convince us that they are emanations of that true Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. To see that light, to trace that identity, will be our pleasant task. We must not expect to see this similarity "run on four feet," as rhetoricians say; often we may not perceive it at all; but, taken as a whole, it is unmistakable.

The very first canto is the peace-pipe. And was not He to be the Prince of Peace? This peace pipe is smoked on the mountains of the prairie, and nearly all the events in the life of Our Lord are connected with a mountain; not only the Sermon on the Mount—that matchless hymn of peace, that chaplet of blessednesses hung round the neck of poor humanity,—but mountains were the scene of His death, His glory, His Ascension. But Gitche Manito is the Indian representation of God the Father, and so we cast our eyes rather to Mount Sinai; for there was given the Law whose observance alone can secure peace.

From the footprints of the Lord God had flowed the stream among the sands of Raphidim. And hear Him speaking to the Israelites: "Ye have seen what I have done to the Egyptians: how I have carried you on the wings of eagles, and have taken you to Myself. If, therefore, ye will hear My voice, ye shall be My peculiar possession above all peoples; for all the earth is Mine." And again to Moses: "Go to the people, and sanctify them, and let them wash their garments. And all Mount Sinai was in a smoke, because the Lord was come down upon it in fire; and the smoke arose from it as out of a furnace." Now hear Gitche Manito:

"O my children! my poor children!
Listen to my words of wisdom. . . .
I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison . . .
Why; then, are you not contented?
Why, then, will you hunt each other?
Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war paint from your faces,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward."

No one can fail to see the likeness of the two pictures.

In Canto II. we are greeted with the cry, "Honor be to Mudjekeewis!" This is the first part of the Doxology, "Glory be to God the Father," whose reign was pre-eminent in the Old Testament—in Judaism, which was the forerunner, the parent, as it were, of Christianity. Mudjekeewis conquers Mishe-Mokwa, the Great Bear, the terror of the nations, as Judaism rose above paganism; but he is, in turn, overthrown by Hiawatha, as Christianity triumphs over the Synagogue.

Will the mysterious preparations of Omnipotence for the Incarnation find a place among the darkness of Indian tradition? Will the Immaculate Conception and Maternity of Mary be even dimly seen? Read the first parts of Canto III.—

Downward thro' the evening twilight.
Was Mary's Conception not in the twilight,
that interval between darkness and light,
before the hills were brought forth?

From the full moon fell Nokomis.
Was She not to be fair as the moon? and
the moon is the symbol of purity; that Nokomis came from the moon, then, indicates Mary's pure Conception. Through the jealousy of a rival it was that Nokomis became a child of earth; and should we have had the fall and the consequent elevation of man but for the envy of the outcast spirits? And so Mary comes, like the lovely Wenonah, with the beauty of the moonlight, with the beauty of the starlight. Then in the wooing of Wenonah by Mudjekeewis, and her subsequent motherhood, we have, though in a very human way, the overshadowing of Mary by the Holy Ghost, till She bore a Son of Love and Sorrow.

In Hiawatha's infancy, we see that he was a child of wonder; that he knew the language of every bird and beast; that he learned how the one built its nest, and how the other provided for the Winter. He talked with them too, called them "Hiawatha's Brothers," and, like Adam, lived on familiar terms with them; and Jesus is the New Adam. Hiawatha's triumph over the

red deer while yet a boy, opens for us the Temple door at Jerusalem, and lets us see the twelve-year old Christ.

But time rushes on, and out of childhood comes the man, perfect in every way, having put away the things of a child; swift of foot, strong of arm, learned, skilled; not with human strength and skill alone, but endued with miraculous power; for Minjekahwun are magic mittens, that can work miracles, and his moccasins are enchanted to take mile strides.

In the life of Our Lord, when the thirty years are ended, He gives Himself to the work for which He came—viz., to reconcile God and man, and cement the union between them; to destroy the power of hell, to teach the world, to give Himself to it and for it, and to make His work lasting in the Church.

Now turn we to our Song. Having learned from Nokomis the reason for enmity between himself and his father, Hiawatha says:

"I will go to Mudjekeewis."

And dressed for travel and for hunting, with the strength of armor, with the protection of shirt and deer-skin leggings, with the beauty of quills and wampum, with the majesty of eagle feathers, and with the terror of ash-wood bow, and arrows jasper-headed; in the God-like potency of mittens and moccasins, goes he forth to conquer, not to slay his father—

For you can not kill the immortal,—

but to wage that momentous conflict, hand to hand, among the mountains, with nature astounded, with the earth shaking and the thunder witnessing.

Yes! even the three days in the tomb are remembered; for, as victory there might seem doubtful, so here

Three whole days retreated fighting, this father and son, till, reaching the portals of the sunset, Mudjekeewis cries:

"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha! . . .

And at last when Death draws near you,
When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with you."

We will not consider it strange that here we have to turn back; for, besides the fact that we do not expect these traditions to hold together in chronological order, there is even a fitness in taking the principal event of Redemption first, and afterwards the means of applying that Redemption more nearly to us.

The world thinks it foolish to do anything but eat to gain strength, but our Model commences by fasting. So also Hiawatha. And as the former did not require to fast for His own transgressions, but for ours, so the latter fasted and prayed,

Not for greater skill in hunting,

Not for greater craft in fishing, . . .

But for profit of the people.

For advantage of the nations.

And from his fasting came the Indian's food. He sees the wild beasts and birds, the wild grain and berries, the wild fish of the stream, and cries:

"Must our life depend on these things?"

Ah! with how much deeper a cry of despondency must *He who sees* deplore the poverty of man, who trusts to earth for his food, and knows nothing of the Manna from Heaven!

So Hiawatha wrestles with Mondamin, and, though faint with fasting, overcomes him; and, commanding that the stones be made bread—yes, literally this: every husbandman issues this *fiat*,—plants him in the earth, and gives to his nation the maize, the new gift to be their food forever.

And as we turn our gaze away for a moment from the blue to the green, from Lake Superior to yonder sheltered valley, and see the Indian corn standing there in serried ranks to protect our life, in uniform such as no soldier ever wore, we too exclaim:

"Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

And cold are we if our thoughts do not rise to the Friend of friends, who gave Himself for the food of the world: *Cujus in rosis Sanguis florescit, et in liliis cujus Corpus albescit*,—"Whose Blood glows in the roses, and whose Body whitens in the lilies." *

* St. Cecilia.

Blue Galilee is connected with many incidents in the life of Our Lord (Capharnaum, His own city—and, if we are His, is it not ours also?—lies on its shores); but there is none more instructive for us, and oftener the subject of the preacher's discourse, than His teaching out of Simon's ship: it is such an apt figure of the Church. Hiawatha, then, must build his boat, his ship. And he takes the bark of the birch-tree. Dwellers in cities! have you ever seen the "tattered, creamy stem" of the Yellow Birch growing in impossible places among the rocks above the streams?

Perhaps it is connected in your mind only with school-boy delinquencies; but, anyway, you would not expect that a ship would be built of it. Still less would human wisdom expect to see fishers changed into Apostles. But if the canoe needs the lightness of the birch bark, it requires also the strength of the cedar, and the toughness of larch roots, and the balsam of the fir, and the adornment of hedgehog quills; and this canoe is carried onward, not by the winds of nature, but by the wish and thought of its maker; as the Church, not blown about by every wind of doctrine, nor foundered on any rocks, proceeds on its way, impelled by Omnipotence, guided by wisdom.

Hiawatha commences his work of well-doing for his people by clearing the river of sunken logs and sand-bars. He does it thoroughly, from its springs among the mountains to the Bay of Taquamenaw. The lake, too, must feel his hand of benediction; and forth he proceeds upon the Gitche Gumee to catch the Sturgeon Nahma (Mishe-Nahma), King of Fishes. This same King is very shrewd, and sends other fishes to take Hiawatha's bait—Kenozha, the pike, and Ugudwash, the sunfish,—but does not stir himself; but in the end he takes too much—both canoe and Hiawatha; till out of his darksome cavern of the fish, like Jonas from the whale, he is rescued by the sea-gulls. Thus he gives to his people the oil of the largest of fishes.

His great work, however, remains—namely, his triumph over the Pearl-Feather.

Megissogwon is Manito—*i. e.*, Spirit of Wealth and Wampum; he is guarded by his fiery serpents, guarded by black pitch-water. See! how many resemblances to Satan, the Spirit of Evil, the Pluto of Hell, the ancient Snake, the dweller in pitch. And the Cheemaun leaps forward through the waters, as a giant rejoices to run his course; and, having in safety passed Kena-beek, the serpents, Hiawatha lands on the shore, sending an arrow as a challenge to Megissogwon.

Then began the greatest battle

That the sun had ever looked on.

The fight of two Indians in single combat would never have been called a great battle, but that it represents the struggle of the legions of Hell against the King of Heaven, that tragedy at which the sun hid his face.

Among the traditions of Calvary there is none prettier than the one that tells us that the woodpecker tugged and pulled at the nails of Crucifixion, and thus stained the feathers on his head. This is not in the Bible, and yet it finds a place in the Indian story also. When Hiawatha, as yet unable to overcome his opponent—mittens and war-club and arrows all falling harmless on the shirt of wampum,—Mama, the woodpecker, sings:

"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,

At the head of Megissogwon;

Strike the tuft of hair upon it."

That was the vulnerable spot, and the victory is complete, and the Pearl-Feather lies dead. And the grateful Hiawatha calls the little bird, and decorates him for his service with the crimson tuft which he still bears.

It will not be presumption, but following St. Paul, if we say that Hiawatha's wooing and wedding image the union of God and man, of Jesus Christ and His Church; for marriage is that Sacrament that is great in relation to these. Old Nokomis takes the part of earthly wisdom, and tries to dissuade her grandson from wedding a stranger, an idle maiden, a fierce Dacotah, 'from a tribe which is at war with us, with feuds yet unforgotten.'

But, as in all things God's ways are not man's ways, the very reasons that Nokomis urges against the union are incentives to it.

"For this reason if no other
Would I wed the fair Dacotah:
That our tribes might be united, . . .
And old wounds be healed forever."

So our Healer espouses humanity to close up the ancient wound, and terminate the feud, and bring into our lives starlight in Mary and sunlight in Mary's Child. Even the long waiting for the Messiah during the four thousand years is expressed by Longfellow:

Yet the way seemed long before him,
For his heart outran his footsteps,

as he journeyed to win his Minnehaha. And the Falls from which she took her musical name are in themselves a reminder of the Mystery of the Incarnation, that came so quietly upon the world.

Bent on business or noisy pleasure, traveller, you may rush a hundred times between St. Paul and Minneapolis, close past this charming spot, and not dream of its existence. Even now, with the forests ruthlessly stripped from the country round it, you come on it by surprise; and the little brook, that a few rods above seemed so insignificant, now becomes by magic a waterfall of (comparatively) large dimensions—

Beginning small and ending great!

And how beautifully, too, in Hiawatha's wooing are the rights of parent and child both maintained! The arrow-maker is first consulted, and, after smoking a while, he answers:

"Yes if Minnehaha wishes."

Only for a moment does it hang in uncertainty; but during that moment she seems more beautiful than ever before, and the words come clear as fountain rock-fed:

"I will follow you, my husband."

With such ever-increasing beauty did Mary kneel before the Archangel in that moment when our hope was in the balance.

I will not stop to find similarities, which might seem far-fetched, between the homeward journey of Hiawatha and Laughing

Water and the love of Christ for His Spouse the Church. Let us proceed to the effects of this union.

Our Lord came to give to man mainly two things: grace and knowledge. So we see Hiawatha ordering the blessing of the corn-fields; and this blessing, like the benedictions of the Church did not come immediately from the hand of Hiawatha, but through Minnehaha, when her feet, beautiful upon the mountains, traced the magic circles round the growing crop; and only Gushkewau, the darkness, saw her; and only Wawonaissa heard the panting of her heart.

Again, Hiawatha gives to his people the Picture Writing. Not long ago, a good old body asked me, in surprise: "Did not Jesus Christ write the Scriptures?" I answered, "No!" but have been thinking I might have better left him his old thought; for surely it was Christ who was the inspiration of the writing, and brought us the true knowledge of His word.

Now, take a glance at this Picture Writing. It is a language of symbols. And we shall see our old friends, the mystic representations of the Catacomb, and of the early Church. Gitche Manito is represented by an egg, and this, as immortalized in children's Easter-eggs, has always been a type of the Risen Saviour. Mitche Manito is a serpent; this is unmistakably our Christian Spirit of Evil, our very Catholic Devil. Life and Death he drew as circles, white and dark respectively. The circle is our type of eternity, and Faith says that both our life and death are eternal.

In the next canto we are carried to Bethany, or *Lazariyeh* delightfully situated near Mount Olivet, with the remnant of its grove still whispering mysteries; and we remember that "he whom Thou lovest is sick," and we hear the groaning in spirit, and see the miraculous recall to life. All this in Hiawatha's lamentation for Chibiabos, the sweet singer. And, as the raising of Lazarus was only one out of many acts of love, so Hiawatha "goes about doing good"—

Teaching men the use of simples,
And the antidotes for poisons.

In the death of Kwasind we read rather a moral lesson than a dogmatic one; namely, the importance of small things. Kwasind is not killed by one stronger than he who takes away all the armor wherein he trusted, but by the little pigmies. And with what weapons? With dynamite, perhaps, or Krupp guns from Essen on the Ruhr? No, but with

The seed-cones of the fir-tree,
With the blue cone of the pine-tree.

Never, it seems to me, has so vivid an argument been written to justify the ways of Providence in hiding the dead from our sight, as meets us in the Ghosts. Human love would have kept our friends here forever; it would recall them if it could; but what would it do if they did return? They would be in the way. Better the divine love, that sees farther, that allows us to mourn a little while, but does not give them back, till we are spirits like them; yet their memory goes with us, making us happy in the thought that they once were ours,—a memory that keeps their virtues, while their weaknesses and faults sink down and disappear, like the mounds above their ashes.

Besides this, we have evidently the Catholic dogma of purgatory and prayers for the dead. The Ghosts say:

"Do not lay such heavy burdens
In the graves of those you bury, . . .
Not such weight of pots and kettles";

as the pastor of to-day would warn his people against an over-ostentatious funeral; but they are mindful to add:

"Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them."

Here is the prayer and sacrifice for the departed. For the Indian is not so earthly-minded as to think that the dead is fed by the material food, or warmed by the material fire; but that the *spirit*, the *manito*, of the food and fire goes with the soul on its journey.

Our eyes are too much dimmed in Canto XX. to see if it has any ray of special Christian teaching, and we will hurry to the end: the final work of Our Lord represented by the leaving of the Black-Robes to teach the world.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow.

So Christ stood on Olivet, His mission ended. And the conceit that makes the sun brighter, the earth gayer, the lake more tranquil, in the coming of the Pale-Faces, has a beautiful touch of nature in it, as well as grace, which expresses itself again in the Irish belief that the sun dances on Easter morning.

And now, having given his people teachers, having in prophetic vision seen and foretold the dangers of the future, having at least hinted at his coming again after many moons and many Winters, he departs in the glory of the sunset, with his tribe watching him, and his canoe rising, sinking, floating, till he is lifted high into that sea of splendor.

Thus did the Apostles watch a greater One ascend, leaving the print of His feet in the stone, and the impress of His life on our life; with the mark of the iron nails on our joys, but with the gold of Olivet on our future.

THE SHORE OF GITCHE GUMEE,
Moon of Strawberries, 1885.

Falry Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER IX.

SEVERAL weeks passed, during which the acquaintance of Marion with the Singletons progressed rapidly to intimacy—such intimacy, that Helen protested more than once that her cousin spent more time with Mrs. Singleton than with herself. She was certainly very often the companion of that lady—seen by her side in the pretty phaeton which she drove, met at all her entertainments, called upon for all occasions when she needed assistance, social or otherwise. The vaguely understood link of relationship between them served as an excuse for this, had any excuse been required beside the caprice of the elder and the inclination of the younger lady. "I have discovered a cousin in Miss Lynde," Mrs. Singleton would say to her Scarborough

acquaintances "Do you not think that I am very fortunate?" And there were few who did not reply honestly that they considered her very fortunate indeed.

But the person who regarded this association most approvingly was old Mr. Singleton, since it secured him a great deal of Marion's society, for which he evinced a partiality. It was, in fact, to this partiality that Marion owed Mrs. Singleton's attentions. "Your uncle has taken a most extraordinary fancy to that girl, Tom," she said to her husband at a very early stage of the acquaintance; "so I think that I had better cultivate her. It will be better for me to use her as a means to contribute to his amusement, than to let her develop into a power against us. There is no counting on the whims of an old man, you know."

"Especially of *this* old man," assented Mr. Singleton. "He is capable of any thing. Therefore, I don't think I would have the girl about too much."

"It is better for me to have her about than for him to take her up. If he considers her my *protégée*, he will not be so likely to make her his own. I have given the matter some thought, and that is the way I look at it."

"You may be right," said easy-going Mr. Singleton. "I have great confidence in your way of looking at things, and of managing them too. But I confess that I have no confidence in this handsome and clever young lady. I don't think she would hesitate to play one any trick."

"Confidence in *her*!" said Mrs. Singleton, with scorn. "Of course I have not a particle. But she will have no opportunity to play me a trick. Be sure of that."

Meanwhile Helen said to Marion, rather doubtfully: "Marion, do you really like Mrs. Singleton very much? She is very pleasant and very elegant, but somehow—I hope I am not uncharitable—I never feel as if one could thoroughly trust her."

"My dear," replied Marion, with her mocking smile, "do you know, or fancy that you know, many people whom you can 'thoroughly trust'? If so, you are more for-

tunate than I am; for I have known only one or two in my life."

"Oh, Marion! no more than that? How can you be so unjust to your friends?"

"I have no friends, in the true sense of the term, except you and Claire. I trust *you*."

"I hope so, and I you—most thoroughly."

Marion regarded her with something like wonder. "Now, why," she said, dispassionately, "should you trust me? I am sure I have never shown a character to inspire that sentiment."

"You delight in showing your worst side," answered Helen; "but it does not deceive me. I know that the worst is not as bad as you would have it believed to be, and that the best exists all the time."

"It certainly exists for you, and always will," said Marion, quickly. "There is nothing I could not sooner do than betray your trust."

"How can you even hint such a thing!" exclaimed Helen, indignantly. "Do you think I could ever fear it?"

"No," replied Marion; "I am sure that you would never fear it from any one whom you love. But you may have to suffer it some day, nevertheless."

The speaker's tone had more significance than she intended, and Helen looked at her with a glance of sudden apprehension. "What do you mean?" she asked. "Why should I fear it?"

"Why should any of us fear that we will have to share in the common lot—the common knowledge of evil as well as of good?" said Marion, evasively. "We must all expect it; at least that is one of the pleasant things we are told."

"Oh! yes, I suppose we must expect it," said Helen. "But expecting a thing in a general way, and doubting any—one in particular, is a very different matter."

The conversation ended here, but the mere fact that she had been so quick to take alarm might have told Helen that, unconsciously to herself, suspicion had taken some root in her mind. The readiness with

which she put herself into an attitude of defence, showed that she feared attack. And, indeed, she had already suffered more than one attack on the subject of Rathborne—if that could be called attack which was only the expression of a gentle doubt, first from her mother, and then from the priest, who, distrusting all such marriages in general, had special reasons for distrusting this one in particular. Like most priests, he had many sources of information; many streams flowed, as it were, into the silent reservoir of his mind; and in this way things concerning Rathborne had come to his knowledge, which rendered him deeply averse to seeing Helen link her pure young life with that of a man so unscrupulous and so selfish. Loath to give pain if unable to achieve any practical good thereby, he had spoken very guardedly to her when she sought his counsel; but, perhaps because he spoke with so much caution, his words sank deeply into her mind, and left a sense of weight behind. But it was one of her characteristics that, after once reposing confidence in a person, she could not lightly recall it, and she clung to Rathborne more closely for the opposition which she attributed to mistaken judgment.

Nevertheless, Helen was already learning something of what Marion called the common lot,—she was acquiring some knowledge of the difficulty of reconciling conflicting desires, and of the impossibility of finding things made smooth and easy. Now and then there was a wistful look in her eyes, which touched her mother deeply, and made her ready to consent to anything which would restore sunshine to one who seemed so wholly made to enjoy it.

But Mrs. Dalton was not blind to one fact, which may or may not have been clear to Helen,—the significant fact that Rathborne had not, since the return home of her daughter, pressed his suit with his former ardor. He had not begged that the conditional and merely tolerated engagement should be converted into an open and positive one; he seemed quite satisfied with matters as they stood, and took Helen's sentiments

entirely too much for granted, so Helen's mother thought. What to do, however, she did not clearly perceive, and Father Barrett strongly advised a policy of inaction. "Let matters take their own course," he said. "I am of opinion that Helen may be spared what you fear most for her; but this can not be brought about by any effort of yours, which would tend, on the contrary, to rouse opposition. If the child must suffer, in any event do not let her have the additional pain of thinking that she owes any of the suffering to you."

To this counsel Mrs. Dalton gave heed—or thought she did. But many things betrayed to Helen that her mother's disapproval of Rathborne's suit had not lessened with time. Anxious to avoid any possible conflict, the girl shrank from broaching the subject; but it was a growing pain to her affectionate nature that there should be a subject—and that the nearest her heart and life—in which she was not sure of her mother's sympathy,—where her deepest feelings might yet be arrayed against each other, and a difficult choice be made necessary.

To Marion, meantime, Rathborne had become somewhat troublesome. As we learn in many an old legend that it is easier to raise a fiend than to put him down, so she found it easier to make the impression which she had desired, than to regulate the effect of that impression. She had made it with the utmost ease,—an ease very flattering to her vanity; but, innocent as she had been of any intention save that of gratifying vanity, retribution followed hard upon her steps. Apart from the fact that she was incapable of deliberately betraying Helen's confidence, she trusted Rathborne no farther than most other people did. Moreover, her arrogance of spirit was as great as her ambition, and she considered herself fitted for a position much higher than he could possibly offer her—had she believed him ready to offer anything. But, so far from believing this, she gave him no credit for any sincerity of intention towards her, knowing well that self-interest was the sole

rule of his life. "He dares to think that he can amuse himself with me, and then marry Helen!" she thought. "There may be two who can play at that game. Let us see!"

The thought that it was a very dangerous game did not occur to her—or, if it occurred, did not deter her. At this time of her life she had only a sense of worldly honor to deter her from anything which she desired to do; and she desired most sincerely to punish the man whom she believed to be true neither to Helen nor herself. Therefore, although his attentions began to annoy her, she did not discourage them, notwithstanding that she noted scornfully how he avoided, as far as possible, devoting himself to her when he was likely to be observed. But his precautions had not saved him, as we are aware, from the keen observation of Frank Morley; and Mrs. Dalton herself, with eyes sharpened by a mother's anxiety, began to perceive that Marion possessed a great attraction for him.

Matters were in this by no means satisfactory state, when Mrs. Singleton, growing weary of other forms of amusement decided to patronize Nature. There was a great deal of beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Scarborough, which she declared had been too long neglected. "A picnic is horrid!" she said. "The very word is full of vulgar associations, and the thing itself is tiresome beyond expression. One would grow weary of the most delightful people in the world if doomed to spend a whole day in the woods with them. But a few hours in the pleasanter part of the day—that is another matter. A gypsy tea is just the thing! We will go out in the afternoon to Elk Ridge, have tea, look at the sunset, and return by moonlight; is not that a good idea?"

"Excellent!" said the persons whom she addressed—a party of five or six who had been dining with her. "It will make a very pleasant excursion, only we must be sure of the moon."

"Oh! we have only to consult the almanac for that," said the lively hostess. "I think there is a new moon due about this time."

Marion laughed, and, touching the arm of

old Mr. Singleton, by whom she sat, pointed out of a western window to the evening sky, where hung the beautiful crescent of the moon, framed between the arching boughs of tall trees.

"Hum—yes," observed that gentleman. "Anna's attention to Nature is altogether controlled by the question of whether or not it can be made to contribute to her amusement. Now that the moon has arrived, it will not be long before the gypsy tea takes place."

And, indeed, in a few days all arrangements for this festivity were completed, the party made up, and the programme settled. Mrs. Singleton wished that Marion should accompany her; but Helen protested so much against this, that the arrangement was changed, and it was finally settled that Marion and herself, with Rathborne and Morley, would make up a *parti carré* in a light open carriage.

There is nothing more attractive to youth, nothing more suited to its natural lightness of heart and spirit, than such pleasures as these—golden afternoons in summer woods and under summer skies; sunsets when all nature is flooded with beauty, like a crystal cup filled to the brim; and nights of spiritual, entrancing loveliness. Even with older persons, the sense of care seems lifted from the mind for a little time among such scenes; while to the young and happy, care is a thing impossible to realize when earth itself is transformed into Arcadia.

So Helen felt as she started on this excursion. In some subtle fashion, the doubts which had weighed upon her for a considerable time past were lifted. She did not say to herself that she had been foolish, for she was little given to self analysis; but involuntarily she felt it, involuntarily she threw off the shadow which had fallen over her, and grasped the pleasure offered, as a child puts out its hand to grasp sunbeams. When they drove away, her heart was as light as a feather, her face as bright as the day, and she turned back to wave her hand in gay farewell to her mother.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Lenten Thought.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

THE winter sports are at their height, a very
carnival of mirth,
And it would seem that wild delight rides
rampant o'er the snow-clad earth;
When suddenly a cry is heard, 'Let Pleasure's
lamp no longer burn!'
"Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto
dust thou shalt return!"

It is the voice of Holy Church, that calls her
children, old and young,
To cease from laughter and from jest, to leave
the joyous song unsung;
And at her feet, with contrite heart and ash-
strewn brow, this lesson learn,
"Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto
dust thou shalt return!"

Oh! it is well to pause a while, and think of
Him who gave us birth,
Who makes for us His sun to shine, and wakes
to bloom the sleeping earth:
To mourn our sins and follies past, for higher,
purer joys to yearn,
Rememb'ring that we are but dust, and unto
dust must soon return.

O Great, Infallible and Good! thou all-sufficing
Church of Rome!
That hast the gates of hell withstood, the sin-
ner's hope, the exile's home!
Repenting prodigals, we come, and from thy
lips this lesson learn.
"Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto
dust thou shalt return!"

Within thy courts we gladly kneel, obedient
to thy slightest call;
For us thy laws need no repeal, mistress and
mother of us all;
We breathe the very air of Heaven, where cen-
sers wave and tapers burn,
And humbly own 'we are but dust, and unto
dust we shall return.'

OUR folly does not fail to seek happiness
where even our reason knows well that it is
not to be found. — *Abbé Roux.*

Under Italian Skies

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

VII.—IN THE VENETIAN LAGOON.

A SABBATH-DAY'S JOURNEY.—A steamer
puffed under the walls of the Ducal
Palace one morning at nine o'clock, and a
party of good friends boarded her, while the
bells of the town were ringing jubilantly.

The flush-deck was already crowded; for
the voyage down the Lagoon is popular,
and the fare within the reach of every one.
Cheap tourists sat in the bow of the boat,
and had the advantage of us to the extent
of the freshest and sweetest air, and an un-
obstructed view; second-class passengers
grouped themselves about the smoke-stack;
the swells were in the stern of the steamer,
where the Italian flag floated gaily over the
man at the wheel.

For ten miles we picked our way among
the shoals of the Lagoon, following a well-
defined channel which is traversed by the
keels of ships from the four quarters of the
globe. We turned sharp corners now and
again, swinging around a big scarlet buoy,
or the point of some low island, with a ra-
pidity that astonished us, and sent a long
roller tumbling and foaming in our wake;
yet much of the way it was smooth and
perfectly straight sailing, between a double
row of high Venetian spiles—fencing in the
passage—that looked like a long procession
of barber's poles.

MOLOMOCCO.—Our first halt was at a set-
tlement at the extreme point of the Lido
—the long, slim, low island that shelters
Venice from the gales of the Adriatic, and
forms one wall of the deep harbor where
the Italian fleet lies at anchor. Molomocco,
the settlement, is not in itself attractive, but
the ground swell relieved the monotony of
the voyage and the stomachs of some of the
voyagers. Eight iron clad monsters stared
us out of countenance with their broadsides
of black-throated guns. These war vessels
looked as ugly as sin. Most of them had
the shovel-nosed bows that are built for the

express purpose of poking into other people's affairs.

SEA-SETTLEMENTS. —Having stolen by the grim ships of war almost noiselessly, Alberona and San Pietro, a brace of wave-washed and wind-swept villages, detained us in turn. The majority of these sea-settlements, scattered up and down the Venetian Lagoon, have the appearance of being uncovered only at low tide. One can not but wonder why people who chance to be born in such places continue to live in them to the end of their days; yet such is usually the case. Many of their houses are centuries old; their churches are weather-beaten and crumbling; and, but that everything pertaining to the region is built of solid stone, the gales of a few seasons would probably be sufficient to obliterate all traces of their existence.

There are islands lying on every hand—hundreds of them, great and small,—and there is scarcely one but has its cluster of houses, its chapel or church, and its cemetery well outlined against the blue horizon. These are the lonely and melancholy homes of the fishermen, who, for the most part, receive no guests save the sea birds, and these follow them home at nightfall to clamor over the roofs of the village with tireless and peevish cries.

PALESTRINA. —This town, the last port between Venice and Chioggia, is a capital example of the smaller Lagoon city. At a little distance, Palestrina might almost be mistaken for a coral reef rising high out of the water—if you can conceive of such a freak of nature. Presently you discover windows and doors in the white wall above the sea; and tall chimneys—dozens of them—towering in clusters above the roofs that are mostly of an equal height.

Palestrina is so narrow that its single row of houses is mirrored in the sea that fronts it. There is a great wall just back of the buildings that looks as if it might be a fortification for the defence of the people—but it isn't; that wall was built to keep the spray of the Adriatic from putting out the kitchen fires in Palestrina.

Weather-worn fishermen, hidden away under great, shaggy coats with Esquimaux bonnets attached, cruised up and down the quay—the only street in the city;—they shaded their brine-fringed eyes with a curved hand as we made fast to the solitary dock, exchanged a half-dozen passengers, and then dropped off into the stream again and headed for Chioggia.

Running under the sea-wall, Palestrina, with its couple of hundred houses, dwindled down to a stone fort, with a fishing smack moored to it; then there was nothing visible but the long, blank wall, with a narrow path in the shelter of it leading out to the extreme point of the island. The wind blew over the bleak place, with a dash of spray in it now and again. A black cross towered above the low, red wall of the cemetery, and, as we were hastening onward, two dark-robed figures emerged from the gate with a small black cross above it, and stood solemnly regarding us. Their funereal robes fluttered about them, and, as they stood there, holding fast to their berettas lest the wind whirl them out to sea, they speedily became the most conspicuous feature in a picture that I shall not soon forget—a gray sea-wall with a blank sky above it, and a blank sea rolling its monotonous gray waves over and over against the base of the wall; a touch of dull red in the cemetery enclosure; the black arms of the naked cross above all. No green thing visible, and no living thing, save only the weird watchmen in their flapping robes, or here and there a tuft of pale sea-grass tangled and matted with salt, waving in the crevices of the wall. One can not frame such a picture: it seems to fill all out-of-doors.

CHIOGGIA. —She was once a baby village, hidden away among the bulrushes to protect her from the tyranny of the rulers in the mainland. The little colony grew and grew, until the sea-waves washed the thresholds of the outer row of houses. Not an inch of the diminutive island but is built over and trodden under the busy feet of fish wives and their small fry—but stay! At one end of the town a few trees are

suffered to spread their branches in a park about forty paces long; and beyond it, across a narrow canal, there is a bit of meadow-land just big enough to pasture the few cows that nourish the babes and sucklings of the settlement.

Chioggia is a miniature Venice, thirty miles removed from the proud Queen of the Adriatic. She was once independent, and held her own against invasion; but the conqueror swooped down upon her at last, and gathered her in, along with the other islands, and she will probably never again be anything more than a snug little city, up to her knees in salt-water, and smelling of fish and tobacco. She is a little island-world, lying away off by herself in a "dark purple sphere of sea"; yet she isn't "a summer isle of Eden," exactly. The odor of fish salutes the nostrils long before the voice of the Chioggian is audible to the naked ear.

If the fishing smacks were all in port at once, the island would seem on fire in the sunshine; for the sails of these smacks are painted as gaudily as butterfly wings, and there are no two alike. Fortunately, half the boats were at sea when we arrived; I say fortunately, for we had enough of them to bewilder us as it was, and we saw the after glow when the rest came in at twilight.

A canal winds through the island in a horse shoe curve; there is a strait cut between the prongs of it, while here and there and everywhere there are slips and nooks and corners—nests for the boats when they come flying in before an approaching gale, and return proudly at night with their nets full. It seemed to me that all the berths were filled when we strolled among them, and I wondered how another could possibly crowd into so small a haven with the hope of finding moorings. We were told that three thousand fishing smacks hail from this cosy harbor.

Every street in the town is odorous and flecked with fish-scales; every sunny wall is hung with fathoms of fine seine. The canals are paved with empty shells that

shine dimly through the water. There are heaps of wicker-baskets and fish-traps piled in the corners of the buildings, and all hands—whether those of men, women or children—are busy weaving and mending the nets that are destined to reap a lively harvest in the furrows of the sea.

Chioggia is well worth a visit, because it is a characteristic place. The observant eye can always tell a native of this island at a glance. The women have a dress peculiar to themselves, and most of them have strongly marked features, greatly differing in this respect from their more refined and haughty Venetian sisters. These robust, sunburnt women wear a long white apron, which falls from the waist almost to the heels, and is always worn behind; it is used solely as a mantle. When they come into the streets, they catch up the corners of their aprons and whisk them over their heads, so that their faces look out from between the folds like the faces of conventual novices.

At late Mass that day we saw a church full of those apron veiled women. After Mass the portly fish-wives paced up and down the street, eying us curiously from under their portable tents. Some of them were followed by troops of children, dressed quite like their elders, and who, in nearly every case, behaved with ludicrous gravity. Every door-way swarmed with little ones, and the streets were full of them. Boys sat on the pavement in shady corners, and played cards or matched coppers; girls spread their white sails, and sped down before the freshening gale; there are no silent or deserted hearths in Chioggia—there isn't room for a vacancy.

Among the lions of the town there was little, save street songs, harpers harping upon their harps, and small lads playing upon inverted violins, which they held by the neck as if they had been stuffed ducks, while the base of the instruments rested upon a knee of the players; and beside these troubadours begging for coppers, there were shell-fish and all manner of sea-fruit; rude clay-pipes—the one item of home manufacture for which the island is celebrated;

coffee-houses, wine-shops, and booths without number—the latter are most interesting studies and are to be found in every part of Italy.

Having supped full of salt air and the sights of the queer sea-city—I believe there are twenty thousand souls here, packed as snugly as sardines in a box,—we boarded the steamer on our return voyage. The twilight overtook us ere we were half way home, but not till we had seen the glimmering towers of Venice grow pale and dissolve away in the dusk; not till the fishing fleet came in like a cloud of butterflies, casting a reflection upon the water that was like another sunset; not till out of the twilight of the Lagoon, in which a trace of the warm, almost Oriental glow and a breath of spice still lingered, suddenly there rose before us a tall column—would it had been a palm!—with what seemed a dove-cote at the top of it. It was a little shrine about as big as a bird-cage, but fashioned like a chapel with a tower, perched there all alone in the sea. The doors, as broad as the whole front of it, were open and, by the lamp that burned within, I saw the image of the Madonna half buried in wreaths of flowers.

Nothing touched me more keenly than this; for I knew that I was about to go inland, where the hearts of the people are harder by nature in proportion as the soil is more solid than the sea.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sister Angeline.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"ASK strict justice only!" hotly cried
Some youthful spirit in its angry pride.
"Not justice only, but sweet mercy give
To me, dear friend, as long as I may live!"
A black-veiled Sister answered at her side

Now, faithful Sister,—faithful in things few
The world may deem, but patient, humble, true:
The mercy which you asked while here below
Of fellow-mortals even, may God show
To you right royally, and call you, straight,
Within His mercy's everlasting gate!

Through Many Perils

A TRUE STORY.

SOMETIMES, dear readers of THE "AVE MARIA," we clasp our hands and sigh for the days of heroism; and think, in our presumption, that did we live in the time of the martyrs, we, too, might wear a martyr's crown. Or we ungraciously call our age an age of selfishness, barren of chivalrous, lofty thoughts and deeds, and actually wonder, in our righteousness, that God has patience with the world. How blind we are! how forgetful! for, in the guise of common things, angels still float through the world, saints tread the earth heroes suffer for the truth, and martyrs bleed for God.

Let me unfold just one page of a life,—unfold it cautiously, for the hero is still living. He is not likely to come across this sketch; and should he do so, he will not recognize it so humble is he, and so far outside the world.

Long years ago a fervent young heart throbbed at the foot of an altar in France, as the sacred ceremony proceeded which anointed a priest of the Lord. Rich in zeal, in piety, in fervor, he girded on his armor, and in the strength of his sacerdotal grace, went abroad to fight the battles of his Leader.

Years passed by. He has left his beautiful France, he is a missionary in America, out in the Far West. His hair is threaded with silver, but his labors do not cease, and his brightness of soul is unfailing. Ever cheerful, ever gay with the gayety of the saints, impetuous in all things holy, never sparing himself, nothing daunts him, nor do his energies slacken. His whole heart belongs to his vocation. His life—every day, hour, and moment—is full of God. More than this: the name of Our Lady is ever on his lips, and the melody of that name is the music of his existence. It was always "*Notre Dame*"—sometimes "*Ma Mère*," but oftener "*Notre Dame*." Have you ever known what a Frenchman's love

for Our Lady is? If you have, you can never forget it.

One bitter day in Winter our *curé* and his horse were on the prairies together, on an errand of charity. They had a long journey to make, and the wind was keen. The *curé* was saying his Rosary between the blasts, and the thought of the blessing and the smile of *Notre Dame* kept his heart aglow as he pressed his onward way. The storm increased; it became a blizzard. Everyone knows what a blizzard is. The driving snow and sleet darken the daylight; one can not see his hand before his face. Farmers tie ropes from the farm-house to the barn, and feel their way along the rope, or they would be lost in sight of home. Travellers might as well try to walk upon the ocean waves as travel through a blizzard, a real Western blizzard. Our *curé* knew this, but he raised his eyes heavenward and smiled, then said to his heart, "*Allons! rencontrons l'ennemi!*" And he patted his tired horse's head, and encouraged his trembling steps.

On they faltered, plunging from drift to drift, from side to side. while the wind shrieked, and the snow swept like a shower of needles into his face and over his person. Whether it was day or night he could not tell. The luxury of a watch he had always denied himself—he had counted time by the sunlight; but now long, long hours passed by, and, as the darkness and the storm did not abate, a faint, nameless fear crept into his heart, and he prayed that *Notre Dame* would help him home, and not let him die under the snowdrifts. Did the answer come? No.

Wilder and fiercer raged the storm, and helplessly horse and rider beat about the prairie. Darkness, bitter, bitter cold, and that awful sense of "being lost," pressed on the brave heart. No food, no rest, not a drop of wine, not a crumb of bread! At last the exhausted horse sank down; the *curé* felt its frame quiver with long, gasping breaths, then a shiver and a low neigh, then stillness—the horse was dead. Close to the huge body the priest crept, shivering,

benumbed, alone. Fervently he prayed to *Notre Dame* to help him in that last hour. Murmuring the familiar prayers for the dying, he exerted all his remaining strength to prepare for death, while the snow came down upon his stiffened frame, and covered him out of sight. His brain swam, his senses slowly left him; "*Ave Maria!*" he uttered; "*O bone Jesu!*"—and the silent horse and rider were buried deep under a prairie snow-storm.

A day passed by, the fourth since he began his journey. The blizzard was over, the sun was struggling in the sky with the scudding clouds. Merry voices were heard on the prairie, and a band of horsemen were plowing their way through the deep snow, sinking here and there in the drifts. Suddenly one of the horses stumbled and flung its rider over its head. Down went the horseman out of sight, and the party gathered round instantly to dig him out. But there was more than they expected to find under that glistening snowdrift. The stiffened bodies of a man and horse met their gaze; their companion had struck them as he fell with full force into the yielding heap.

The *curé's* remains were recognized, and tenderly raised, and a hammock shaped litter was improvised, that they might be borne to the nearest town to be respectfully interred. But as the party proceeded onward, the motion in the keen, fresh air, under the sunlight, awoke the slumbering life. The *curé* opened his eyes and uttered a faint cry. Instantly the procession stopped; everyone became active; restoratives were applied. He was rubbed with snow, and brandy was poured down his throat. Slowly life and consciousness returned. Alas! life and consciousness disclosed that both legs were frozen off, and a delirium set in, that confirmed the fear that death had been cheated of its prey only for a time.

They bore him to a hospital, where he lingered for two weeks, recovering his senses and receiving the last Sacraments. But he would still say to those around him: "I do not think I shall die; *Notre Dame* wants me to build Her a chapel." Men smiled,

and laid their finger on their forehead; the nurses whispered to themselves, "Fever." As his life ebbed away, they gathered around his bed, and at last a physician signed to the Sister in attendance to begin the prayers for the departing. The chaplain was summoned, and those sublime prayers of the Church began.

Suddenly a lurid glare lit up the adjoining building. "Fire! fire! fire!" shrieked a dozen voices. "Fire! fire!" echoed through the halls and rooms. "Come! he is dead," said the excited physician. "God rest his soul!" cried the others, as they sprang from their knees and rushed from the room.

It was too true: the hospital was on fire. Who does not know the wild scenes at a fire! Men were carried out in their beds. Convalescent patients, to whom terror had lent strength, fled from the flames. Horror and confusion reigned everywhere. Some one remembered the *curé*, and ran to his room through the blinding smoke. Lifting the unconscious frame, they bore it out to a low window, whence it could be dropped on a mattress laid on the snowy ground; friends received it, and were bearing in to a place of safety, when one of the nurses cried aloud: "The priest is dead; come and aid the living!" Startled, they laid the mattress on the snow once more, and left it there.

Time sped on. The hospital was doomed. With a crash the walls sank down, and long streamers of fire shot up through the *débris* to the very heavens, and then died away in a muffled hiss. A group of men passed the poor *curé's* mattress; one of them called on the rest to help to carry the body to a more fitting place. It was raised and borne to a neighboring house, where it was respectfully deposited on a bed. Perhaps it was the warmth of the room that again restored the extraordinary vitality of this wonderful French priest! Certain it is he opened his eyes to life once more, he rallied, he lived, he recovered! "*Notre Dame* saved me, to build Her a chapel," he said.

During the days of his convalescence he learned that when he lay dying in the hospital, they were preparing wax candles

down-stairs for his obsequies, and the boiling wax overflowed the fireplace, took fire, and the flames ran over the polished floor, and spread through the entire building. His dismay can not be pictured. "Alas!" he cried, "I have died once—twice—and am alive yet!"

During the long hours of his recovery, he was devising plans to serve his brethren, and offer Holy Mass. He was far from any city where such a thing as artificial limbs could be procured; and as for money, he had none; so he obtained two solid yet light pieces of wood, and with his own hands carved himself a pair of wooden legs. The enthusiastic delight with which he fashioned these, and the ecstasy with which he timidly tried them, and finally used them, are beyond expression. Soon he was able to walk, soon he stood again at the altar, and at last said Mass—a Mass of thanksgiving to Our Lady.

His health being sufficiently restored, his bishop gave him a little parish, where his piety and love for *Notre Dame* could have full scope, and now his long-cherished scheme was realized. A chapel was built in honor of the Blessed Virgin. But there was a dearth of water; the quick-witted Frenchman remembered the artesian wells of his native land, and with his own hand began to experiment. A spot was soon found where there were signs of water, and the *curé* began to dig a well! All was right until the excavation needed a ladder to reach, and then how were the wooden legs to go up and down? One sleepless night our *curé* turned the matter over in his active mind. At last he cried "Eureka!" and the next day found him with two large iron hooks screwed into the wooden legs, and as soon as possible he began to practise ascending and descending the ladder. Men could not believe the tale, and came secretly to watch him; and the mirthful aspect of the scene, as he nimbly made his way up and down the ladder with bucketfuls of earth, was more than human gravity could bear.

The well was finished, and yielded abundance of delicious water. The chapel when

completed had to be painted, and in that far-off region, outside of civilization, while paint could be procured, there was no oil to mix it with. The *curé* took *buttermilk*! There was no brush to be had: he used a cotton rag.

So *Notre Dame's* chapel is finished, and Her glorious old servant is its guardian there to-day, loving Our Lady, teaching his simple children in his own simple way, thinking naught of the toils and sufferings he has endured, scouting the thought of any heroism in his life of exile and self-sacrifice, believing everything too good for him, thinking himself the lowliest of God's creatures; waiting for death, and willing to die under the snowdrifts, or in the flames, or wherever *Notre Dame* and Her Divine Son shall ordain.

Tell me, you who have read this sketch, have the days of heroism and the times of the martyrs passed away? Can *we* not

"make our lives sublime"?

MERCEDES.

The Poetry of Lent.

WHAT is that sweet sadness that steals upon the soul at this season, shrouding her in gloom, yet comforting with the happy light of hope? There is joy in penance, there is poetry in tears. Ah! ye tears, that fall "like rain upon the dried parchment" of the soul, washing out "the handwriting of sin," gently recreating the heart overwrought in the slavery of passion: ye are the elixir of life, giving to the troubled spirit peace, buoyancy, a very revelry of gladness.

"Blest tears of soul-felt penitence,
In whose benign redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know."

For all its outward severity, this is truly a pathetic season. Its lash of retribution falls not in anger, but in pity. The sounds of wailing that break forth from penitent hearts are a sweet music to the ear of God. They are the language of reconciliation. They are the tide that bears the exiled soul homeward to the sanctuary of God.

Through chastening, her innocence is renewed; through self abasement she is lifted up; through sorrow she is comforted and rejoiced.

How true the poetry of penance to that decree of nature that out of pain and travail only life may spring! The flower can not bloom till the bonds are burst that enclosed it and hid it from the light. The seed shall not be fruitful till it shall have known the blight of decay. Naught can spring into light and life that has not first known the gloom of darkness and the chill of death. This is the law of spirit as of matter, and it compels the soul to seek through sorrow and chastisement the renewal of its true life.

There is a sad grace and beauty about Lent that belongs not to the most joyous festivals of the year. Let other seasons come, like vestal choirs, full of brightness and joy, radiant in white and gold, resonant with hallelujahs, perfumed by the fragrance of flowers consecrating their bloom to the sanctuary, and growing immortal by the altar's hallowed touch. See the Queen of Sorrows advancing stately and beautiful in her dark mourning robes. Her head is bowed in grief and garlanded with violets, emblems of holy retirement, of hidden affliction. Her voice murmurs with low, inexpressible sweetness the sad plaint of the *Miserere*. She is dark yet comely, this daughter of stricken Zion. "Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are upon her cheeks, and her heart is overburdened by a sorrow that knows no comforting. . . . Oh! all ye that pass by the way, behold and see if there be sorrow like unto her sorrow."

Is there aught in the region of poetry more touching than this figure drawn for us by the plaintive Prophet? Yet it breathes the very soul of this season of the Church's woe. Her children had deserted her, and walked with the heathen in the idolatry of their flesh. Yet there is not on *our* sorrowing Queen the hopeless gloom of grief that sat upon the ancient daughter of Zion in her day of affliction. Zion's was a figure of sordid, cheerless despair. Her canticles

were the last groan of irremediable woe. The sceptre was to pass away from her hand, the diadem to fall from her brow, never again to be replaced. Her children's hearts became estranged, never again to return to her in homage and love.

Not so our Queen of Sorrows. She weeps, but her tears reflect fathomless rays of tender hope and splendor renewed. She laments, but her plaints fore-echo the glad outburst of coming triumph. Dignity, tenderness, matronly pride preside over her mourning, moderate it, give to it an unspeakable charm, make her sorrows sweeter than any joy, and her tears more beautiful and precious than the brightest gems that crown the brow of earthly empire.

Catholic Notes.

The project of erecting, in Central Park, New York, a monument to the memory of an American who, in the world of thought had been a leader among men, must commend itself to every intelligent citizen of our Republic. Certainly, one who loves his country, and takes pride in her glory, must be prepared not only to value, but to contribute, as far as in him lies, to render imperishable the memory of those who, as warriors or writers, have served to make the nation honorable and distinguished in the eyes of the world. The late lamented Dr. Orestes A. Brownson was in his time the most prominent citizen of this country, commanding by his words the attention of both hemispheres;—a citizen who in his many writings displayed the resources of a wondrously gifted mind, which he employed in rendering invaluable services to religion, philosophy, literature, and state polity;—a man whom the American nation may well be proud to claim as the leading philosopher and writer of our days. The memory of such a man should, indeed never die. Here at Notre Dame, which is privileged to possess the remains of the illustrious dead, a chapel, known as the Brownson Memorial Chapel, has been for some time in process of construction, and will shortly be completed. But something should be done by the people at large. As long as our Republic maintains its prestige before the world, so long should there remain, in the very heart of the

nation's wide domain, the material but, withal, imperishable expression of her appreciation and remembrance of the services of the most gifted of her sons. And especially every Catholic throughout the length and breadth of the Union should realize the significance and propriety of the proposed testimonial. It may well be said that Dr. Brownson, as a Catholic layman, fulfilled a providential mission. Living at a time when the enemies of the Church, in this country, were most bitter, hostile and powerful, he did much towards inaugurating that era of good feeling which has since prevailed, by creating in the minds of non Catholics a respect for the Church and her teachings, and giving to the world at large an example of human reason, in its grandest development, exercising its powers, at one and the same time, in the service of Religion and Science.

We may add that the honor of having conceived the present undertaking—or, at least, of being the first to give it expression—is due to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland, who, many months ago, suggested to the public the idea of such a monument, and was himself the first to contribute to the fund for its erection. Through the constant agitation of the *Catholic Universe*, the matter was effectively kept before the public, and many subscriptions were added, until it was taken in hand by the Catholic Young Men's Union. Under the active and energetic auspices of this organization, aided by the generous response of an intelligent and appreciative public, we have no doubt that the much desired consummation will be speedily realized, and that a fitting monument commemorative of our own great statesman, philosopher, and Christian writer, will ere long occupy its prominent position in the centre of the great metropolis of the "Western World."

The Dakota Indians are lost children of the Blessed Virgin. They have a tradition that a most beautiful Woman, the Mother of the Son of the Great Spirit, appeared to their fathers on the Missouri River more than one hundred Winters ago, robed in blue, who spoke to them of peace, and gave them loving counsel. In memory of this apparition, they have adopted blue as the color of their tribe, and every Dakota manages to have some piece of blue cloth mixed in his scanty raiment. Of

course this tradition has come down from the early Christian missionaries, and the beautiful Woman is doubtless the Blessed Virgin

The Empress Regent of China has expressed her intention to send a rich present to His Holiness Leo XIII. on the occasion of his golden jubilee.

A correspondent in the South sends us the following communication illustrating the patronage of St. Joseph, to whom the month of March is consecrated. The incident happened several years ago in one of our Gulf cities, but has never before been published:

"Two little children, a boy and a girl, were returning from the Children's Mass and Catechism on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. The pastor had spoken to them of the power and goodness of the great patriarch, and recommended them to put their trust in him, to invoke him in all their little trials and necessities, assuring them of his ever-ready protection. The day was warm, and the children chose an open pavilion car to return home. One by one the passengers got off, until the two little ones were the sole occupants of the car. After a while the little boy, who was about seven years old, went to the driver and begged to be permitted to drive. The good-natured man consented, but presently the mule stumbled, gave a jerk, and little Robert was thrown violently forward under the feet of the animal, *the car passing over him*. In falling, he exclaimed: 'Good St. Joseph, save me!' The frightened driver hastened to stop the car, scarcely daring to look back, when the voice of the little fellow rose clear and strong. 'Oh, I am not hurt! Dear St. Joseph saved me.' There he stood *without a scratch or tear*, brushing off the dust, and trying to straighten his little straw-hat. The hat was completely crushed, being the only article of his toilet that was in any way disarranged. St. Joseph probably wished to show us what would have been the condition of his skull but for his all-powerful interposition. I should add here that the road had been lately repaired, heaped high with earth and oyster shells, so that there was scarcely room for a cat to pass under the car."

The Queen Regent of Spain, whose charitable donations appear inexhaustible, gave thirty thousand *pesetas* to the poor to celebrate the patronal feast of the young King.—*Catholic Standard*.

We have before us the Fifteenth Annual Report of Le Couteulx St. Mary's Institution for the improved instruction of deaf-mutes, Buffalo, New York. The instruction is pro-

vided by the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the Sister who is principal gives a report of their noble work that can not fail to interest and excite to compassion. The Institution is supported by the State, and, to judge from the report, its admirable management and flourishing condition reflect credit on all who are connected with it.

The celibacy of the clergy! The glory of the Catholic Church, the fertile topic for discussion outside of it. Protestant denominations have been willing, as a rule, to admit the soundness of the principle, but have shrunk from its application. Among the Ritualist clergymen, however, celibacy is probably the rule and not the exception. Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin, in his essay on "The Decay of Modern Preaching," has some striking remarks on the subject. He says: "It must be confessed that for a preacher, who would soar above the practice of ordinary life, and proclaim ideal piety, ideal virtue, ideal self-sacrifice, the Roman Catholic law of celibacy is very profitable. The orator who emerges from his study or cell can reason of justice, temperance, and judgment to come, with far more singleness of heart and far more force than he who is engaged in the trivialities and distractions of family life." Words of wisdom these, and such as some of our separated brethren would do well to ponder on.

The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* recognizes Leo XIII. as "the central personage of the world," and affirms as an indisputable fact that "there is no institution in existence which ministers to so many human wants as the great institution which centres in the Vatican."

M. Chevreul the great French scientist, who is in his one hundred and first year, recently attended a meeting of the French Academy, and took an active part in its deliberations. What is more remarkable is that M. Chevreul still retains his faculties in their most perfect vigor. He attends scientific meetings, he pursues independent researches, his figure is familiar in Parisian society, until a recent date he lectured once a week, and he shows no symptoms of the ordinary infirmities of age. His own explanation of this almost abnormal lease of vitality is that he has never had anything to trouble him, that he has been singu-

larly happy in his domestic relations, that his life has always been temperate and methodical, and that the pursuit of his favorite study has been for him not so much an exertion as a positive source of pleasure. M. Chevreul is a practical Catholic

The University of Louvain has recently sustained the loss, by death, of one of her most valued patrons. Mgr. Pieraerts, the Rector Magnificus of the University, after a long and painful illness, expired last month; at the age of fifty two. He was born in Antwerp, and passed all his life in educational pursuits, first as a student and afterwards as a professor. In 1872 he was appointed to fill the chair of Latin in the University of Louvain, and nine years after was advanced to the headship of that renowned institution of learning. He enjoyed during his tenure of offices not only the respect and esteem, but also the warmest affection of the students who were under his care. Himself a great patron of learning, as well as enthusiastic teacher, he is to be credited with much of the great success of the University during the past years in the higher branches of research, especially in the physical sciences, in particular that of biology. A great and good man has been lost to Louvain, and one whose place will not be easily filled. *R. I. P.*

The *News* is more complimentary than exact when it says: "The Irish are getting nearly as Puritanical as the Yankees." There is no denying an immense improvement in the Irish element of our population within a few years; but it is not Puritanism, farther than Puritanism means love of sobriety, morality, and good order. The Irish are as far as ever from cant, hypocrisy, and illiberality, if those are to be considered Puritan characteristics.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel*.

In a Brief recently addressed to M. Pastor, Professor of History in the University of Innsbruck and the author of a "History of the Roman Pontiffs," the Holy Father warmly encourages the historian in his work, and expresses a desire that voluminous and well-written publications should be issued in regard to the history of the Roman Pontificate. He also declares his pleasure to see that the opening of the Archives of the Vatican is producing most excellent fruit, in enhancing the

glory of the Church and aiding in the diffusion of truth. The Sovereign Pontiff especially emphasizes the fact that to defend the Papacy is the most glorious office of the Catholic writer.

The Holy Father, by Rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, grants a plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, to all who practise the pious exercise of the Six Sundays in honor of St. Thomas of Aquin. Properly they are the six Sundays preceding the Saint's feast, but the indulgence may be gained on any other six Sundays of the year.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACII., xii., 46.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary Rose, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who departed this life on the 18th ult., at Lowell, Mass., fortified and consoled by the last Sacraments.

Sister Mary Francis, who breathed her last at the Ursuline Convent, E. Morrisania, N. Y., on the 8th of February. The deceased had labored long and faithfully in the Master's vineyard, having reached the seventy fifth year of her age, and the fifty-second of her religious profession.

Miss Annie T. Rinehart, whose happy death occurred at Hancock, Mich., on the 7th of last month.

Mr. William Sullivan, who met with a sudden death at San Francisco, on the 16th of February. He was an exemplary young man, and left a large circle of friends to mourn his death.

Mr. Lawrence Reedy, of Trenton N. J., who rendered his soul to God last month, after long suffering.

Miss Mary A. Daley, a fervent Child of Mary, who died a holy death on the 3d ult., at Newark, N. J.

Mr. Thomas Morris, an old friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in Janesville, Wis., who passed away on the 28th of January, after receiving the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Ellen Toomey, of Fort Hamilton, N. Y., whose precious death took place on the 9th ult.

Mrs. Margaret Farmer, of Oakland, Cal.; Mr. John McNary, Wabash, Ind.; Nicholas Abt, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Johanna Prout and Mrs. Mary A. Powers, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. J. Graham, San Francisco; and John Cavanaugh, St. Louis.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Our Faith Our Dearest Treasure.

[Many of our young readers know that an acrostic is a poem in which the initial letters of the lines form the name of some person or place. They may not know, however, that a telestich is a poem in which the final letters of the lines make a name. Here is a poem which is both an acrostic and telestich, and which is the more of a curiosity because it was composed when its author, Eleanor C. Donnelly, was little more than a school-girl. The first letters of the lines form the name of Father Ambrose A. Mullen, O. S. A.; the final letters give the name of Father William Harnett, of the same Order, who was a bosom friend of Father Mullen. Father Harnett's angelic piety and sweetness of disposition caused him to be called the "Angel of the House" when he was a novice in the Convent of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano. United in their lives, they were not long divided in death; for Father Harnett died at Lawrence, Mass., March 28 1875; and Father Ambrose at Andover, in the same State, July 7, 1876. *R. I. P.*]

Fond and consoling is the Christian's belief,
A potent charm in Life's bewildering drama;
The sacred power which maketh Marah sweet,
Hushes the wailing wretchedness of Ramah.—
Ever the same, though storms or sunshine lie
Round the rude path that leadeth to Our Father.
An angel calls,—and we, too weak to follow,
Moan with our dying Lord, "*Eloi! Eloi!*"
But 'tis a passing weakness, and the will,
Ready to conquer, bids all trembling fears be still.
O joy! to have our God our great *Eloi*,
So far above all other nations.—yea,
E'en as the reality is to the dream.
A God to save, a God to us most nigh!
May hearts and lips send forth their glad *Hosanna*
Unto this Lord, this Chief, whose glorious banner,
Like some strong magnet, draws, exultant, men
Lost to the world, to earth's enchanting scene,
Ever to dwell with Thee, O God! in rapture sweet,
Never to quit again Thy sacred, wounded feet.

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

It was a very pretty room. The fire was built of sea-coal, and was red to the core. The grate was polished to looking-glass brightness, and the brass knobs of the fender winked engagingly at the small round Queen Anne teapot, jug, and bowl that sat on a small round table in the middle of the floor. This table was covered with napkins and table cloth, so white you almost fancied some of the snow outside had drifted in and settled in heaps and patches; and at its head a kettle was bubbling and humming over a spirit-lamp, while the lid danced up and down like a bottle-imp. Red curtains hung at the bow-window, and through glass doors on the south side orange trees, azaleas, and palms seemed to bend to the warmth within, turning their backs on the world of frost and ice outside. A few flowers and ferns nodded in the still, warm air, and a toy collie lay blinking before the fire.

The silence was so intense that Waggy was dozing and nodding, when light, stumbling steps on the stairs made him prick his ears, yap and quiver after the manner of his kind.

Two little boys entered slowly. They were dressed in black; their yellow curls were brushed back over wide collars; their faces were fresh and sweet; but their eyes were swollen as if from crying, and their little handkerchiefs were wadded into damp lumps, and their movements were heavy and languid.

This was such a new thing to Waggy, who was always third in a wild game of romps whenever his little masters appeared, that he stood with the bark silenced in his half-opened mouth, and his tail stiffened at an unnatural angle in the middle of a wag.

Greater proof of dismay he could not give; for from the first time he staggered to his wabbling puppy feet, and tried to open his blind puppy eyes, that tail had never been still. It was a volume of emotions; the Sig-

nal Code was nowhere in comparison; his joy, his woe, his fun, his sympathy, everything was expressed by its wig-wag; and the little white tuft at the end was in such constant motion, leading the van of every game, scuffle, retreat and advance, that the little boys' father called it "The White Plume of Navarre," and the collie himself, "King Henry." But this was too much for Phil and Laurie, and *they* called him Waggy—for the tail's sake.

There they sat, poor little chaps!—one on each side of the fire, on hassocks that raised them just high enough to touch the mantle-shelf with their heads (and a pretty pair of caryatids they made, I assure you), and looked soberly into the glowing coals. Waggy stood between, with a long, intelligent nose, pointing first at one and then at another; and as he looked, his tail recovered its motion and began slowly to vibrate, going faster and faster till it raised quite a breeze. And if eyes ever said anything, that collie's said:

"Our family have always taken good care of their charges—coats, and hats, and sheep, and cattle; so *I* must take care of my little masters. I can't do much, but I can keep cheerful, and I'll wag till I'm nothing but stumps, if I have to; for it's 'Never say die!' with me."

And, really, he seemed in a fair way to do it. But the little boys sat there, with a great sob rising every now and then in their throats and their poor little mouths twitching, and did not look up even when the door opened, and a tall handsome man and a pretty, slender girl came in. These two stood a moment looking at the children, and a startled expression, followed by one of great sympathy, passed over each face.

"This will never do," said the man; and he tried to make his voice cheerful as he called.

"Come, my manikins! Come, get your breakfasts."

At the sound they started up and ran—indeed they threw themselves into his arms, and broke into muffled crying as they said:

"We don't want any; but, O papa! we do, we *do* want our pretty mamma, our sweet little mamma!"

The man's face contracted with a sharp convulsion of pain, and for a moment his lips were drawn and stiff. Then he said, as he smoothed the soft golden curls:

"So do I. But God wanted her too, and by and by we'll see her again."

"When?" said Phil, eagerly, his great blue eyes wide-stretched, his little hand grasping his father's forefinger tightly;—"when, papa? Mollie said this morning they had put her into a great black hole, and we'd never see her any more, so we must be good children and not cry; but we did cry worse than ever."

A quick anger rose in the father's breast against the careless servant that had planted such a rankle in his child's heart; but, putting it aside, he said:

"Do you remember the two gardens you had last year?"

"The gardens mamma helped us make? Oh, yes!" they answered, brightening up. "And the funny little black seeds she showed us, and told us would grow up into flowers if we'd bury 'em; and they did truly."

"But me and Phil couldn't guess ever how all the green leaves and sweet smells and stalks and colors got rolled into 'em. Some of 'em were just like tobacco-dust."

Their father nodded his head, and when they had finished, each one piecing in a sentence—that was the way Phil and Laurie always did talk—he said:

"That's just the way God makes His garden. We are the seeds, and our souls are like the sweet smell and the flowers; but we can't go to heaven till we die. Then our bodies are put away in the ground. Don't you know how Joslyn covers in the roses to wait for the Spring?"—Joslyn was the gardener.

The little boys looked at each other. Then Laurie, who was slower to think and speak than Phil, said:

"Like my 'sturtiums, when the flowers die, and the green balls come, and fall in

the ground, and grow up the next year?"

"Yes."

"I wish," said Phil, his eyes wide and glad, "she'd grow up a beautiful lily in the churchyard, and I could see her every day."

"You will see her 'every day' sometime, but it's in God's garden she's growing now, and we'll have to go to her."

"How could we go, papa? Would a balloon take us?"

"No," said Laurie; "we'd have to die. Papa, could we die to-morrow—Phil and me?"

"God forbid!" said the poor father, catching them closer in his arms. "No: we must live as long as God wills, and be as good as we know how, and then we'll see mamma."

Their minds were diverted from the dreary train of thought into which their practical but not unkind nurse had plunged them, and they ate their breakfasts like good little souls, and with some appetite; for they had cried so much ever since their mother—their "pretty, little mamma"—had died the week before, that they had eaten very little, and were weak for want of food.

As they finished, their papa said:

"Bundle up, mannies, and give poor Henry of Navarre a run; he hasn't been out for ever so long!"

"We don't want to, please, papa!"

"Oh, yes! Don't you know how mamma used to watch you from her window coming and going, and how she used to call you her two tramps?"

"Can she look out of a window and see us now, papa?" they asked, slowly and wistfully.

"I hope she can," he answered, sighing heavily; "for then there would be another angel watching over us."

And as the two little lads slipped away, they took counsel with each other.

"She *did* like to watch us and have us bring lots of things from the woods, and maybe she *can* see us now. It's an awful long way off to the skies though, and maybe

she can't. But"—brightening up—"if she can't, we'll ask Our Blessed Lady to tell her all about it, and we'll put the things on her grave, and make a garden of that instead of the old ones."

And Waggy bounced after them, with his tail whirling like a Catharine-wheel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Count Hugues' Pardon.

BY M. R.

It was in the year 1007. At the Castle of Ingelheim Count Hugues refused all consolation, and no longer attended court; the chase had lost all its attractions for him; despondent, he kept himself shut up in his magnificent fortress, which commanded Alsace and all the surrounding country. His old chaplain, seeing this gloominess deepen, ventured one day to say to him:

"My lord, I pray you what is the cause of your grief? I have many reasons to think that it arises from some secret that weighs heavily upon you."

"It is true, but what would it avail to disburthen myself? The evil would still remain."

"For your happiness, it may be," replied the venerable priest.

"Alas! there is no happiness for me," said the Count; "I have shed blood. The crime has never been expiated, and it tortures my soul."

"There is no fault too great to be pardoned, if humbly confessed."

"There is no pardon for me," returned the unfortunate man; "I can not be absolved—I am excommunicated; and the innocent blood which I have shed has been crying to Heaven for vengeance these many years."

"The Church removes excommunications," said the priest.

"Well, Father, listen to the horrible tale, whose secret has worn me away with shame and grief, and you will see that I am past all remedy. The Countess Hedwig bore me, as you know, three sons, who were the

pride of our house; two of them were suddenly snatched away by death, and their mother did not long survive them. Sorrow almost deprived me of reason, and I wished to be interred with her. Instead of seeking strength in prayer, I gave myself up to despair, and went wandering about in the forest. There I one day met an old Druidess. In place of avoiding her, as I should have done, I consulted her on my melancholy state of mind, and she uttered these strange words: 'Lord Count, I read in the future that you will one day do great penance; you will travel, poor and barefoot, while your son shall rule with great splendor; and, after a long journey, I see you kneeling before his throne, kissing his feet. Oh! how humble you will be! This will happen. . . . I can say no more.' And she disappeared.

"This prediction haunted my mind day and night; I sought to find out what it could signify, and, abandoning prayer, became the prey of an evil spirit. Thenceforward I could not meet my darling little Bruno without mentally seeing myself barefoot and humiliated before this rebellious son. 'Bruno will take my place; this new Ab salom will supplant his father, will seize upon his lands and vassals. This cursed child is a serpent, which I nourish only to be destroyed by it. Better no son than a traitor; would it not be preferable that he die while yet innocent, and rejoin his saintly mother and brothers, than live to be a reprobate?' Such were my reflections.

"I yielded to the suggestions of the demon that possessed me, and one morning ordered Hurt, a servant whom I had always found faithful and obedient, to take the boy hunting. 'Attend well,' said I to him, 'to what I tell you. Lead him into the depths of the forest, and there shoot him through the heart. The latter you will then bring back to me as a proof that you have executed my command.' The trusty hunter replied not a word—he knew that I would not permit it; his grief was apparent, but he bowed acquiescence, and, alas! obeyed me. Soon after, I saw him, bow in hand, enter the

forest with the five-year old child, who at all times was a marvel of beauty, but never did he seem to me so amiable and gracious as at that moment. Yet, I did not call him back. . . . Hurt returned at nightfall, and presented me the heart of the child on the arrow which had pierced it; I swore him to secrecy, and retired with my trophy. That arrow has been fixed in my own heart ever since, and tortures me unceasingly."

Here the Count ended his history, and torrents of tears burst from his eyes.

The chaplain had listened with terror to this confidential narration of the fearful tragedy, but nevertheless suppressed his emotion.

"I will pray for you. It is true, neither I nor even the bishop can absolve you; but courage! Go to Rome, to our Holy Father the Pope; to him is reserved the right of absolving from the crime of infanticide; he will free you from your excommunication, and if you do penance, you shall be saved."

"Be saved! What must I do to be saved? I am ready to perform any penance you can impose on me."

"Boldly take the pilgrim's staff, cover your head with ashes, clothe yourself with sack-cloth, and walk barefoot to Rome; this penance will surely obtain your pardon from the Holy Father."

At these words a gleam of hope flitted across the heart of the guilty old man. He accepted the salutary advice, crossed over hill and vale, neither ice nor snow arresting his steps till he arrived in Italy.

In this beautiful country, the olive tree, which he had never seen on the Rhine, seemed to stretch its branches towards him as a token of peace; he continued his long journey with eagerness. When he came to the banks of the Tiber, he entered a church in which many miracles had been wrought; there he prayed most fervently. Arrived at Rome, the city of the Popes, he prostrated himself upon the ground and kissed the dust. Soon afterwards he presented himself at the Apostolic Palace, and was immediately admitted to an audience with the Holy Father. He fell upon his

knees, kissed the feet of Christ's Vicar, and begged him to hear his confession.

Leo IX., whose great charity was known to the whole world, heard him patiently to the end, pressed him to his bosom, and said:

"My son, thy soul is as crimson as blood, but the Blood of thy Saviour will wash it white as snow; I unbind thy excommunication, and in the Name of Jesus I absolve thee: '*Dominus*,'" etc.

At these words the poor culprit fell prostrate on the floor, and made an act of deep contrition. When he arose, the holy Pope said to him, with ineffable sweetness:

"I can give you good news of your son."

"You know, O Holy Father! that he is in heaven with his mother and the other saints of his family."

"No: your son Bruno, whom you believe to be dead, is alive, and you shall soon see him."

"Can that be possible?"

"Your faithful servant, Hurt, did not kill him: he brought you the heart of a stag, which he had killed instead of your son; him he confided to the care of a saintly widow, in order to shield him against your fury."

"O Holy Father! are you sure? Where is he, I pray you?"

"Listen to his history: The holy woman to whom he had been confided brought him, when five years old, to Berthold, the Bishop of Toul, saying that she was his mother, and that she had consecrated him to God. The good Bishop felt kindly for the little fellow, and gave him a warm welcome. He had also under his care several other youths, with whom Bruno was educated. Finally he became a monk, and was sent on a mission to the Emperor Conrad, who conceived an affection for him, and brought him into Lombardy, where Heriman the new Bishop of Toul, suffering from a serious illness at the time, charged him with the care of raising the King's forces in his diocese. He was then only a deacon and twenty-three years of age. This new employment was very unusual for a cleric, but God blessed his efforts,

and, the Bishop succumbing to his malady, the clergy and people of Toul elected Bruno to replace him. He quitted Lombardy, and by an extraordinary intervention of Heaven escaped the snares of his enemies, who took his escort prisoners, he himself having judiciously chosen to travel alone. At Toul he was received with public acclamation—"

"But, Holy Father," interrupted the old man, "this is the history of yourself that you tell me."

"It is, nevertheless, your son's;" I have not forgotten the lineaments of your face, neither has the memory of that terrible morning ever left me; and now, father, allow me to wash the pilgrim's feet."

And the great Pope—a glimpse of whom had been given years before, by permission of God, to the old Druidess—as he knelt before the aged pilgrim washing his feet, in no way resembled the rebellious Absalom.

St. Bernard at Spires.

After many vain attempts to enlist the sympathies of the Emperor Conrad III. and the German nobles in favor of the Crusades, St. Bernard made his final appeal to them in the Cathedral of Spires. As the Saint entered the nave the *Salve Regina* was sung, and when its concluding words, "*Post hoc exilium ostende*," died away, Bernard, as if in rapture, exclaimed, "*O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!*" The vast congregation was moved by this outburst of devotion. Two days afterwards the Saint preached before the Emperor. Putting his trust in Mary, he boldly upbraided Conrad for his lukewarmness in Christ's cause. His words struck home, and the Emperor and his knights demanded the Cross on the spot. Bernard had healed the sick and raised the dead, but this sudden change of heart was called, "*miraculum miraculorum*," and his inspired words have been added by the Church to the Antiphon of Our Lady.

A BEETLE will draw twenty times its own weight. About once in ten million times a lottery ticket will do the same thing.



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NO. II.

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Fame.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

SHE charmed him with her charming eye;
To know its lustre was to die—
Or live forever in its light;
She bore him to her mountain height;
With wine-sweet lips she kissed to rest
The thousand longings in his breast.

She ringed him with her glitt'ring coils;
Her cunning words were soft as oils;
All swam before his drunken sight:
He felt his beauty and his might,
And cursed the darkness as he hurled
Defiance at the crouching world.

He did not know her treachery;
He thought her tightening clasp to be
The clasp of love:—O heavy fate!
She thrust him in the face of hate,
With all the venom in her born,
And slew him with her tongue of scorn.

Thoughts on St. Joseph.

MANY authors have written on the life of St. Joseph; but, as a rule, they address only devout souls, and thus their works, many of which are excellent, never reach the general reader. And yet Catholics of merely ordinary piety would be deeply impressed, we might say fascinated, at the contemplation of such a figure as St. Joseph, if they understood his eminent dignity. He has a share in the glories of

Jesus and Mary; he is too closely connected with them for the believer to fail to recognize that he is raised above the other saints. The eminent place occupied by him in the divine plan of the Incarnation gives him an indisputable right to our deepest veneration and our undoubting confidence in the power of his intercession.

It is not necessary to ascend the heights of theology to understand that in the divine plan a prominent place was given to the august mystery from which emanated the two transcendental facts of the redemption of the human race and the glorification of man. In the designs of His providence, God had from all eternity chosen Mary and Joseph, from amongst all other human beings, to associate them in the great work of the Redemption; and from all eternity the names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph were destined to be inseparably united. Does not this single consideration suffice to show the greatness, the dignity of St. Joseph?

We at once understand how God, showering down on Mary the fruitful rain of extraordinary grace, such as Her Immaculate Conception, Her immunity from all sin, prepared Her for the great dignity of the divine maternity. The honor of the Son of God, whom She was to bring into the world, demanded this. "When God chooses any one for a special function," says St. Thomas, "He first prepares him by making him worthy of it." We can understand, then, and for the very same reason, that God would prepare Joseph for the high offices

to which He destined him; and it would be inexplicable if that God who creates souls, enriches hearts, opens out unlimited horizons before certain privileged intelligences, fertilizes the souls of the saints, did not clothe with special graces the soul of him who was destined to be the spouse of the greatest and most holy of creatures, and the foster-father of the Son of God made Man. Faith, reason—all go to show us that the wisdom of God must have disposed and harmonized souls and hearts, persons and things, that had to be made use of to bring out in the most brilliant light the most august and most fruitful of mysteries, in which the Blessed Trinity took complacency, and which enlightened the world by the splendor of its perfections.

Not only in the majestic movements of the twinkling stars, in the regular march of the worlds that surround us, but even in the slightest details of this immense and complicated machine of nature,—everything is in its place; there is a perfect chain binding together the different kingdoms, the different species of each kingdom, and the different individuals of the same species; all is regulated *in measure and number and weight*. Would the wise Author of the harmony of the physical world have overlooked that of the moral world? It is impossible. From the angel who at the foot of the throne sings melodies not understood here on earth, to the child of the unknown laborer, who in some obscure village is bowed down beneath the weight of toil, all obey the adorable designs of Providence.

Joseph being destined to hold such high offices in the plan of the Incarnation and Redemption, it was to be expected that the liberal hand of God should adorn him with an intelligence so privileged and a heart so delicate and ardent as to raise him to the level of his high destinies. God must have poured out on him gifts of grace and nature without stint; and it does not sound at all strange when authors of credit affirm that Joseph, like John the Baptist, was sanctified in his mother's womb.

Hear how Bossuet speaks, applying to St. Joseph certain passages of the Bible: "The Lord sought out a man according to His own Heart." This man according to God's Heart is not recognized by externals, nor does God choose him by appearances, nor by the voice of fame. When He sent Samuel to the house of Jesse in search of David, this great man, whom God destined to wear the most august crown of the world, was not known even by his own family. No one ever thought of David, and one by one his elder brothers were presented to the Prophet; but God, who does not judge as man, admonished him in secret not to notice a tall stature or a commanding countenance. . . . This conduct of Divine Providence gives me cause to apply to Joseph, the son of David, what was said of David himself. The time had arrived wherein God was to seek for a man according to His own Heart, in order to deposit in his hands what was dearest to God Himself—namely, the person of His only-begotten Son. He passes by Jerusalem and other renowned cities; He stops at Nazareth, and in that unknown village He knocks at the door of the poor cabin of a man entirely unknown, the humble Joseph, to entrust him with a charge with which the angels of the highest order would have considered themselves immensely honored. God grant that we may understand from this that the greatness of man is to be sought in the heart, and nowhere else; and that it is only solid virtue, which as a general rule means hidden virtue, that has this character."

"It suffices to say," writes M. Olier, "that Joseph was chosen to be the earthly image of God the Father; from this we can understand with what a halo of virtues and perfections his sacred person must have been surrounded. What knowledge! what wisdom! what prudence! I do not think that there ever was seen on earth anything like it. . . . Let us not attempt comparisons: the excellence of Joseph is beyond comparison."

All those that have written on St. Joseph are persuaded that, next to the Blessed Vir-

gin, he received from God the most lofty, most perfect, most holy soul. The princes of the earth, says St. Francis of Sales, take special care to place their sons under the best possible tutor; God would not fail to provide that the man to whom He confided the guardianship of His Son should be endowed with the qualities that would make him equal to his high charge.

In studying the life of the holy patriarch we feel our souls dilate at the contemplation of a figure in which all is great, all is sublime. We see in his character all the charms of the most touching simplicity, united to the most overpowering majesty. St. Joseph was a man who, whilst living here on earth, belonged entirely to heaven. God placed him in this land of exile, surrounding him with such splendors that we, accustomed to the miseries of this lower world, can not comprehend them. He appears as the most obscure of the children of Adam, yet he is surrounded by that brightness from above which the Scripture calls inaccessible. Whilst he lived on the earth, he was a man apart—a man of God, solely of God, living only to carry out the designs of God, and making subservient to these designs his soul, heart, liberty, his entire life.

In penetrating into the soul of St. Joseph, in seeking to scrutinize what passed in the depths of his being, we sometimes find ourselves in presence of an abyss, whose depths the human sight can not penetrate; again his person rises and expands before our entranced vision like some majestic temple; and, again, in meditating on his sanctity, we feel compelled to cast ourselves on our knees as in the presence of a tabernacle.

St. Joseph was an instrument in the hands of God, which He employed for purposes to which no other creature was ever destined. Sovereign as God is over all, He never exercised His sovereignty over any, Jesus and Mary excepted, as He did over our Saint. He was in the hands of God as clay in the hands of the potter, and, in a manner, spontaneous and perfectly free. Here we have the explanation of the secret of that gravity which attracts us so powerfully; that char-

acter, so even, sweet, tranquil, which we admire as we go over the different events of his life. He is a sort of reflex of the Heavenly Father on earth. Contemplating him, the soul is filled with pure and lofty thoughts and aspirations towards the Infinite; we feel at such times as if we were nearer heaven.

Behold Joseph exercising his office as head of the Holy Family. He governs the house, and provides for the needs of Jesus and Mary. Labor—which heretofore had been looked upon as something low and degrading, and suited only to slaves—in the hands of Joseph, and being applied to the support of the Man-God, becomes dignified, transfigured, and, from the task of slaves, becomes an honorable occupation, to which even Jesus Christ devotes Himself with Joseph. Happy household, in which Jesus, Mary, and Joseph conversed, and lived the same life of love, and with the same aspirations!

Model of husbands, fathers, and laborers, personification of humility, faith, piety, and justice, Joseph, the “just man,” as the Gospel calls him, deserves the admiration of all.

The Fall of De la Mennais.

IT is profitable to read the lives of the saints; for the story of their wonderful penances and heroic virtues is apt to strengthen us to bear our cross, and begin to mount the heights of sanctification which they have reached. It is useful, also, especially in this holy season of penance, to look back on the careers of those who have fallen by the wayside, in order that we may avoid the slippery places that were the occasion of their destruction.

One of the saddest life histories of recent years is the record of the Abbé de la Mennais—with whom many persons still living were personally acquainted,—who, after a pious childhood and youth, was ordained priest, and for a long time edified all who knew him by the practice of sacerdotal virtues; then fell, proud, disobedient, defiant; lived for twenty-two years away from the

altar and stripped of his priestly vestments; died unshriven, and was buried, at his own request, in unconsecrated ground, without religious rites.

The Rev. Félicité Robert de la Mennais was at one time, according to the testimony of M. de Montalembert, "the most celebrated and the most venerated priest in France." His philosophical system attracted to him a school of disciples. His "Essay on Indifference" moved his admirers to proclaim him the last of the Fathers of the Church. His ability was conspicuous in his own country and was recognized at Rome. The path to preferment was wide open to him; a glorious prospect of beneficence spread out before him. But his pride shut the gate of duty and barred the road of honor; and his persistence in error wrecked his vocation, ruined his life, and drove him to a nameless grave. In 1830 he was at the pinnacle of his popularity; in 1832 he was in the quicksand of darkness, doubt, and disobedience.

In October, 1830, he founded at Paris the *Avenir* newspaper. His chief assistants were the Abbé Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert. The object of the paper was to free the Church of France from all entangling alliances with the State, to advance the interests of the masses of the people, and to put in action the principles of a Christian socialism. It consequently advocated liberty of opinion for the press, as opposed to the Government censorship; liberty of education, in hostility to the Napoleonic State monopoly of instruction; liberty of association, in antagonism to the revival of ancient anti-monastic laws; independence of the clergy from State support, and war on the Budget of Public Worship; laws for the protection of labor, for a more equitable distribution of the general wealth, etc., etc.

The radical ideas and the intemperate language of this newspaper raised a storm of ill-will against it and its conductors, not only in secular official circles, but also in the Catholic ranks. Every issue was a fire-brand of discord. The laity were distracted by it; a majority of the clergy opposed it;

enemies sprang up on all sides of it. Still it went on, hammering against the established order, denouncing its critics, defying the civil authorities, and demanding the immediate adoption of its notions by the nation at large. Advice privately given in the interest of moderation was unheeded; public censure was resented. Yet the editors protested that they were loyal to the Church, that they were ready to submit their doctrines to its judgment, and that they were prepared to abide by its decision.

Finally, the whisper that the teachings of the *Avenir* were unorthodox, which for some months had been passing from mouth to mouth, grew until it became a loud cry. It was echoed by a hundred journals. It was heard by De la Mennais and his friends. They were indignant. They denied the impeachment of their soundness in the faith. To make manifest and incontrovertible the correctness of their position, they determined to appeal to Rome. Yes, they would go themselves in person to the Pope, and place their cause in his hands. This would afford them the opportunity, said Lacordaire, "of justifying their intentions to the Holy See, of submitting all their ideas to its decision, and of thus giving a striking proof of their sincerity and orthodoxy, which, happen what might, would always bring a blessing on them, and would be, as it were, a weapon snatched out of the hands of their enemies."

Accordingly they suspended the publication of the *Avenir* and set out for the Eternal City. They arrived at their journey's end in December, 1831. They expected to be welcomed with effusion, to have judgment passed immediately on their doubts, to return home in triumph. They had a cool reception. Their request for an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff was met with a demand for a written statement of their views and purposes. When this was furnished, they had to wait two months before learning what disposition was to be made of it. At length Cardinal Pacca informed them that the Holy See would examine their doctrines, and that meanwhile

they might return to France and quietly await the result. Then they were admitted to an audience with Gregory XVI., who received them affably, led the conversation to subjects of general interest, but dismissed them without referring to the *Avenir* or the object of their visit to Italy.

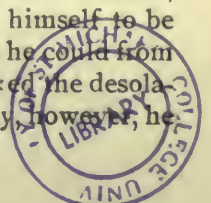
"This conduct on the part of the Roman court," says Father Chocarne, "which so deeply wounded the pride of M. de la Mennais, opened the eyes of the Abbé Lacordaire. Removed at a distance from Paris, the field of battle, restored to himself, enlightened and purified by that calm and luminous atmosphere which one breathes at Rome, the dawn arose in his soul, and he understood the truth. He saw that, not being able to give its approbation, the Holy See could do nothing kinder or more favorable than to keep silence and say, 'We will examine.' And, above all, he understood Rome. Paris is to Rome, in a religious point of view, what a frontier constantly harassed by the enemy is to a great capital standing in tranquillity behind her lofty walls; or what the crew of a ship is to the pilot who directs her. When the head has grown gray, and we look back at the distance of thirty years over our own history, which of us can not detect himself smiling at the remembrance of those many infallible systems which we were constantly constructing in our younger years, and at that simple conviction which we had that the world was going to let itself be transformed according to our ideas?

"A journey from Paris to Rome often produces the same effect, and dispels the same illusions. We leave a capital where all is youth, ardor, and eagerness, and we enter the city of old men and sages,—the city which is astonished at nothing, because she has watched all human greatness pass away like the stream which bathes the foot of her hills; where truth alone remains standing, impassible, eternal. The Abbé Lacordaire went through this salutary disenchantment. He had come from Paris with a man who had made himself a name as vast as Europe. This man was possessed of gen-

ius, an eloquent pen, and had a following of disciples who looked on him as the only one who could save the Church in her struggle with society. How was the Church about to receive him? She was going to take scarcely the smallest notice of him. But he brings a system which contains her salvation? A system! The Church has seen them all in their turn, but salvation has never come to her from them. But this man possesses the secrets of the future, and he comes to tell the Church how she is to speak to kings and to nations? The Church has received from on high the gift of Counsel, as she has received the Spirit of Truth. Society draws its life from her, and no man can teach her what she owes to nations or to kings."

But the Abbé de la Mennais would not rest content with being put off, and having the answers to his questions deferred. He resolved to provoke a decision; he exerted all his powers to force an explanation from the Holy See. But his endeavors were futile. The Roman court remained silent. Finally he lost patience; he publicly announced that he would not concern himself about Rome's opinions: he would return to France and revive the *Avenir*. This was in flagrant contravention of the direction given by Cardinal Pacca, that the editors of the suspended newspaper should go back to their homes, and peacefully await the verdict of the Church.

Accordingly, in a bitter and defiant mood, the Abbé quitted Rome. On his way he sojourned at Munich. While there the authors and artists of the city tendered him a banquet. In the midst of the feast, the guest of the evening was called aside. An envoy from the Apostolic Nuncio handed him a sealed paper. He opened it. It was the famous Encyclical Letter *Mirari*, dated August 15, 1832, which condemned his vagaries. He returned to the company of his entertainers in a doleful frame of mind; but, with an effort, he forced himself to be genial, and escaped as soon as he could from the hospitality that now mocked the desolation of his soul. The next day, however, he



drew up an act of submission and sent it to Rome.

He then proceeded on his way, but turned aside from Paris, and sought his ancestral home of La Chesnaie in Brittany. There he sank into a profound melancholy. Pride and passion turned his blood into gall. He raved in his impotent wrath and his wounded vanity. His soul grew darker as the days went by. Peace abandoned his mind and his heart. Troubled thoughts clouded his brow. Muttered threats broke from his lips. The overpowering despondency that of old tormented Saul, the King, oppressed him by day and kept him awake at night.

One of his associates, Lacordaire, abandoned him to his obstinacy, accepted the correction administered by the Papal Encyclical, and returned to his sacerdotal functions—at first subject to suspicion, but eventually welcomed to the pulpit of Notre Dame, and acclaimed one of the glories of the Church of France as the restorer of the Order of St. Dominic. His other editorial *confrère* still stood by him.

For two years De la Mennais brooded over the Church's condemnation of his plans for social reform. Then in the Spring of 1834 he published a book, "The Words of a Believer," which electrified his enemies, shocked his friends, and threw a lurid light on the declivitous path he had entered. In it he reiterated his objectionable theses, and endeavored to justify them. The Abbé Lacordaire's comment on this volume was: "I can not rejoice at the abyss which obstinacy has dug under the feet of a man who has rendered great services to the Church. I hope that in His own time God may yet stop him in his course; but I do rejoice that the Sovereign Pontiff, the Father of not merely one Christian soul, but of all, has at last by his sacred authority decided the questions which were tearing to pieces the Church of France, and turning out of the right way a crowd of souls deceived in all sincerity, and by whose dangerous fascinations I had myself been captivated."

When these "*Paroles d'un Croyant*" ap-

peared, the tie that had bound M. de Montalembert to De la Mennais was severed. Long afterwards the former wrote: "With the vain hope of sheltering myself from the troubles of so trying a crisis, I had taken refuge in Germany, where I was pursued by the appeals of M. de la Mennais. Whilst believing himself bound as a priest to sign formularies of retraction, the unhappy man replied to my fears and filial representations by congratulating me on the independence I enjoyed as a layman, exhorting me to maintain it at all costs. 'This Voice,' he wrote to me, 'which in old times shook the whole world, will not now so much as terrify a class of school-boys.'" And Lacordaire wrote to M. de Montalembert: "You are astonished at what the Holy See requires from M. de la Mennais. It is certainly harder to submit when we have spoken out before men, than when all has passed between our own hearts and God. This is the special trial reserved for genius. The great men of the Church have had to snap their lives in twain, and, in a certain sense, this is the history of every conversion."

But the unhappy De la Mennais went from bad to worse. In 1836 he startled the world with a new work, "*Les Affaires de Rome*," which was a labored attack on his judges. The famous Madame Swetchine said of its author: "No one but an angel or a priest could have fallen so low." Père Lacordaire published a reply, and in his "Letter on the Holy See" vindicated the rulers of the Church from the aspersions cast on them by the suspended priest. Here are his concluding sentences:

"When time shall have done justice on all those miserable theories which, by enslaving the Catholic Church, have deprived her of a great part of her influence on society, it will be easy to know what remedy to apply. It will then be known that the art of governing men does not consist in giving free reins to the power of evil, and in putting good under watch and ward. Good will be set free, and men, wearied out with the policy of the world, will be told at last: You wish to devote yourselves to God?

Devote yourselves. You wish to retire from a world which is too full, and in which intellects superabound? Well, then, retire. You wish to consecrate your fortune to the relief of your suffering brethren? Consecrate it. You desire to spend your life teaching the poor and the young? Then teach them. You bear a name loaded with three centuries of hatred, because your virtues have appeared late in a world which is no longer worthy of them, and you are not ashamed still to bear that name? Then bear it. All you who desire good, under whatever form,—all who would wage war on pride and revolted sense, come and do what you will.

"We have exhausted ourselves in framing new combinations of social forms, and the elixir of life has never yet flowed out of our broken crucibles. He who has life, alone gives it; he who has love diffuses it abroad; he who possesses the secret can alone reveal it to others. Then will commence a new age, over which new treasures of riches will be poured out; and this wealth will consist neither of gold nor of silver, nor vessels brought from the uttermost ends of the earth, and containing precious and costly things; it will neither be steam nor railways, nor all that the genius of man shall be able to tear out of the bosom of nature. There is but one thing that we can truly call wealth, and that is love. Love alone unites all things and fills all things; it knits together God and man, earth and heaven; it is the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things."

After that publication, the Abbé de la Mennais drifted with the current that was bearing him to the rapids and the falls. On the 27th of February, 1848, he began a daily paper, *Le Peuple Constituant*, which was suppressed by Gen. Cavaignac in the early days of the June insurrection, on account of its advocacy of the workingmen's uprising. He was then sixty-six years old, having been born at St. Malo, in Brittany, in 1782. He sank deeper and deeper. He drove off all his old friends. His associates were English Chartists and continental revolutionists. He

lived alone in a garret. Towards the end of his days, he had a struggle for bread. Poor, dark, solitary, he was an object of pity, when in February, 1854, he died.

Wretched De la Mennais! His face, as it appears on the bas-relief made by the sculptor David, shows a noble countenance, with refined features and an exceptionally sensitive mouth. His eye was large and lustrous. His nose was prominent, aquiline, finely chiselled; the head was well shaped and proudly poised on the strong neck and broad shoulders. Altogether, in mind and form, his was a striking personality.

De la Mennais was buried among the out-cast poor, and no *Requiem* was ever said above his grave.

Versicles.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

I.—AN HOUR-GLASS THOUGHT.

THE sands run quickly in Time's glass,—
The lower globe, how fast it fills!
Gone, gone!—too often lost, alas!
How much remains? Just what God wills.
God's will shall be henceforward mine,
For I have failed in will, not power.
In me be wrought the Will Divine,
Beginning with this next half-hour.

II.—A RULE FOR CONVERSATION.

I'll try to talk and listen,
I'll try to feel and be,
Like one who knows his Angel
Is near to hear and see.
Nay, more, the Lord of Angels
Is nearer still to me.

III.—FALLING ASLEEP.

When these eyes are closing on this world
for aye,
May my soul be sinless in God's sight that
day!
If Death's summons found me as I am to-
night,
Would my soul be sinless, Jesus, in Thy sight?
I implore Thy pardon, as I'd fain implore
When these eyes are closing, ne'er to open
more.

IV.—ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM!

Thy kingdom come, O King of earth and heaven,

Creator, Saviour who our chains hast riven!
Oh! that all hearts would Thy sweet yoke embrace!

Reign in my heart forever, King of grace.
Thee will I serve, for he who serves Thee reigns;

Thee will I freely serve while life remains,
Till, free no longer, in Thy realm above,
Bound in the rapturous thralldom of Thy love,
Thee, Thee, as King my soul at last shall hail,
Never again to swerve or faint or fail.
O Father! take Thy weary wanderer home;
O King of Glory! may Thy kingdom come!

Fairly Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER X.

ELK RIDGE, the place selected by Mrs. Singleton for her gypsy tea, was a very picturesque and beautiful locality, distant seven miles from Scarborough. The drive there, through the soft, golden beauty of the August afternoon, was delightful; and the beauties of the height when reached well repaid any exertion that might have been necessary to gain it. Since none was necessary, however, it proved a great surprise to those who had not been there before to find themselves on a noble eminence crowned by splendid masses of rock, and commanding a most extensive view of the smiling country around and the blue mountains in the distance. It was an ideal spot for *al fresco* amusements, and the party assembled were in the mood to enjoy it.

Very soon a kettle was hung from crossed sticks over a blazing fire, and while the water was boiling, and the arrangements for tea in progress, all those who were not actively engaged in these arrangements scattered over the summit, admiring the view, and now and then climbing some of the more accessible of the great granite boulders. Among the last were Helen and

Frank Morley, both in high spirits, and laughing like a pair of merry children. Marion shrugged her shoulders over their exploits.

"I have never been young enough for that," she said to Rathborne. "I could never, at any stage of existence, see the 'fun' of risking one's neck."

"It is childish!" he responded, with ill-concealed contempt. He had endeavored to dissuade Helen, but for once she had been deaf to his remonstrances. Her spirits were so high this afternoon, that an outlet for them was indispensable; and she was still so much of a child that this special outlet of physical exertion and daring was very agreeable to her.

"I suppose it is a good thing to be childish now and then," said Marion. "I don't think I ever was, and, no doubt, it is so much the worse for me."

"On the contrary, I think, so much the better," replied Rathborne. "Where there is childishness there must be folly, and I can not imagine you guilty of that."

"Can you not?" She paused an instant and seemed to reflect. "But there are things worse than folly," she said, with one of her sudden impulses of candor; "and I might be guilty of some of them."

"Oh! you might—yes." He laughed. "So might I. Perhaps for that reason I have more sympathy with them than with folly."

Marion gave him a glance which he did not understand, nor yet altogether fancy. "Yes," she said, "I am very sure you have more sympathy with what is bad than with what is foolish."

Before he could reply to such an equivocal speech, Mrs. Singleton sent a messenger for Miss Lynde to come and help her pour out tea; and the young lady rose and walked away.

It was very gay and bright and pleasant, that gypsy tea among the rocks, with depths of verdure overhead and far-stretching beauty of outspread country below. The amber sunshine streamed over the scene; pretty pale-blue smoke, from the fire over which the kettle hung, mounted in the air; there

was a musical chatter of tongues and sound of laughter. At such times and in such scenes it is difficult for the most thoughtful to realize the great sadness of the world, the care that encompasses life, and the pain that overshadows it. But these light hearts were never at any time troubled with the realization of such things. They were all young and, for the most part, prosperous; life went easily with them, and nothing seemed more remote than trouble or unhappiness. The hours sped lightly by, as such hours do, and presently it was time to think of returning. The sun sank into his golden bed, the moon would soon rise majestically in the east, and the drive back to Scarborough would be as delightful as the drive out had been.

But just before the move for departure was made, Rathborne came to Marion and said: "You have not yet seen the finest view—that from the other side of the Ridge. Would you not like to walk over there and look at it?"

"I think not," replied Marion, who did not care for a *tête-à-tête* with him. "I am not very fond of views."

"O but, Marion, this view is really fine!" cried Helen, eagerly. "Pray go; you will be repaid for the exertion."

Not caring to make her refusal more marked, Marion rose with an inward sense of vexation. "Very well, then," she said to Rathborne; "since Helen is sure I will be repaid for the exertion, I will go; but, since I am not sure, I hope the exertion required is not very much."

"It is only that of walking about a hundred yards," he answered. And as they turned and followed a well-defined path, which led among the rocks and trees, he added, "I do not mean, however, to insist upon any exertion which would be disagreeable to you."

Marion might truthfully have answered that it was not the exertion which was disagreeable to her; but she had no desire to make an enemy of this man, and instinct told her that whoever wounded his vanity was thenceforth to him an enemy. So she replied lightly that she was very indolent,

especially where the beauties of nature were concerned; but that she had no doubt the view would repay her after she reached it.

"I think it will," said Rathborne; "otherwise I should not have proposed your coming."

And indeed even Marion, who was right in saying that the beauties of nature did not greatly appeal to her, was moved by the loveliness and extent of the view suddenly spread before her, when they came to the verge of the Ridge, on the other side, where the hill broke off in a sheer precipice. The great rock face of this precipice shelved downward to a soft, pastoral valley, beyond which were belts of encircling woodlands, green hills rising into bolder heights as they receded, and a distant range of azure mountains fair as hills of Paradise.

"Oh! this *is* glorious!" cried Marion, involuntarily, as the broad scene, with the long, golden lights and beautiful shadows of late evening falling across it, was suddenly revealed by an abrupt turn in the path. She walked to the edge of the precipice and stood there, with hands lightly clasped, looking into the far, magical distance. At this moment, as in other moments like it, something stirred in her nature deeper and nobler than its ordinary impulses. She had a consciousness of possibilities which at other times were remote from her realization,—possibilities of loftier action and feeling, of a higher standard, of a loftier aim than any her life had known. It was a state of feeling not unlike that which came to her in the Catholic church, and she shrank from it. By this grand arch of bending, lucid sky, by those distant heavenly heights with their mystical suggestions, thoughts were roused in her which seemed in little accord with the other thoughts of her life. She forgot for a moment the man who stood beside her, and started when he spoke.

"It repays you—I see that," he said. "And so I am repaid for bringing you."

"Yes, it is very beautiful," she answered, slowly; "but I am not sure that I am obliged to you for bringing me here. It produces in me feelings that I do not like."

"What kind of feelings?" asked Rathborne, curiously.

She swept him with a quick glance from under her half-drooped eyelids, and he had again the impression that it conveyed something of contempt.

"If I could define them," she said, "I doubt if you would be able to understand them. I am certain that you have never felt anything of the kind."

"Why should you be certain of that?" he asked a little irritated, as well by her tone as by her glance. "You do not surely think that you have gauged all my possibilities of feeling."

"I have made no attempt to do so," she said, indifferently. "Why should I? But one receives some impressions instinctively."

"And you think, perhaps, that I have no feeling," he said, quickly; "that I am cold and hard and selfish, and altogether a calculating machine. But you are mistaken. I was all that once—I frankly confess it,—but since I have known you, I have changed. I have learned what it is to feel in the deepest manner."

There was a short silence. Marion's heart gave a great bound and then seemed to stand still. A fear which she had striven to put away was now a horrible certainty. She had played with fire, and the moment of scorching was come—come to desecrate a place which she had felt to be a sanctuary filled with the consciousness of God. Her first impulse was to turn and go away without a word; her next, to utter words as scornful as her mood.

"If I am mistaken, so are you, Mr. Rathborne," she said,—"exceedingly mistaken in imagining that I have given any thought to your feelings, or that I am in the faintest degree interested in them."

Her tone stung him like the stroke of a whip, and roused a passion on which she had not calculated. He took a few hasty steps toward her, and she found herself prisoned between the precipice on one side, and this man, who stood and looked at her with eyes that gleamed under his frowning brows.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, peremptorily, "that you have no interest in feelings which you have deliberately excited and encouraged? Do you mean to say that you have meant nothing when by every art in your power you have led me on to love you?"

Surely retribution was very heavy upon Marion at that moment. The injustice of the charge—for of any such intention her conscience acquitted her—only added to her sense of angry humiliation, and to the consciousness, which she could not ignore, that she had, in some degree at least, brought this upon herself. Her indignation was so deep, her anger so great, that for once her readiness of speech failed, and she could only reply, "How dare you address me in this manner?"

He laughed—a short, bitter laugh, not pleasant to hear. "You are a good actor, Miss Lynde," he said. "I never doubted your capacity in that line; but I see that it is greater even than I imagined. How dare I address you with the truth! Why should I not? You have made me believe that you desired nothing more than to hear it. Your manner to me, since the first evening we met, has admitted of but one interpretation—that you wished to excite the feeling I have not hesitated to show you. And so long as I merely *showed* it, you were pleased; but now that I utter it, you profess an indignation which it is impossible you can feel."

"You are speaking falsely!" cried Marion, whose anger was now so excessive that no words seemed strong enough to express it. "I have never for one instant wished to encourage the feeling of which you speak. I knew you were engaged to Helen, and I thought you something, at least, of a gentleman. I now see that you have no claim whatever to that title. Let me pass!"

"No," he said—and now he extended his hand and caught her wrist in a vice-like grasp. "I have no doubt, from the proficiency you exhibit, that you have played this game before with success; but you shall not have the pleasure of playing it success-

fully with me. In one way or another, I will make it a costly game to you, unless you tell me that all this affected indignation means nothing, and that, if I end my entanglement with Helen, you will marry me."

"Let me go!" said Marion, pale and breathless with passion. "If you were free as air—if you had never been engaged to Helen—I would not think of marrying you! Is that enough?"

"Quite enough," he answered—but still he did not release her wrist. "Now listen to me. I am not a man with whom any woman—not even one so clever as you are—can amuse herself with impunity. I do not mean to be melodramatic: I shall not curse you for your deception, for the heartlessness with which you have sacrificed me to your vanity; but I warn you that you have made an enemy who will leave nothing undone to pay his debt. I read you very thoroughly, beautiful and unscrupulous schemer that you are; and I promise you that in the hour when you think your schemes are nearest success, you will find them defeated by me. To that I pledge myself."

There is something terrible in feeling oneself the object of hatred, even if that hatred be both undeserved and impotent; and, brave as Marion was, proud and defiant as she was, she felt herself shiver under these words, and under the gaze which seconded them. What, indeed, if she had made a mistake on the very threshold of the life in which she had expected to manage so well?—what if, instead of making a satisfactory test of her power, she had roused an enmity which even her experience knew to be more powerful and more tireless than love? She did not quail under the fiery gaze bent on her, but her heart sank with a sense of apprehension, of which she was strong enough to give no outward sign.

"It is a very worthy object to which you pledge yourself," she observed, with scorn. "But I am not afraid of a man who is cowardly enough to threaten a woman with his enmity because she rejects and despises what he calls his love."

Her voice had always a peculiar quality of clearness in speaking, but when she was at all excited it was like silver in its resonance. Therefore these words distinctly reached the ears of one who was coming toward them, and the next instant Helen's pale face and startled eyes rose before her.

She uttered a sharp exclamation, which stopped the words that were rising to Rathborne's lips, and, wrenching her arm from his grasp, she sprang forward to her cousin's side. "Helen!" she cried, unconscious almost of what she said, "what are you doing here?"

It is not always the people who seem most weak, whom emergency proves to be so. At this moment Helen exhibited a self-control which would have surprised even those who knew her best. She was pale as marble, and her violet eyes had still their startled, piteous look; but she answered, quietly:

"I came to look for you. It was foolish—I will go back now. Don't trouble to come with me."

But as she turned, Marion seized her arm. "Helen!" she exclaimed, "don't misjudge me!—don't think that this is my fault!"

"No," replied Helen, with the same strange quietness; "I heard what you said. I don't blame—any one. I suppose it was natural."

Then it was Rathborne's turn. "Helen," he said, coming up to her, and speaking with an attempt at the old tone of authority; "you must listen to me."

But she turned away from him with something like a shudder. "No," she said; "do not ask me—not now. I may be weak, but not so weak as not to understand—this. Don't come with me! Frank will look after me and take me home. That is all I want."

She moved away through the beautiful greenery, a slender, lovely figure, with drooping head; and the two whom she left behind watched her with one sensation at least in common, that of a keen sense of guilt, which for the moment no other feeling was strong enough to stifle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stoïcisme Chrétien.

RÉV. S. F., C. S. C.

"Esto vir!"

SI la douleur se glisse au milieu de tes joies,
Jette au ciel un regard plein d'amour et
de foi;

Si tes amis d'un jour s'égarent dans leurs
voies,

Chrétien! ne sais-tu pas que Dieu veille sur toi?
Dans ton âme meurtrie as-tu des larmes?—
Pleure! . . .

Pleure en silence, seul, derrière un voile épais
Mais tes pleurs essuyés, au seuil de ta demeure,
Reparais, l'œil brillant de lumière et de paix.

Pour tes nobles efforts n'obtiens-tu qu'ana-
thème,

Au calme des forêts, au vieux chêne, debout
Demande le secret de demeurer toi même,
De braver le mépris et d'aller jusqu'au bout.
Qu'un sot orgueil jamais ne gonfle ta poitrine,
Si le peuple inconstant te proclame vainqueur:
Qu'à te voir calme et pur personne ne devine
Combien dans cette lutte a dû saigner ton
cœur.

As-tu fait un travail qui te semble un modèle,
A l'œuvre remets-toi pour en faire un plus
beau.

As-tu conquis enfin un cœur simple et fidèle,
Qu'il soit de tes actions le guide et le flambeau.

Sens-tu dans le secret de ton âme ravie
Palpiter je ne sais quel sentiment joyeux,
Oh! souviens-toi que l'homme est enclin à
l'envie,
Et dérobe avec soin ton bonheur à ses yeux.

Flétris d'un fier dédain l'égoïsme qui glace,
Et sois sourd à sa voix quand il veut te parler;
Regarde sans pâlir césars et rois en face:
Celui qui fait le mal seul a lieu de trembler.
A genoux devant Dieu, fais, le soir, ta prière,
Et dis, le front baissé, sans plainte ni regrets:
"Ta sainte volonté soit faite sur la terre!"
Devant l'homme au pouvoir ne te courbe
jamais!

Quand la douleur s'irrite, et, ravivant sa
flamme,
Pour toujours semble dire à l'espérance adieu,

Résigné, vers le ciel regarde, et dans ton âme
Que l'épreuve se passe entre toi seul et Dieu.
Que ta lèvre muette au plus fort de la crise
Ne fasse pas un pli qui trahisse l'émoi.
Si ton cœur veut enfin se briser, qu'il se brise;
Et s'il faut en mourir, eh bien! meurs, mais
tais-toi!

The Children of Mary During the Siege of Paris.

THE soul of a child, notwithstanding the taint of original sin, is, as it were, a spotless page, ready to receive impressions of truth and virtue. It is through children that God sometimes corrects an age and heals a people; through them He renews innocence just as He excites many to repentance by trials. Those who strive to restore to a people the faith and morals it has lost, and endeavor to reform its manners and regenerate its life, must not be disheartened by rebuffs or persistence in evil. Within their reach are guileless children, who repel no one, have no prejudices, believe in every word, hope in every promise, and open their young hearts to whoever opens to them his arms. God sends them to the most perverse families, that virtue may have some chance of touching them; He confides them to charity, to afford consolation in the disappointments of the present, and to hold out hope for the future.

The enemies of religion are quite as convinced of this truth as the Church, and it is for this reason that they are multiplying their efforts, by sacrilegious laws, to wrench from her the soul of the child. It is to this innocent creature, the child of the people,—to its education, to its moral development, to its preservation,—that the Church devotes all her care and charity and the largest part of her heart.

It was with this noble object in view that numerous societies for the protection of childhood and youth have been founded in Paris. Notable among these are the confraternities for boys and girls after their First Communion and during their apprenticeship. Every Sunday and feast-day the

boys meet at the house of the Christian Brothers, and the girls at that of the Sisters; they hear an appropriate exhortation, and, after a pious invocation, they join in various amusements,—an innocent and wholesome rest, which prepares them to resume the toil of the morrow. The good effected by these societies is very great, and the results most satisfactory, as we shall see by the conduct of the members during the siege of Paris, 1870-1871.

In the beginning of the year 1870 upward of ten thousand young girls belonged to the seventy-five confraternities for females of Paris. The Sisters of Charity and the lay patronesses of that time bore testimony to the happy effects of a work which, by a link of mutual help and emulation, united young girls in the practice of their religion and of every virtue. At the outset of the siege, in September, 1870, all the associates were regular in their attendance at the meetings and faithful to their good habits. Sacrifice and suffering were not wanting to them; death and misery visited their homes; the greater number of the lay patronesses had left Paris, and the funds were exhausted; then, again, most of the houses where they used to meet had been vacated to make room for the wounded soldiers.

But if these houses were closed to recreation, the church remained open for prayer. The associates cared no longer for amusement: they met as usual at the foot of the altar; often, after Benediction, they assembled under a shed in the open air, where the pious girls renewed their resolution to bear with Christian fortitude the sufferings common to all the inhabitants of the besieged city. Those who had no work, as was the case with the majority, went to the Sisters to seek consolation; they mended the clothes of the little orphans, prepared the meals for the poor, or helped to care for the wounded. While the Sisters were busy in the ambulances, the older girls replaced them in the schools, and in visiting the aged poor and the sick.

In a central parish of Paris, years previously, some young girls formed an associa-

tion called the Vestuary of the Child Jesus, for the clothing of poor children. The siege did not interrupt this good work, and on Christmas Day, according to custom, during the Offertory at High Mass they had the happiness of leading to the altar a radiant troop of boys and girls, newly clad by their industrious fingers. The *pain bénit* (a nice cake), always given on the occasion, was out of the question; in its place each child received a small roll of *white bread*—a real dainty at the time of the siege.

When fuel and provisions became scarce and dear, the young heroines went frequently to carry *bouillon* (made of horse meat), a few slices of bread, and a slender log of wood, to some poor old women to save them from dying of cold and hunger. Others daily visited out of the way places, where old age and illness kept many destitute creatures in utter loneliness and misery; they cheered the sufferers with their sweet smiles and soothing words, made their beds, swept their rooms, lighted the fire, and then sat down to listen to their tale of pain and sorrow. The visits of these loving messengers of charity, with their blue ribbon and medal of Child of Mary, were looked upon in those days of darkness and anguish as the visits of angels.

Years before, one of the most zealous associates had converted her aged father, who owed to her the happiness of dying a good Christian; she had also led to the Holy Table for the first time her mother, aged sixty-five; from that day this poor woman led a very devout life, and when towards the end of the siege she lost her daughter, her only support, the Children of Mary, by their affection, tried to make up for the loss; they put their savings together to pay her rent and to support her; they constantly came to see her, and did everything in their power to soothe her grief.

From its outset, the Commune had waged war against God still more than against man; before shedding the blood of the hostages, the expulsion of the Sisters from the schools, the hospitals, and the dispensaries had been decided upon. At once the

Children of Mary hastened to the convents, in spite of the National Guards, received with tears the Sisters' last *adieux*, promising never to forget their counsels and benefits. While some accompanied them to the railway station others endeavored to save whatever could tempt the cupidity of the Communists; they packed up the articles belonging to the Sisters—the pictures, books, etc., used in the class-rooms, and the ornaments of the little chapel where they had so often prayed; then, laden with their precious burden, they crossed the lines of National Guards, who were disarmed by the firm dignity and courage of their action. At a school near the Panthéon, the Communists refused to let them pass in; whereupon two of them, aged only fifteen and seventeen, ran to the *Mairie* (town-house), claimed the right to take away what they called their treasure, and obtained the permission to do so; then, producing the paper they had received, they forced their way in, and carried off all the objects of piety they could find, and all the furniture of the chapel, even the confessionals. These latter were too heavy for their strength, but the Guards, moved by their entreaties, consented to carry them to a place of safety.

Yet in many of their houses the Sisters were leaving a treasure more precious than earthly goods. What was to become of the poor little orphans they had gathered, and to whom they had acted the part of mothers? Who would care for them, now that the Commune had made them orphans a second time? The Children of Mary undertook to supply the place of the devoted religious; each of them took a child into her own little room, shared her humble fare with her, dressed her with her savings, and when the day of deliverance came, in returning the orphans to the Sisters the young girls were able to say: "Your dear little ones have suffered neither from cold nor from hunger; no evil counsel has counteracted your pious instructions; no breath of sin has tainted their innocence; every day we taught them their Catechism, morning and evening we said prayers with them."

However, there was one little orphan who did not return; she was in the last stage of consumption when the Sisters left, and was brought to a room, where everything was done to make her comfortable, and prepare her for death. By turns the devoted Children of Mary came to her bedside and nursed her by day and night; and when her beautiful soul had taken its flight, the young girls, wearing their ribbons and medals as a public sign of their faith, accompanied the remains to their last resting place.

The absence of the Sisters did not even interrupt the Sunday meetings of the associates. In a number of parishes the president or the eldest of the Children of Mary assembled her companions in the church—where the churches were closed, her own room served as a meeting place,—and there, before a pretty altar surmounted by a statue of Our Lady, the Little Office was recited in common. The meetings were held several times at Notre-Dame des Victoires, where the associates implored from the Divine Mercy the safe return of the good Sisters and the conversion of Paris. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed in a small chapel hidden in a remote end of one of the *faubourgs* most hostile to religion; there, one after another, the young girls of the parish confraternity knelt in adoration, to repair the outrages offered to Almighty God and His Church.

And in the midst of privations and tears there were some pious consolations. A girl belonging to one of the confraternities succeeded in slipping out of Paris every week to bring news of their flock to the Sisters, who had found a refuge in the suburbs of the city; she carried back with her a letter, which was read aloud at the Sunday meeting, and afforded great encouragement and comfort.

The mercenary teachers that replaced the Sisters had immediately rid the schools of all religious emblems as well as religious practices. One of the grown girls of the confraternity was not afraid to continue the apostolate of the Sisters; she devoted herself to the children who were to make their

First Communion, took them to Mass, taught them their Catechism, and was thus able to preserve them from the corruption of the school they were obliged to attend, and to prepare their young souls to receive worthily their Divine Saviour. In another quarter, the lay teachers had been forbidden to take the children to church. A young girl of the confraternity undertook the same mission with the same success; during seven months she led the children to the Catechism class for First Communion, while the little ones were taken to the *Petit Catéchisme* by her younger sister, aged fifteen. A school having been confided by the Commune to a member of a confraternity who had a diploma of *institutrice*, in spite of severe orders and threats she continued to recite prayers at the beginning of class; she took the children to Mass on Sundays, and knelt beside them during the service.

Some of these young Christians had to contend with other struggles known only to God and themselves; one, for example, was prevented from attending to her religious duties by her father, who had joined the rebels; when MacMahon's army entered Paris, her father was arrested with others, and she hastened to make a retreat of three days, and offered several Holy Communions for his deliverance and conversion.

It is a remarkable fact that the *faubourg* most exposed to the temptations of misery and revolt escaped the universal folly and crime. Not one man in this quarter joined the army of insurrection. The church was respected and frequented as in time of peace, and the house of the Sisters remained always open. The religious attributed this to the influence of the Children of Mary, whose ascendancy in their families was such that it kept their fathers and brothers in the path of peace and duty. Their virtues stood as a rampart around their dwellings, and not one of the men dared to abet bloodshedding or the violation of law in the face of these guardian angels of their homes.

A young girl from the *faubourg* in question was passing on the Place Saint Sulpice during one of the worst days of the Com-

mune, when she saw crowds rushing into the church, and learned that a club had been inaugurated there, and was carrying on its impious profanations. She entered the sacred edifice; heedless of the cries, the tumult, and the blasphemies, she went straight to the Chapel of Our Lady, knelt down and said her Rosary; then, with downcast eyes, but with a firm step, she proceeded to the great door, in the midst of the sacrilegious mob, which instinctively drew back to let her pass. Two persons were also praying in the chapel by her side: a little child and an old man. As at the dawn of Christianity, the fearless intrepidity of the weak protested eloquently though silently against the impiety and violence of the persecutors.

During the siege a child of thirteen had, by her moral energy, kept up the courage of her family; they lived near the *Mairie* of the XIth *arrondissement*. In the last days of the Commune a great number of the neighboring people had taken refuge in the cellars of the same house, while from the heights of the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise, the rebels fired on the troops already in possession of the Place de la Bastille. All were trembling under the shower of shells, which shook the very foundations of the houses; the men feared lest they might be discovered and dragged away to fight against the soldiers, or shot by the Communists if they refused to swell their ranks. The child reassured her terror stricken companions; she had carried with her to the cellar a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, which had been given to her as a reward by the Sisters; she placed the holy image in view of all, and in a calm, earnest voice said to the terrified crowd: "Don't be afraid; pray to Our Lady, and you will see that no harm will come to you." In truth, no harm did come to them; the people, on leaving the cellars, perceived that all the houses of the neighborhood were in ruins, while the one in which they had found shelter stood unharmed.

Each year the young girls were in the habit of going on a pilgrimage to Drancy

(near Paris), the seat of the Archconfraternity of Notre-Dame du Patronage, which has been enriched by the Holy Father with numerous indulgences. On the 28th of May, 1871, the Feast of Pentecost, the pilgrimage took place as usual. Six associates were present, also the president of the confraternity. Paris was then in flames. The pilgrims were obliged to cross between the ranks of the triumphant army of order and the abettors of the expiring rebellion.

The church of Drancy suffered severely during the war; Mass was celebrated at the only altar remaining after the general destruction. All that was necessary for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice had to be carried there, and the last roar of the cannon mingled with the voice of the priest invoking peace.

The confraternities for boys also held a place of honor in those sad times. The grown youths took part in the defence of the city, and, when their military duties permitted they might often be seen assisting in uniform at the meetings. The younger ones tried to make themselves useful in the hospitals, and rendered a thousand little services to the sick and wounded. There are on record many edifying instances of their courage and self denial, which show them to have been worthy of their excellent teachers, the Christian Brothers.

The Last Catholic Queen of England.

QUEEN VICTORIA, who this year celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of her coronation, can claim no descent more honorable than that she derives from the ducal house of D'Esté of Modena. A former daughter of that house, Mary Beatrice d'Esté, was once Queen of England, wearing the crown matrimonial as the wife of James II. Her story is fully and graphically told by Agnes Strickland in her "Lives of the Queens," and is replete with fascinating and striking incidents. Mary Beatrice came into England as the bride of the then Duke of York and heir presumptive to the

throne of his brother, the second Charles. James was a widower with two daughters, the elder, Mary (afterwards Princess of Orange), being very nearly the age of his youthful bride, who had just completed her sixteenth year.

Mary Beatrice was at once plunged into the vortex of society in the gayest and most dissipated court of Europe. Young, beautiful and admired as she was, her innate purity of mind and heart and the governing influences of conscience and religion kept her unsullied in the midst of the contaminating associations which surrounded her. She, in common with her husband, became the object of sectarian hatred and persecution from those who opposed the Catholic succession, but no word reflecting on her honor or fair fame was ever uttered by the most inveterate of her foes.

Soon after coming into England, the young Queen had, at the request of her husband, sat for her portrait to Lely, the famous artist. He had just completed a series of portraits of the *Beauties of the Court* of Charles the Second, and had depicted them (as was the fashion of those times) in character as the several fair goddesses of mythology. But Mary Beatrice he portrayed as "Innocence," in her modest robe of white, her fair hair falling in natural waves over her graceful neck and shoulders, and without a single ornament. A distinguished Protestant traveller who visited the Royal Gallery of Hampton Court, where the portrait has now hung through the lapse of two centuries, wrote of it that "the face is touching in its innocent loveliness, and no one with heart or sensibility could gaze on it without emotion."

Before her marriage, Mary Beatrice had earnestly desired to embrace the religious life, and to enter the novitiate of the devout community in which she had been educated. In that holy retreat her pure heart had been imbued with the supreme love of God, and desire for the fulfilment His holy will, which proved her tower of strength in the dangers which beset her youth and inexperience,—her ark of refuge when the

storms of life gathered around her, and the bitter waters of affliction seemed ready to engulf her sore-stricken spirit.

The brilliant alliance offered her at the English court proved too dazzling to her family and the State, and she was compelled by absolute authority to relinquish her own choice of life and yield up her cherished desire. She came into England a sad and unwilling bride; but, once she had taken upon herself the vows of wedlock, she obeyed assiduously those precepts of duty that had been inculcated on her youthful soul, and was throughout life a model of every wifely excellence and devotion.

All know the fate of the unfortunate James II. Driven from his throne by the force of religious intolerance and the treacherous ambition of his own children, he fled from invading foes and faithless subjects, to seek refuge and aid from the friendly and powerful kingdom of France. His devoted wife was with him in this time of grief and humiliation, bearing in her arms their infant son, the rightful heir to his father's throne. Many of their people were loyal in the midst of treachery, and numbers followed them into exile. These last unhappily became their fellow sufferers; for their estates in England were thus confiscated, and they became a charge upon their sovereigns, themselves dependent upon the generosity of their royal kinsman of France.

The Queen's constant devotion to her afflicted husband, her careful and anxious training of their son, her charities to the poor, and self-sacrificing kindness to their fellow-exiles, fill many pages of her beautiful biography. The remnant of King James' life was spent in fruitless efforts to recover his lost throne; and the son, inheriting his father's evil fortune, spent his own last years in the same hopeless endeavor.

In the first year of their exile a daughter was born to Mary Beatrice, who proved a very ray of sunshine on her gloomy and darkening path. The child gave early promise of the intelligence and beauty which distinguished the mother, and it was a touching sight to witness the peculiar love

and tenderness which from the first dawn of reason she evinced toward her unhappy father. He called her lovingly "*La Consolatrice*," and said he now had *one* daughter who had never "sinned against him." She became the comfort and stay of her soon widowed mother, her tender, and sympathetic child, companion, and friend.

Mary Beatrice in her adversity and dependence was still admired and revered by those who knew her worth, and her presence was often and urgently desired at the great carnivals and festivities of the court. But from all such scenes she shrank instinctively, finding no enjoyment in worldly pleasures and magnificence. On one of the few occasions when State etiquette demanded it, she paid a visit of ceremony to the court and the royal family at Versailles. All were impressed with the charm of her conversation and the grace and elegance of her manner, and after her departure the aged King exclaimed with enthusiasm to those about him, "See what a queen ought to be!"

But the exiled Queen was now called upon to bear the heaviest grief that had yet befallen her, in the loss of her idolized daughter, whose premature death resulted from a malignant epidemic after a few days' illness, and in the very bloom of her youth and beauty. The stricken mother bore even this crushing blow with a resignation which was saint-like, blessing the Divine Master of life and death in the words of holy Job, redoubling her acts of love and mercy, seeking consolation at the foot of the Cross, and uniting her sufferings with those of the bleeding and adorable Heart of Jesus. She spent the rest of her life in the retirement of the Convent of Chollet, where the gifted superioress and a few other chosen spirits consoled her solitude, shared her devotions, and cheered with their gentle ministry the years which remained of her earthly pilgrimage.

After she had been thirty years an exile, bereft of home and fortune, husband and children, and for many months a prey to a painful malady, Mary Beatrice breathed out her beautiful and blameless life, strength-

ened by the consolations of religion, and surrounded by sorrowing friends. The Duchess of Orleans, a German Princess by birth and education (and withal a friend of William of Orange), wrote thus to her friends at home, from the French court:

"The good and excellent Queen Mary Beatrice is no more! She is universally lamented. She never in her life did harm to any one. Of the large pension she received from this Government, she kept only a bare subsistence for herself, giving all to the needy and unfortunate. She never spoke an unkind or reproachful word of others, though she had been so cruelly dealt with by many. She has died at peace with God and with a world that was not worthy of her."

* * *

Catholic Notes.

An embassy extraordinary has been sent to Rome by the Mikado of Japan, conveying an autograph letter from his Imperial Majesty in answer to one which the Sovereign Pontiff, as related in our pages, sent some time ago through the medium of Mgr. Osouf, Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Japan. In his letter the Mikado renews the assurances already publicly expressed that the Catholic religion will continue to enjoy the most perfect freedom throughout his dominions.

On the 8th ult. the Sacred Congregation of Rites held a preliminary sessions to consider the miracles attributed to the intercession of the Blessed Rodriguez, whose canonization, if subsequent proceedings result favorably, will, with that of the Blessed Claver and Blessed Berchmans, take place on the occasion of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The statue of Columbus to be erected by the citizens of St. Louis in 1892 will be ten feet high, and will represent the discoverer standing at the prow of his vessel, sighting land. It will be cast in bronze at the Government bronze factory in Munich.

A cable dispatch from Rome last week brought the sad intelligence of the death, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, of his Eminence

Cardinal Jacobini, Pontifical Secretary of State. He was created and proclaimed Cardinal, of the title of S. Maria della Vittoria, Sept. 19, 1879. He had previously filled several important positions and was acting as Nuncio to Vienna at the time of his promotion to the purple. In 1880 he was appointed by Pope Leo XIII. to succeed Cardinal Nina as Secretary of State. Cardinal Jacobini was considered a great diplomatist, and rendered distinguished services to the Holy See in the discharge of his high office *R. I. P.*

Mr Marion Crawford, the well-known writer, in an article contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* has some remarks on the religious characteristics of the native Romans that are at the same time correct and suggestive. He begins by pointing out that religion in Rome is a reality, and that there can be no question that the average Roman is decidedly devout. But this unmistakably genuine piety is accompanied with a sort of half-carelessness in little things, and even sometimes in greater things, which to a foreigner is anything but edifying. To the superficial observer it certainly looks like a want of reverence. It has been said by some great man that no one is truly religious who is not on such familiar terms with his religion that he can make a joke on it. This, perhaps, is saying too much, but there is certainly an element of truth in it. The Roman when in church, Mr. Crawford tells us, handles the chairs in a free-and-easy way, looks at everything and everybody, and converses in an undertone with his neighbor. He criticises the way in which the services are performed, and expresses his approbation or censure without hesitation. Notwithstanding all this, he has really a great respect for religion, and proves his faith by his works: he brings up his children according to the Church, and it would be intolerable to him not to receive the Sacraments when the Church commands him to do so. Not to be baptized, confirmed, married in the Church, not to confess before dying, not to be buried in holy ground, seems to him like a violation of the laws of nature.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has published a decree relative to the writings of the Venerable Father Honoré, of Paris, and declared that, after a most minute and searching examination, nothing could be found in these

works that could hinder the remaining processes in regard to the beatification of that servant of God.

A terrible catastrophe took place a few weeks ago at Auckland, New Zealand, resulting in the destruction by fire of the handsome Benedictine Church and monastery. The magnificent pile of buildings was burned to the ground. Fortunately, no lives were lost, and many of the most precious effects of the church were saved. The presbytery was entirely swept away by the fire, and the valuable library of the Fathers, with all their effects and furniture, was destroyed. The loss is, of course, incalculable; all that can be said is that one of the finest churches in New Zealand is gone, and a valuable library and many articles impossible to be replaced have perished. A touching appeal is made by the Fathers for contributions to enable them to rebuild the church and monastery, and we trust that the sadness of the disaster will induce many to assist them.

Admirers and friends all over the country of Mother Mary of St. Angela, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, will be painfully surprised to hear that she is no longer among the living. She had been ill for some weeks, but no one seems to have had a thought of her death, which occurred suddenly at the mother house of the community, Notre Dame, Ind., on the morning of the 4th inst. Although her summons was unexpected, there was happily time for the administration of the last Sacraments before her soul had taken its flight. Mother Angela was widely known for her great zeal and efficiency as an educator, and for her noble work during the late civil war. Schools, convents, orphan asylums, and hospitals in different parts of the United States attest her remarkable energy and devotedness. She was a woman of superior intellectual endowments, and had received a superior education. An able and graceful writer, she made many contributions to the Catholic literature of the United States. She was the compiler of a popular series of Catholic school-books, the author of an excellent manual for the Month of May, etc. But her chief literary labors were in connection with THE "AVE MARIA"; she was associated with the Very Rev. Father Sorin in its foundation, and was for some time its virtual editor, being succeeded by her brother,

the late Father Gillespie, whose death occurred in 1874. Her qualities of heart were such as to win the highest regard of those who knew her intimately. She was especially noted for her unselfishness and zeal for God's glory. Discouragement she never knew, and Heaven blessed her persevering efforts above measure. Under her fostering care the community, of which she was so long the head, has increased almost without precedent in the United States, extending its sphere of usefulness year by year. A life-work of enviable magnitude has been completed, and, let us hope, already crowned with the reward exceeding great. May she rest in peace!

The following paragraph from the Springfield *Republican* shows the admirable discipline that reigns in Sisters' schools, and is another proof of the watchful care of the devoted religious for the welfare of the children under their charge:

"If every public-spirited citizen and school-teacher emulated the example of one of the Sisters of St. Joseph at the Elliott Street convent school (the Cathedral school of Springfield), there would be less blood-and-thunder literature in our midst, and less cause for anxiety about the youth of the community. The Sister was dismissing her school at the noon hour recently, when she saw near the entrance to the school-yard a dark-featured man weighted down with bundles of trashy papers. He alternately glanced up at the windows of the building and at the fence behind him, on which he had placed several bundles, and appeared as though he were confident of disposing of 1,000 of his vile sheets to the innocent children. The Sister in an instant read his purpose, and, knowing full well the danger that beset her flock, called them back to their seats with a sharp ring of the bell. After passing word to the other teachers in the building, she ordered the children to march out in pairs, and continue in that way till they arrived at State Street, and forbade them to take one of the papers, or speak to the vender. The children, some of them not over eight years of age, faithfully obeyed the command. No military organization could have marched in better order than those 600 children did. The paper-man in great surprise held out the papers in his most inviting way, but no one touched them. Becoming angry, he sailed right into the line, and tried to force the papers into the pockets of the children, when one little shaver shouted, 'Break ranks!' and away rushed the youngsters, laughing and shouting at the discomfiture of the peddler, who dejectedly gathered himself and papers together and fled from the scene of his defeat."

We hear with the deepest regret the tidings that the hours of a long and saintly life have been numbered. The Right Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet, the venerable proto prelate of the Diocese of Nesqually, has gone to his reward. For thirty-two years he was Bishop of Nesqually, and retired in 1879, when he was nominated Bishop of Iborá. He has been spared to see, as it were, with his own eyes the occupation by the Church of the Promised Land of the Northwest, where forty years ago there was little sign of the wonderful religious progress that has taken place all through that territory. At that time there was not a single cross-crowned edifice in the Diocese of Nesqually belonging to the Catholic Church, and there are now thirty-two priests and a hundred churches, chapels, and stations. So mightily has the word of God spread and prevailed. The pioneer and cross-bearer of Christ's Church in the Northwest is now departed. Calmly and sweetly the soul of this true servant of God passed away; he has fought the good fight, and has been called to inherit his crown. We ask for him the prayers of all our readers. *R. I. P.*

New Publications.

MABEL STANHOPE: A Story. By Kathleen O'Meara, Author of "Madame Mohl," "Frederic Ozanam," "A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THEKLA. An Autobiography. By Lady Herbert. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE MISER OF KING'S COURT. By Clara Mulholland, Author of "Naughty Miss Bunny," "Linda's Misfortunes," etc. Same Publishers.

These are, all of them, charming stories, but Miss O'Meara's bears off the palm. In sustained dramatic interest and subtle delineation of character, we think it superior to any of her previous productions. The picture of the French boarding-school is drawn to the life, and the characters of both teachers and pupils show insight and power in a remarkable degree. There is a vein of humor running all through the book, and in many portions a charming *naïveté*, the effect of which is irresistible. It is a story that will be read with pleasure alike by the young and the old. Miss O'Meara's work shows no signs of falling off;

on the contrary, her reputation as an authoress is increasing every day.

Lady Herbert's "Thekla" is interesting, and, in parts, touching, but the narrative does not cohere well, and there are some pages in it which must be pronounced decidedly dull; there are others, however, whose merits amply atone for these deficiencies. Autobiography is a subject that requires very skilful treatment in order to prevent it sinking at times to the level of the commonplace. Lady Herbert has evidently had her eyes open to this danger, but whether she has succeeded in overcoming it altogether is a point which we think most readers would decide in the negative. Still the work as a whole possesses much interest, and would have possessed much more if the autobiographical form had been discarded.

Miss Clara Mulholland's last book will be a treasure to youthful readers, and can not fail to interest even older and more serious persons. The story is bright and well connected, and is told in a simple and artless style that is in many places quite captivating.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Father John Grene, a venerable priest of the Society of Jesus, whose death, after a long illness, took place at Milltown Park, Dublin, on the 4th ult.

Sister Mary of St. Lioba, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, who was called to receive the reward of her self sacrificing life on the 3d inst., at St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame P. O., Ind.

Sister Mary Augustine, of the Sisters of Mercy, who departed this life at St. Joseph's Convent, Krebs, Ind. Ter., on the 16th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Michael J. Maher, whose holy death occurred at Maryland, Minn., on the 24th ult.

Mrs. Mary Lally, who died a happy death on the 26th ult., at Williamstown, Mass.

Mr. Joseph Kast and Mrs. M. Georgiana, of San Francisco; Mr. Matthew Gibson, Pottsville, Pa.; Timothy Hickey, Timothy Hickey, Jr., Catherine and Mary Hickey, and Mary Sullivan, all of Cork, Ireland; William Holland, Pittston, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine Egan, Gratiot, Wis.; James, Thomas, and Mary Owens, New York city.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

II.

Mr. Everett Hastings was a lawyer, and a man of such absolute integrity that old Judge Guinnip used to prophesy high honors or absolute financial ruin for him.

"There's no middle course for a fellow like you, Hastings," he would grumble. "That conscience of yours will either scare off all the rascals—and they give us half our fees,—or you'll gather in all the just, and then there'll be a pretty kettle of fish for the rest of us. What did you become a lawyer for, anyway? Why didn't you turn priest, and go missionarying? No vocation? Pooh, don't want one! If you'd gone to Feejee, the cannibals would have bolted you whole, and your doctrines with you—ha, ha!—like that rascal in 'The Yarn of the Nancy Bell.'"

But the old man loved him "even as the breath of his nostrils," and it was he who said: "He's a man who believes in God, and remembers his belief weekdays" And another time: "He's been 'articled' in a Church I've heard a lot about, good and bad; but, judging by his practice, its rulings are sound, its appeals noted by a Judge that is just."

A good practical Catholic through his boyhood and manhood, the husband of a Catholic wife, the father of Catholic children, his life had been as happy as faith and love could make it, until that mournful week already named; and now, as the little boys trotted down the drive, he lifted his face to the fair young girl and said:

"Mémé, whichever way I turn, the sword cuts deeper; and, now that Pendleton tells me I have to go to Washington next month to argue Norton's case before the Supreme Court, it seems even harder to leave than it

is to stay where every room is full of *her*." And again his voice broke, and his face was wrung with grief.

"I know, papa," she answered, steadily, though her face went a shade paler, and her blue eyes widened and darkened with the effort to keep back the tears. "But—go. It will be better to make the break, and—and—O papa! do people ever get over such things, so they can laugh, and think, and plan, and do as they did before?"

"Perhaps not *just* as they did before, but all griefs heal in time—or eternity. Then, too, my dearest, there went One before us who drank the cup of sorrow to the dregs, that hope and comfort might be ours; and there was a sinless Heart pierced with a sword, from the wounds of which flows help to all who seek Her prayers."

"Yes," she replied, brokenly; "I thought of all that at Mass this morning, and it helped. But the farther I got from church, the farther I got from comfort; and I was wondering how I could go through the day, when my hand touched this [a Rosary], and I have clung to it ever since. But about Washington"—this with a resolute pulling together of herself, and a successful effort at composure—"how long will you be gone?"

"I don't know."

"Will you want a trunk? You know the sole-leather one is broken, and old Black-lock is so slow, you had better send it now if you want it then."

"I don't know."

He sat pulling at his moustache, and she stood by him, with one hand on his shoulder, the other lightly touching the close-curling dark hair, that only the month before had been innocent of a white thread, but now looked as if a hoar-frost had settled on it.

"Where will you stay, papa?"

"I don't—Mémé," and he looked up suddenly,—“Mémé, I can't bear to think of you here alone. Suppose you and the boys come too?"

"But the expense—the care—won't we be in the way?"

"You are to take care of me." And a

shadow of his old sweet smile passed over his lips as he looked at the daughter who was his love and pride.

"Then we'll go. And the house?"

"I'll let Mason take that as it stands—servants, horses, everything—for the season; and Aunt Adela will look after our grave."

And as he went from the room he thought: "It is hard, but it is the only thing to do. The child is grieving herself sick, and she has too much time to think of our trouble. Ah! my God, if You *could* have seen fit to spare my Be-sie to me! But Thy will be done."

He was trying to hold still under the Hand that lay so heavy on him, poor man! and to lift his bruised heart to the pierced Feet that had made holy all the ways of mourning; but at times his courage sank under the burden, and he only remembered that his Bessie, the love of his youth, the mother of his children, the companion of his life, had died untimely—overtaking herself nursing some poor deserted children, who were stricken with mortal illness,—suddenly drooping with pneumonia, and dying in his arms even as he hoped and prayed for her recovery.

So, reckoning it all around, it was a very sad party that steamed into Washington on the Northern Express about a month later, and gathered its parcels and wraps for the drive to the Ebbitt.

In their grief and preoccupation they had overlooked the date of their arrival, and when the rolling of drums, the tramp of feet, and the unintelligible shouting of commanding voices greeted their ears as they stepped from the train, the older ones were bewildered, and the little boys eagerly asked:

"Papa, is there going to be a war like the one you fought in?"

Then Mr. Hastings remembered it was the eve of the Inauguration, and he tried to explain how the troops were gathering to do honor to the new President; but Phil and Laurie were so dazzled by the flash of bayonets and side-arms, and the bewildering leg-motions of the rearmost regiments

marking time as they waited their turn to march out of the depot, and the wild excitement of Waggy (who plunged at the troops, barking till every hair bristled, and refused to be silenced, even though one little master had him by the forelegs, with his pretty cheek crumpled against the black muzzle, and the other little master gently pinched his tail to divert his attention), that I am quite convinced they believed for many days after that the splendid drum-major, with scarlet coat, bear-skin hat, and gilded staff, was the President-elect!

Well, here were "cakes and ale" to be sure; and when their papa told them he would take them to the Treasury the next day to see the procession, they were too full for utterance, and spent the fifteen minutes of their ride hanging breathless from the windows, not missing a uniform, and growing almost cross eyed in their effort to see half a dozen at once.

The night fell on the city with the early force of March, but silence and sleep fled, deafened and routed by the rattle of snare-drums, the sharp, gruff bark of bass-drums, the outburst of brass music, and the hum and roar of the coming and going thousands of uniformed and un-uniformed visitors. The tide of life flowed into and through every down-town street and avenue; the great public buildings were turned into barracks; and out in the thick of it all went our little party; for Phil and Laurie had begged so hard to see the sights, that their papa took them, persuading Mémé to come too; and they rode, and walked, and "cabbed" in the funny swing-topped Hansoms, from the White House to the Capitol.

Pennsylvania Avenue (or "The Avenue," as it is called,) was bright with the intense white light of electricity, and it was like a great panorama gliding along. The regular troops, with their helmets, horse-hair plumes, cordons, and clanking swords and spurs; the militia men in their Continental, Lancer, Hussar, and Magyar costumes; the old war regiments in their serviceable greys and blues, bearing the burden of their

"field" rig—haversacks, knapsacks, blankets, canteens, tin plates, and cartridge-belts with 40 rounds apiece—with their old time steadiness and sturidness, or with a youthful enthusiasm that made them indifferent to the weight; the military schools, and the State troops from the South bearing once more the State flags and the old flag (God bless it!) side by side; the grey-coated clubs, and the Black Regiments; and everybody laughed, and everybody bumped into everybody else, with cheerful vigor and profuse apologies; and above the din rollicked and rioted the mellow ring of the darkies' laugh; for, given a full stomach, a brass-band, and an absence of cold, there is no such blithe soul to be found in the land as the Washington ducky, let him be as ragged and futureless as he may.

At one end of the street the Capitol towered, its dome swelling and looming like a cloud, or a big marble bubble that was just ready to float away; and the Peace monument at its foot got no stain from the shadows of marching regiments, for they came—not in war. At the other end was the Treasury's frontage of splendid columns, and the great shaft of the monument; and they pulsed white and dark, luminous and shadowy, as the light from the street lamps rose and fell, or the carbon points burned out, and fresh ones dropped in the electric lamps. And the air was so mild that the buds swelled on the trees; the grass was green, some hyacinth spikes bloomed in the squares; the breath of Spring had cleared the great Potomac of ice, and the house windows were open to the stars that looked so near and soft.

"O papa! if we could only tell mamma about it all, how she'd like it!" said Phil, his eager face turned to the cheerful rush. "I wish we could!" And a sigh came from his little heart as full of grief as if he were six feet high.

"Papa, couldn't we pretend to write to her?" asked Laurie. "It's so lonesome to have her away from it!"

"Not pretend, mannie, but do it," said papa. "Here, Cabby, turn in here a min-

ute." And he stopped at an enterprising shop, that by keeping open caught a rush of trade—like an eel-trap set against a current.

From it he brought two little blank books and two sets of pencils.

"Now," he said, "you can write a little every day; and, remember, whatever you say and do, say it and do it as if you were coming home to tell mamma all about it, as you always did."

For he believed—O loving wisdom!—that, though our dear dead are parted from us, they can live in love and memory; and that such a living love for, and thought of, their mother was the very best help he could give the little boys towards an honest and noble future.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

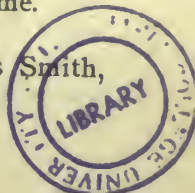
A Barber's Observance of Sunday, and what Came of It.

There was once a barber who, like many others of his trade, was in the habit of working on Sundays as well as weekdays. Passing by a church one Sunday, he went in and heard a sermon preached, which so affected him, that he determined never again to work on Sunday, come what might. For a considerable time his trade fell off in consequence of his resolution, and he suffered much loss; but he persevered in his determination, saying to himself: "God will surely make up in other ways for what I lose by not working on Sunday." His faith was soon rewarded.

One Saturday afternoon a carriage stopped at his shop, and an old gentleman got out and asked to be shaved immediately, mentioning at the same time that he did not like such work to be put off till Sunday. This gratified the barber, but, as he preserved silence, the stranger was induced to question him about his custom. The barber frankly told him of his resolution. The gentleman then asked him his name.

"I am called Nicholas Smith."

"You are surely not Nicholas Smith, of —?"



"Yes, I am; that is where I was born, just forty years ago."

"Strange!" continued the gentleman; "for a long time there has been an advertisement in the papers calling on a certain Nicholas Smith, of —, to come and take possession of a very rich estate, which a distant relative, who died in India, has left him. The heir, or the man who declares himself such, is sitting in the carriage outside at this moment, and I am the lawyer whom he has retained to make good his claims."

The barber hastened out, trembling with anxiety, and soon it became clear that the man in the carriage was an impostor, and that the barber was a wealthy man. So God blessed him for his pious resolution.

Look Up.

A dishonest man went to steal corn from his neighbor's field. He took his little son, who was about five years old, with him, to keep a look-out, so as to give warning in case any one should come. Before opening the sack he had brought with him, he looked all round, first one way and then the other; and, not seeing any person, he was just about to fill the bag, when the son called out, "Father, there is one way you haven't looked yet!" The father supposed that some one was coming, and asked the boy which way he meant. He answered: "You forgot to look up!" The man, conscience-stricken, took his child by the hand, and hurried home without the corn which he had designed to steal.

An Artist's Delicate Charity.

Antonio Canova, who died in Venice at the age of sixty-five years, October 13, 1822, was the most famous sculptor of modern times. But lightly would I esteem this praise were I not able to add that he was also one of the best hearted of men. The many wars and political vicissitudes which agitated Italy toward the close of the last and at the beginning of this century reduced to poverty a

large number of people; and artists, especially painters, sculptors, designers, found no patrons in those troubled times amid the heavy expenses entailed by the awful burden of war.

Canova, born amid humble surroundings, was proof of the truth that it is not birth but character that makes the man. By dint of study and hard work he had risen to fame—had earned a fortune, and commanded an almost unlimited credit. He availed himself of his credit and his money to benefit artists, among other ways, by inducing the rich to give them commissions, he doing likewise, and buying pictures and statues. In order to give work to many people, and to draw strangers to the place, he built a fine church in his native village of Possagno; and, not satisfied even with that, sought constantly for hidden cases of distress.

It so happened that in Rome one day Canova heard of a painter—an honest man, although not of great merit in his profession—who had fallen into the extremest misery. The master hastened to the parish priest, and learned from him that this painter, too proud to ask charity, lived with his poor old wife and one daughter in such poverty that they had not even bread enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger. A pittance, earned by unravelling woollen bed coverlets, afterward made into *peduli* (feet of stockings) and sold, was their only income. Deeply affected by this story, and knowing that the artist would refuse assistance unless he might earn it, Canova addressed to him the following note:

ESTEEMED SIR:—For a long time I have wished to have something from your easel. I beg, therefore, that you will select the subjects and paint the picture for me quite at your own convenience. I can not, however, spend more than four hundred scudi, the half of which will be delivered to you by the bearer of this. The remainder will be sent to you at any time you wish by

Your servant, CANOVA.

Overcome by astonishment, the poor artist saw clearly that he owed this invitation to the kindness of the great sculptor, rather than to his own merit; while with tears of gratitude the happy family blessed that generous heart, which had known how to spare them the pain of receiving alms, and, by a spontaneous, timely and delicate thought, rendered doubly precious the benefit conferred.—*Le Coulleux Leader.*



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Divine Mercy.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE ("MARIE").

"O'ER all God's works His mercies are!"

With blest, benignant light,
In sun and star, from heights afar,
They shine through day and night;
And though, anon, the clouds of woe
Across the sky may sweep,
And hide its glow from vales below
In shadows chill and deep,—

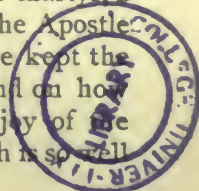
Yet howe'er dark the mists may be,
The faith-illumined gaze,
From earth-motes free, can clearly see
Those bright, supernal rays,
That show where fadeless light divine
Beneath the storm-cloud lurks,
And love doth shine with beams benign
O'er all His wondrous works.

I bless my God that o'er my way
Such brightness e'er hath shone,
That night and day its tender ray
And fadeless smile have known.
Thus "ever o'er His works" thou art,
Still keeping watch and ward
(Thy ceaseless part), within my heart,
Sweet Mercy of my Lord!

YESTERDAY I plucked up some plants, and flung them on the dung-heap. I found them this morning blossoming and smiling. Thus do beautiful souls flourish under humiliation.—*Abbé Roux.*

St. Patrick's Day.

EVERY true Irish heart, wherever throughout the wide world it may be found beating, is filled with joy and gladness on the recurrence of this great festival of the "Green Isle of the West." It is indeed a day of pride and glory to the Irish people; for with it is recalled before the world a grand example of fidelity to God and country, which for centuries has been the national characteristic, and has enabled a long suffering and down-trodden people, even in the midst of humiliation and defeat, to rise superior, in all that is noble and great, to their persecutors and oppressors. What though Ireland's position among the nations of the earth be not a luminous one as regards earthly power! What though "the emerald gem of the Western World be set in the crown of the stranger"! Erin can take her stand before the world, and point to the glorious fact that her children, through centuries of persecution and suffering, have proved true—unflinchingly, unchangeably true—to that grand, historic Church, whose teachings were first preached to them by St. Patrick; and to day—1400 years after her great apostle left her—their country sits before the world, a martyr, a witness to the faith, and like the Apostle of old, she can exclaim, "I have kept the faith!" How great, therefore, and on how many accounts, should be the joy of the Irish people upon this day, which is so well



deserving of all the attention they can give to it! And with what earnestness should they bring home to themselves, and realize in their own practical conduct, the noble lesson of exalted patriotism and unswerving religious devotion which, from the time when the light of the Gospel first shone upon the kings and princes and people of their own fair land, up to the very present day, has been taught them by their countrymen everywhere!

Though the history of the Irish race goes back into the dim twilight of the ages, and is lost in the legendary and mystic lore of the most ancient of nations,—though the traditions preserved in the records, manners, and customs of that small “Western Isle,” and still retained in the marked characteristics of the people, reveal the continued existence of a nation whose antiquity is co-extensive with that of any other, and whose physical and intellectual development was ever of a type corresponding to its pre-eminence among the nations of the earth, yet, for the immediate purposes of this brief paper, it will suffice to note that, two thousand years before the birth of Christ, the sons of Milesius came from Spain, and founded a colony upon the “Green Island of the West.” They brought with them their peculiar constitution—the grandest, perhaps, of any form of government that has ever existed,—which they gave to the people with whom they soon became identified.

From that time on, and for centuries after the dawn of Christianity, Ireland never bowed to the yoke of the stranger; she held her own proud position among the nations. The Roman army came and invaded Britain—the eagles of Rome glanced across at Ireland’s feet, but they remained free, unfettered and unshackled. Under the kindly and paternal rule of her early kings, the people were happy, and prosperous in the bountiful produce that sprung from her fertile soil. But there was something greater in store for Ireland than mere material wealth and prosperity. During these years of power and splendor, the time was approaching

when she was to hear whispers from Bethlehem and the story of Calvary, and the time did come when she heard them from the lips of one whose words are sweet to every Irish ear, whose name is dear to every Irish heart.

About the year 400 of the Christian era, St. Patrick, while yet in his fifteenth year, was taken captive, and brought from his native France to the shores of Ireland. There he was employed in tending sheep, exposed to the storms of snow and rain and wind, that break with such violence on the hills of the North. For some years he remained in this condition, in which he was made to suffer the greatest outrage that man can suffer from his fellow-man—the loss of his personal liberty. But this time was well spent in strengthening his soul in that pure Christian faith in which he had been reared. All that he was made to suffer at the hands of his hard taskmasters, who, be it remembered, were plunged in the mire of paganism, and had not as yet been illumined with the light of Christianity,—all his sufferings—the blows, insults, outrages heaped upon him—were offered up to God as so many works of penance in atonement for whatever transgressions he might have been guilty of, though they could be but few and slight, indeed, in so pure and spotless a life. All his work was done in a spirit of sacrifice to God; all his time, except perhaps that which nature compelled him to give to sleep, was spent in prayer and communion with his Lord.

In this way St. Patrick was fortifying his soul, enriching it with God’s precious graces, and preparing himself (though at the time unforeseen by him) for that high and glorious mission for which God had designed him,—a mission the greatest that can be entrusted to any human creature,—one which God gives only to men whom He Himself selects and fits especially for that end;—to men whom He raises up as shining lights and models among their fellow-men, towering above all others by their greatness and sanctity;—men who appear but at times in the history of a people,

when any great event occurs which requires their presence;—men such as the Apostles, whom God, after having poured forth upon them the fulness of His Holy Spirit, sent forth to propagate and spread over the world the mission of peace which He Himself had come down from heaven to inaugurate.

A mission such as this was in store for St. Patrick, a man raised up by God for a special destiny—to be His apostle to a nation buried in the darkness of paganism. His destiny was to be the instrument of a work the greatest accomplished since the foundation of Christianity—the conversion of a whole people, and the establishment of a faith, so deeply rooted in their hearts that it was to survive the shock of centuries of persecution and oppression, and ever remain the marked characteristic of the nation.

For this great work St. Patrick, during the years of his captivity, was unconsciously preparing himself; and when at length he was enabled to escape, and found himself once more among his friends in France, he was already a saint and matured for the purposes for which God had designed him. Humanly speaking, when we consider what he was made to endure in the land from which he fled, we are but little prepared to expect that he should long to return. Yet, as he himself tells us, often in the years that followed, he thought of those he had left, and ardently desired to be once more with a people whose character, notwithstanding the cruelty with which he had been treated, he could not help but admire and love. His heart, he says, went out to them, and it became the one great desire of his life to effect the conversion of that people to the true faith. With this one object in view, he, immediately on his return to France, set about the work of preparation.

Thirty long years were spent in prayer and study—in prayer and intercourse with holy men, that his soul might be raised to those heights of sanctity which an apostle must needs attain in order to be a fitting instrument in the hands of God to sow the seeds of sanctity and faith in the hearts of a people;—and in study deep and serious;

for it was to no ignorant race he was to go, but to a people whose civilization, according to the lights it possessed, was developed far beyond that of others in like condition. After this long preparation, being ordained priest and consecrated bishop, and having received his commission from the successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Christ upon earth, he set out with a glad heart, and in the year 432 St. Patrick once more stood upon Irish soil. He immediately entered upon his great work, and from the very outset he won all hearts by his piety, wisdom, and sweetness. From Tara, the seat of sovereignty, he went forth from East to West, North to South, over the entire country, and converted the whole people. From Tara to Armagh, where he established his episcopal see, he carried the Cross, which ever since for Ireland has been the emblem of Truth.

And what marks this work of St. Patrick as one of the greatest achievements since the world began, is that it was accomplished—the conversion of a whole nation—without the spilling of a drop of blood. This fact makes the conversion of Ireland stand alone without a parallel in the history of the Church. In the roads traversed by other nations in their progress to the Church, you may trace the frequent stains of martyr blood shed by the first heralds of the Gospel and their earliest converts. But Ireland's path to Christ is strewn only with the garlands of the peaceful triumphs of grace. In the glorious company of saints who, at St. Patrick's bidding, went through the land to evangelize the nation, there is not one who, save in his heart's desire, carried off the martyr's palm. They preached the word on good ground, to a people who, in a good heart, heard it and kept it, and brought forth fruits worthy of penance. Ireland had no words in opposition to the messenger of God, no chains had she for His ministers. She herself was to give hosts of martyrs during the three long centuries of persecution; but no Irish hands ever took the martyr's blood, nor ever was a Catholic priest betrayed by an Irish Catholic.

Another striking feature of St. Patrick's work is that multitudes of his converts became not only Christians but saints, passing at one step from the vileness of paganism to the sanctity of the religious profession. St. Patrick himself refers, in admiration, to this great fact. "Wherefore, behold!" he cries—"behold how in Ireland, they who never had the knowledge of God, and hitherto worshipped only unclean idols, have lately become the people of the Lord, and are called the sons of God! The sons of the Scoti and the daughters of princes are seen to become monks and virgins of Christ, and of those born again in this way we know not even the number."

Among all these saints there are two especially, whose names even in death are associated with that of St. Patrick: St. Bridgid and St. Columba. From the spotless soul of St. Bridgid there has streamed forth upon Ireland such a radiance of chastity as alone would suffice to show forth the glory of him whom she revered as the father of her soul. And in St. Columba we have the type of those scholar apostles peculiar to the Irish Church, representing on the one hand sacred learning, and on the other a devouring zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The schools founded by St. Columba in Ireland were the chief sanctuary of sacred learning in the West. From them there issued forth, year after year, bands of holy men, who passed over into Europe, as St. Bernard expressed it, "like the following waves of the sea."

In regard to the work accomplished by these Irish saints, let it suffice to say that England in great part, Scotland, Belgium, Switzerland, the greater part of France and Germany,—in a word, almost all the countries that go to make up Western Europe, owe to Irish missionaries their conversion to the Catholic faith. And the glory of all this is reflected back upon the one whose labors had made of Ireland, not only a nation of saints, but also a nation of doctors.

Such was the great work inaugurated and established by St. Patrick, when, according to the ancient record, at the age of 120 he

raised his dying hand to bless the land of his destiny. He had found the nation entirely pagan, and before his death there was not a pagan of note in the land.

For three centuries after the death of St. Patrick, Ireland preserved its independence, and held its first and most glorious place among the nations of the earth. For three hundred years the Irish nation successfully resisted the encroachments of the invader, whom none other had been able to withstand—for this long period the struggle was kept up, ending in the final expulsion of the Danes after their defeat upon the plains of Clontarf. During the seventh century, through treachery and deceit, the last of Ireland's kings saw himself a subject of English rule. But not until the reign of Henry VIII. did the night of Ireland's humiliation and misery set in. The condition of Irish Catholics during this period and the years that followed—their condition under the penal laws, the brutal prevalence of force over right, with fire and bloodshed and all its destructive consequences; the outlawry which removed the Catholic from the Catholic as a Christian or even as a member of the human family; the insults heaped upon Irishmen in their own Catholic land,—all this is, alas! too familiar a story to need repetition or comment. Thank God! the efforts of the enemy were utterly useless: neither craft nor cruelty could move Ireland from the solidity of her faith. And St. Patrick, from his high throne in heaven, saw yet another of the glorious results of his labors, through which his own Ireland, that had been the nation of saints and of doctors, had become also the nation of martyrs and confessors.

And this faith has been preserved by the greatest miracle the Church and the world have ever known. Notwithstanding all the efforts that human cruelty, aided by the powers of darkness, could devise and continue through long, dreary centuries, the faith has stood firm and unshaken, to the great glory of the nation and the shame of its oppressors, even before a corrupt world. There is an Irish Catholic nation to-

day, and her children are spreading the truths and principles of the Gospel everywhere. Throughout broad foreign lands—India, Australia, and the Americas,—in the teeming city and out upon the broad plains, in positions high and lowly, are Irishmen carrying the faith through the world. Surely they are doing God's own work, and Ireland, that has staked all but her faith, has been left that glorious heritage, that she may be a perpetual witness for God to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Well may we all believe that the faith implanted in the hearts of the Irish people by St. Patrick,—that faith which has withstood all the assaults of the Evil One and his minions upon earth; which has defied persecution and suffering, famine and pestilence; that faith which, despite the sword and penal laws, still survives firm and unshaken—that faith is sure to triumph in the end. God, who is unfailing, has promised it. The Apostle has said: "This is the victory which overcometh the world, your faith."

Let Irishmen everywhere learn and realize the lessons which the thoughts suggested by the festival of to-day bring home to them. Let them show before the world a steady, upright, manly purpose in the discharge of their duties to God, to themselves, and their fellow-men, never faltering or wavering whatever may be the trial or temptation that besets them. And thus they will most effectually secure for the land of their affections peace, prosperity, and independence—all the enduring blessings and glories which an ever-watchful and justly reckoning Providence will, in Its own good time, bestow upon a nation in reward for the fidelity of her children.

FORLORN hopes are generally the destruction of their leaders, but from their blood always springs some seed that bears fruit.

CHILDREN are often condemned as liars, who are only dreamers interpreting their visions.

How a Russian Countess Found the True Fold.

IF Christian virtue in its most elevated and strongest form were recompensed by earthly glory, the Countess Catherine Rostopchine would have contributed as much and perhaps more than her husband to the renown of the family name. The Governor of Moscow was, no doubt, a famous citizen, but his wife was a famous Catholic. He burned down the old capital to save Russia, his wife performed a nobler feat of heroism: she sacrificed her prejudices, her errors, her chances of human happiness, to save her soul and to pay homage to truth. Nothing can be more touching and at the same time more edifying than the history of this long life, begun in the splendors of the court of the Empress Catherine, in schism and infidelity: continued in an untiring search for truth, and final attainment of it; and ended in solitude and prayer, like that of the holy women of the primitive Church.

The Countess Rostopchine was a daughter of Count Protassow, Civil Governor of Kalouga. Her parents died early in life, leaving five daughters, who were entrusted to the care of their aunt, the Countess Anna Protassow, lady of honor to the Empress Catherine. Of the five young girls, one alone, the Countess Barbe, remained single. The eldest married Prince Pierre Galitzin; the second, Count Tolstoï; the third, Count Vassiltchicow; and the Countess Catherine, born in 1775, married the Count Théodore Rostopchine about the year 1795.

How were the sisters brought up? To whom was their education confided? By what strange concurrence of circumstances was it that they reached the age of womanhood with cultivated minds, and tempers and consciences well regulated,—deprived as they had been of a father's and mother's guidance, left completely under the influence of their aunt, a woman of the world, the favorite of a sovereign as lax in morals as she was powerful in mind, who could teach them only the polished manners of

the court and the science of etiquette? This is a mystery we have not been able to solve. One thing is certain—that the Countess Anna Protassow superintended their education, presented them at court as soon as they were of age to appear there, and married them in a way that might have amply satisfied the fondest mother. From this we are justified in concluding that the Countess Anna, notwithstanding the frivolous spirit which she retained to the end of her life, possessed some sterling qualities, which she exercised for the benefit of her nieces.

Be this as it may, when Count Rostopchine, Chamberlain to the Empress Catherine, and favorite of the Grand Duke Paul, married the Countess Catherine Protassow, he found in her a wife as good as she was beautiful, endowed with rich intellectual gifts, and possessing a purity of heart and conduct very rare at that corrupt court. Count Rostopchine was thirty years of age at the time of his marriage, and had already distinguished himself in the army. He was worthy of the Countess, by the elevation of his sentiments, the originality of his mind, his desire to serve his country, to which he was passionately attached, and the tenderness of heart he lavished on his wife and children. It must be admitted that the violence of his temper frequently disturbed the peace of his amiable consort; but this defect was due more to natural temperament than to deliberate will. It never became a serious trouble to her; for she quietly waited till the storm passed off, and always retained her ascendancy over him. His tenderness, respect, and veneration for her always remained undiminished, and during the whole period of their married life he gave the most touching proofs of his love and devotion.

Their first child, a son named Serge, was born in 1796; some time afterward, Rostopchine, writing to a friend, speaks of his Castle of Livna, and of his wife and child. "I find in this place a thousand sweet memories," he says. "Here I lived till the age of sixteen; here also I spent the first year

of my marriage *en tête à tête* with my wife, and I discovered all the virtues she possesses. Here again I have known for the first time the happiness of being a father. I have had here many sorrows, but they are over; my wife is not changed, and Serge is growing full of life and health."

This first-born, so tenderly loved, was followed by seven other children, three of whom died in infancy. The Russians had then, and have still, the great blessing of large families. While other nations dread this as a calamity, they desire it, and herein lies one of the secrets of their national vitality and their power of planting colonies beyond the limits of their own vast Empire. No machinery or modern invention can supply the place of man, and the power of a people invariably increases or decreases according to the increase or decrease of the population.

The Count and Countess Rostopchine returned to St. Petersburg after the birth of their son, and were settled there, when the unexpected death of the Empress Catherine greatly altered their position. Favorite, or rather intimate friend, of the Grand Duke Paul, who lived in exile in the suburbs of St. Petersburg, Rostopchine shared the disfavor into which he had fallen, and seldom appeared at court; but now the Prince, as soon as he was seated on the throne, called his friend to his side, and conferred on him the highest rank. Paul I. had many good qualities: he was kind, intelligent, learned, but he was completely lacking in one faculty which is necessary in every station, and absolutely essential to a monarch—the faculty of judgment. Ill health, the cruelty of his mother, and, some say, poison, had weakened his reason, and destroyed the equilibrium of his faculties. Absolute power, for which he was not prepared, still further upset his mind, and he became an insupportable despot. By his odious caprices he succeeded in alienating from himself the nobility, the army, and even his own family, and so paved the way for the bloody catastrophe that brought his life to an untimely end.

Rostopchine, who knew him well and loved him deeply, used all his influence to enlighten him, to save him from himself, to correct or, at least, diminish his faults. At times he was able to prevent serious and shameful consequences, by resisting the Emperor, and telling him the truth bluntly and without reserve. Sometimes Paul would thank him warmly, calling him his best, his only friend; at other times he would fly into a passion, order him from his presence, and banish him to his estates. This exile, however, lasted only a few days, or at most a few weeks, and the unfortunate Czar was eventually compelled to recall the friend without whom he found it impossible to live. Extreme in his friendship and gratitude as he was in all things, he showered on his favorite, from time to time, dignities and honors, the list of which is too long to enumerate;—successively or simultaneously, Rostopchine was Post-Master-General, Lieutenant-General, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Great Chancellor of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Member of the Council of the Empire, etc., etc.

Notwithstanding these marks of favor, the Countess appeared at court only when her presence was indispensable, and devoted her time to the education of her children, and to intellectual pursuits, which had a singular attraction for her. Already she had become an earnest seeker after the truth. Brought up in outward conformity to the religion of the Greek Church, she had not found in it sufficient grounds for her belief; and, ignorant as yet of the beauties of the Catholic faith, and thinking the Greek Church and Christianity were one and the same thing, she ceased to believe in either. A soul like hers, however, could not long remain in the chilling atmosphere of religious indifference. The influence of maternity, the necessity of forming the minds and hearts of her children, combined with her love of reading, induced her to take up the study of the origin of Christianity, and from that time her ideas began to be slowly modified.

Probably also the Countess was unconsciously under the influence of the Jesuit

Fathers, who had been received at St. Petersburg by the Empress Catherine after their expulsion from the Catholic countries, and treated by her with particular deference, and by the Czar Paul with still more partiality. If—as it seems impossible to doubt—the Countess came in contact, even in a passing manner, with the sons of St. Ignatius, their superiority over the Russian clergy in point of morality could not fail to make a lasting impression upon a serious nature such as hers was. Yet during her stay in St. Petersburg—that is till the end of Paul I's reign—nothing either in her habits or conversation betrayed what was going on in her inmost soul. Several years were to elapse before she attained to that certainty which turned the troubled schismatic, or rather unbeliever, into a fervent and stanch Catholic.

In 1799, when Rostopchine was at the height of his advancement, occupying the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Countess gave birth to her fourth child, Sophie. Paul I. requested that he might be her godfather; he could not foresee that this child would one day have the far greater honor of being the mother of a saint, Mgr. de Ségur.

About this time Count Rostopchine purchased in Moscow, at a short distance from the old capital, the estate of Voronovo, of which he took possession a little while before the death of his master. The Count Alexis Voronovo had expended enormous sums of money in beautifying the estate, and had made it a magnificent country-seat. The architecture of the castle was imposing; it was furnished and ornamented with every luxury that art could devise; the park extended far and wide; large ponds varied the scenery of green fields and woods, and fine roads crossing the forests joined the eighteen villages forming this vast demesne. The Count Voronovo, having grown tired of it as soon as he had finished its embellishments, sold it to Count Rostopchine at a price much lower than the sum he had expended on it. It was there Rostopchine spent the time, generally very brief, of his

frequent exiles from court. The unfortunate Czar could not tolerate his unflinching truthfulness, nor could he bear the absence of his friend; he felt that Rostopchine loved him sincerely, that he always spoke the truth, and he counted blindly on his devotedness amidst a set of conspiring courtiers.

The enemies of Paul I. knew this well; for when their chief, the Count Pahlen, Governor of Moscow, and head of the police of the Empire, had resolved to murder the Emperor, he chose for the execution of his design a time when Rostopchine was absent. It would be too long to relate the tragic circumstances of the assassination of this unhappy sovereign, which took place on March 24, 1801, at the Palace of the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. Paul seems to have had a presentiment of the impending danger; a few days before his death, he sent a messenger to his faithful Rostopchine, with these words, hastily written: "I want you. Come to me immediately." Rostopchine started that very instant from Voronovo, leaving his wife in deep anxiety, and fearing himself to arrive too late. When half way between Moscow and St. Petersburg, he learned of the sudden death of the Emperor; he understood it all, and at once returned home to announce the fatal news to his wife. Both wept bitterly over the sad fate of their royal benefactor.

A new life now opened for our heroine; she was able to devote herself entirely to the care of her young family, and to continue in the calm and soothing atmosphere of the country the study and reflection that were leading her to the true Church. Count Rostopchine remained almost five consecutive years at Voronovo. From 1806 to 1812 he spent the six winter months in his palace at Moscow. One or two journeys to St. Petersburg with his wife and children were the only events that broke the happy monotony of their lives.

Voronovo was kept up on a grand scale: a doctor and his family, an equerry to superintend the stud, a veterinary surgeon, a French tutor, and a few friends and relatives were all included in the household.

The servants numbered about a hundred, doing the service of the castle and park, attending the inmates, or loitering about in idleness; but this overabundance of domestics—a relic of the system of serfdom, now happily abolished—was incumbent on every Russian nobleman's estate.

While the taste of the Count led him towards agricultural and commercial experiments, breeding horses, carrying on a large correspondence, and writing various essays, principally on political subjects, his wife devoted all her energies to her duties as a mother and mistress; she took an active part in the education of her children, and had some leisure for philosophical and religious studies. Her principles of education were very strict, and, notwithstanding her tenderness, she treated her children with excessive severity; later on, when she had become a Catholic, she relented somewhat in her rigor, and allowed her natural fondness to appear in her management of the younger ones.

During these years of interior trials, of increasing struggles, of mental strain in her solitary researches, her temper was somewhat affected by the troubled state of her mind. By degrees, as the beauties of Christianity shone out more clearly, the failings of the Greek Church, the insufficiency of its clergy, its dependence on the Czar, became more and more repulsive, and opened to her a new horizon of thought and aspiration. Carried away by a desire for light, and determined at any cost to be delivered from the torture of doubt, she resolved to study the Fathers of the Church; in order to read them in the original, she took up the study of Latin and Greek, and mastered these languages so as to be able to compare texts and verify the accuracy of quotations. To such absorbing intellectual labor she added the efforts of her will in the practice of Christian virtues, and that persevering prayer which can obtain everything. In this way, step by step, she arrived after several painful years to the possession of truth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St. Francis to the Birds.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

LITTLE sisters, the birds,
We must praise God, you and I,—
You with songs that fill the sky,
I with halting words.

All things tell His praise,
Woods and waters thereof sing,—
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,
And the nights and days.

Yea, and cold and heat,
And the sun and stars and moon,
Sea with her monotonous tune,
Rain and hail and sleet.

And the winds of heaven,
And the solemn hills of blue,
And the brown earth and the dew,
And the thunder even,

And the flowers' sweet breath.
All things make one glorious voice,—
Life with fleeting pains and joys,
And our brother Death.

Little flowers of air,
With your feathers soft and sleek,
And your bright brown eyes and meek,
He hath made you fair.

He hath taught to you
Skill to weave in tree and thatch
Nests, where happy mothers hatch
Speckled eggs of blue.

And hath children given:
When the soft heads overbrim
The brown nests, then thank ye Him
In the clouds of heaven.

Also in your lives
Live His laws who loveth you;
Husbands, be ye kind and true;
Be homekeeping, wives;—

Love not gossiping,
Stay at home and keep the nest;
Fly not here and there in quest
Of the newest thing.

Live as brethren live;
Love be in each heart and mouth;
Be not envious, be not wroth,
Be not slow to give

When ye build the nest,
Quarrel not o'er straw or wool;
He who hath, be bountiful
To the neediest.

Be not puffed or vain
Of your beauty or your worth,
Of your children or your birth,
Or the praise you gain.

Eat not greedily;
Sometimes, for sweet Mercy's sake,
Worm or insect spare to take;
Let it crawl or fly.

See ye sing not near
To our church on holyday,
Lest the human-folk should stray
From their prayers to hear.

Now depart in peace,
In God's Name I bless each one;
May your days be long i' the sun,
And your joys increase!

And remember me,
Your poor brother Francis, who
Loveth you, and thanketh you
For this courtesy.

Sometimes when ye sing,
Name my name, that He may take
Pity of the dear song's sake
On my shortcoming

Fairy Gold

BY CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Marion returned to the party, who were preparing for their homeward drive, Frank Morley came up to her with a very grave face.

"Helen tells me that she is feeling so badly, Miss Lynde," he said, coldly, "that she wishes me to take her home. I have, therefore, arranged for our return in the buggy in which Netta came out, and she

and her escort will take our places in the carriage with you."

"Make whatever arrangement you please," answered Marion, as coldly as himself, "but pray leave me out of it. There is a vacant seat in Mrs. Singleton's carriage, which I shall take for the return."

"Very well—the matter is settled, then," he said. "I will take Helen away at once." And he walked off with a scant courtesy, which his youth and indignation excused.

But it was a new sensation to Marion to be treated with discourtesy by any one, and she had to pull herself together with an effort before she was able to approach Mrs. Singleton in her usual manner, and announce that she was willing to take the seat she had before declined.

"I don't like to repeat anything, not even a drive, in exactly the same manner," she said by way of explanation; "so if you will allow me, I will join you for the homeward drive."

"I shall be delighted to have you," answered Mrs. Singleton. "I thought you would do better to come with me. Tom will be delighted, too. You shall sit with him, and drive if he will let you."

Good natured Mr. Single'on was much pleased to share his box seat with such a companion, and even to make over the reins to her whenever the road was good enough to allow of it with safety; while to Marion there was distraction from her own thoughts—from the recollection of unpleasant complications, and the sense of angry humiliation—in guiding the spirited horses, that tried all the strength of her arms and wrists, and required an undivided attention.

However, the drive was soon over, and then she had before her the disagreeable necessity of facing her aunt and Helen. Brave as she was, she was assailed by a cowardly impulse to avoid meeting them. What if she went home with Mrs. Singleton, and for the evening at least did not meet them? But what would be gained by that, except delay? She knew that unless she wished to leave it in Rathborne's power to make what statement he chose, she *must* go to them

with her own statement; and, this being so, delay would serve no end, except to give the impression of heartless indifference. No, there was nothing for it but to meet at once what had to be met sooner or later; so when the Singleton carriage drew up at her aunt's gate, she exchanged a gay farewell with her companions, and with a heavy heart and reluctant step took her way to the house.

How different from its usual aspect that house looked, as she drew near it! Usually at this hour bright lights shone from the windows; there would be snatches of music, sounds of voices and laughter; if the moon were shining as to-night, a gay party would be assembled on the veranda. Now it was still and quiet; the lights in the drawing-room were turned low; the broad, open hall looked deserted. Only one figure emerged from the shadow of the vines on the veranda into the full moonlight as she approached. It was a small figure—that of Harry Dalton.

"Why, Harry!" said Marion, with an effort to speak as usual, "are you all alone? Where is Helen?"

"Helen has gone up-stairs; she has a headache," answered Harry. "But mamma is in the sitting-room, and wants to see you."

"Very well," said Marion. She began to unbutton her gloves, as some outward relief to her inward agitation, and, without pausing, walked into the house. Since the interview must take place, the sooner it was over the better—so she said to herself as she entered the room where her aunt awaited her.

Mrs. Dalton was sitting by a table on which stood a shaded lamp, and, with a book open before her, seemed to be reading; but her effort to fix her mind on the page had not met with much success. She had, in reality, been waiting for the sound of her niece's step; and when she heard her coming, she was conscious of as much shrinking from the interview as Marion felt. "I must be reasonable," she said to herself; and then pushing back her volume, she looked up as the girl entered.

It was characteristic of Marion that she

spoke first. "I am sorry to hear that Helen is not well, aunt," she said. "Has she been at home long?"

"About half an hour," answered Mrs. Dalton. "She has gone to her room; she asked that she might be left alone. That is so unlike Helen, that I am sure something very serious has occurred. And I judge from a few words which Frank said, that you know what it is, Marion."

"What did Mr. Frank Morley say?" asked Marion, sitting down. The introduction of his name roused in her an immediate sense of defiance. After all, what right had they to suppose that what had happened was any fault of hers?

"He said that Helen had overheard something which passed between Paul Rathborne and yourself," answered Mrs. Dalton; "and that afterward she had asked him to bring her home alone. He told me this in reply to my questions. Helen said nothing; but I feel that I ought to know how matters stand, so I ask you what did she overhear?"

"She overheard me tell Mr. Rathborne that I rejected and despised the love that he ventured to offer me," replied Marion, speaking in her clearest and most distinct tone.

A quick contraction of the brow showed how much the answer pained, if it did not surprise, Mrs. Dalton. "My poor child!" she said, as if to herself. Then she looked at Marion with something like a flash in her usually gentle eyes. "And do you hold yourself guiltless in this matter?" she asked. "If Paul Rathborne is a traitor to Helen—as he surely is,—have not you encouraged his admiration? Does not your conscience tell you that you have sacrificed her happiness for the gratification of your vanity?"

"No," replied Marion; "my conscience tells me nothing of the kind. How could I prevent Mr. Rathborne's folly? But, of course, I expected to be blamed for it," she added, bitterly. "That is the justice of the world."

"God forgive me if I am unjust!" said

Mrs. Dalton. "I did not mean to be. But, Marion, this is not altogether a surprise to me. I have seen his admiration for you, and I have seen—I could not help seeing—that you did not discourage it."

"Why should I have discouraged it?" asked Marion. "I saw no harm in it. I could not imagine that because he found some things to like—to admire, if you will—in me, he would become a traitor to Helen. It is asking too much of one to demand that one turn one's back on a man because he is a shade more than civil."

Mrs. Dalton shook her head. "Those are merely words," she said. "They do not deceive yourself any more than they deceive me. You know that you have used this man's admiration as fuel for your vanity, and that so cautious and so selfish a man would never have acted as he has done if he had not felt himself encouraged. Do not misunderstand me," she added, more hastily. "For Helen's sake I am not sorry that this has happened. It is better for her, even at the cost of great present suffering, that her eyes should be opened to his true character. But you, Marion—how can you forgive yourself for the part you have played, and what is to become of you if you do not check the vanity which has led you to betray the trust and wring the heart of your best friend?"

The quiet, penetrating words—gentle although so grave—seemed to Marion at that moment like a sentence from which there was no appeal. Her conscience echoed it, her eyes fell, for an instant it looked as if she had nothing to reply. But she rallied quickly.

"I am sorry if you think that I have wilfully done anything to pain Helen," she said, coldly. "It does not strike me that I could have averted this, unless I had been gifted with a foreknowledge which I do not possess. I could never have imagined that Mr. Rathborne would be so false with regard to Helen, and so presumptuous with regard to me."

The haughtiness of the last words was not lost on the ear of the listener, who looked

at the beautiful, scornful face with a mingling of pity and indignation.

"You expected," she said, "to encourage a man's admiration up to a certain point, and yet to restrain his presumption? A little more knowledge of human nature would have told you that was impossible; a little more feeling would have kept you from desiring it." She paused a moment, then went on, with the same restrained gravity: "I am sorry if I seem to you harsh, but nothing in this affair is worse to me than the revelation it makes of your character. I am grieved by Helen's suffering, and shocked by Paul Rathborne's treachery; but for the first I have the comfort that it may in the end spare her worse suffering, and for the second I feel that it is not a surprise—that I never wholly trusted his sincerity. But *you*, Marion—what can I think of you, who, without any stronger feeling than vanity to lead you on, have trifled with your own sense of honor, as well as with the deepest feelings of others? What will your future be if you do not change, if you do not try to think less of unworthy objects and more of worthy ones—less of gaining admiration, and more of keeping your conscience clear and your heart clean?"

"What will my future be!" repeated Marion. She rose as she spoke, and answered, proudly: "That concerns myself alone. I have no fear of it; I feel that I can make it what I will, and I shall certainly not will to make it anything unworthy. But it need not trouble you in the least. I am sorry that my coming here should have brought any trouble on Helen. The only amend I can make is to go away at once, and that I will do."

"No," said Mrs. Dalton, quickly. "That can not mend matters now, and would only throw a very serious reflection upon you when it is known that Helen's engagement is at an end. I can not consent to it."

"But Helen's engagement might not be at an end if I went away," responded Marion.

"You do not know Helen yet," said Mrs. Dalton, quietly. "I have not spoken

to her on the subject, but I am certain what her decision will be."

Marion herself was by no means certain that Mrs. Dalton's judgment was correct. She thought Helen weak and yielding to the last degree, and believed that very little entreaty would be requisite on Rathborne's part to induce her to forgive him. "It will be only necessary for him to throw all the blame on me," she thought, with a bitter smile, as she went to her chamber. Nevertheless, it was not a very tranquil night that she passed. Whatever change the future might bring, she knew that Helen was suffering now—suffering the keen pangs which a loving, trusting heart feels when its love and trust have been betrayed. "It is hard on her, she is so good, so kind, so incapable herself of betraying any one!" thought the girl, whose conscience was still in a very dormant state, but whose sense of pity was touched. "How sorry Claire would be if she knew!" And then came the reflection, "What would Claire think of *me*?" followed by the quick reply, "She would be as unjust as the rest, and call it my fault, no doubt."

The thought of Claire's judgment, however, was another sting added to those which already disturbed her, and it was not strange that she tossed on her pillow during the better part of the night, only falling asleep toward morning. As is usually the case after a wakeful night, her sleep was heavy, so that the first sound that roused her was the breakfast bell. She opened her eyes with a start, and to her surprise saw Helen standing beside her.

The memory of all that had happened flashed like lightning into her mind, and, unable to reconcile that memory with this appearance, she could only gasp, "Helen!—what are you doing here?"

"I knocked at the door, but you did not answer, so I came in," Helen responded, simply. "It is late, else I should not have disturbed you. But I wanted to speak to you before you went down."

"Yes," said Marion. She sat up in bed with white draperies all about her, and

looked at her cousin. She expected a demand for explanation, perhaps reproaches; but she did not expect what came—

"I only want to tell you," said Helen, with the same quiet simplicity, "that I have no reason to blame you for—what occurred yesterday. It was not your fault: you could not have helped it. I don't know that any one is to blame very much," she added, with a sigh; "but I felt that I ought to tell you that I do not blame *you* at all."

"Helen!" cried Marion. All her proud self-control suddenly gave way, and she burst into tears. The generosity which underlay the erring surface of her nature was touched to the quick, and her conscience spoke as it had never spoken before. "Helen, you are too good," she said. "You judge me too kindly. I do not feel myself that I am not to blame. On the contrary, I have no doubt my aunt is perfectly right, and that I am very much to blame. I let my vanity and my love of admiration carry me too far, but never with the intention of injuring you or betraying your trust—never!"

"I am sure of that," said Helen, gently. She laid her hand on the bent head of the other. It startled her to see Marion display such feeling and such humility as this. "Mamma was thinking of me," she went on; "else she would not have blamed you; for how could you help being more attractive than I am? If I was unreasonable enough to think for a little time last night that you were to blame, I know better now. God has given me strength to look at things more calmly. I can even see that *he* may not be greatly in fault. No doubt he thought he loved me—until he saw you."

"Helen, he is not worthy of you!" cried Marion, passionately. "He loves no one but himself."

Helen shook her head. "Surely he loves you," she said; "else why should he tell you so? But we need not discuss this. Will you come down when you are ready?"

"Oh! yes," said Marion, with an effort; "I will be down very soon."

She rose as Helen left the room, and

dressed very hastily, a prey the while to many conflicting emotions. Relief was mingled with self-reproach, and admiration of Helen's generosity with scorn of her weakness. "For, of course, her excuses for him mean that she will forgive him!" she thought. "I have heard that women—most women—are fools in just that way, and Helen is exactly the kind of woman to be guilty of that folly. The miserable dastard!"—she remembered his threat to herself—"I wish I could punish him as he deserves for his treachery and presumption!"

It did not occur to her to ask whether or not *she* deserved any punishment for the share she confessed to having borne in the treachery. Had the idea been suggested to her, she would have said that her share was infinitesimal compared with his, and that she had already been punished by the insolence she had drawn upon herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Reminiscence of Bishop Bruté.

BY M. A

DURING the fearful period of the French Revolution, when all religion was proscribed, the fury of the rebels was especially directed towards priests. If they chanced to meet one anywhere they would seize him, with the cry, "*A la lanterne!*" hurry him away, and hang him to the nearest lamp-post. However, the zeal of the clergy was in no way abated, and daily instances might have been witnessed of their heroic endeavors to carry the consolations of religion to those unfortunate victims of the tyranny of Robespierre, who were imprisoned for no other crime than that of fidelity to their King, or, perhaps, because they belonged to the aristocracy.

Early in the morning, through the gloomy corridors of the Bastille, a baker, habited in white cap and apron, and bearing a basket of light bread, might be seen hurrying along, accompanied by a bright-faced little boy of, perhaps, five or six Sum-

mers. The guards permitted them to pass unchallenged; for it appears that the prisoners' friends were allowed to supply them with some of the little comforts, or rather the necessities, of life. Having entered the common room of the prison, the baker would set down his basket, and, with more than usual French fluency and rapid gesticulation, extol the superior quality of his bread, and energetically recommend it to his listeners. But in the midst of his apparent flourishes, he sometimes made the holy Sign of the Cross, and, on approaching a person whom he recognized as a Catholic, he would say, in an undertone: "My son, I am a priest; you may make your confession." The man would then fall on his knees beside the basket, apparently to examine the contents; the supposed baker bent over him, continuing his animated gestures, under cover of which, when the confession and act of contrition were made, he gave absolution. Then, rapidly removing the Blessed Sacrament from its place of concealment upon the breast of the innocent child that accompanied him, he gave his penitent the Bread of Life.

All this was accomplished without attracting the notice of any one present, except those initiated into the holy mysteries of faith. And day after day these sacred ministrations were repeated by the disguised, regardless of the imminent danger incurred by himself and the heroic child who was his constant companion.

What light and grace must not that pure young heart have received from Him who made it His resting place, and inspired it with strength and courage at so early an age to risk its life for the salvation of souls! Such is the inference that we may draw; for this child became the great and holy Bishop Bruté, first Bishop of Vincennes. He renounced the most brilliant future to become a poor missionary in the United States. His virtues were such that those who knew him speak of him as a saint.

NOTE.—These facts were received from the late Rev. Father Hitzelberger, S. J., to whom they were communicated by Bishop Bruté himself.

Mother Mary of St. Angela.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

OUR Mother lay like a saint asleep,
In the hush of the chapel there;
And eyes were streaming that seldom weep,
While each one said a prayer
For the peaceful dead, with her crucifix
Clasped tight in her fingers fair.

The Psalms were sung, and the Mass was said,
And the holy Bishop told
Of the life of her who lay there dead,
With the cross in her gentle hold.
(If a child should number her good deeds done,
In the telling he would grow old.)

And many a heart on this sad earth
Re-echoed the good man's praise;
For the sunlight fell at the morning's birth,
And shone with its parting rays
On a host who mourn, tho' they question not
The meaning of their Lord's ways.

His servant she was while He gave her breath,
And serving Him still she died—
Or rather she lived; for there is no death
When He is the patient Guide
O'er the rugged pathway which men call life,
To the place where the saints abide.

A Knight of Mary.

MANY who are familiar with the noble deeds of the illustrious Crillon are not acquainted with the following incident, related by his grand-nephew, the learned Dominican, Amat de Graveson.

Crillon, whom Henry IV. styled "bravest of the brave," took part, on the 7th of October, 1571, in the famous battle fought under the auspices of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, by which Europe was saved from the yoke of Islamism. As a Knight of Malta, he fought, at the opening of the engagement, by the side of his commander, the valiant Romegas. But, as the conflict became more fierce, he obtained permission from Don Juan of Austria, *generalissimo* of

the Catholic army, to lead an assault on the enemy's line of battle. After commending himself to God, and passing his Rosary around his neck, he threw himself into a boat already shattered, and, followed by a few brave soldiers in vessels as unseaworthy as his own, he started to attack the Ottoman fleet. Every dart seemed to be aimed directly at him, but danger only excited him to redoubled efforts. An arrow having pierced his arm, he coolly drew it out, and continued fighting, with the wound bleeding profusely. Amazed at the Knight's intrepidity, and the courage with which he faced death, the Turks declared that "Heaven sent guardians from out the depths of the sea to shield that great Christian from harm."

After some time the Ottoman fleet was routed. Crillon was preparing to give pursuit, when he was informed that Pierre Giustiniani, admiral of the Genoese fleet, had just been captured. He at once rowed off in the direction that was indicated to him, attacked the galleys of the infidels, delivered the admiral, and set fire to the flag-ship of the Ottoman fleet. Everyone of his companions had been killed, but victory was won, and the enemy put to ignominious rout.

Covered with blood, Crillon presented himself to Don Juan to relate his exploits. The latter at once sent him to Pius V., with the Christian banner riddled with bullets and black with powder, ordering him to describe to His Holiness the events of that ever-memorable day. The Pope pressed him to his heart and loaded him with dignities. The King of France, Henry III., also embraced him in presence of his assembled court. But Crillon, as modest as he was brave, bore his honors with the greatest meekness, declaring that the glory was due to the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

TRUE wisdom is a casket which holds every intellectual and moral good.

If all our prayers were granted, the entanglement would be appalling.

Catholic Notes.

A letter recently received by the editor of the *Revue Mensuelle du Culte de Marie* gives most edifying details of the great spread of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary throughout the missions of New Zealand. Among other things the writer says: "The churches, for the most part, have some title of our Blessed Mother, and in all of them there is an altar with a statue in Her honor. Everywhere there are societies established, such as the Living Rosary, Children of Mary, and others, whose special object is to honor the Mother of God. The exercises of the Month of Mary are always followed with great devotion and very largely attended. In many families the Rosary is recited every evening, and in nearly every Christian house you will find a little oratory beautifully adorned with flowers and such ornaments as means will permit, together with a statue or venerated picture of the Blessed Virgin. . . . Our Heavenly Mother has indeed extended, in a particular manner Her protection to these missions, obtaining for us signal favors in the most trying circumstances, and enabling the devoted clergy to produce most abundant fruits, despite the great obstacles placed in their way by the enemy of God and mankind."

A touching appeal has been made to us in behalf of the sufferers of the recent appalling calamity in Italy, the terrible earthquake, by which one of the fairest portions of the beautiful province of Liguria was in one moment changed into a horrible scene of ruin and desolation. The suffering is great and widespread. Many families are now without a home, and reduced to a condition of absolute dependence on the charity of strangers. Children have been deprived of their parents, wives of their husbands, and there is all the misery attendant on a general calamity. This case is evidently one of those when to give quickly is to give twice.

Not the least sad feature of this disaster is the thought of so many sudden and, perhaps, unprovided deaths. We are honoring this month the great patriarch who to his title of Protector of the Universal Church adds that of patron of a happy death; and we are sure many of our pious readers will be glad to make an offer-

ing to the sufferers in Italy in honor of St. Joseph, that this great grace, through his intercession, may be theirs. It will be a pleasure to forward to Signor Raffo, the Italian Consul in New York, any contributions that may be entrusted to us. The subscription will remain open till Easter Sunday.

The *San Francisco Argonaut* has snubbed some evangelical ministers who wanted to aid it in destroying Rome, by remarking: "*The Argonaut* desires to notify the evangelical clergy—those Protestant preachers who desire to terrify Rome by roaring in asses' skins—that its columns can not be used for that purpose." Whereupon the *Springfield Republican* demurely observes: "*The Argonaut* seems well equipped for the task of striking Rome with terror."—*The Pilot*.

We have before us the pastoral letter of the Right Rev. Dom Ignatius Jean, O. S. B., Prefect-Apostolic of Indian Territory, in which he announces the death of his venerable and beloved predecessor, the Right Rev. Dom Robot. Father Robot had, during the last few years of his life, shown signs of waning strength, and Father Jean had been appointed his co-operator; but the death of the former was unexpected, and it had been hoped that his life would have been considerably prolonged. His feeble constitution was counterbalanced by an extraordinary strength of will. His apostolic life was, like that of St. Paul, full of journeyings and perils. Now he has been called to his everlasting reward. *R. I. P.*

"A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Protestantism is having a hard time of it, being wounded in the house of its friends. In the *London Pall Mall Gazette*, a few weeks ago, some very candid admissions were made as to the weakness of Protestantism and the strength of the Catholic Church. But this paper has generally shown a spirit of fairness and liberality in dealing with religious questions. This is not the case with the *Sunday Magazine*, which is considered in some quarters "the ablest exponent of broad-spirited Protestantism"; and yet it is in the columns of the *Sunday Magazine* that we find Miss Mary Harrison, a well-known English Non-conformist, maintaining, what indeed is no news to Catholics, that the best features

of Lutheranism were due to the Catholic Church. From the testimony of this Protestant witness, Protestants will learn that "Lutheran Germany is without living sense of God," and that "a more tyrannical priesthood, a more enslaved people, is not found in Germany than those who compose the Lutheran Church of to-day."

Harold Costa, the second officer of the British steamship *Erl King*, was mortally wounded on the night of January 6, 1887, by some men who tried to rob him and a companion. He was taken in the ambulance to the Charity Hospital and cared for by the Sisters and surgeon of that famous institution. As soon as his eyes fell on the religious garb of the Sisters, the poor sufferer made an instant and urgent demand for a Catholic priest. However, being assured that he was not going to die immediately, he consented, on account of the lateness of the hour, to wait till morning. Early next day Mr. Costa assured the Sisters that he felt he was dying, and asked to see a priest as soon as possible. He was baptized, received his first Holy Communion, and a few hours later breathed his last.

The poor young man thus tragically called from life in its very bloom of manhood, stated that his father was an Anglican clergyman, but that his mother was a pious convert to Catholicity, and that he had one sister among the Religious of the Sacred Heart, and another studying with that Order. Pendant to his watchguard, which his assassins had singularly left with him, was a medal of the Sacred Heart, which he wore for his mother's sake, and his urgent appeal for a priest was in order to execute a promise he had made her to one day become a Catholic. Thus he died, wearing the medal of the Sacred Heart; received into the Church on the first Friday of the month, the day devoted to the worship of that most Adorable Heart; and bearing signal evidence of the power of prayer, and of the wonderful clemency of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.—*Morning Star (New Orleans)*.

Herr Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party in German politics, is a very interesting personality. A giant in intellect, he is physically almost a dwarf. When he confronts Bismarck, he has been compared to "a little spaniel tackling a big elephant." But that

"spaniel" has a head, and a noble one; and that head has a broad expanse of brow and piercing eyes. Herr Windthorst is a finished and logical speaker. His sentences are clear and transparent as crystal, and his ideas follow one another in a regular, unbroken and irresistible procession. Ever polite, never known to make a misstatement, he is at the same time a master of crushing irony and sarcasm, as the Chancellor himself knows to his cost. Herr Windthorst bears his seventy-six years lightly, and we hope that for several more seasons he will continue his able advocacy of Catholic principles and privileges.

A Catholic Bavarian journal sums up as follows the successes which the tact, wisdom, and patience of Pope Leo XIII. have won for the Church and the cause of religion during the year which lately came to a close. It is mainly due to the qualities above mentioned—which the Pope never fails to display in all his dealings with foreign Governments—that the work of pacification in Germany, if not as yet altogether complete, has at least made very decided progress. In like manner it can not be denied that the Pope has been successful in drawing the serious attention of the Governments of Europe to the utterly insupportable character of the situation in which he is placed, as well as to the injustice shown him by those under whose power he lies. In other countries, too, Papal diplomacy has gained victories, and among these countries are especially mentioned Spain, Portugal, Hungary, China, Japan, and India. In conclusion, our contemporary remarks that even the enemies of the Church have felt themselves repeatedly compelled to do justice to the great qualities of heart and the signal intellectual abilities which distinguish the reigning Pontiff, and win for him the admiration even of those who are hostile to the claims of the Holy See.—*The Bombay Catholic Examiner*.

From Rome comes the sad news of the death of a great man and a great priest, the Very Rev. Pierre Jean Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus. Probably few men exercised a wider influence than Father Beckx did during his life-time. As a diplomat, a scholar, an organizer, and a polemical writer, he was known throughout Europe. It was he who established the *Civiltà Cattolica*, probably the ablest Cath-

olic magazine in the world. Father Beckx was a Belgian of humble parentage; he entered the Society in 1819, and in 1852 was appointed Provincial in Hungary, where he used his influence in establishing the Concordat between the Holy See and Austria. He was afterwards elected to the position of Superior-General, which he held till his death, at the venerable age of ninety two. *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons lately deceased are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Brother Stanislaus, Provincial for the United States of the Alexian Brothers, who was called to the reward of his self-sacrificing life on the 24th ult. He was a religious of great charity, and was beloved by his community and the poor wherever he had served them.

Mrs Catherine McKeever, who breathed her last on the Feast of the Purification, at the residence of her son, the Rev. E. M. McKeever, of Blairsville, Pa. The devout life of this venerable lady was a source of constant edification to the Catholics of Blairsville, and her memory will be held in benediction by all who knew her.

Mrs. Mary Kiely, mother of the Rev. John M. Kiely, the beloved pastor of the Church of the Transfiguration, Brooklyn, whose death occurred in Ireland on the 20th of last month.

Mrs. John Brown of New Haven, Conn., who died a happy death on the 27th ult.

Miss Gertrude Costello, a fervent Child of Mary, who departed this life at Chelsea, Mass., on the 4th inst.

Miss Bridget E. Lynch, whose happy death, after a long illness, took place at Holyoke, Mass., on the 9th of February.

Miss Delia Rutledge, an exemplary client of Our Lady, who rendered her pure soul to God on the 3d inst., at Paterson, N. J.

Miss Susanna Hughes, of Altoona, Pa., a warm friend of THE "AVE MARIA," who peacefully expired on the 24th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. William J. Sullivan and Mrs. Agnes Ward, of San Francisco; Michael Burke, Winona, Minn.; Mr. Michael Morrison, Boston; Mrs. Mary Bonney, Monches, Wis.; Mrs. David Lynch, Hudson, Mich.; Mrs. Mathilda Graham, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mary O'Neill, Mrs. Ellen Rohan, and Mrs. Charles Rourke, Holyoke, Mass.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

III.

The next morning the "tramps" and the sun got up together—and Waggy, of course; but the latter went off into such compound, double-back-action shrieks and yaps of delight, that they actually had to tie up his jaws (and, by the way, they did it with one of Mémé's white muslin cravats!). Then they all three scrambled into Mémé's room, the two-leggeds to pitch themselves on the bed, smother her with kisses, and ask if they could go out on the pavement; the four-legged, to amble all over her and the "tramps," with a wig-wagging that made their curls fly.

At the request she demurred: "I'm so afraid you'll get lost!"

"We'll stay right at the door."

"Yes," said Laurie, "we will surely."

"But, dearies, the music and the soldiers and the crowds! You *might* forget—"

"No: we promised mamma"—she looked at them with startled eyes—"in our di ries, you know, to mind you and papa just the same," began Phil, and Laurie finished with:

"'In all things reason'ble,' like it says in the Catechism. That was for *you*, Mémé; for we didn't want to say we would, and then be balky. And papa we'd have to mind anyway, even if he were not reason'ble; but he always is, so it doesn't matter; and this is too." (Laurie was a good deal like "Mr. Toots" sometimes, when he tried to explain.) Then, with a sudden kindling of keen interest in his eyes, he asked: "*Can* we go!"

They were upright little lads, and had early been taught the value of a promise, and the importance of keeping one; so

Mémé said, "Yes"; but she asked if they thought they could put down in their "di'ries" what they saw, till she came down. (She knew *that* would keep them "put").

"Oh! yes, indeed," they said, as they hopped about, adding "we won't even go on the pavement, unless something awfully nice comes; but we'll sit in the window and write."

And down they slid in the lift, and an hour later, when she entered the reception-room, there were the two golden paws bent over such smeary little books, and a pair of tawny paws resting on the window seat between them, while a feathery tail fanned both impartially.

Those diaries! If you could have seen them! Here is an extract:

"A regiment has just gone by." (The "tramps" were not invulnerable on the score of spelling.) "It was in grey, and about a milyun men in it. Ime not sure of the milyun, but I counted till my eyes wobbled. And it's worse than sheep over a wall when you want to go to sleep, and Waggy's snugling at your tose, and nibbling them with his mouth. War is a noble thing. I wouldn't like to be shot, nor have enny legs of; but Ide like to ride at the front of a regiment, and wave my sord and say, 'Come one, come all!' like Rodrick Dew [!], or Georgè Washington, or Putnam—no: *he* rode down some steps, and didn't want them to come—I forgot. Washington is nice—I mean the town. The cappittle" (this was the result of a joint effort) "is big, and the monyument; and white both of them, and high. There goes a regiment of black men with muffs bigg as me—most—on their heds.

"I wish you could see it all, my dear little mamma! We miss you *awful*, and we're all the time beginning to tell you things, and you ain't there.

"O there goes a band! but we don't know where, and we can't go, cause we promised; and you and papa said good promises must always be kep. Whee—e—! listen to that! It makes the back of my legs shake and

tremble, and like cold water up my neck. O my! there's another regiment, and it's going to—

"We went to the door. It *did* stop, and all sort of huddled together; and when we thought it was in a heap, it was a long line. Then a man stepped out and hollerd. He hollerd so loud, he got red in the face. All he said was, 'Arh—umps!' But every time the soldiers did something difrent. The guns went up and down, and one side and the other, and the soldiers got reel tired; for fast as they'd settle the guns one place, they'd have to take them up. Once all of them dropped them right down on the ground, and put their legs out and leaned on them—not their legs they leaned on, but the guns. Then they marched away with the drums just ratling, and a long string of darkies marching after; and they all tramped time, and whizzled louder than the fifes."

Then came breakfast; then Mr. Hastings and Mémé took the "tramps" out, not to walk but to *wedge* through the crowd. It was more dense than the night before, and from every quarter floated the music of the bands belonging to the troops that were massing at the Capitol. The parks were covered with temporary stands already packed with people; the store-windows were stripped of their wares, and built up in steps, filled with blooming girls, smiling matrons, and jolly youngsters. The roofs were lined with men; the trees bore strange fruit—ragged urchins; and the telegraph-poles were decorated with venturesome men, who risked their lives with a cheerful grin, and held on by the legs like orang-outangs. The air was blazing with sunshine, and from all the housetops floated hundreds and thousands of flags—big, little, medium-sized—of silk, cotton, bunting, cambric; yards of flags, pennons by the hundred yards—these last festooning the faces of buildings and stands; and every dwelling, shop, hovel, and apple-stand on the line of march was hidden by designs, mottoes, garlands, flowers, evergreens—everything that enthusiasm, taste (good and bad), and the circumstances could suggest.

And such good-nature politeness, merri-ment, and sobriety as only one of these great national jams can boast. The throngs overflowed the pavements early in the morning, and by ten o'clock the great Avenue (up which fifty men can march abreast, without crowding and with a good margin on each side) was a mass of bobbing heads.

By eleven the "tramps" were glad to go to the Treasury, where Secretary McCulloch's courtesy had secured good places for Mémé and themselves on the south portico, facing the whole sweep of the Avenue; and where they at once perched on the two very high stools provided for them, rapping their heels in great excitement, and with their eyes fixed unwinkingly on the Capitol.

Mr. Hastings was going to the Senate Chamber to join Senator Morrill and Senator Hawley; for he was anxious to hear the address, and witness the swearing in of the chief magistrate,—a really impressive sight; so, after giving Mémé a large parcel of lunch for the "tramps," and furnishing each of those young gentlemen with two apples, a banana, an orange, and a strip of jujube-paste, wherewith to ward off starvation, he left them.

Just how they got through the next hour is a problem, and they listened so intently for the gun-fire that Phil said his ears felt like Waggy's looked—"pricked up and the ends wagging"; but at last it came, and down over the grand terrace of the Capitol, by the south side, came pouring the river of steel. Swinging along with rhythmic tread—erect, stately, harmonious in movement, color, and tone—they advanced, line after line, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, and division after division,—horse, foot, and dragoons. There were men from the North, the South, the East, and the West,—men who had fronted one another in wild charges, and learned one another's worth through the haze of cannon smoke and in the battle's shock; but to-day they marched on a holiday, and the divided armies were one again; and cheer after cheer rose, and the flutter of handkerchiefs

was like a flying spray on the wave of hats that mounted and fell with the "hip, hip, hurrah!"

And the "tramps" nearly rolled off their stools laughing at the crowd and the policemen. It was like watching a big black fan open and shut; the mounted officers galloped, and the footmen trotted and ran, and both puffed and snorted, shouting entreaties and commands; but it was no use. As long as the troops filled the street, the people kept to the curb-stone; but if a regiment came up in "eights," out they rushed to look closer, and refresh themselves by a peep down street to see what was coming next.

One old black "auntie" was arrested under the boys' eyes, after a series of darts and rushes that had driven two of the officers half frantic; and while Phil and Laurie were beginning to feel very anxious about her, they saw her suddenly rise in her might, jam the nearest officer's helmet over his nose, give the other such a blow as to leave him breathless, and take to her heels, shouting back as she ran:

"I'se gwine to see dish yer percession ef I dies fer it!"

Then everybody laughed, and got in the way of the policemen, who gave her up at last with a grin, and let her see the "percession" unmolested and triumphant.

"What pretty tunes they play, Mémé,—all those grey ones?" said Phil; and Laurie added, "Like the songs you sing, Mémé."

And they were; for the "grey ones" that day marched to none of the tunes that rang through the South from '61 to '65, but went under the old flag to the strains of "Bonnie Dundee," "The Highland Laddie," "The Cameron Men," and a host more, dear to all music lovers, and that left no bitter echoes in any ears.

Then presently up the street came a handsome greyhaired man, who sat his horse like a prince, and bowed right and left to the frantic cheering that kindled and spread like fire, and rolled in advance of him with the roar of a flood-tide.

"Oh! is that the President?" they gasped, and quite fell off their stools this time.

But a one-armed man on the pavement below bawled, "Rah for Lee!" And an empty-sleeved man next him at the same moment said, "Rah for Hancock!" And the whole street burst into a shout, through which rang the "tiger" and the "rebel yell"; and the next thing the "tramps" knew, the one-armed men were in a hair-pulling fight as to which had cheered the right man and his own old commander.

But it *was* Fitz Lee.

Such a day as that was, to be sure! But to tell about it would take a good many weeks, and I must hurry on to its closing incident.

The sun shone so hot that several soldiers dropped out of the ranks, overcome by the heat; and the dazzling, steel-tipped, swaying line was so many hours passing, that at last Laurie, in spite of his interest, his pluck, and his silence, had to own himself "tuckered out," and lay his curly pate on Mémé's knee, with the veins throbbing in a bad headache. She said at once:

"Let's go, mannies." And Phil answered, "Right off."

But Laurie said: "Mémé, we can't get 'cross the street, and Phil and you haven't got headaches; and let's stay. I'm *very* comfort'ble, truly."

So she tilted her parasol over him, and Charlie Butler (the colored messenger who was there to wait on the gentlemen and ladies) brought some ice-water and a fan, and she watched her chance to slip through the line. In about half an hour she noticed that the crowd had—unchecked—filled in the street, pressing close about the fine, stalwart "sachems" of the Tammany Club, and she timed her movements so as to cross just after this famous organization had passed; "for," she argued, "I had better get Laurie back to the hotel, than keep him waiting for papa."

But she counted without her host; for by this time the first mile or two of the procession, having been reviewed by the President, was falling out of line at pre-

arranged points beyond the White House, and marching by regiments and sections toward the various quarters, with the same splendid confusion of band music as in the morning. The crowds halted to see this postscript to the day's pageant; and wagons, carts, and carriages pulled up to take a look, too; and another half hour had gone by before Mémé stood breathless but triumphant on the opposite curb.

As she stood a moment before entering the solid mass of people on the sidewalk, she became conscious of a sudden and increased pressure, a jostling and an irresistible stress and movement. There was a hasty scattering of the crowd; and swinging around the corner sharply, with clatter of hoofs and jar of guns and caissons, came a company of artillery, headed by a gallant young figure on horseback, his *aiguillettes* flashing, his red-lined cloak flying, and his handsome, fierce eyes shaded by his helmet.

"Oh, look, Mémé!" piped Phil and Laurie.

And she stood a moment to see, then uttered a quick, "Don't move!"

And the next they saw was her trig little figure running back into the cleared space, across which a child about a year old had started; but midway it had stopped, and was standing calmly, looking at the great, galloping horses and the whirling guns. It was a poorly-clad baby, and its little sister (who was also its nurse) stood shrieking on the curb.

A shout went up, a dozen men leaped forward; but it was hopeless, and a dead silence fell on the crowd. At the first sound, the young officer started in his saddle, and his face changed a shade; but he did not draw rein or hesitate; to stop was impossible, and death seemed inevitable.

Mémé had caught up the child, and stood facing the battery. The girl was as white as snow, but her great blue eyes were calm, and her right hand fluttered a moment in the Sign of the Cross; then the young Lieutenant swung down in his saddle, caught her and the child from the ground, recovered himself by an effort that jerked

his helmet off (to roll crushed the next instant under the wheels of the advance caisson), and struck in an oblique line to the south curbing, where in an instant he was off his horse, while the battery—no one having ordered a halt—rolled on and away.

How the crowd cheered, and how they surged around the two, shaking his hand, and—the older ones—venturing friendly words and an occasional pat on the shoulder to her! They had given to the day the touch of romance so dear to the American heart, in spite of its dollar-getting; and there is no knowing how long they would have been detained but for the determination of Lieutenant Wentworth, who forced a way—good-naturedly generally, sternly sometimes, and persistently always—toward the north side of the street. For when, as he flung himself from his horse, he had asked: "Madam, for God's sake, tell me are you hurt?"

Mémé had answered: "No, but my little brothers—I left them in the crowd. Could you—oh! *would* you, sir, get me back to them?"

"Where?" he asked, rather helplessly.

"I left them just there"—indicating the watch-box.

(Meantime Miss Belinda Biggs, the cause of the adventure, was being handed about in the crowd like refreshments, and dowered with enough coppers and nickels to set her up in business for life, her small sister sharing the prestige; so, seeing her safe, Mémé eagerly followed the lead of her new acquaintance.)

"Haden't I better take you home, madam, and set the police to looking up the children?"

"Oh! thank you, no. I couldn't think of putting you to so much trouble. Besides, we are strangers here, and as soon as, I find the 'tramps,' we can manage nicely."

"The—?"

"My little brothers," she explained, coloring faintly at her slip; "they are such walkers and out-door gypsies, that we call them the tramps. But your head—the sun beats so fiercely!"

He had raised his hand to his forehead, and tossed back his head with an impatient gesture.

"It's nothing," he answered, hastily. "I don't mind the sun, thanks; but a fellow looks such a fool going along bare-headed," he added, with a smile that softened his face wonderfully.

"Would you take this?" she asked, rather timidly, looking at the square brow just now furrowed by the meeting of the level eyebrows; for the strong white light smote full in his eyes. "I got it for travelling, and I think it might fit. It is a large size."

"I should say so," he thought admiringly; for her masses of golden hair could hardly be restrained by pins and bands. And he further thought, "The girl's a jewel!" for "this" was a silk travelling cap, and he slipped it over his close-cropped head with much satisfaction.

"There they are!" she said, and sprang forward; and he saw hanging hard to a hitching-post near the watch-box two very sober, very tearful, very rumpled little boys, who never lost their place, though the crowd hustled and bumped and drove full against them.

"O Mémé!" they exclaimed, and clung to her; "we thought you were dead, but we stayed 'cause you said to, and we were thinking maybe we'd never get found any more. And poor papa!" And they dived for their handkerchiefs, overcome by the respect. But it took so long to find them, that they said: "Never mind! She's here now, and we're found, so we won't cry any more." And then Phil, slipping a confidential little paw into Lieutenant Wentworth's white-gloved fingers, said:

"We're much obliged, sir, for saving Mémé; but I thought first you were going to kill her, and I hated you, and hoped you'd tumble off your horse and break your neck," he added, with the charming candor of childhood.

"I'd rather have done it, you may be sure, my little man, than to have hurt her," was the emphatic answer.

And Laurie, with memories of his father, said: "Pleased to be acquainted, sir. Come and see us."

The Lieutenant lifted his—Mémé's—cap, and looked eagerly toward her; but she was busy straightening Phil's collar and cap, and did not second the invitation. His training in Indian tactics, however, had not gone for nothing, so he bowed and said: "Thank you, and you must come to see me at the Barracks. There's a drill day after to-morrow." Then to Mémé, in a very masterful way: "And now you must let me take you home. The crowd is getting worse every moment."

"No, no," she said; "we have only a square or two to go—to the Ebbitt, you know."

"You will take my arm, please," was his only answer. "Come, boys, follow close."

And the next moment they were breasting the human torrent up 15th Street to F, Phil and Laurie dodging and skipping behind, clinging jointly and vigorously to the Lieutenant's sword, which they had begged to carry, when—after tripping up two old gentlemen, pulling the shawls off three old ladies, and rapping several small children's heads with its hilt—he had unbuckled it and tucked it under his arm.

As they reached the ladies' entrance of the hotel, he bowed and said: "Madam, if you will allow me to keep the cap until I get back to the Arsenal, I will immediately return it."

"Please do not," she said; "keep it altogether; and, oh! I beg you will not think me ungrateful because I am so silent and have not thanked you for saving my life. I do not know how. But your courage and your kindness—" And she covered her eyes with her hand a moment and turned white at the memory of the iron-shod death so nearly on her.

"Don't think of it, I beg," he interrupted, distressed at her agitation.

"I shall never forget," she continued; "and God and Our Lady reward you! You are stationed here?"

"At the Arsenal," he said, hastily.

"Then perhaps you will let my father call on you, and say how—there he is now! Papal!"

And Phil and Laurie rushed for him, pouring out such a confused account of it all, that he lifted her into the little waiting-room, and only after a dozen questions—holding her to his breast with a face whiter than her own, and nervous, shaking hands,—could he be persuaded she was not mortally injured. Then he remembered the young man, who was slipping modestly away, when Phil bawled:

"Here's your sword—wait!"

Then Mr. Hastings took his hand and arm in a grip that nearly crushed them, and tried to speak, but the words died in his throat, and all he could say was:

"If you only knew what she is to me! My God, if she had been killed! I can never tell you—anything I can do—the chance may come—God and Our Lady bless you!" Then again: "If you only knew what she is to me!" And great tears rolled over his face, and all the time he pumped Wentworth's hand up and down in the hideous fashion that is our one national expression of gratitude, gratification, friendship, sympathy,—in short, the whole gamut of emotions.

"Indeed, sir," said the young man, "you make too much of it. I did really nothing. I am only too proud and happy to have saved so"—lovely a girl, he was going to say, but substituted—"brave a girl. Why, sir" (and the soldier's emotion swept aside the man's admiration), "you never saw anything as splendid in your life! She stood there with that child in her arms, and didn't flinch. She faced the battery without a sound; and just as I was wondering how I could catch her firmly enough to keep the shock from throwing her, she lifted her hand, and that gave me a chance to grip her. I'm afraid," he added, ruefully, "I hurt her awfully; for it was the *one* chance, and I didn't think how delicate women are. Will you ask her please, for really I am very unhappy about it? She's so plucky, she never"—and he mumbled away inar-

ticularly, aghast at the sudden idea that presented itself.

But Mémé had vanished with the two little boys. She really *had* to go off and cry a bit; for the great horse and the jarring guns seemed to rear above her and rattle in her ears every few minutes; and as yet the memory of the fierce, handsome eyes and the sweep of the vigorous arm that snatched her up was only an after-thought.

So the two men exchanged cards, made arrangements for meeting later in the evening—the cap was a reserve-force now,—and went their two ways, Mr. Hastings to Mémé's room, and the Lieutenant to the Arsenal, to look up his battery, and account for its appearance without him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Archbishop's Shoes.

One rainy day in Spring, a poor student entered the shop of a shoemaker in Madrid, and said to him:

"Please see if you can mend these shoes. I am too poor to buy a new pair."

"They are not worth mending," replied the shoemaker; "your feet are almost as much exposed as if they had no covering at all. Let me offer you a new pair, and you may pay," he added, pleasantly, "when you are the archbishop. It is a pretty long time to wait, but it is not by giving money only that one can exercise charity—take them: I make you a present of them."

The student thanked the shoemaker, and promised never to forget his kindness.

Years fled by. The shoemaker had grown too old to work as in days of yore, and had but scanty means of subsistence. One fine morning a canon of the cathedral came into the shop, and said to him:

"I have been sent by our new Archbishop to conduct you to the palace."

The poor man wondered what the summons could mean, for he had never spoken to an archbishop in all his life. However, the priest spoke to him encouragingly, and they set out for the cathedral residence.

When the shoemaker was ushered into the Archbishop's presence, His Grace said to him, kindly:

"My friend, I want to pay you a debt contracted long ago."

The poor shoemaker, greatly confused, could scarcely believe his ears when the Archbishop continued, with a smile:

"I once got a pair of shoes of you, for which it was agreed I should pay when I became Archbishop of Madrid. And, since you were so kind as to trust me, I wish now to recompense your generosity. I am the poor student whom you befriended."

The prelate then took a purse which lay before him and handed it to the old man, saying, "Here is the price of the shoes. Now ask of me any favor you wish, and, if it be in my power, you shall have it."

The shoemaker burst into tears, and said: "The sum which your Grace has presented to me is more than the price of a hundred pairs of shoes. My only desire is that my two daughters, who are still young, may be cared for after my death."

"You shall see your wish realized."

"May God bless your Grace!" was all that the poor man could reply.

The Archbishop immediately carried his promise into execution by founding a home for noble maidens, of which the two first inmates were the shoemaker's daughters, to whom he delivered letters of nobility. He also cared for their father as long as he lived. The old man always took great delight in speaking of the Archbishop's charity, and died blessing his benefactor.

City of Mary.

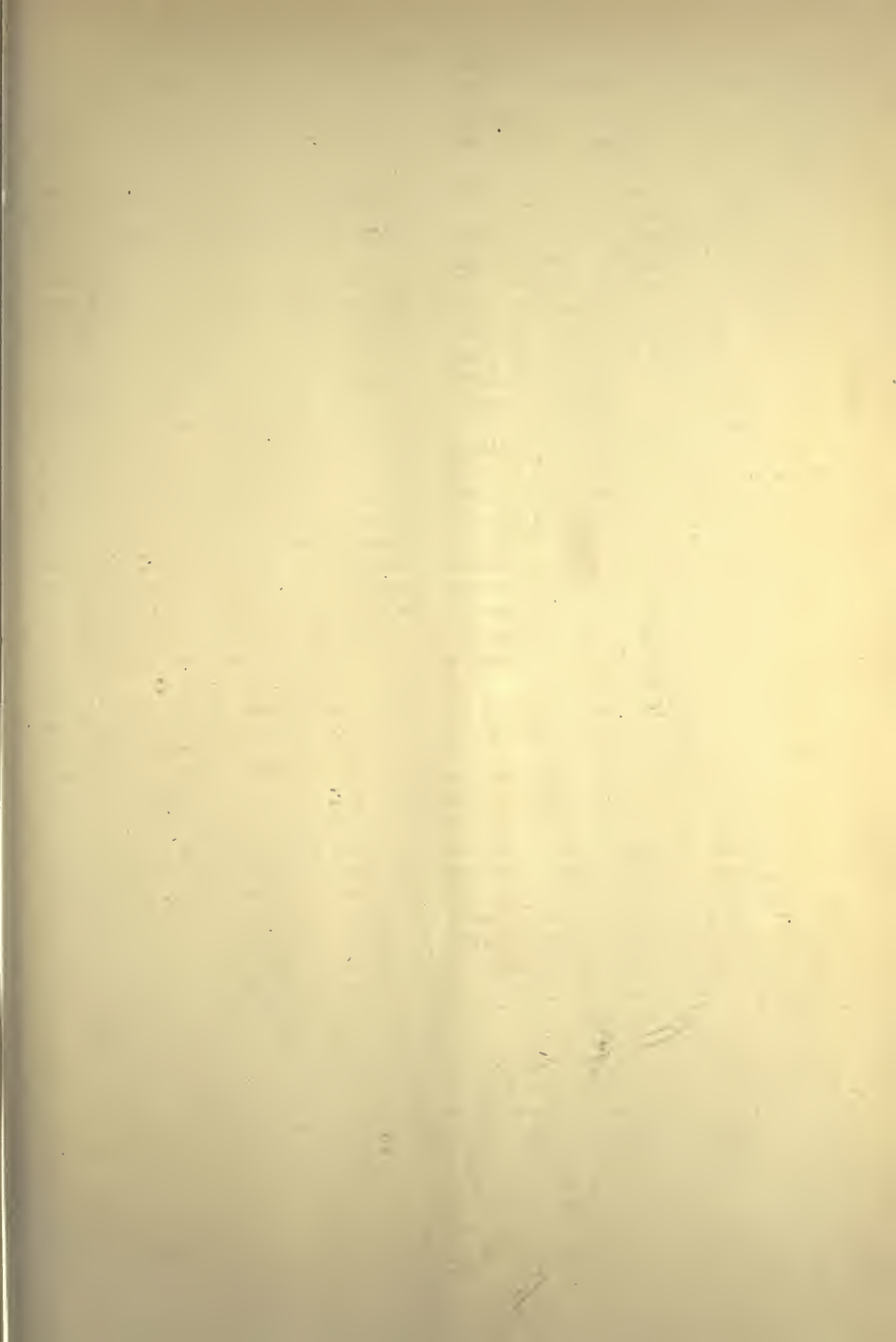
There is no place in all Christendom, perhaps, where devotion to Our Lady is more general and more fervent than in the quaint old city of Bruges, Belgium. It used to be called on this account Mariastadt—"City of Mary." An annual procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin, on the Feast of the Assumption, has taken place there almost uninterruptedly since the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Brother Cyprian's Lily.

Some years ago there died in one of our Catholic colleges a religious named Brother Cyprian, who is still remembered "like yesterday" by all who knew him. This proves him to have been a man above the common, otherwise he would long since have been forgotten. He was distinguished, among other things, for his great devotion to St. Joseph, his patron in religion, and the recurrence of the Saint's Feast recalls an edifying incident, which is often dwelt upon by those who witnessed it. The good Brother, it seems, had set his heart on having a lily to place before the statue of St. Joseph on that day; but all those he had planted and tended so carefully with this end in view were still unblown on the eve of the Feast. It was a great disappointment; however, he had not forgotten that there was a beautiful lily in full bloom in the Senior study-hall, and he determined to ask the director to lend it to him.

Kind hearted and obliging as Brother A—— was, he declined to comply with the request, saying that whenever he lent plants they were sure to be returned in a damaged condition. Brother Cyprian made no reply, but, before retiring to rest, he prayed to St. Joseph to provide a lily himself. Next morning, when he went to open the study-hall of which he had charge, what was his surprise and delight to see one of his lilies in fullest bloom! With a glad heart he bore it to the chapel, and placed it in front of the statue of St. Joseph. Meantime Brother A—— discovered to his great chagrin that the beautiful lily which he had refused to lend the night before had faded to unsightliness. Was it only a coincidence? As for me, I like to believe that St. Joseph, who is called a hidden Saint, because his life was so retired, wrought a marvel to reward the devotion of his faithful client.

LIFE is not prone to offer twice the chances that undecided fingers let slip.—
Christian Reid.







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"Behold thy Mother!"

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, PASSIONIST.

"BEHOLD thy Mother!" Words He might have said

At Bethlehem, from the Crib; for She was then

New Eve, and Mother of our Life: or when He rose, the deathless first-fruits* of the dead; Or forth to Bethany His lov'd ones led.†

To watch the heavens receive Him out of ken. But no: He chose this hour, and caused the pen

Of him who *heard* to write what we have read.

Yes, dearest Lord! Our Mother was to be

By Thy gift doubly ours. And Thou didst wait Till She had shared Thy Passion—seen Thee prove

Thy love for us, and proved Her own for Thee,

To last excess: *then* solemnly instate The Queen of Mercy in Her realm of love.

Our Lady's Day.

THE Annunciation is truly Our Lady's Day, Her feast by excellence. The initial act of Redemption was done to day—Christ conceived, when Mary said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto Me according to thy word." If there were no Annunciation, there would be no Christmas—and no

Christianity. Hence this day marks the beginning of Christianity. It is Mary's feast by excellence, but it is also the feast of the Blessed Trinity: of the Father, for to-day He made the marriage feast for His Son; of the Son-God, for to-day He was united in marriage perpetual with our human nature; and of the Holy Ghost, for to-day was built unto Him in the Virgin's womb a glorious temple, the Body of Christ. Furthermore, it is a feast of the angels, for to-day began their rehabilitation into the favor erst beclouded by Lucifer's pride; and of all men, for to-day begins our inheritance as children of God.

Of the Evangelists, St. Luke merits the title of Historian of the Incarnation. He writes: "And in the sixth month" (*i. e.*, the sixth month of Elizabeth's pregnancy) "the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David: and the Virgin's name was Mary." Cardinal Bellarmine argues that this is the most important legation of sacred history. First, on account of the authority of the sender; second, the dignity of the person to whom the mission is made; third, the excellence of the legate; and fourth, the importance of the object. The sender is God. She to whom the ambassador goes is descended from a long line of patriarchs and prophets—She is of the royal house of David,—but She surpasses them all in the superexcellent royalty of Her merits; for She is conceived immaculate.

* I. Cor., xv., 20.

† St. Luke, xxiv., 50.

Nec primam similem visa est, nec habere sequentem,—"Nor did She have a peeress before or since."

Some Jewish interpreters hold that in the great Isaic exclamation, "Behold a Virgin shall conceive," not a *virgin* but a young girl was meant by the Hebrew word *alma*. But the great St. Basil refutes this by asking, with stringent pertinence, where would the prodigy be which is indicated by the unusual emphasis of Isaias? That a young girl joined in wedlock should conceive and bear a child is no prodigy, but that a virgin should conceive and bring forth an Emanuel is a miracle. St. Jerome says that the word *alma* means a maiden who lives in inviolable seclusion from the sight of men; and rightly, he says, did the seventy-two interpreters translate the word as meaning "virgin." Cardinal Cajetan, the greatest of commentators on the works of St. Thomas, conjectures that the Blessed Virgin was between twenty-seven and twenty-two years of age at the time of the Annunciation. The more probable opinion is that She was between fourteen and fifteen years of age—the age at which the Jewish maidens left the Temple for the world.

Of the dignity of the legate, suffice it to say that, though the Angel Gabriel was inferior to the Virgin Mary in the gifts of divine grace, yet he excelled Her in the gifts of nature. Besides, he was, so to speak, a senatorial spirit of heaven, conscious of its mysteries and sacraments, and the strength and fortitude of God, as the name itself implies.

It is unnecessary here to descant upon the importance of the object of Gabriel's mission to the Blessed Virgin. That you and I be Christians, and that we celebrate this day in thanksgiving for Redemption, and in the hope of blessed immortality, is sufficient declaration that the object was very momentous,—so momentous, indeed, that a very Archangel was chosen to make it known.

Three reasons are assigned by Cardinal Bellarmine why the Lord chose the little town of Nazareth as the place of His con-

ception. It was an obscure town. It had never produced a prophet, nor a king, nor an illustrious man. "Search the Scriptures," said the Pharisees to Nicodemus, "and see that no prophet ariseth from Galilee." "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" asked Nathaniel of Philip. Then Nazareth was inhabited by Jews and Gentiles alike. Isaias called it "Galilee of the Gentiles." Lastly, the word Nazareth in Hebrew means holy, secluded, flourishing. The Lord, therefore, chose humble Nazareth as the place of conception; for He was meek and lowly, and came into the world not to rule, but to serve, and give an example of humility;—the Nazareth of the Jews and Gentiles, for His mercy embraced them all;—and lastly, holy, secluded, flourishing Nazareth; for He was holy, "separated from sinners," "the Flower of the field, and the Lily of the valléys."

Catholic theology deduces the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception from the form of salutation addressed by Gabriel to the Virgin Mary. "Blessed art Thou amongst women" is a blessed assurance to a woman; but it was addressed to other women in the Old Law. Deborah the prophetess exclaimed: "Blessed among women be Jahel, the wife of Haber the Cinite!" And Booz said to the gentle Ruth: "Blessed art thou of the Lord, my daughter!" And David to Abigail: "And blessed be thou, who hast kept me this day from coming to blood, and revenging me with my own hand!" But where, from Genesis to the great "Amen" of the Apocalypse, do we find such another expression as that "Hail, *full of grace*: the Lord is with Thee"? Admitting for this once, but not conceding, the absurd translation of the Protestants, "Hail, *Thou that art highly favored!*" there still remains that (to them) inexorable "the Lord is with Thee." They may warp and distort text and context in a futile effort to belittle the great prerogative of the Immaculate, but the Lord is with Her all the same.

No wonder Mary "was troubled at his saying, and thought with Herself what manner of salutation this should be." St. Am-

brose gives us the reason: "It is natural for virgins to tremble, to fear every approach and speech of man." St. Jerome, writing to Læta, says: "Imitate Mary, whom Gabriel found alone in Her chamber; and, perhaps, therefore was She frightened, because She saw a man unknown to Her." To Eustochius the same Doctor wrote: "Have before thee, as an example, Mary, who was of so great purity that She was worthy to be the Mother of God,—who, when the Angel Gabriel went down to Her in the form of a man, saying, 'Hail, full of grace: the Lord is with Thee!' being filled with fear and consternation, could not reply; for She had never been saluted by a man." St. Thomas says that the Blessed Virgin was astounded at the news imparted to Her; for, being profoundly humble, She had never thought of such sublimities; and this coincides with the text, "She was troubled at his saying."

The Blessed Madonna asked, "How shall this be done?" Words of inquiry, not of doubt. St. Bernard says: "'How shall this be done?' She asks not *if* it will be done, but *how*." Mary had certainly read Isaias, and knew the deep significance of the great prophecy, "Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son." How it was to come to pass, the Prophet had not written, so Mary questions the Angel, and he condescends to give the explanation: "The Spirit of the Most High shall overshadow Thee." Mary doubted not of the effect, but of the quality of the effect. Zachary, on the contrary, when the Baptist was foretold, doubted the effect, and said, "Whereby shall I know this?" Mark the majestic reply of the Angel, which suggests indignation, if we may associate passion with a heavenly spirit: "I am Gabriel, who stand before God"; and mark Zachary's punishment: "And behold, thou shalt be dumb, and shalt not be able to speak until the day wherein these things shall come to pass; *because thou hast not believed my words*, which shall be fulfilled in their time." St. Augustine, commenting upon this, says: "The Angel, therefore, saw that there was no faith, but doubt and despair, in these words of Zach-

ary." Of the Blessed Virgin he adds: "She questioned the manner, but did not doubt the omnipotence of God. 'What is the manner—how shall this be done? You announce a Son to Me: you have My mind ready, tell Me the manner.'"

It may be in order here to ask if and why Mary's consent was necessary to the Incarnation. Absolutely, God could have united the Body of Christ with human nature in perpetual marriage independently of the will of the Blessed Virgin. But, for the greater merit of Mary, and to the further manifestation of the grace and condescension of God, Her consent to the mystic marriage was awaited, and this was in harmony with both the written and the unwritten law. "Let us call the maid, and ask her will," said Rebecca's brother to Abraham's servant.

And so this most Blessed Maid at Nazareth gave Her consent in the words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto Me according to thy word." In that instant, by the ineffable overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, Christ was conceived. St. John tells it with brevity and solemnity: "And the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt amongst us." God hypostatically joined in that instant the divinity of His Son with our humanity, so that both natures began to exist in one person. This was independent of any co-operation of the Virgin Mary. But, inasmuch as She bore Him, and He derived sustenance and natural life from Her most blessed body, She was the Mother of Christ, and therefore the Mother of God; for, as theologians say, the Divine Person was the *terminus completus*—the complete terminus—of the conception.

Though the Incarnation is the work of the Trinity—it being an *opus ab extra*,—yet is it in a peculiar manner the work of the Holy Ghost. Because the Incarnation of the Word is derived from the pure love of God, which love is especially attributed to the Holy Ghost, just as power is attributed to the Father, and wisdom to the Son. Again, human nature was assumed by the Son into the unity of one person by grace

alone, and grace is especially attributed to the Holy Ghost. Lastly, because through the Incarnation the humanity of Christ received sanctification from the Divinity, and this is also the work of the Holy Ghost.—I have but quoted the doctrine of St. Thomas.

The season of the year—the beautiful spring-time—is not without significance—I was about to say, mystery. Christ and the Baptist, in their conception and birth, divide between them the four cardinal days of the year—two solstices and two equinoxes. The Baptist, conceived at the autumnal equinox, was born in the summer solstice. Christ, conceived at the vernal equinox, was born in the winter solstice. John represented the Old Law, Christ was the Vangel. And as in autumn the harvest is gathered in, and the fields abroad become dry and unfruitful, so at the conception of John in the autumn the Law of Moses was fast approaching desuetude, and its ceremonies falling into uselessness, like the leaves from the trees. And as in the spring-time a new year is begun, and every growing thing abroad begins to bud and blossom, so when Christ came upon earth at His conception, on this blessed spring day of March, a new people, new laws, new sacrifices, new Sacraments, and new ceremonies began.

John represented the old man, Christ the new and regenerate. And as at the summer solstice the days begin to shorten, and at the winter solstice to lengthen, so John, born at the summer solstice, and typifying the ancient man, decreased. Christ, born at the winter solstice, and Himself the New Man, who was to beget new men by His plentiful redemption, increased. Wherefore with reason did John once exclaim, "He must increase, but I must decrease." If we follow the figure still more, it borders upon the literal; for John was beheaded, and Christ was lifted aloft upon Calvary, and not a bone of Him was broken, while His kingdom began to increase there and then, in the hearts of the many who went down the mountain side "striking their breasts."

A last consideration. On this blessed day

the primeval curse upon Eve is rescinded in the great things done to the Second Eve, and in whom woman is rehabilitated. To-day we cease to be "exiled children of Eve," and begin to live in the divine hope begotten for us by the Maiden of Nazareth. The winter of God's wrath has passed away, and the spring tide of His mercy has set in—not unlike the happy season of the year itself. "For winter is now past: the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land. The time of the pruning is come; the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XII.

BUT Helen's quietness did not deceive her mother, whose heart ached as she saw in the pale young face all the woful change wrought by one night of suffering, one sharp touch of anguish. Yet, if she had only known it, the girl brought back into the house a very different face from that which she had taken out in the early morning, when, driven by an intolerable sense of pain, she had gone in search of strength to bear it. There was but one place where such strength was to be found, and thither her feet had carried her direct. She was the first person to enter the little church when it was opened to the freshness of the summer morning, and long after the Holy Sacrifice was over she had still knelt, absorbed and motionless, before the altar. Every one went away: she was left alone with the Presence in the tabernacle; and in the stillness, the absolute quiet, a Voice seemed speaking to her aching heart, and bringing comfort to her troubled soul. When at length, warned of the passage of time by the striking of a distant clock, she lifted her face from her clasped hands, even amid the stains of tears there were signs of peace. The sting of bitterness had been taken out of her grief, and, that being so, it had become endurable.

She might and would suffer still, but when she had once brought herself to resign this suffering into the hands of God, and with the docility of a child accept what it pleased Him to permit, the worst was over.

The first result of the struggle she had made and the victory she had gained was apparent when, on her return home, she went to Marion's room. The generous heart could not rest without clearing itself at once of the least shadow of injustice, and she had implied, if she had not expressed, a blame of Marion which she was noble enough to feel might be unjust. Hence that visit which so deeply touched the girl, whose own conscience failed to echo Helen's acquittal.

Breakfast passed very quietly. Mrs. Dalton saw that her daughter was making an heroic effort to appear as usual, and she seconded it as far as lay in her power, talking more than was her custom, in order to allow Helen to be silent, and to prevent the boys from asking questions about the events of the preceding afternoon. To make no change in her manner to Marion was more difficult; but, with the example that Helen set, she was able to accomplish even this, and finally the usual separation for the morning took place with a great sense of relief to all concerned. Marion put on her hat and went out, ostensibly to keep an appointment with Mrs. Singleton, but really to be safely out of the way in case Rathborne should make his appearance.

Helen herself had some fear of this appearance, and she took refuge in her own chamber, dreading the necessary explanation to her mother, not so much on her own account as on account of the judgment upon Rathborne which she knew would follow. Tenderness does not die in an hour or a day; and, although her resolve to put him out of her life was firm, she was not yet able to put him out of her heart, nor to think without shrinking of the severe condemnation which her mother would mete out to him. There was no need for haste in speaking; she might rest a little, and gather strength for the trial, knowing that

Mrs. Dalton would make no effort to force her confidence.

So she was resting on the bed, where she had not slept at all the night before, when the door softly opened, and Mrs. Dalton entered the room.

"Helen," she said, gently, "I am sorry to disturb you, but Paul Rathborne is down stairs and asks to see you. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him that I can not see him," answered Helen. "It is impossible! You must speak for me—you must make him understand that he is entirely free from any engagement to me, and I do not blame him for what he could not help. I suppose you have guessed that something is the matter," she added, wistfully. "It is only that I have found out he cares for Marion—not for me."

Mrs. Dalton put her arm around her with a touch full of sympathy, without speaking for a moment. Then she said: "My child, I always knew he was not worthy of you."

"But this does not prove him unworthy of me," replied Helen, in a tone sharp with pain. "It only proves that he was mistaken when he thought of me."

"Men of honor do not make such mistakes," said Mrs. Dalton.

"How could he help falling in love with Marion?" continued Helen. "She is so much more beautiful, so much more attractive than I am! And that he has done so, settles the doubt of his disinterestedness which you always entertained. Do him so much justice, mamma. You feared that he professed to care for me because I have a little money. But Marion has none."

"We need not discuss that, my dear," said Mrs. Dalton, who was touched but not convinced by this generous plea. "It is enough if, satisfied that his affections have wandered, you are determined to dismiss him."

"Yes," said Helen, "I am determined on that. But I can not see him. You must go to him, and tell him from me that I do not blame him, but that all is at an end between us."

With this message Mrs. Dalton went down stairs. Her own mood with Rathborne was far from being as charitable as her daughter's, and her face, usually set in very gentle lines, hardened to sternness as she descended. She was not inclined to deal leniently with one who had so shamefully betrayed the trust placed in him, and had overshadowed so darkly the sunshine of Helen's life. Like some other parents, she had up to this time imagined that the stern conditions of human existence were to be relaxed for Helen, and that one so formed for happiness was to be granted that happiness in a measure which is allowed to few. A sense of keen injury was, therefore, added to her indignation at a treachery for which she could find no palliation.

Rathborne, who was anxiously expecting yet dreading to see Helen, drew his breath with a sharp sense of vexation when his aunt entered. This was worse than he had feared. Calculating upon Helen's gentleness, he had not thought that she would refuse to see him; and if she saw him, he believed that his influence would be strong enough to induce her to overlook anything. But when Mrs. Dalton entered, he knew that the consequences of his treachery were to be fully paid. A cold greeting was exchanged between them, and then a short silence followed, as each hesitated to speak. It was Mrs. Dalton who broke it, as soon as she felt able to control her voice.

"I have told Helen that you are here," she said, "but she declines to see you. It is not necessary, I presume, to explain why she declines. Of that you are fully aware. It is not necessary, either, that I should add anything to her own words, which are, briefly, that you will consider everything at an end between you. She added also that she does not blame you for anything that has occurred—but I hardly think that your own conscience will echo that."

"No," said Rathborne, who had paled perceptibly, "my own conscience does not echo it. On the contrary, I feel that I am deeply to blame; yet I hoped that Helen might believe me when I say that I am not

so much to blame as appears on the surface. A man may be tempted beyond his strength, and some women are experts in such temptation."

Mrs. Dalton looked at him with scorn in her eyes. "If you think," she said, "that you will serve your cause with Helen by such a cowardly insinuation as that, you are mistaken. And, as far as I am concerned, you have only taken a step lower in my esteem. But that is a point which does not matter. Wherever the blame rests, the fact remains that if Helen did not take the decision of the matter into her hands, I should do so. You have proved yourself a man whom it is impossible I can ever consent to trust with my daughter's life and happiness."

Rathborne rose to his feet. The decisive words seemed to leave him no alternative. He felt that he had committed a blunder which was altogether irretrievable, and combined with the keen mortification of failure was a hatred, which gathered bitterness with every moment, against the woman he believed to have led him on and deceived him.

"In that case," he said, "there is nothing for me to do but to go. I had hoped that Helen might understand—that she would not let a moment of folly outweigh the devotion of years; but if she judges me as hardly as you seem to imply, I see that my hope is vain. Tell her from me that if she knew the whole truth, she would regard the matter in a different light. But if she does not wish to know that truth—if she prefers to judge me unheard,—I can only submit."

"It is best that she should not see you," said Mrs. Dalton, who was glad that Helen herself had decided this point. "Even if you persuaded her to trust you again, I could not give my consent to the renewal of an engagement which has been ended in this manner."

"You have always distrusted me," said Rathborne, bitterly.

"No," she replied, gravely; "so far from that, I trusted you as my own son, though

I did not think you were the person to make Helen happy. I had always a fear that you did not care for her enough, and now I am forced to believe that you did not care for her at all. If you had done so, this could never have happened, just as it could never have happened if you had possessed the right principle and the sense of honor which I should certainly wish my daughter's husband to possess."

Rathborne could hardly believe the evidence of his ears as he listened to these severe, incisive words. He had always regarded Mrs. Dalton as a person who was mild to weakness, and whom, whenever it suited him, he could influence in whatever manner desired. He therefore scarcely recognized this woman, with her sentence of condemnation based on premises which he could not deny, though he made a faint attempt to do so.

"You do not understand," he said, "how a brief infatuation—a delirium of fancy—can attack a man, let his sense of honor be what it may. As for my attachment to Helen, that is something which has lasted too long to be doubted now."

"Will you inform me, then, how you proposed to reconcile it with your declaration to Marion?"

"That was drawn from me—forced from me!" he exclaimed. "It was a madness of the moment, into which I was led by her art."

Mrs. Dalton rose now, a bright spot of color on each cheek. "That is enough!" she said. "I can listen to nothing more. No man of honor would, for his own sake, utter such words as those—even if they were true, and I am sure they are not. Great as my niece's faults may be, she is incapable of such conduct as you charge her with. Go, Paul Rathborne! By such excuses you only prove more and more how unworthy you are of Helen's affection or Helen's trust."

"Very well," he answered, his face white and bitter with anger. "As you and she have decided, so be it. But take care that the day does not come when you will deeply regret this decision."

Then he turned and, without giving her time to reply, had she been so inclined, left the room.

Mrs. Dalton looked after him with a heavy sigh. Regret her decision, she knew that she would not; but it would be vain to say that she did not regret the necessity for it, that she did not think with a keen pang of Helen's suffering, and that she did not feel, with much bitterness, that Marion had not been guiltless in the matter. Yet even in the midst of her indignation she had pity for the girl, whose vanity and ambition were likely to wreck her life, as they had already gone far to alienate her best friends.

Meanwhile Marion could not disguise the fact that she was not in her usual spirits—for the thought of Helen weighed heavily upon her,—and Mrs. Singleton, observing this, drew at once her own conclusions.

"I am afraid the gypsy tea was not altogether a success, so far as you were concerned, or your cousin either," she said. "I heard that she went home with Frank Morley instead of with her *fiancé*. I will not ask any indiscreet questions, but I suspect that your attractions have drawn Mr. Rathborne from his allegiance. It is what I have anticipated for some time."

Marion frowned a little, annoyed by this freedom, which, however, she felt that she had drawn upon herself, and had no right to resent. But she evaded the implied question.

"Helen was not feeling well, and so she made her cousin take her home before we were ready to start," she said. "I am not particularly partial to Miss Morley's society, or Mr. Rathborne's either, and thought I would accept the seat you offered me. That was the whole matter."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Mrs. Singleton, not deceived in the least. "I was afraid there had been a lover's quarrel, and that perhaps you were the innocent cause of it. That is always such an awkward position. I have occupied it myself once or twice, so I speak from knowledge."

"I am sure that if you occupied it, it

must have been innocently," said Marion, with malice. "But we need not discuss what is not, I trust, likely to occur, as far as I am concerned. How is Mr. Singleton this morning?"

"Not well at all. This is one of his bad days. And it is one of mine, too," she added, with a slight grimace; "for I have just heard that Brian Earle is coming."

"And who is Brian Earle?"

"Surely you have heard my uncle talk of him? At least, it is most astonishing if you have not; for he likes him better than any one else in the world, I think; although they don't agree very well. I have no fancy for Brian myself; I find him entirely too much of a prig; but I will say that he might twist the old man around his finger if he would only yield a little more to his wishes and opinions. It is a lucky thing for us that he will not, but it does not make *his* folly less. Fancy! Mr. Singleton asked him to live with him, look after his business, and generally devote himself to him during his life, with the promise of making him his sole heir, and *he refused!* Can you believe that?"

"I must believe it if you are sure of it," said Marion, smiling at the energy of the other. "But why did he refuse?"

Mrs. Singleton shrugged her shoulders. "Because he was not willing to give up control of his own life, and spend the best years of his youth in idleness, waiting for an old man to die. That is what he said. As if he would not gain by that waiting more than his wretched art would bring him if he toiled at it all his life!"

"His art—what is he?"

"Oh! a painter—or an attempt at one. Are such people always visionary and impracticable? I judge so from what I have read of them, and from my knowledge of him. It is true that his folly serves our interest very well; for if he had agreed to what his uncle proposed, we should have no chance of inheriting anything; but, nevertheless, one has a contempt for a man with so little sense."

"I think you should have the highest

regard for him in this instance, since he is serving your interest so well. But why is he coming?"

"To see his uncle before going abroad again. Mr. Singleton has a strong attachment for him, notwithstanding the way he has acted, and I should not be surprised if he made him his heir, after all. So you see there is no reason why I should be overjoyed at his visit, especially since he is not at all an agreeable person, as you will see."

"I may not see," said Marion; "for I do not think I shall be in Scarborough much longer."

"You are going away?" said Mrs. Singleton, with a quick flash of comprehension in her eyes.

"In a few days probably," was the reply. "I promised to spend only a month with Helen, and I have been here now six weeks."

"But I thought you were good for the season," said Mrs. Singleton; while her inward comment was, "So matters are just as I thought!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Decreases.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

] SIT in sorrow by the ocean gates,
A-questioning the Fates.

I ask, 'What manner of strange ships are these
Stealing adown the seas,—

'Stealing adown the slanting seas?—what sail
Is yonder, calm and pale?'

Then the Fates answer me, "That goodly bark,
Braving the waters dark

"So fearlessly—the Cross upon her mast—
Is *Trust* come home at last.

"Yon quivering craft, that veers and puts
about,
Is the long-cruising *Doubt*.

"This dancing galley that the waters mock,
Shall strike upon a rock:

"'Tis *Chance*, a pleasure yacht; her ribs shall
bleach

Upon the blistering beach!"

Yet, still I see a flamelike, shining cloud,
And, eager, cry aloud:

'That other sail that waits upon the wind—
What is her name and kind?'

To me the Fates: "'Tho' lying still and wan,
She shall approach anon:

"Well manned and fit with any gale to cope—
Behold the trusty *Hope!*"

'Quicken the winds,' I cried, 'O worthy Fates!
In her are stored my freights;

'Nor am I fit for life of any sort
Till she shall reach the port!'

How a Russian Countess Found the True Fold.

(CONTINUED.)

THE letters of Count Rostopchine to his intimate friends, from whom he concealed nothing, prove that neither by her manner nor in her words did his wife disclose to him the least sign of her interior troubles; she always remained tenderly attached to him, shared all his friendships, and sympathized with all his tastes.

"Your last letter," he writes in 1802 to Prince Titsianow, commander of the Russian troops in Georgia, "grieved me so, that I can do nothing but think of your distressing position. My wife, entering my room while I was reading it, noticed a change in my countenance, and wished to know the cause of it. I gave her your note to read, and the effect on her was such that it made her ill for three days. Your trust and mine are in God. . . . My wife is busy preparing for your reception the large apartment which you know of, and, to comfort her, I tell her we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here next December." And again, to the same friend: "Your letter came at one of those happy moments when I enjoyed health of body and peace of mind. I read it walking through the fields, with

nothing to mar my happiness. I blessed God for all His mercies, and returned home, my eyes still wet with tears, hastening to make my wife aware of the glad tidings. You know how to value her affectionate regard."

In another letter he says: "I am so much in the habit of being surrounded by my wife and children, that it is with despair I take leave of them when obliged by business to go on a journey of a few days. . . . I am going to confess to you what you may call a weakness, a folly, or whatever you please. Having reached this place early, I went to bed and had three consecutive times the same dream,—a dream in which I received a letter from my father saying my wife had been killed in one of her walks. I was terribly shocked, although my dreams mean nothing, and have never come true; but here it was a question of losing the most precious treasure I possess, the greatest blessing God in His mercy has ever granted me. Adieu! Mock my fears if you will, but forgive me for having felt them." About the same time he wrote on the eve of a longer absence: "My departure was sad; those who know my wife will understand it; but I have no uneasiness as regards my children; they remain with their mother, who is their mentor, their model, and their protectress before the Almighty."

In 1805 Countess Rostopchine became acquainted with the Abbé Surugnes, Catholic parish priest of Moscow; he advised her to read a certain apologetical work, and having done so, all her doubts vanished, and she felt herself in heart and soul a Catholic. She seemed to grasp at once the whole doctrine and spirit of the Roman Catholic Church, and made her abjuration to this zealous priest; but, according to his prudent counsel, she kept the affair a secret even from her husband.

The Emperor Alexander's moderation rendered conversions easier and far less dangerous than they became afterwards under Nicholas, but care had to be taken that the news did not get abroad. Besides, the Count-

ess Rostopchine had to take into account the prejudices and violent temper of her husband. She knew well his love for herself, but she was aware also of his blind attachment to the religion of his country, the impetuosity of his first movements, and the shame he would feel for what would seem to him an apostasy. She accordingly waited for a favorable opportunity to reveal her conversion. She kept the heavy secret for eight or nine months, and yet, notwithstanding her anguish of mind, she declared she had never been happier than in this season of grace. The precautions she had to take in order to practise her religion remind one of the first ages of the Church.

The Abbé Surugnes was invited to dine once a week at Count Rostopchine's, at whose receptions was gathered the most brilliant society of Moscow. After dinner the Countess walked about with the priest, as if to converse, and, while passing through her vast apartments, she was able to make her confession; then, unseen by any one, he gave her a *custodium* containing seven consecrated Hosts, which he had carried concealed on his breast. Once in possession of the Divine Treasure, the Countess retired alone to her oratory, which was decorated with pictures of Our Lady and the saints—the Russian custom being in harmony with the spirit of the Church,—and where lamps burned night and day. She deposited the *custodium* on the altar before her *prie-dieu*, and, kneeling down, adored the hidden God whose presence changed her room into a sanctuary. After a fervent prayer, she went back to the drawing-room, and entertained her guests with her usual *esprit* and charming grace. Every morning, after the manner of the early Christians, she partook of the Bread of Life from her own hand.

From this intimate and daily intercourse with the Giver of all good gifts she acquired that strength of character which was her distinctive trait; she had the courage to confess her faith to the tyrant Nicholas, but even that was easy after the ordeal she underwent in declaring to her husband the step she had taken. His anger she was

ready to brave, but what she dreaded was estranging his love, shaking his confidence, and perhaps destroying their peace for life. Feeling that the moment had come to make the revelation, she entered his room one morning, after receiving Holy Communion with the greatest fervor, and said in as steady a voice as she could command: "I have a secret to tell you; it will cause you great pain, but I could not help it; for I obeyed God's will. I am a Catholic!" She expected some violent scene; the Count, however, did not utter a single word, but remained like one stupefied. Not daring to add any more, she slipped away, without his making an effort to detain her.

For a whole week he did not open his lips to her, but his fierce look and his obstinate silence revealed his indignation, and tortured the poor Countess. In truth, she would have preferred the most violent outburst of passion to this cruel reserve, more difficult to bear than the bitterest reproaches. But one morning, when she felt overwhelmed with sorrow, he came into her room, his face bearing the kindly expression of former days. He took her hand and kissed her, saying, "You have broken my heart, but since your conscience urged you to become a Catholic, you were right to obey it. It was God's will; let us say no more about it." The noble heart of Count Rostopchine had responded to that of his wife, and he sacrificed his displeasure as a husband and his prejudices as a Russian patriot, just as she had overcome all human considerations to follow the call of grace. He kept his promise, and never allowed a word to pass his lips, either to censure her conversion, or the secret she had made of it. He left her perfectly free to exercise her religion, and of his sincere and tender confidence constant proofs are found in his letters, where he speaks of her good works, her virtues, her faith, and the veneration with which she inspired him.

It is well known that after the suppression of the Society of Jesus, the order for which was extorted from the Holy See by the corrupt Governments of France, Spain,

and Portugal, the great Frederick, King of Prussia, and the Empress Catherine of Russia not only received but called into their States the exiled members of the holy militia, and opened to their zeal a wide field of action. Frederick, a cynical Protestant and a sceptic, was also a profound politician and statesman, and as such smiled at the stupidity of the Catholic sovereigns, who, of their own free will, deprived their countries of the services of these eminent religious, the pillars of thrones and of society by their virtues and their aptitude for teaching. He entrusted to them the direction of some important colleges, knowing well that his Catholic subjects would be made good Christians, and the others good citizens.

Catherine, a schismatic, resembling Frederick in her morals, her scepticism, and her wonderful intelligence, had welcomed the Jesuits with the same eagerness, and was wont to call them, like her royal friend, her "dear Ignatians." After Catherine, the Emperor Paul held them in high favor, and made a particular friend of Father Gruber. Alexander inherited, in this respect alone, his father's sentiments, and during the first years of his reign the Jesuits enjoyed the greatest freedom, and were permitted to evangelize White Russia, Siberia, and far-off colonies, as well as to educate the youth of Vilna and St. Petersburg.

After a time, however, the religious were attacked by the jealousy of the Russian clergy and of the Imperial University, but they offered no resistance; the holiness of their lives, their zeal for souls, and their inimitable system of education spoke eloquently in their favor, and were the only weapons of defence they made use of. The Count Joseph de Maistre, their great champion, who was very influential with the Czar, defended them by another argument. His penetration had given him an insight into the fatal consequences of the teachings known nowadays under the name of Nihilism; as an antidote to this growing evil, he proposed the Christian education of youth, and wrote to Alexander I. these prophetic lines, that recall the violent death of Alex-

ander II.: "This sect encircles Russia, or, rather, it penetrates it through and through, and saps it to its deepest roots. For the present, all it wants is the ear of children and the patience of monarchs: For what purpose will be seen later."

The Jesuits were peacefully training the children belonging to the higher classes, and preaching Catholicity only by their virtues. Their proselytism exercised itself more freely in society; prudence restrained their zeal, but they received joyously all who came to them for instruction. In this way secret conversions were rapidly increasing from year to year, just as in the spring flowers bloom under the action of the sun. Countess Rostopchine had the consolation of experiencing the happy effects of their zeal when she informed her sisters of the change of which her husband had been the first to hear.

It was during a journey to St. Petersburg, in 1808. She requested her sisters—the Princess Galitzin, the Countess Tolstōi, and the Countess Barbe Protassow—to come to see her, and receive an important communication she had to make to them. When they met, she revealed the mystery of her conversion, expecting some harsh recriminations; but she was mistaken. At her first words, the Princess Galitzin interrupted her. "I also," she cried "am a Catholic!" "And I, too!" exclaimed the Countess Barbe. The Countess Tolstōi alone was not able to join in the thanksgiving of her three sisters, and, no doubt, felt a pang of regret in witnessing their holy joy.

When one remembers that the conversion of the young Prince Alexander Galitzin, a pupil of the Jesuits' College at St. Petersburg, was the pretext for the ukase of the 20th of December, 1815, expelling the Jesuits, it may be supposed that the good religious were the instruments of the conversion of Princess Galitzin and her sisters; later the Prince Peter Galitzin, nephew of the Countess Rostopchine, became a Catholic, and the Emperor Nicholas compelled him to leave Russia and abandon his property.

From 1808 to 1812 the Countess contin-

ued her quiet life of study and prayer, never, however, neglecting the education of her children; she employed her leisure hours writing several works of controversy, some of which were published. In the mean time Count Rostopchine was doing all in his power to reawaken the patriotic feeling of his countrymen; he wrote pamphlet after pamphlet to rouse the hatred of the Russians against the ruler of Europe. The admiration he felt for Napoleon at the beginning of the Consulate was changed, after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, into mistrust and antipathy; his hatred grew more and more vehement after Austerlitz, Jena, and Eylau, as he foresaw the invasion of Russia, and the fierce war in which he was to play such an important part. A thrilling proclamation which he sent out like a cry of alarm in 1809, after Eylau, created great emotion throughout the whole Empire. From that day Rostopchine became the idol of the aristocracy, the gentry, and the people of Moscow, so that in 1812, when Napoleon's designs could no longer be doubted, Alexander was forced to overcome his personal dislike to his father's favorite by the irresistible demands of his subjects in favor of Rostopchine: he was named Governor-General of Moscow, a title conferring on him supreme authority over the surrounding provinces as well as the old capital.

Napoleon left Paris in the beginning of February, 1812, stopped at Dresden to receive the homages of the kings and princes, his vassals, and on the 24th of June crossed the Niemen at the head of 400,000 men. The army of the conqueror proceeded through a deserted country; towns and villages had been burned down, and everywhere were signs of ruin and desolation. Rostopchine kept alive the patriotic ardor of the Muscovite people; he neglected nothing for the defence of the holy city, in case the enemy should arrive under its walls. As a supreme resource he thought of setting fire to the old capital; measures had been taken a long time previously with this end in view; the sick and the wounded had been removed,

together with the objects of art and everything of value, provisions of all kinds, and lastly the fire-engines. All these and other circumstances coincide to throw on Rostopchine the responsibility as well as the glory of the destruction of Moscow.

In such extreme danger, Countess Rostopchine displayed her habitual self-possession; she quitted Voronovo with her children on the eve of the battle of Moscow, and came without delay to join her husband and share his fate. Her eldest son, Serge, aged sixteen, acted as *aide-de-camp* to his father. The pious woman prayed unceasingly, and by her noble exhortations kept up her husband's spirits whenever they were about to droop under the pressure of anxiety or physical exhaustion; during the last twenty nights he spent in Moscow he took no rest, nor did he even change his clothes. When the hope he had long cherished of a decisive battle before Moscow had vanished, and the evacuation of the troops had become necessary, he resolved to be the last to leave the city confided to his care.

Two days previously, still believing that there would be a bloody engagement, Count Rostopchine had sent out of the town his wife and children. Not expecting ever to see them again, he bade them a most solemn and touching farewell. He gathered his children about him, and, kneeling down before his wife, said: "My children, we may never meet again on earth; I wish, before bidding you a last adieu, to bless you, and beg, in your presence, your mother's pardon for all the sorrows I have caused her. She is a saint, and I ought always to have followed her advice. You will ever remember my words, and if I die obey her as you have obeyed me." He then rose, blessed his children, embraced his wife with tears, and gave the signal for departure. Such was the veneration the Countess inspired in her husband that on the very eve of accomplishing an act of heroism almost unparalleled in history, the indomitable enemy of Napoleon, the proud Governor of Moscow, humbled himself at the feet of a virtuous woman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Lady of Lourdes, Support of the Dying.

THE Catholic journals often recount the miracles of power and goodness performed by the Blessed Virgin at the Grotto of Lourdes; but of the wonders She operates in hearts—the strength, the courage, the resignation with which She inspires the afflicted and the sick, wherever She is invoked, whether in the distant hamlet or in the wretched hut—far too little is said. Let us bring up a case in point, that of a simple country girl. She was in her eighteenth year, the age of hope,—the age when the desire to enjoy life is strongest. Her parents were poor but honest, and had brought her up in the fear of God and apart from the world. Being the oldest of eight children, she assisted her mother in the household duties, when in the month of January, 1886 she felt the first symptoms of a malady which, from its nature, was incurable. By the most tender care she appeared, with the return of spring, to regain her strength; but, alas! with the fall of the leaves she relapsed into her former feebleness.

However, her confidence in Our Lady of Lourdes was great; she invoked Her fervently. At the pilgrimage of *Humières*, she was seen, despite her weakness, on bended knees imploring health from Her who is called Health of the Weak; she engaged her parents and a number of her companions to join her in a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes; she drank the miraculous water every day, and finally took no other beverage.

Still the Blessed Virgin seemed neither to notice her ardent faith nor hear her supplications. Doubtless it was because She had judged her ripe for heaven, and wished to remove her from the dangers of a corrupt world. If Our Lady refused to cure her, She at least inspired her to accept death with courage and resignation.

When the young invalid understood that her days were numbered, she made a gen-

erous sacrifice of her life. She had received Holy Communion at the beginning of the Month of the Holy Rosary, but she communicated again some days afterwards, and was anointed. She then asked to have a picture and the Beads of Our Lady of Lourdes, which she had bought at *Humières*, suspended at the head of her bed. Heretofore of a timid and reticent disposition, she now appeared full of courage, and expressed herself freely in language that sank deep into the hearts of her hearers. Seeing her brothers and sisters ranged around her, she said to them: "Poor little things! I have loved you well, as you know, and now I am going to leave you; if I have been negligent towards you, tell me." Once, while sitting at the window, she saw some children playing outside, and said: "I shall never again join in their amusements." "Who knows?" said her mother. "No: I am sure I am going to die," was the reply. Tears filled the eyes of the poor mother, and, in a voice broken with sobs, she said: "You have done your duty, my dear; but I—" "Oh! as to *my* duty," answered the dying girl, "it was easy, and of short duration—only eighteen years!"

But conversations of this kind, of which she herself was the subject, though quite natural under the circumstances, were not of frequent occurrence. How to encourage her parents was the principal object of her words and thoughts. One evening, while sitting with her mother in the flickering light of the fire on the hearth, the invalid seemed to be in a reverie. What were her reflections? Was she dreaming of the peaceful days of her childhood that had so quickly fled—of the happy days long ago when she made her First Communion? Perhaps the future was revealing its secrets to her, and representing to her, among the embers, a litter, on which reposed the dead body of a maiden covered with flowers. But no: her past had no regret, the future no anxiety; forgetful of self, and strong in faith, she was thinking only how she might express her last wishes. She called her mother to her side, threw her arms about her neck, and

then taking her hand, laid her head upon her breast and began:

"Dear mother, you know I am going to leave you, but I trust you will be brave and resigned, will you not? You have often told me the history of the holy man Job—to what poverty he was reduced. . . and yet he did not murmur; he said, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be His name!' And you, too, darling mother, when I shall have gone, will be resigned like him, and say, 'God gave her to me, God has taken her; blessed be His holy name!'"

Sacred religion of Jesus Christ, how beautiful, how consoling thou art! What heroes dost thou make of thy children! With what virtues dost thou fill their hearts! Oh! how wicked are those who would destroy thee, thou the only possession of the poor, the only resource of the afflicted!

The evening before her death, she artlessly inquired if all was well with her before God, if the priest had given her all the consolations of religion; she sent for her companions, and bade them adieu; afterwards her brothers and sisters gathered around her little bed; she embraced them one by one, saying, "To-morrow I shall no longer be with you." From time to time she embraced her father and mother; to the latter she confided her supreme wish—"O mother! I have only one regret: it is to leave you. I could wish to bring you with me, but that can not be; what would the poor little things do?" And then she named those by whom she would like to be carried to the grave. Oh! marvel of faith and piety! Socrates, making a dissertation on the immortality of the soul, before taking the fatal draught, is held up for our admiration; and behold here a Christian maiden of eighteen years, who quietly and simply names her pall-bearers!

Her last hour approached; her parents and friends, bathed in tears, stood around her. "Pray," said she to them,—“pray to Our Lady of Lourdes. O Immaculate Mother, protect me!” At her request they began to say the Rosary; when her suffer-

ings permitted, she joined her voice to that of her friends. Her eyes often sought the picture of Our Lady of Lourdes; finally she asked for it, and, after kissing it, pressed it tenderly to her bosom.

In her last agony she often whispered: "Another 'Hail Mary'! One more 'Our Lady of Lourdes'!" Suddenly she cried out: "I see Our Lady of Lourdes! There She is! . . . Do you not see Her?" Was it an illusion, or, rather, was it not a real vision of the Queen of Heaven, who touched by the piety and confidence of Her child, condescended to visit her lowly apartment, in order to assist her in her last struggles, and lead her to paradise? A deep sigh—the last—escaped her, and she passed away, while her friends around her invoked Our Lady of Lourdes. It was on a Sunday, the Feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin. At that moment the priest was reading in the Epistle of the day the words of the divine Spouse: "Arise, hasten, My well-beloved, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. The winter has passed, the clouds are scattered, and the flowers are budding forth upon the earth."

A few hours later I went, according to custom and, kneeling beside the bier, offered some prayers for the departed soul. I could scarcely realize that the youthful maiden, lying before me in her robes of white was not simply in a peaceful slumber. Death had not been rude with her; her eyes were closed as if in sleep; a smile of mingled sweetness and resignation still lingered round her lips; the lineaments of the face, far from being contorted, had assumed an angelic expression; her beads were entwined about her clasped hands, and upon her breast, close to her heart, lay the picture of Our Lady of Lourdes.

IF we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not be able to injure us.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

THERE is no earthly fulfilment into which that dark shadow, Regret, does not enter.

In Childhood

BY JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams.—TENNYSON

AT midnight in a wintry land
I wakened from sweet dreams,
And found the little guest-room filled
With the fair moon's soft beams.

They lay like lilies on my bed,
And all the vale below—
For I was in a convent high—
Bloomed lilies mid the snow.

And all the slender trees about
Their silv'ry branches tossed
O'er deep-roofed, silent houses, hung
With fringes of the frost.

And down the star-gemmed sky I saw
The chaunting angels come,
Bearing aloft fair lily sprays
Unto this mountain home.

They wound about the frowning cliff
And the dark pine-trees' shade,
Then brighter merged into the light
The patient moonbeams made.

Again I slept, nor waked till dawn
Had kissed the chastened air,
And sweetly stole the silver tones
Of bells that called to prayer.

Then in the chapel, all aglow,
I saw the lilied shrine
By angels decked at midnight—
Sweet waking dream of mine!

A Military Mass.

BY R. J. MACHUGH.

ON a delightful morning in September, 1885, I had the happiness of witnessing a most beautiful and imposing ceremony, one which greatly impressed me at the time, and is still remembered with feelings of no ordinary pleasure. I had just returned to Innsbruck, from the coolness and quiet of Matri, in time for the closing scenes of the

great annual *Schützenfest*, which was held that year in the Tyrolese capital. As I was hurrying towards the Capuchin Monastery, on the morning after my arrival in the city, in order to be in time for eight o'clock Mass, whom should I meet but my friend, Father P—— who greeted me with the cheery call, "Why, halloo, stranger! Whither away so fast?" And to my reply, he cried: "No, not to the Capuchins, but to the barrack yard; the shooting festival closes this morning with a Field-Mass, in presence of the Archduke Albrecht, and we have but a few minutes before it begins."

Long before this I had thought I had seen all of military life that offered any attraction,—all that was in any way tinged with romance or wore the rosy-tinted garb of poesy. Day after day I had beheld the troops go marching by, "with glad and gallant tread," until the sound of their measured footsteps had become oppressive to the ear; month after month I had hurried to lectures at the tap of the spirit-stirring drum; morning after morning I had been roused from balmv slumber by the sweet strains of the *réveille* floating on the breeze; and night after night, for ever so long, I had dropped asleep with the eternal bugle still ringing through my head. I had gazed on prancing steeds and waving pennants until the sight had grown monotonous; I had been an eager spectator at sham battles and grand reviews, until "a lodge in some vast wilderness" would have been hailed with delight; I had seen in fact, "all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," without the attendant horrors and yet a Field-Mass it had never been my fortune to behold. I heartily fell in with my friend's proposal, therefore, and in a few minutes we were among the favored ones who gathered in the great, walled square behind the barrack to see the Soldiers' Mass

The troops were not yet assembled on our arrival, but beneath a canopy stood the Archduke, surrounded by his staff, their green plumes nodding in the breeze, and their jewelled stars and crosses sparkling in the morning light. A *prie-dieu*, covered

with crimson plush, was prepared for his Imperial Highness, but for the officers was neither kneeling-bench nor chair. The little altar, "plain in its neatness," was erected on a small platform which extended from the second story at the rear of the barrack. All the arrangements for the Holy Sacrifice were as simple and unpretentious as possible—such, indeed, as could easily be made in the open field on the morning of a battle.

But now we are thrilled with eager expectation; for the merry notes of the "March to Innsbruck" fill the air, and in another moment the Kaizer-Jäger Regiment, headed by their magnificent band (universally acknowledged to be the best in Europe at the present day), come proudly marching into view. Rank behind rank they pour through the spacious gates and fill the barrack square. Stalwart, gallant lads they are—aye, every mother's son of them. With heads erect and lofty bearing, they sweep along, their bayonets flashing in the sun like the waves of a summer sea. In ten minutes more they are drawn up in position, each company in its allotted place. The Archduke waves a courteous salute to the officers of his staff, and retires to the *prie-dieu*; the officers, in turn, cease their chatting, remove their helmets, and stand in respectful attitudes, awaiting the approach of the venerable, grayhaired chaplain, who presently enters, attended by two Franciscan friars, and sprinkles the group with holy water.

The Mass, with two young cadets as servers, begins shortly after. As the celebrant ascends the steps of the altar, after the Psalm *Introibo*, an officer in uniform comes to an adjacent window, and signals with a snow-white kerchief; the buglers with a merry *tara-tarantara* interpret the signal for the mounted aids, who immediately put spurs to their horses, and carry the message from company to company throughout the square; "*Gebet Acht!*" "*Gebet Feuer!*" ring out in quick succession from the several captains, and the air is rent by a sudden peal. Before the light clouds of smoke dissolve, the band strikes up and discourses solemn music until the

conclusion of the *Credo*, when the rifles again shake the battlements of Heaven with "*Amen*," prolonged and loud.

At the Offering and throughout the prayers and ceremonies immediately following, until the Preface, the strains from the mellow-throated instruments are almost celestial in their subdued and tender harmony. The "*Sanctus! sanctus! sanctus!*" is emphasized by the rifles' ringing peal and the joyous rattle of the drums. And then comes the moment so dear to the faithful Catholic heart—so thrilling, so sublime, so replete with silent mystery.

The priest bows low, and prepares to sign with the sacred sign the pure oblation, and repeat the awful words of Consecration. Again the kerchief flutters from the window; again the trumpet's *tara-tarantara* rings out upon the breeze; again the short, quick word of command passes from lip to lip along the glittering lines. Every man draws himself up to his fullest height; every chest is expanded, every rifle presented, every eye turned with unflinching gaze towards the temporary altar upon which the Lord of Hosts, at the voice of His servant, is about to descend. The priest genuflects, rises, and exalts the Sacred Particle, which flashes "like a large white pearl" in the halo of sunlight that surrounds It. Slowly and softly roll the drums, yet so unbroken is the silence which hovers over this rigid square of human statues, that to the uttermost rank the gentle taps are audible. Without a quiver of an eyelid thus they stand, with heads erect and arms presented, until the celebrant genuflects after the elevation of the Chalice.

Then the bugle calls *tarant-tarant tara*, and in an instant every soldier drops upon his knee. "*Tschako ab!*"—every head is uncovered; "*Gebet Acht!*"—and the click-click-click of the rising hammers falls upon the ear; "*Gebet Feuer!*"—a vast sheet of flame leaps forth from the glistening barrels as two thousand rifles, with a peal like thunder, lift up their mighty voices, in a deafening pæan to the God of heaven and earth. Three times the kneeling soldiers fire a vol-

ley in recognition of the Real Presence, Human and Divine; while rattling drums and blaring bugles, horses rearing and plunging, banners rising and falling, waving plumes kissed and rippled by the passing breeze, and gorgeous uniforms glistening in the bright September sunshine, add a life and splendor to the scene that can not be described.

Then, too, from the neighboring meadow, which interlies the barrack yard and the village of Mühlau, a dozen brazen cannon swell the chorus with the deep diapason of their song, and wake the slumbering echoes of the Alps until all the air is throbbing with feverish delight. As the last reverberation dies gradually away amid the icy caverns of the distant mountains, the gentler praises of the band ascend to Heaven once more.

At the Communion and the words, "*Et Verbum caro factum est*," in the last Gospel, the rifles speak again, as if in solemn acknowledgment of God's enduring love. At the conclusion of the Mass, officers and men kneel to receive the priestly benediction; the several companies wheel into line once more, and, with colors flying and music playing, away they march, with hearts, let us hope, as light as their airy tread seems to indicate, after the unspeakable privilege which they have just enjoyed.

Pleased and edified, Father P—— and myself turn in silence from the field; but, I think, if either of us spoke, his words would be: "If ever I have seen attention and devotion at any service of the Church, it has been this morning at the Soldiers' Mass."

NEVER mind *where* you work, care more about *how* you work; never mind who sees, if God approves. If He smiles, be content. We can not always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, but the multiplication which God gives the seed, that makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your chief comfort is that in your labor you are not alone; for God, the Eternal One, who guides the march of the stars, is with you.—*Anon.*

Catholic Notes.

Education without religion—this is the cry that is being heard throughout Europe to-day. They have it in France, but they have not had it long enough for the system to mature and become known by its fruits. There is another country, however, which has attained to the fulness of the ideal. Saxony was the cradle of Protestantism, and is now the foremost country in all Europe in matters of secular education. Let us examine the result as manifested by statistics. Perhaps domestic happiness has increased? Scarcely, for the number of juridical accusations in matrimonial cases, out of a population of three millions, reached the enormous total of seventeen hundred a year for three successive years—1877, 1878, and 1879: details for the following years not made public for obvious reasons. In 1883 the number of suicides was 1,205; in the same year nearly one eighth of the whole number of children born in Saxony were illegitimate. Are these statistics convincing enough of the results of godless education?

Prejudice against the Church frequently blinds the eyes of the scientists of the present day; this is not the case, however, as a rule, with literary persons. The studies in which the latter are engaged seem generally to incline them to broad and tolerant views. Mr. John Morley, M. P., is a profound scholar and a distinguished author, but he is well known also as the enthusiastic biographer of Voltaire, and is far from being a friend to the Catholic Church. Yet in a lecture on literature delivered recently in England, he pays a courteous tribute to one of the most illustrious of English scholars and one of the greatest English prose writers, though he *does* happen to be a Catholic. We append the passage:

"The object of reading is not to dip into everything that wise men have ever written, but, in the words of Cardinal Newman, one of the best masters of English style, 'the object of literary education is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it,—to enable it to know, to digest, master, use and rule its knowledge; to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, resource, address, eloquent expression. These are the objects of that intellectual perfection which a literary education is certain to give.'"

This advice of Cardinal Newman, endorsed

by such a high authority as Professor Morley, should commend itself to all students of literature.

It appears that the total of archiepiscopal and episcopal sees in the British Empire is between a seventh and eighth of the entire episcopate of the Church. The Catholic population of the British Empire is estimated at 9,682,000, half of which belongs to Great Britain and Ireland. In Australasia alone there are 568,000 Catholics.

The carnival season of 1887 in Rome will be long remembered as one of the very few recorded in history which has witnessed snow lying in the streets. The snowfall of February 9 and 10 was remarkable for intensity and duration. Little boys might be seen snowballing on the Pincian Hill, and building up a snow man in the great square in front of the station; photographers working from dawn to dark in order to secure the record of effects, which the present generation will probably never see again; and crowds of curious sight-seers, mostly Romans, visiting the Forum, the Colosseum, the Fountain of Trevi, and other picturesque sites, in order to view them under an altogether novel aspect.

The tendency in these days, and in this free country above all others, is more and more towards secrecy in association. It is a dangerous tendency, displaying at once a mistrust of our Government, laws, and social organization. There is no more reason why an association of any lawful nature should be pledged to secrecy, and committed to signs, grips, passwords, and such like, than a club. That which can not stand the light of day, and of pure public opinion, condemns itself in advance as belonging to the dark-lantern order of society. It is at once undemocratic, un-American and unchristian.—*Catholic Review*.

Another great Jesuit missionary and a devoted servant of Our Lady has been called to his reward, after heroic and unsparing labors extending over a period of forty-five years. Father Louis St. Cyr, who died a few weeks ago on the mission in India, was one of those enthusiastic Frenchmen with whom intense energy and unlimited capacity for work find a suitable field in a religious, especially a missionary, order. Born at Lyons, in France, he

passed through a brilliant career at the well-known Jesuit College of Fribourg, in Switzerland, and after his ordination was sent to the mission of Madura in India. We regret that want of space forbids us to give even the briefest account of the churches he built, the schools he founded, and the books he has left behind him. He acquired a perfect familiarity with the Tamil language, and both preached and wrote in it. His talents seem to have been extraordinary, and he combined a wonderfully retentive memory with rare judgment. He died at the age of seventy-five, *dilectus Deo et hominibus*. R. I. P.

Prof. Weissenhofer of Vienna, has written a new miracle-play—"The Apparition at Lourdes,"—which will be brought out on Pentecost Sunday at Vorderthiersee, the scene of the Passion-Play in 1885. A reverend friend at the University of Innsbruck, who has been favored with advance sheets, writes us: "Judging from the excellence of the text, as well as from the histrionic talent of the peasant-actors, for whom it was prepared, there can be no doubt of its success."

To such a degree of absurdity has the custom of flowers at funerals been carried in some of the Eastern cities that "No flowers" is the standing appendix to funeral notices by respectable relatives of deceased persons. The *Boston Transcript* reports that recently at the funeral of a hotel-keeper in that city, there was a floral cook-stove, set with kettles and grid-irons; and at the funeral of a market-man, there was a floral lamb composed of white pinks, save in one spot, into which a floral knife was thrust, suggesting the bloody cut. After this we may expect a floral "goose" adorning some tailor's coffin, and perhaps a floral gallows standing on the casket of an executed murderer.—*San Francisco Monitor*.

The item which appeared in one of our January numbers, concerning Prince Charles Hohenlohe and Count Paul Huyn, was slightly incorrect. We learn from a friend abroad that these young noblemen are still pursuing their philosophical studies at the University of Innsbruck, preparatory to entering the theological department next year. Among the students of noble birth at present engaged in the study of theology at the University are:

Joseph, Baron of Grimmenstein; Sir Charles de Pfistermeister, and Counts Ledochowski, de Komorowski, Andlau, Gnatowski, and Swiejkowski.

Devotion to the Holy Face is spreading all over Christendom, but nowhere, perhaps, is its practice attended with more numerous favors and graces than in the United States.

Under the caption "Some Lines of Catholic Activity" the *Catholic Citizen*, of Milwaukee, calls attention to the work of the post graduate course of the St. Louis University, and commends the efforts of the Jesuit Fathers in advancing the interests of higher education and sound culture. Under the same heading it praises the concerted movement of the Boston clergy in furthering the temperance cause, and suggests that a similar movement be inaugurated in the various cities of the Union, as worthy objects of Catholic activity. Organized energy will effect wonders. These are days of organized forces. The strength of a body may be great, but it is only in unity that it can be practically exercised. Let Catholics keep this in view, and act in concert, and they will move mountains.—*St. Louis Catholic World*.

New Publications.

ST. JOSEPH THE ADVOCATE OF HOPELESS CASES. New Accounts of Spiritual and Temporal Favors obtained by the powerful mediation of this Glorious Patriarch. Translated from the French of the Rev. Father Huguet, Marist. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

Clients of St. Joseph will be specially pleased with this little book from the pen of the learned Father Huguet, so well known in France for his excellent publications on devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In the first chapter the author explains the doctrine of the intercession of saints, and the reasons which render that of St. Joseph particularly efficacious; then follow many touching accounts of favors obtained through his mediation, which are well calculated to inspire all who read them with increased confidence in the goodness and power of this blessed Patriarch. There is an engraved frontispiece illustration, representing the death of St. Joseph, and the book bears

the *imprimatur* of his Grace the Archbishop of New York.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON MORAL TRAINING, especially addressed to Parents and Teachers. With Preface by the Rev. Father Galwey, S. J. Second Edition. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This book is by an authoress whose name is not given. We are told by Father Galwey in his preface that she has spent her best days in the school-room, engaged in teaching children and in the difficult work of training teachers. This accounts for the eminently practical character which is one of the best features of the book. No teacher can read even a few pages without being struck with the value and importance of the suggestions given. We think that it will be of special value also to parents, in giving them assistance and guidance in training the youthful mind. In this respect there are few books that can be used as handy, practical manuals; this is such a work, and, we think, the best we have as yet seen.

THE HEART OF ST. FRANCIS OF SALES. By the Very Rev. George Porter, S. J., Archbishop-Elect of Bombay. Same Publishers.

This elegant little volume consists of thirty-one considerations upon the virtues of the great St. Francis of Sales. Few books of the kind have pleased us more than this, and we are sure that no one with any sentiment of piety, Catholic or non-Catholic, can fail to be deeply interested in it. To quote the words of the approbation of the Bishop of Annecy, "the elevated and divinely-inspired sentiments which adorned the soul of this blessed prelate are here set forth in happily chosen words, and with an inimitable force of expression, and they point clearly to the Source from which the virtues that animated his whole life were derived."

THE PASSION AND THE DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST. By St. Alphonsus Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Centenary Edition. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

Nothing could be more appropriate for spiritual reading during the holy season of Lent than this well-known work by the great St. Liguori. It contains a rich variety of meditations on the sufferings and death of Our Lord, also various pious exercises as helps to devotion to the Passion. The Centenary Edition

of the writings of St. Alphonsus, of which the present work forms the fifth volume, is beautifully got up, well printed, substantially bound, and low priced.

WORDS OF THE SAINTS. St. Ignatius of Loyola. Translated from the French by Miss Margaret A. Colton. Same publishers.

This tiny volume contains a well-chosen motto for each day of the year, from the pen of St. Ignatius. We will quote three, to let our readers see what practical thoughts the holy founder of the Society of Jesus entertained, and how tersely he expressed them:

"More determination is required to subdue the interior man than to mortify the body, and to break one's will than to break one's bones.

"If the devil tempts me by the thought of divine justice, I think of God's mercy; if he tries to fill me with presumption by the thought of His mercy, I think of His justice.

"One great difficulty of indiscreet fervor is to freight our bark too much. It should not be empty, lest it be capsized by the storm of temptation; but to load it so that it runs aground is still worse."

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mother Jane Leahy, Superior of the Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph of the Hôtel Dieu, Kingston, Ontario, who was called to her reward on the 22d ult., in the fifty-fifth year of her age and the thirty-fourth of her religious profession, after having received the strength and consolations of the last Sacraments.

Sister Mary Vincentia, O. S. D., whose precious death occurred at St. Catharine's Academy, Racine, Wis., on the 12th inst.

Mr. William O'Neil, who departed this life at West Seneca, N. Y. He was a model Catholic, and will long be remembered for his great charity to the orphans. One of his last requests was to be recommended to the prayers of the readers of THE "AVE MARIA."

Mrs. Alice Cox, of Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Julia Murphy and Mrs. M. Grogan, San Francisco; Mr. James C. Flanagan, and Mr. John McGee, Philadelphia; Mrs. Mary A. Doyle, Morristown, N. J.; Charles, Nellie, and Bedelia Robinson, Sligo, Ireland; Mrs. Belle Gibson, of Blairsville, Pa.; and Margaret Lawless, Chicago.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Andrew's Night Prayers.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING.

In a certain country place, which I am not now going to name, there lived a good man and his sister, neither of whom was married; and with them lived one of their nephews, a fat, chubby little fellow, six and a half years old, and about as tall as a gold-headed cane, and as good-natured as a kitten. Having no other children to play with, he used to build steamboats, and pull them up and down the little brook that flowed near the house; or make threshing machines of spools from which all the thread had been used; and as he worked them with strings, he would ask them questions in the Catechism, and answer for them. The little fellow never seemed to be lonesome. When he was tired of his games, he would go to the barn and look for hens' nests, and carry the eggs to the house. Or he would go and watch the men hoeing corn or working in the harvest field.

He was really a good boy, and as happy as a bug in a rug. But there was one disadvantage: he lived a long way from church—some nine or ten miles; and, though he always talked of being a priest, so that he could make other boys learn the Catechism, it was little he knew of the life of a priest. Poor child! he saw one only once or twice in the year, when he came to hold a station in one of the Catholic farm-houses.

But little Andrew was very fond of saying his prayers; he never missed or forgot them; and this is a good point for you all to remember. And as to his Catechism, he could answer every word of Butler's before he was seven years old. But I must not forget about his prayers. You know there are some people who talk a great deal before they get rightly started with their story,

and I fear I am one of these. But, like boys when they are caught in mischief, I promise to do better the next time.

It so happened that Andrew's uncle and aunt were in the habit of riding to church on Sundays when the weather was not too bad—and, indeed, it had to be very bad when they did not ride the ten miles. They were obliged to start early, of course, before our chubby young friend awoke from his sound sleep; but they always left him a lunch on the table. And when he got through with a good night's sleep, he would jump up, say his morning prayers, eat his bread and butter, drink a cup of milk, and then trudge over the hill to where another uncle lived, who was married and had a fine family of little boys and girls.

There he stayed and played till the afternoon—about three or four o'clock,—when it was time for his uncle and aunt to be back from church. He would then scamper across the fields as happy as a bee, and sometimes he got home before them, and sometimes they were there before him. But it made little difference who reached the house first; for if it were he, he was not lonesome; and if they were at home, they knew it would not be long before Andrew's plump, good-natured face would peep in at the door.

Well, it happened one Sunday that there was some special devotion at the church—I do not remember now what it was, and it makes no difference,—but his uncle and aunt made up their minds not to return; but to stay with one of their friends in the town, near the church, till the morrow. They sent word to this effect by the other uncle with whose children Andrew was accustomed to play. Our little fellow had gone over before the arrival of this uncle, and did not know of the others' intention to be absent. But it did not trouble him. He waited for them for some time, and as they were not seen coming up the lane to the farm-house when the sun began to hide his face behind the hill, he looked through the pantry, where he found enough bread and butter and milk to make him a good supper. He then shut the door without locking it,

knelt down and said his prayers, and went to bed. The chickens had hardly gone to roost when he was sound asleep.

The uncle who had come home, finding the little fellow already gone, hurried over to the house of his brother at dusk, looked through it—for it was a very simple farm-house,—and at last found Andrew in bed, sound asleep. Waking up the boy, which I do not think was a very easy task, he told him that his uncle and aunt were not coming home, and that he had better return to the other house and remain with his children till morning.

What do you think the little fellow said? You could not guess it in a month. He had not felt lonesome and cried like most other children would have done, and now he did not feel lonesome either. He merely looked up with that loving trust in God which the angels like to witness, and remarked, with childlike simplicity: "I have said my night prayers, and God will not let anything hurt me." Happy child! It would be impossible to find in all the books that have ever been written, or that ever will be written, a more beautiful answer than this. The uncle thought, "Certainly God will not permit any harm to befall a child that puts such trust in Him"; and then started home, leaving Andrew alone, with what degree of prudence I shall not say.

The little fellow went to sleep again as contented as if he had been in the safest place in the world, though there was no house in sight, and no human being within more than half a mile of him. That loving Father in heaven in whom he had reposed his trust was there to ward off every danger. How many of my young readers would have the courage of this child of six and a half years?

The morning came and peeped in at the window, and when the sun began to shine, Andrew got up, looked for something to eat, and then went over to play with his cousins till his uncle and aunt should return. And what all others who heard it admired, he looked upon as a matter of course; for why should we not trust God?

This is not a tale of fancy, but, to my certain knowledge, it is true in every particular. As a proof of it I may say that I knew very well, and still know, all the persons concerned in it, and have often been in the house where it happened; that house has now been torn down for a number of years.

But what, you ask, became of our fat, chubby little friend? Well, he grew up, like most boys will if they get plenty to eat, and, like a few other boys, he became a priest, and is now actively engaged on the mission. I know him well, and often see him. And one of the points which he always urges on children is never to forget or neglect their morning and night prayers.

The Story a Statue Recalls.

BY E. V. N.

I.

In the city of Nantes, in France, during the Reign of Terror, a company of prisoners had been put on board one of the vessels invented by the infamous Carrier for drowning political prisoners. The Count de Lannoy, disguised as a peasant, was walking slowly on the banks of the river that would ere long roll its waves over many an innocent victim. Tears rose to his eyes as he approached the murderous craft, but he promptly suppressed them; for even compassion was considered a crime in that unhappy period.

In the stern of the vessel he observed a young woman of rare loveliness of form and feature, but looking wan and melancholy, pressing to her heaving bosom a little babe. "Probably born in a dungeon," thought the kind-hearted nobleman, as he contemplated the tag-end of a bit of flannel in which the little creature was enveloped. Suddenly he remembered that Carrier, by one of those strange contradictions of the human heart, had decreed that children under seven were exempted from the penalty of the existing laws. Advancing to the woman, he said, softly:

"Give me your babe; I will be father and mother to it, and pray for you."

The woman pressed her infant to her heart with all the energy of a young mother's passionate tenderness; then, looking steadily at the stranger's countenance, she seemed to be reassured by the candor and dignity displayed in his refined features, and she resigned her precious burden to the supposed peasant's outstretched arms.

"O sir! take good care of my Edith!" she murmured; "have her baptized. She is the last of a numerous family, who have perished in these dreadful days. O God! I will bless Thee for all eternity; for now my child will 'see Thy salvation.'"

Once more she covered her babe with burning kisses, then cast upon her benefactor one of those looks of gratitude which time and vicissitude can never efface from the memory of its recipient. The Count was unable to speak; he watched her as, with joined hands and tearful eyes, she seemed to read his inmost soul. A bend in the river broke off that memorable yet silent interchange of thought and promise, and the nobleman regained his home, quite overcome with the spectacle he had witnessed.

"Dear wife," he exclaimed, "God has sent us a little daughter!" And he told the brief story, while the Countess took the infant and loaded it with caresses.

"What a little angel of loveliness!" she cried, and ran for the nurse of her own child to take care of it. "Where is Arthur?" she added; "he must see his new sister."

"Not yet, please, Madame," said the nurse, "until I have arranged its toilet." She ran away with it, and, rummaging an old wardrobe, brought out all the dainty finery she had once used for the baby Arthur.

When the child was bathed and dressed like the daughter of a count, the nurse returned with it to the delighted foster-parents, and Arthur was summoned to make the acquaintance of a new sister. Never was a boy more delighted; he fondled the little stranger all day, and Edith seemed to return his childish affection. The priest was secretly brought into the castle, and

the babe was regenerated in the holy waters of Baptism, and her name, Edith de Lannoy, duly registered, with an account of the singular manner in which she became the adopted daughter of that noble house.

A few weeks after these events Count de Lannoy was obliged to fly to Italy, and took with him the Countess, their son, and the little Edith. The children grew up together in years and grace beneath the lovely sky of Naples, favored with equal tokens of parental care. They loved their parents and each other, as well-born, well-bred children ever should. Did Arthur gather pretty shells, he strung them in a necklace for his sweet sister; did he find fragrant blossoms, his busy fingers twined them in a garland for her hair. And for him the affectionate girl would save the fruit and sweetmeats that were lavished on her; and no toy, in her estimation, was worth having unless it were amusing to Arthur as well as to herself.

"It is fortunate that Edith's mother can never claim her," said the Countess one day to her husband; "for I should not have the heart to give her up."

The Count smiled and answered: "Yes: that dear child came to us like a dewdrop from heaven, like a second ray of sunlight to gladden our home." He too loved the little one with surpassing tenderness; her artless prattle, her rosy lips pressed to his furrowed brow, and her soft arms twined about his neck, made him forget that he was an exile.

II.

Thus ten years elapsed. The men who had decimated the population of France had lost their heads on the scaffold. Bonaparte reigned supreme, and the proscribed nobles were recalled, and their property restored. Count de Lannoy, therefore, returned to dwell on one of his estates in the vicinity of Paris, and devoted himself to the education of his son and foster-child. The children had been informed of their true relationship, and when Arthur wrote to Edith from the university, the expression of his feelings was somewhat changed, though his affection for her remained undiminished.

Edith's education was continued at home, and both the Count and the Countess indulged the hope that the young girl would some day be their daughter by another title. No pains were spared to instruct her in domestic economy, so essential to a woman's acquirements, while the feminine arts of needlework and music were given their proper share of attention. It is needless to say that she received thorough instruction in Christian Doctrine. In fact, hers was that perfect education which fits a Christian woman to render home happy, and yet do honor to her family outside of the home circle.

III.

The health of the Countess was now becoming feeble; the heat of a southern climate had not suited her as well as it had the Count and our young friends Arthur and Edith. Hence she often took long drives with the children when Arthur came home for a few weeks' vacation at Easter-tide. One day they wandered far from Chateau de Lannoy, having been attracted by the sight of a piece of woodland, in which the early primrose and sweet-scented violet were likely to be found. Joyously the two children ran to cull the fragrant blossoms, while the Countess sat down on a mossy bank watching them, and admiring the lovely landscape. Suddenly she was startled at the appearance of a lady, looking sad and pale, who was walking alone, sometimes reading from a richly bound book which she held in her hand, then closing it, and giving herself up to meditation, quite unconscious that any one was near.

The Countess beckoned to Arthur and Edith, and, putting her finger on her lips, led them away. After a moment she whispered: "My children, we are trespassing, I fear; let us return to our own grounds. To make amends we will call at the village church, lay our flowers at the feet of Our Lady, and pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament." They did so, and mentioned to the good pastor that they were not aware that the neighboring chateau was inhabited.

"It is but recently occupied," explained

the reverend Father; "one of the exiles of the Revolution has lately come to claim it. I am told that the owner is a lady, very pious and extremely devout to the Blessed Virgin. That reminds me, madame, that the day after to-morrow the Month of Mary will begin, and I hope Miss Edith will help us to adorn the altar, and favor us with some of her fine singing."

"She will be delighted, I am sure," replied the Countess; "and Arthur also will lend his aid, will you not, my son?"

"With pleasure," answered the boy; and Edith, to show her good will, inquired when they might begin.

All the arrangements were agreed upon, and the Count decided to accompany his wife and children daily, to make in unison their offering of prayerful homage to the Queen of Heaven.

The congregation, composed of men and women of all ranks, had assembled to open the devotions of the month consecrated to the Help of Christians. A *prie dieu* had been placed for the Count de Lannoy near the sanctuary, and two others opposite for the Countess and the Baroness de Villebois, the recently returned exile. Edith and Arthur went to the organ, and the sweet, pious singing of the latter thrilled every heart present. During a short sermon by the zealous pastor, the congregation remained kneeling. At the conclusion of the discourse, suddenly the Baroness shrieked and swooned away. The Count and Countess hastened to her relief, and some women bore her into the parlor of the presbytery. When she recovered a little, she murmured, "It is he!—yes, it is he!"

"What do you mean?" inquired the Countess.

"The peasant," answered the Baroness,—"a peasant who took my child when I was about to be drowned by Carrier."

"Some painful reminiscence," suggested the curate. "The air is too close. Will you all return to the church, please," he continued, addressing those present, "and I will give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament."

Soon the congregation were calmly kneeling; the rich solo of Edith was followed by a grand chorus, full of heartfelt devotion. Sorrow had chastened many a heart in that now fervent parish.

Meanwhile the Count was much preoccupied. He well remembered how, in a peasant's disguise, he had received the little Edith—had the time come to sacrifice that treasure? Could the Baroness de Villebois be the mother of his foster-child, and had she escaped, by some providence, from that infernal trap of Carrier? He confided his ideas to the Countess. "Whatever it costs our hearts, we must be true to the child, and true to her mother if she lives," they said.

The Count and Countess visited the Baroness; and from her own lips they learned the early history of herself and her loyal family—her almost miraculous escape from the valved vessel, and her long sojourn in Switzerland. When the Count had carefully verified all the particulars of her history, the fact that he *was* the disguised peasant who had saved her child was made known to her cautiously, and gradually to the surprised but happy Edith.

The daily familiar intercourse of the Baroness with the Count and Countess attached them sincerely to one another. A beautiful statue of Carrara marble, sculptured by one of Italy's most renowned artists, was placed in the village church, as a testimony to the power and goodness of the Help of Christians, who is never invoked in vain. "Long years," said the Baroness, "have I besought the Queen of Heaven to give me back my child, and to bless her benefactor. I implored Her to paint his face on my heart, and it was, as it were, delineated there so indelibly, that I could have recognized it among thousands."

A few years later Arthur and Edith were united in holy marriage, with the blessing of their parents and pastor. Thus, while the Countess gained a daughter, the Baroness gained a son, and all lived united and happy, blessing God for His chastisements, and the ever-blessed Virgin for Her heavenly protection.



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(Copyright :—Rev. D. E. HUNSON, C. S. C.)

Padre Passaglia.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

MADONNA without stain of sin conceived,
Whose pity, like Thy boundless love, is
great,
And swift to succor and compassionate
Those who have sinned, and for their sinning
grieved:
Lo! dead lies he, who high renown achieved
When, ere Rome had decreed immaculate
Thy blessed birth, he toiled to vindicate
The glory which was Thine, till all believed;
And tho' awhile in devious paths he strayed,
Of the clear vision of his faith bereaved,
Be Thou his champion now, benignant Maid,
And let his lapses be for aye reprieved,
Lest haply, Queen, of Thee it should be said
He trusted in Thy love and was deceived.

Relics of Our Lord's Passion.

THE CROSS.

ST. HELENA, mother of Constantine, visited Palestine in 326, having resolved to make a thorough search for the True Cross. To this end she consulted the ancients of Jerusalem, who told her that if she could discover the Sepulchre of Our Saviour, she would certainly find the Cross near it; for the Jews always interred the instruments of the execution with those whom they put to death.

Over the tomb of Our Saviour a temple

had been erected to Venus. St. Helena had it razed to the ground, and, after considerable excavations, the workmen finally came upon the Sepulchre. Three crosses, with the inscription which had been attached to that of Our Saviour, were found near by. The inscription had become detached, and was lying at some distance from the crosses. The question was how to ascertain which was the True Cross. By the advice of Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, the three crosses were brought to the house of a sick woman. The two first were applied to her without any effect, but no sooner had she touched the third than she was instantly cured. There could no longer be any doubt in the matter.

About the year 614 Chosroes, King of Persia, overcame the Romans, took Jerusalem, and carried the Cross, which had been enshrined in a silver case, back with him to Persia. In 628 Chosroes was vanquished, in turn, by Heraclius, and obliged to accept the victor's conditions of peace. First among these conditions was the restoration of the thrice precious relic. However, the shrine did not contain all of the True Cross, fragments having been sent by St. Helena to Constantinople and to Rome. The piece sent to the latter city was about three and one-quarter feet long, and is still to be seen in the Basilica of Holy Cross in Jerusalem, one of the seven principal churches of the Eternal City.

When the Arabs took Jerusalem, they endeavored to obtain possession of the por-

tion of the Cross recovered by Heraclius; but the faithful divided it into small pieces, which they sent to various places. Thus it was that so many different churches obtained relics of the True Cross. A piece of considerable size came into the hands of David, King of the Georgians, who lived about the time of the first Crusade.

In 1109, ten years after the taking of Jerusalem by the Latins, the relic belonging to the King of the Georgians came into the possession of Anseau, an old canon of Paris, and chief cantor in the Church of St. Sépulcre; he received it direct from the King's widow. Anseau afterwards sent this portion of the Cross to Galon, Bishop of Paris, for presentation to the chapter of the Cathedral. There it was preserved till 1793, when the sacred edifice was pillaged. The precious relic fell into the hands of M. Guyot of St. Helena. Under some pretext or another, he obtained permission from the revolutionists to keep this piece of "stuff"; later he shared it with the treasurer of the Cathedral, and from the portion which he retained for himself he had four crosses made, three of which, strange to say, afterwards found their way back to the Cathedral, in which they are still venerated.

One hundred and thirty years after Anseau's presentation, St. Louis received from Baudouin II., Emperor of Constantinople, several small pieces of the sacred wood, the largest of which was placed in a costly shrine in the Holy Chapel. At the time of the Revolution the relic was transferred to St. Denis, and came into the possession of M. Bonvoisin, who entrusted it to his mother, a lady of great piety. She guarded it with the utmost care and reverence for six years, and then restored it to the chapter. It can now be seen, encased in a crystal tube, in the Holy Chapel. It is of a reddish brown color, and is about nine inches long, one and one half wide, and nine-tenth of an inch thick.

There is also in this Cathedral another reliquary containing a portion of the True Cross; it is called the Palatine Cross, a name given to it by Ann of Cleves, who received

it from Casimir, King of Poland, and who when dying bequeathed it to the Abbey of Saint Germain-des-Près. It has the form of a Greek cross, and is set in a plate of gold, on which is an inscription stating that the work was done by order of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, about the year 1160.

Our Saviour's Cross was made of four pieces—viz.: the upright, the horizontal, the title, and the support for the feet. According to Bede and several other authors, four kinds of wood were used—cypress, cedar, pine, and box-wood; but it is more probable that it was all made of oak, for that is the wood most commonly used in Judea. The title was placed immediately above our Saviour's head, and consequently the part of the upright above the cross-beam was not as long as it is usually represented to have been.

THE INSCRIPTION OF THE CROSS.

The inscription, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," traced, according to custom, in red letters on a white ground, was fastened to a piece of board which St. Helena found near the True Cross. She sent it to Rome to be placed, with other relics of the Passion, in the Church of Holy Cross in Jerusalem, which, together with the Holy Chapel, was purposely built for them. In the year 1492, when the leaden case which contained the Inscription of the Cross was opened, the two last letters of *Judæorum*, with the portion of the board on which they were inscribed, were found to have fallen to dust. This left the board about fourteen inches long. In 1564 the precious relic was again examined, and found to be still further worn away at the same end; in 1648 the word *Jesus* had disappeared; finally, in 1828, when another examination was made, further decay was reported. Of the Hebraic inscription, which surmounted the other two, there remained not enough of the letters to render them decipherable. Of the Greek inscription, which held the middle place, there remained the word *Nazapaïos*; in the third line was the

word *Nazarenus*, and the two first letters of the word *Rex*.

A remarkable feature of the Greek and Latin inscriptions is that they were written from right to left. This, as everyone knows, is the usual way of writing Hebrew; and it is supposed that the same method was adopted with the Greek and Latin, in order to have the words correspond.

THE HOLY NAILS.

It is said that St. Helena found the Nails of the Cross with it; but whether there were three or four is uncertain; the probability is there were four; for, according to Pliny, the Romans used to fasten pieces of wood on the cross, for culprits to rest their feet upon. A cedar cross preserved at Lucques, and thought to be the work of Nicodemus, represents Our Saviour attached to it with four nails. Another cross, said to have been made by St. Luke the Evangelist, and still to be seen at Ancona, also represents Him to have been attached with four nails. St. Gregory of Tours, St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, and Pope Innocent III. are all of the opinion that four nails were employed in Our Lord's Crucifixion.

There is at Rome, in the Church of Holy Cross, a portion of a Nail which is said to have been presented by St. Helena. It is believed that the missing part was cut off, and placed in the crown of Constantine, which is now known as the celebrated Iron Crown of the Kings of Italy. This is made of gold, lined on the inside with a very thin plate of iron forged from the missing portion of the sacred Nail.

A second Nail is to be found in the treasury of the Cathedral of Paris. It was formerly in the Abbey of St. Denis, where it had been deposited by Charles the Bald. This monarch had taken it from the treasury of Aix-la-Chapelle, where it had been placed by Charlemagne, who had received it from the Patriarch of Jerusalem. It measures about three and one half inches in length; the head is hollow, the point is wanting, and it is very much oxidized. A peculiarity which lends it an especial interest is that

a small piece of wood is attached, which is believed to have adhered to it on being drawn from the Cross; for microscopic observation shows it to be of a piece with the Cross in the Holy Chapel.

The Cathedral of Paris possesses the point of another Nail which once belonged to the Princess Palatine. It is only one and three-fourth inches long; like the principal Nail, it is enclosed in an exquisite reliquary of crystal.

The Cathedral of Treves is said to possess a third of the veritable Nails, of which only a small portion of the point is wanting. This Nail is of considerable length, being little less than seven inches. Its point is supposed to be the fragment preserved in the Cathedral of Toulon. There are, in different cities, other "Nails of the Passion," but these are secondary relics—that is, nails which contain only a few filings of the true Nails, or have merely been applied to them.

THE SPONGE AND THE LANCE.

The Sponge which was applied to the lips of Our Saviour is preserved in the Church of St. John of Lateran at Rome, and is of a reddish color. In the same city is preserved also the Lance with which the soldier opened His sacred side. The point is wanting. Andrew of Crete assures us that this instrument was buried with the Cross. Fear of the Saracens induced the Christians to bring it to Antioch, where it was concealed and lost. In 1098 it was again found, and several miracles were wrought by it. It was brought to Jerusalem, and thence, after some time, to Constantinople. The Emperor Baudouin II. sent the point to the Republic of Venice, as security for a sum of money lent him by the Venetians. St. Louis obtained possession of the precious relic by paying Baudouin's debt, and had it deposited in the Chapel of Paris. In 1492 the Sultan Bajazet sent the remaining portion of the Lance, in a richly wrought case, to Pope Innocent VIII., stating that the point was in the possession of the King of France.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

It is most probable that the Crown was not found by St. Helena with the Cross and the Nails; for no author makes mention of such a discovery, and silence on a point of so much importance would be inexplicable. The circumstance of its not being found with the other objects of the Crucifixion is, however, easily accounted for. In the first place, it is not at all certain that the Crown remained on the head of Jesus during the Crucifixion, or even during the journey to Calvary; and supposing that it did, we can readily believe that those who removed the sacred Body from the Cross would have cared for a relic of such ineffable interest. This preservation is quite in the nature of things, and it is certainly within the bounds of a reasonable credulity to believe that the Crown was carefully guarded until the epoch when the imperial treasury of Constantinople absorbed all the holy relics.

St. Paulin, in 409, speaks of the Crown of Thorns as one of the precious objects possessed by the Christians, and from this time forward it is continually mentioned as being in the possession of the sovereigns of Byzantium. Now, it is thence that it was sent to St. Louis by the Latin Emperor Baudouin. The authenticity of the relic has, since that time, been questioned by nobody. It was preserved in the Holy Chapel.

In 1793 the Crown was taken from its shrine. For some reason or another, it was divided into three nearly equal parts, and, with the other relics of the Holy Chapel, carried to the Committee of Arts; thence it was taken to the National Library, where it remained until 1804. On the demand of Cardinal Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, it was then restored to the Cathedral, after its several parts had been identified by ecclesiastics who had often seen the sacred relic in its entirety, and could not be deceived as to its genuineness.

At present there are no thorns on the Crown. This is easily accounted for by the many distributions which have been made of them; therefore it is that we find "the Crown" venerated in different churches.

THE HOLY SHROUD.

The city of Turin rejoices in the possession of the Shroud, or Winding Sheet, in which Joseph of Arimathea enveloped the Body of Our Saviour. According to tradition, it was brought thither from Jerusalem, and a feast, instituted by Pope Julius III. in 1506, is celebrated in its honor on the 11th of May. This precious relic is preserved in a chapel called the "Holy Shroud." There is even a confraternity bearing the same title. Besançon, Lisbon, and other places, also claim to be in possession of the Holy Shroud. It is probable they have only fragments of it, or cloths that merely touched it; however, as it was customary with the Jews to envelop the dead in several winding-sheets, it may be that these relics are genuine.

 Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VIII.—PADUA.

ALL Venice seemed to smile when my comrade and I turned our faces shoreward. I have a theory that she, like the sea nautilus, sets her sails when the sun shines, and furls them in foul weather. I know from experience that the wave-girdled city is as changeable as a woman, and as many-sided, coquettish, fickle, fascinating. The Venice of to-day, for example, is not the Venice of yesterday, and to-morrow she may be something infinitely better or infinitely worse than either.

She was gloriously beautiful yesterday morning when we left her. Every house looked like a veritable palace, with its sun-painted frescos heightened and made more brilliantly effective by broad black strips of shade. The sea danced and sparkled; the people were gayer than is their wont; it seemed more like carnival season than the carnival itself.

Padua lay before us on the mainland. We rode out of Venice on iron wheels, over the bridge of many arches, and struck shore

in good style. How fresh and sweet the air was! The very odor of the soil was invigorating; the sight of mud a novelty, and the dust-cloud a phenomenon. The brief glimpses we caught—from the car window—of small, unpretending, thatch-roofed cottages, and homely kitchen-gardens, set in the midst of great fields, was good for our water-weary eyes.

It is said that some people get seasick when they first go to Venice; some grow sick of the sea if they remain there long enough; at any rate, the influences of the soil—healthful, hearty, holy—do not visit you in the City of the Lagoon, and the odor of the good brown earth is extremely appetizing when the Venetian comes ashore to sneeze the salt crystals out of his nostrils. The very snort of the horses, the rumble of carriage wheels, the lowing of cattle—a thousand sounds that I found I had almost forgotten or outgrown, revive memories of the past, and I feel in Padua as if I had come from some strange country, where the people were indeed with us, but not of us—and, in fact, the genuine Venetian is, in some respects, a kind of human shell fish.

ON LAND.—When we alighted at the station we trudged up town on foot. There are 50,000 souls in Padua, but they are very quiet souls, living in snug, neat quarters, and, for the most part, they are willing to let you alone. The town is easily seen in a day, and once seen there is little to remember, save lovely churches and the tombs of saints, and hosts of college boys; for a world-famous University, of a very respectable age, is located here. The round piazza of the town is wreathed with a double row of statues, all commemorating in enduring marble the famous—or once famous—students of the venerable University of Padua.

THE EREMITANI.—Almost before we knew it, we found ourselves at the door of an unpretending chapel that is situated not far from the railway station. There are ten thousand such façades in Italy, all equally uninteresting. You can not judge of the riches of an Italian interior by the face that is turned to the world.

The door swung easily on hinges swathed in faded baize. We saw before us a hall destitute of aisles and columns; the floor, paved with rich marbles, shone like a mirror; upon the walls were sculptured tombs; by the sunken altars a few pictures hung, and over the high altar were the mouldering frescos of the fifteenth century. A few benches were scattered about—very often there are no seats in these famous churches; if you choose to sit, you must bring a chair from a closet, or from a great store of them off in a dark corner of the building.—Mass was being said at one of the side altars. There was a hush throughout the vast edifice, which seemed to grow larger and larger the longer we tarried there. When I looked about me, I found a devout gathering of people, most of them poorly clad, who took not the slightest notice of the intruders from Venice. Alas! they are so well used to the irreverent curiosity of the average tourist that they no longer find it a distraction.

In some embarrassment I raised my eyes to the ceiling, and was immediately lost in admiration. The roof was expansive; a hundred, yea a thousand, slender shafts sprang upward from the walls, and met in a maze, like winter forest boughs, above me. Crescents, trefoils, unglazed rose-windows, fantastic pendants, and fragments of trellis work were repeated over and over, like a pattern in Oriental embroidery,—all done in ivory white and gold; beyond this filigree, with its fringes and stalactites tipped with palest gold, spread a canopy flecked with golden stars. The deep blue of that heaven is never clouded, save by the incense from the censers that swing below. Those stars never set, nor are they eclipsed by any greater glory than their own. There is a perpetual twilight there—it is all that I remember of the place.

ST. JUSTINA.—Though this church is not noticed in my guide-book, it had a charm for me. It is not the pavement of black, yellow and red marbles; nor the grand choir with its fifty stalls of beautifully carved wood, each stall having mosaic pictures

over it, done in wood of various colors; nor the tomb of St. Justina under the high altar, nor the sarcophagus of St. Luke in the right transept, nor that of St. Matthew in the left—probably only a small portion of the relics of these latter is enshrined here; all these are a part of the common treasure of almost every great church in Italy. You look for them the moment you enter the sacred edifice, and you find them without compass or pilot; for the relics of the saints are sure to be inurned in a monument of surpassing richness, before which a score of golden lamps are perpetually burning with a dim, rayless flame—a glowworm in a honey-comb. Therefore, we venerate and withdraw, it having become a kind of second nature with us.

But the sacristan, seeing us wandering to and fro, proffered his services. We saw faded frescos and many paintings that possess no interest beyond that associated with the name of the artist. We went from chapel to chapel, through corridors that descended into the bowels of the earth by broad flights of marble steps. We lost the daylight, and were piloted through obscure chambers dimly lighted by small lamps that hung before sacred pictures.

In our wanderings we came beneath the foundations of the monastery that was formerly connected with the church, but is now a barrack filled with conscript soldiers. The military band was rehearsing in a hall overhead, and every tap of the drum had a dismal and unearthly sound as it fell upon our ears down there in the subterranean cell.

The goal was reached at last. The sacristan ushered us into a small chapel with a circular marble curb raised in the centre of it. We approached the curb by a flight of steps; the top of it was covered with a bronze lid; we were directed to look through a small aperture in the lid, and there, far below us, was a hollow vault resembling a dry cistern; it was lighted by a lamp that seemed only to heighten its awful gloom. As soon as our eyes had become accustomed to the semi-obscurity, we saw bones—numberless, fleshless, disjointed human bones—

scattered over the black earth at the bottom of this open tomb. They seemed to be endowed with life; they seemed to be creeping and crawling hither and thither as the flickering lamp-light danced and played upon them. "Behold," said the sacristan, in a scarcely audible whisper—"behold the bones of the holy martyrs!"

MADONNA DELL' ARENA.—The Arena is, or was, an amphitheatre, and is very ancient. There is nothing left of it but an old wall lined with fir-trees, enclosing a garden wherein the budding grape and the bursting cabbage clasp roots with one another under the mellow soil.

In the farther end of the amphitheatre stands a small Romanesque chapel erected at the beginning of the 14th century. Service is no longer held there, but the chapel draws many a devout soul to worship within its walls; for Giotto glorified them with frescos representing scenes in the lives of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, from the Nativity to the Crucifixion.

Giotto began his career as all born artists are supposed to begin theirs. While a shepherd lad, tending his flocks, he was wont to sketch upon the large flat stones that lay about the hills. Cimabue, a master in the Byzantine manner, discovered the child, and encouraged him. Giotto speedily distanced his patron, for he had truth and nature on his side. The world was growing weary of mummy-like figures and flat, staring faces, with a strong family resemblance; and of stiff draperies that cling like shrouds about long figures. Byzantine art had seen its best days.

At the age of twenty-eight, Giotto did the two and forty frescos that enrich the Chapel of Madonna dell' Arena. They are wonderfully well preserved. The clear, forcible color, the bold yet sensitive outlines, are all here. Here you have grave, gentle shepherds, and mild, wise-faced fishermen, with their round shoulders full of experience and care. They were the bearers of burdens; they seem, indeed, like brothers in fullest sympathy. Soft, almond eyes; sweet, solemn faces full of worldly wisdom and

heavenly hope—verily these men were drawn from life with all the artlessness of a child of genius. The women are truly feminine, and with a sadness that is genuine; they awaken a sympathetic sorrow in every heart that is capable of comprehending these grand pictures, done so naively, so honestly, so tenderly, so marvellously.

Give me Giotto above all artists; for he was the father of realism in art,—realism before it had degenerated and become vulgar and brutal. He was known of Dante, and loved of him, and his best works are so well preserved to us that one might almost regard them as miraculous. After the pure simplicity, the refined and elevated sentiment of Giotto, we care little for the early frescos of Titian in the *Senola del Santo*.

SAN ANTONIO.—The saints of Padua are many, but San Antonio is the salvation of the town. His image—often a hideous little wooden thing,—his medals, his photographs (copies from portraits of surpassing loveliness), are sold on every street corner. His church is one of the grandest in all Italy, and its treasury one of the richest. Many thousands of pilgrims come annually to visit the sumptuous tomb, which I have just come in from visiting. All that can be done with marble, bronze, and gold and precious stones has been accomplished in the ornamentation of that superb mausoleum.

Three sunburnt fishers were kneeling with their foreheads against the sculptured marble of the tomb when I drew near it; for is not good San Antonio the protector of all seafarers? Do not the fair winds come through his intercession? Are not his medals and statuettes worn by devout Christian sailors the wide seas over?

Having spent hours of rare refreshment in that glorious temple, and gathered my little store of pious objects, I come over to mine inn with the sign of the "Three White Crosses," and here I am at rest. From my window I see the lofty walls of Il Santo—the basilica of San Antonio—towering against the sunset. There is nothing finer than the exterior of this magnificent

structure. Larger than San Marco, at Venice, it is far more impressive when viewed from without. There are a hundred gables that toss like a broken sea. Clusters of delicate spires spring into the air like slender fountains, and over all rise seven splendid domes, that seem to be floating in mid-air. One almost fears that the whole will melt away in the twilight, and leave only the bare space that it once glorified—like an Arabian tale that is told.

Surely its creation was magical. Some *genie*, sporting with the elements, made marble soluble, and, dreaming of the fabulous East, he blew this pyramid of gigantic bubbles, and had not the heart to let them burst again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Rose of Pain.

AT Eden's gates, when life was young,
There bloomed a Rose, whose leaves among
Lay fruit of sin.
E'en Love might try, but all in vain,
To pluck a bud and feel no pain
Or pang within.

From thorny arms comes wafted up
The perfume of each ruby cup
On zephyr wing;
And men all knew from childhood's morn
That round the Rose's breast was born
Life's dreaded sting.

Then came there One to whom the Rose
Did all her bitter-sweet disclose
In His last hour;
For she was found the Tree beside
On which there droop'd the Crucified—
The Godhead's Flower.

The thorn was woven in His wreath:
Red drops, like rose-leaves, fell beneath,
From royal head;
And stained were His hands and feet
With kisses from the rose lips sweet,
That left them red.

Soft buds were studded all the way
Across His limbs in wealthy spray
Of crimson dye;

They glistened there like Eastern gem,
Or stars on twilight's shadowy hem
When night is high.

And Jesus hallowed in that hour
The budding of the crimson flower.
To man's great gain;
For out His wounds the petals fall
And spread around a blood-stained pall
From Rose of pain.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETICENCE was not Mrs. Singleton's distinguishing characteristic. It was not very long, therefore, before she mentioned her suspicions about Marion both to her husband and her uncle. The first laughed, and remarked that it was only what he had expected; the latter looked grave, and said: "In that case it will not be pleasant for her to remain in her aunt's house."

"So far from it," was the careless reply, "that she is speaking of leaving Scarborough."

Mr. Singleton glanced up sharply. "That would be very undesirable," he said. "Her singing is a great pleasure to me; for the matter of that, so is her society. Ask her to come and stay with you."

Mrs. Singleton lifted her eyebrows. This was far from what she anticipated or desired. There had been a little malicious pleasure in her announcement, but she would certainly have refrained from making it had she feared such a result as this. She was so vexed that for a moment she could scarcely speak. Then she said: "You are very kind, but, although I like Miss Lynde, I do not care enough for her society to ask her to stay with me."

"I never imagined for an instant that you cared for her society," replied Mr. Singleton, coolly. "I was not thinking of your gratification, but of my own, in desiring you to ask her here. Of course, it is necessary

that she should be nominally your guest, although, as we are aware, really mine."

"I think, then, that it would be best she should be nominally as well as really yours," said Mrs. Singleton, too much provoked to consider for the moment what was her best policy.

Mr. Singleton looked at her with an ominous flash in his glance. "Very well," he answered, deliberately. "That is just as you please. We can easily change existing arrangements. I will speak to Tom about it."

But this intimation at once brought Mrs. Singleton to unconditional surrender.

"There is no need for that," she said, hastily. "Of course I will do whatever you desire. I only thought it might be best that the matter should be clearly understood. I have no fancy for Miss Lynde, nor any desire for her companionship. To speak the truth, I do not trust her at all."

Mr. Singleton shrugged his shoulders—a gesture to which he gave an expression that many of his friends found very irritating. It said plainly at present that nothing mattered less in his opinion than whether Mrs. Singleton trusted Miss Lynde or not.

"Let us keep to the point," he said, quietly. "What your sentiments with regard to the young lady may be I do not inquire. I only desire you to ask her to come here. If you object to do this—and far be it from me to place any constraint upon you,—I must simply make an arrangement by which it can be done. That is all."

"Why should I object?" asked Mrs. Singleton. "If she comes as your guest, it is certainly not my affair."

"I have requested, however, that you ask her to come as *your* guest. Do not misunderstand that point. And do not give the invitation so that it may be declined. I should consider that tantamount to not giving it at all. See that she comes. You can arrange it if you like."

With this intimation the conversation ended, and Mrs. Singleton had no comfort but to tell her husband of the disagreeable necessity laid upon her. "I am to ask Marion Lynde to come here as my guest, and

I am to *see* that she comes! Could anything be more vexatious?" she demanded. "I am so provoked that I feel inclined to leave your uncle to manage his own affairs, and to get somebody else to invite guests for his amusement."

"Nothing would be easier than for him to do so," said Mr. Singleton. "We are not at all necessary to him, you know. And why on earth should you object to asking Miss Lynde, if he desires it? It seems to me that you might desire it yourself."

"Oh! it seems so to you, does it?" asked the lady, sarcastically. "Because she has a pretty face, I presume. It does not occur to you that a girl who has drawn her cousin's *fiancé* into a love affair with her—for I am certain that is what has occurred,—would betray us just as quickly, and use her influence with this infatuated old man to any end that suited her."

Mr. Singleton looked a little grave at this view of the case. "Well," he said, "that may be so, but how are we to help it? Certainly not by showing that we are afraid of her."

"I might have helped it by letting her go away without telling him anything about it," said the lady. "And I wish I had!"

"Useless!" said her philosophical husband. "He would have found it out for himself. Don't worry over the matter. Ask her here with a good grace, since you have no alternative, and trust that he will tire of her as he has tired of everybody else."

That this was good advice—in fact, the only advice to be followed—Mrs. Singleton was well aware. And she proceeded to do what was required of her, with as good a grace as she could command. The invitation surprised Marion, but it was not unwelcome, as cutting the knot of her difficulties. For, anxious as she now was to leave her aunt's house, and to spare herself the silent, unconscious reproach of Helen's pale face, she was deeply averse to returning to her uncle's home. She had registered a passionate resolve never to return there if she could avoid it; but she had begun to fear that she would be unable to avoid doing

so, when Mrs. Singleton's invitation offered her, at least, a temporary mode of escape. She received it graciously, saying that she would be happy to accept it whenever her aunt and cousin would consent to let her go.

"Oh! I am sure they will be averse to giving you up," said Mrs. Singleton, with the finest sarcastic intention. "But if you are intending to leave them in any event, they can not object to your coming to me for a time."

"They will certainly not object to that," replied Marion. "The question is only *when* I can avail myself of your kind invitation."

This proved to be quite soon; for when Mrs. Dalton heard of the invitation, she advised Marion to set an early day for accepting it. "I think it necessary," she said, "to take Helen away for change of air and scene. I should have asked you to accompany us, but, under the circumstances, the arrangement proposed by Mrs. Singleton is best. I am sure you will understand this."

"I understand it perfectly," said Marion; "and am very sorry that you should have been embarrassed by any thought of me."

So it was settled. Helen was quite passive, ready to do whatever was desired of her; but the spring of happiness seemed broken within her—that natural, spontaneous happiness which had appeared as much a part of her as its perfume is part of a flower. It was hard for Mrs. Dalton to forgive those who, between them, had wrought this change; although she knew that it was well for her daughter to be saved, at any cost, from a marriage with Rathborne.

But Rathborne himself was naturally not of this opinion, and, being a person of strong tenacity of purpose, he was determined not to give up his cause as lost until he had tested his influence over Helen. The opportunity to do this was for some time lacking. He knew that it would be useless to go again to Mrs. Dalton's house, and ask for an interview, even if his pride had not rendered such a step impossible.

He waited for some chance of meeting Helen alone; but she shrank from going out, so he had found no opportunity, when he heard of her intended departure. This brought him to see the necessity of vigorous measures, and consequently he appeared the next morning at the Catholic church, having learned at what hour Mass was said.

Entering late—for he did not wish to be observed more than was unavoidable,—he found the Mass in progress, and about half a dozen persons representing the congregation. His glance swept rapidly over these, and at once identified Helen, observing with a sense of relief that she was alone. Satisfied on this point, he dropped into a seat near the door to wait until the service ended, looking on meanwhile with a careless attention which had not the least element of comprehension. To him it was an absurd and unintelligible rite, which he did not even make the faintest effort to understand.

When it ended, he thought that his waiting would also end, but to his irritated surprise he found that Helen's devotions were by no means over. The other members of the congregation left the church, each bestowing a curious glance on him in passing; but Helen knelt on, until he began to suspect that she must be aware of his presence, and was endeavoring to avoid him. The thought inspired him with fresh energy and obstinacy. "She shall not escape me. I will stay here until noon, if necessary!" he said to himself; while Helen, entirely unconscious of who was behind, was sending up her simple petitions for submission and patience and strength. They did not really last very long, and when she rose, Rathborne rose also, and stepped into the vestibule to await her.

His patience had no further trial of delay there. Within less than a minute the door leading into the church opened, and Helen's face appeared. At the first instant of appearing, it had all the serenity that comes from prayer; but when she saw him standing before her, this expression changed

quickly to one of distress. With something like a gasp she said, "Paul!" pausing with the door in her hand.

Rathborne stepped forward, with his own hand extended. "Forgive me for startling you," he said; "but this was my only chance to see you, and I felt that I must do so."

"Why?" asked Helen. She closed the door, but did not give him her hand. "There is no reason, that I am aware of, why you should wish to see me," she added, in a voice which trembled a little. "Everything has been said that need be said between us."

"On your side, perhaps so," he answered; "but not on mine. I have said nothing. You have given me no opportunity to say anything. You have condemned me unheard."

"Condemned you—no," she replied. "I have never had any intention or desire to condemn you. On the contrary, I said from the first that I did not blame you for what was probably beyond your power to control. But I desired that all might be ended between us, and, that being so, there is nothing more to say on a subject that is—that must be—painful to you as well as to me."

"It will not be painful if I can induce you to listen to me, and to believe me," he said. "That is what I have come this morning to beg of you—the opportunity to set myself right. Appoint a time when I can come and find you alone, or meet me where you will. Only give me the opportunity to justify myself to you."

He spoke with an earnest pleading which was by no means simulated for he never lost the consciousness of how much for him depended upon this; and that the pleading had an effect upon Helen was evident in her growing pallor, in the look of pain that darkened her eyes. But she answered, with a firmness on which he had not reckoned:

"You should not ask of me something which could not serve any good end. No explanation can alter facts, and I would rather not discuss them. What happened was very natural. No one knows that better

than I. But nothing can efface it now."

"Not if you heard that I was led into folly by every possible art?" he demanded, carried beyond self-control by the unforeseen difficulty of bending one who had always before seemed so pliant to his influence. "Not if I proved to you that your cousin—"

Helen lifted her hand with a gesture which had in it something of command. "Not another word like that," she said. "I will not listen to it. If what you imply were true, how would it help matters? A man who is weak enough to be led away by the art of another is as little to be trusted as the man who deliberately breaks his faith. He may not be as blamable—I do not say that,—but one could never repose confidence in him again. That is over."

"Helen!" said Rathborne. He was amazed, almost confounded, by a dignity of manner and tone which he had not only never seen in Helen before, but of which he would not have believed her capable. He did not reckon on the judgment and strength which earnest prayer had brought, nor did it occur to him that the worst place he could have chosen for the exertion of his influence was the threshold of the church, where day after day she had come to beg for the direction that in such a crisis would surely not be denied her. "I hardly know you," he went on, in the tone of one deeply wounded. "How changed you are!—how cold! What has become of the sweet and gentle Helen I have known and loved?"

She looked at him with the first reproach that had been in either tone or glance. "The Helen you knew—who trusted you so absolutely, and loved you so well—is dead," she answered. "There is no need that we should speak of her." She paused for an instant, and then, with her voice breaking a little, went on: "I am going away—I may not see you again in a long time. Meanwhile I will try, with the help of God to forget the past, and I beg you to do the same; for it can never be renewed. And if you wish to spare me pain, you will never speak of it again."

Had Rathborne uttered what was in his mind, he would have replied that whether he gave her pain or not was a matter of the utmost indifference to him, if only he might gain his desired end. A sense of powerless exasperation possessed him, the greater for his disappointment. He had been so certain of bending Helen to his will whenever he met her alone, yet now Helen stood before him like a rock, with immovable resolution on her gentle face. He lost control of himself, and, stepping forward, seized her by the hand.

"You are not speaking your own mind in this," he said. "You are influenced by others, and I will not submit to it. The dictation of your mother or your priest shall not come between us."

"Nothing has come between us except your own conduct and my own sense of right," answered Helen. She grew paler still, but did not falter. "It is best that we should part at once; for you have made me feel more strongly that it is best we should part altogether. Let me go. You forget where we are."

"You will not listen to me?—you will not give me an opportunity to explain?"

"There is nothing to explain," she said, faintly; for the strain of the interview was telling upon her. "Nothing can alter the fact of what I heard. I could never trust you or believe in your affection after that. Once for all, *everything is at an end between us*. Now let me go."

He released her with a violence which sent her backward a step. "Go, then!" he said. "I always knew that you were weak, but I never knew before how weak. You are a puppet in the hands of others, and both you and they shall regret this!"

He left the vestibule, while she, after waiting for a moment to recover herself, turned and re-entered the church.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TIME past and time to come are not,
Time present is our only lot
O God! henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than Thine.

—Montgomery.

How a Russian Countess Found the True Fold.

(CONTINUED.)

THE Countess Rostopchine, following her husband's orders, hastened from Moscow, and only stopped her hurried journey at about thirty leagues from the city, on her way to St. Petersburg; overwhelmed with anxiety and grief, and trembling for the lives of the dear ones she had left behind, she could proceed no farther. It was the 12th of September, 1812. Five or six days after, towards dusk, the southern sky was lit up with a blaze: it was the blaze of burning Moscow. The sinister glare was visible for many nights, and the fire lasted several weeks.

When Count Rostopchine, who had returned to Moscow shortly after Napoleon's departure, about the middle of October, permitted his family to come back, the ruins were still smouldering. One of the palaces he owned in Moscow was burned to cinders. Of Voronovo nothing remained but crumbling ruins; for, on leaving the city, he had set fire to it with his own hand, and the building, with the invaluable things it contained, was totally destroyed. The loss of the castle, which had been the scene of the happiest years of her life, was very painful to the Countess, but her soul was too noble not to approve of her husband's self-sacrifice, and too Christian not to despise earthly and perishable things. After a short stay at Moscow, she set out with her children for St. Petersburg; for Rostopchine wished to spare her the trials that were to be the recompense of his heroic conduct.

When the sentiments of alarm and patriotic enthusiasm had begun to subside, the inhabitants of the devastated city forgot all but their loss. The nobility as well as the common people were incensed against the author of such disaster, and there was an explosion of passionate recriminations against him. Alexander, who had unwillingly promoted Count Rostopchine to his high position, was glad to lend an ear to

accusations so unanimously expressed. He dared not strike him at once, and left him two years longer in possession of his title; but on a visit he made to Moscow in May, 1814, to celebrate the triumph of Russia and the conclusion of peace, the icy coldness of his manner escaped no one, and Rostopchine understood that his prestige was at an end. He sent the Emperor his resignation, which was accepted with due honor, and followed by his nomination to the distinguished office of Member of the Privy Council. Rostopchine could not decline the favor, but in his hands the office always remained a sinecure. He determined to abandon his ungrateful country, and in 1815 went to Germany, and thence to Paris.

The letters of Count Rostopchine to his wife during their separation are of the deepest interest; they contain descriptions of the different countries he visited, and the princes and illustrious personages with whom he associated, as well as pithy observations on the customs of the people; but their main interest lies in the vivid expression of his natural sentiments, the kindness of his heart, and his tender veneration for his amiable consort. Strange to say—a thing which argues eloquently in favor of Catholicism,—this Russian, so much attached to his national religion, seemed to find in the conversion of the Countess the principal motive of his regard for her. He often referred to it, and spoke as if sharing her belief.

"On Sunday," he writes from Töplitz, in 1815, "I assisted at Mass with your book, and I assure you I prayed fervently, not for myself—for I have abandoned my interests to God,—but for you, who are the soul of the family. I felt a consolation on entering Bohemia to find the people practising a religion which has made a convert so earnest as you. Good-bye, my beloved, my wife, my better self!" And later: "I can not say how happy I am to read in your letter the pleasure my prayers have given you; I can assure you that I pray fervently, and with hope and contrition. I beg of God to strengthen my faith, and to smooth my

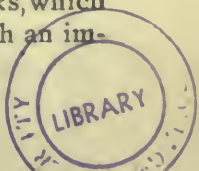
road to salvation. Providence has been generous towards me, in giving me such an excellent wife, two friends, and a clean conscience." Again, from Carlsbad: "I can not grow accustomed to the idea of remaining alone for a year. You are right in saying that my heart is good; what would become of me if it were bad? I do you simple justice, and I should be a monster of ingratitude if I did not prize your love and your virtues. Twice you displeased me in twenty years; but, I repeat, it was God's will. I am far from blaming you for giving the 1 500 rubles [1,200 dollars] to the poor; I trust the needy in this vicinity have no reason to complain of me either. . . . Adieu! I kiss your charitable hands, and I embrace you with all my soul, which is far from being as beautiful as yours. . . ."

The occurrence alluded to above as having displeased the Count was the conversion of his wife and of their daughter, Sophie, who became afterwards the Countess de Ségur. Of their five children, she was the only one who became a Catholic, and this was owing to the influence of the faith and virtues of her pious mother, and the direction of Father Rosaven; she abjured the Greek religion in 1814, and, although her father was greatly afflicted at this new "apostasy," he forgave her not long afterwards, and seemed even more partial to her than before her conversion.

In 1817 the Countess Rostopchine, with her children, arrived in Paris, where she found her husband, who had preceded her thither. Her sojourn lasted six years, and her life was that of a true Christian. She avoided worldly entertainments, never set foot in a theatre, and in this fashionable capital—the centre of every vice and every virtue, the scene of the most abominable works of Satan and the most admirable deeds of faith,—she sought only the city of God, with its spiritual beauties and its hidden grandeur. Her habits grew more and more austere; her time was passed in prayer, meditation, the service of the poor, and the study of ascetic authors. She cultivated the latter *con amore*, and her vast erudi-

tion astonished the eminent ecclesiastics with whom she came in contact. Her two daughters were married in the year 1819, at a few days' interval; the elder, Nathalie, still a schismatic, became the wife of the Count Narishkine, who belonged to one of the best families of the Russian aristocracy; the younger, Sophie, married the Comte Eugène de Ségur, son of the Comte de Ségur, Grand-Master of Ceremonies under Louis XVI., and grandson to the Marquis de Ségur, Marshal of France, and Minister of War under Louis XV. The latter marriage was due to the friendly intervention of the celebrated Madame Swetchine.

Notwithstanding their common nationality and the similar circumstances of their conversion Madame Swetchine and the Countess Rostopchine did not see much of each other in Paris. Both eminent for their learning and piety, they were entirely different in their intellectual habits and their way of living. Both were women of prayer and meditation, but the former frequented the world, not from the love of it, but as a means of action on souls; while the latter, who resembled St. Paula, the illustrious friend of St. Jerome, loved solitude, and gave herself to study and a life of penance. Before the Countess Rostopchine's arrival in Paris, her husband had written to her as follows: "Madame Swetchine has made a complete conquest of the Faubourg Saint-Germain; it is the pivot-point of society. I wonder very much what effect you would produce here, with your natural grace and your knowledge of the Fathers of the Church, who are bewildering even to theologians. While Madame Swetchine has an excellent heart and a great deal of *esprit*, she is too enthusiastic about new people; she began on too large a scale, making too many acquaintances, and now finds it fatiguing." Later on this exuberance of clarity was moderated by her reason and, during forty years Madame Swetchine delighted Paris by her virtues, the extraordinary qualities of her mind, and her good works, which have surrounded her memory with an imperishable aureole.



On the 15th of April, 1820, the Countess Rostopchine hailed with joy the birth of her first grandson, Gaston, of whom she was also the godmother. Who can tell what influence the first blessings, the prayers and tears of his saintly grandmother may have had on the future destinies of the child? After the birth of two other grandsons, Countess Rostopchine had to leave France and her beloved daughter, to follow her husband, whose business and still more, the desire to die in the land he loved so well, made him undertake the journey back to ungrateful Russia. His health was impaired; he had the presentiment that he would never see his daughter again, and he parted from her in tears and with a heavy heart. The Countess was better able to control her feelings. Besides, she was still young, and of a robust constitution, and could hope some day to see her daughter and grandchildren—a consolation which was eventually granted her, twenty years after.

The Count and Countess settled at Moscow, with their youngest daughter Lise, aged sixteen, and little Andrew, the Benjamin of the family. The Castle of Voronovo had been rebuilt on a less imposing scale, but in a manner worthy of the rank of its owners, and they resumed their former life, spending half the year at Moscow. But the season of infirmities and trials had come; their married children lived far away from them, and another sorrow was at hand.

In 1823 Lise, who had just attained her seventeenth year, and was full of life, intelligence, and beauty, was attacked with congestion of the lungs, which rapidly developed into consumption, and in the space of a few months brought her to the point of death. Besides the grief of seeing all remedies useless, the poor mother had inflicted on her the far greater anguish of feeling that her child was dying out of the Fold of the Church. When all hope of saving her had been abandoned, and the doctors declared to the unhappy parents that the end was near, the Countess Rostopchine, who had not ceased to pray in silence, could no longer restrain the cry of her faith and

her maternal love; she asked her daughter if she did not wish to die a Catholic. The young girl gave a willing assent, and her eagerness proved to her mother that she would have become converted sooner, had she not feared her father's displeasure.

Without losing a minute, the Countess Rostopchine hurried to her husband; she was ready to brave his anger in order to secure the salvation of her darling, but she did not wish to let the great act be accomplished unknown to the head of the family. She found him in his room, seated before a table, his head buried in his hands, overwhelmed with grief. "Lise is dying," she said; "and before appearing in God's presence, she wishes to become a Catholic." Whether he hesitated to give his consent, or whether despair rendered him almost unconscious, he made no reply, and did not even raise his head. The Countess Rostopchine sent immediately for the Catholic parish priest of Moscow; he came, received the abjuration and profession of faith of the dying girl, and administered to her the last Sacraments which she received with angelic fervor; she expired a few hours after, on the 24th of March, 1824.

An expression of Countess Rostopchine will show the energetic faith of this truly Christian mother. The very day of her daughter's death, she wrote to her sister, the Princess Galitzin, a letter beginning as follows: "Wish me joy, sister: Lise is dead—she died a Catholic!" But the severe blow completely undermined the shattered health of the Count; he endeavored to resume his usual occupations, and to finish the catalogue of his extensive library; but all efforts were in vain: he could not rise above his sorrow. "Where are our children?" he exclaimed in a letter written in 1825 "Nathalie is as far away as Sophie, Lise is no longer on earth. To live separated from those one loves is one of the saddest trials of old age."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

I LOVE enthusiasts; exalted people frighten me.—*Abbé Roux.*

The Legend of St. Veronica.

THE Holy City is filled with the multitude that has gathered to celebrate the Feast of the Passover. Such a crowd has not been seen since the dedication of the new temple. The air resounds, not with shouts of festivity, but with cries of malediction and the clash of arms. From the throats of the infuriated Jews issue vociferations of hatred, which after eighteen centuries are still heard, and will be heard till time shall be no more. *Tolle, tolle.*—'Away with Him! away with Him! We have no king but Cæsar!'

In the midst of this throng is One bearing on His shoulders the ignominious cross of a slave; His face is covered with spittle, blood, and dust; but its mildness and beauty shine through all. It is the Son of God, the One whom this same people received with acclamations of hosannah five days ago, and—now lead to death.

The procession has passed through the city gates; the mob hails with delight every new outrage inflicted on the Victim, and no man is found with courage enough to come forward and offer one word of sympathy.

The surging multitude approaches the stately house of Seraphia, a holy woman, cousin of St. John the Baptist. She has an only child—a daughter nine years of age,—her joy, her treasure. "Lord," said Seraphia, "if I am not worthy to die for Thee, accept, I beseech Thee, this innocent victim; I give Thee my child." But the justice of the Almighty demanded a nobler victim—His own well-beloved Son.

The procession was close at hand. Seraphia said to her daughter: "Let us offer Him some relief, and die with Him." She takes a napkin of fine white linen, and the child carries a refreshing cordial to moisten the lips of the condemned. With difficulty they make their way among the soldiery. Presently a furious clamor arises. The child falls and is trodden under foot. No cry escapes her, and Seraphia, unconscious of the accident, rushes to the side of Jesus.

The Saviour has noted the devotedness of His servant; He takes the proffered napkin, and with it wipes the dust, the sweat and clotted blood from His sacred Face. With a look of ineffable tenderness He restores the napkin to Seraphia before the brutal soldiers could drag her away.

The mob has passed; its shrieks become confused, and in the distance die away. The noble matron is on her knees beside the bruised and dying child, whose rigid little hands tightly clasp a broken vase. Her offering has been accepted. The Blessed Virgin had witnessed her golden deed, and prayed Her divine Son to bear the child to Paradise. Hers was the happy privilege of dying for Our Lord before He died for love of her.

On recovering Seraphia arises and finds herself still in presence of Jesus. The adorable Face of the Saviour was imprinted on the napkin with such reality that it seemed to regard her even as He Himself had done when she stood before Him. It was His work, and never was portrait drawn by such another artist, nor in such colors—Blood.

The napkin was called *Veronika* (*verum eikón*), that is, true image. The happy woman became so identified with her treasure that she soon ceased to be known by any other name. The pagan emperors wished to see this miraculous likeness; Veronica sent it to Rome, where Providence decreed it should remain. It restored health to the daughter of Tiberius but the marvel did not touch the tyrant's heart, harder than the rocks of Calvary.

After the Resurrection, Veronica, like most of the holy women mentioned in the Gospel, went to France. She died at Soulac, where her tomb was for ages an object of special honor. Her remains now repose in Saint Seurin, Bordeaux, whither they were removed to prevent profanation at the hands of revolutionists.

TRUE repentance has a double aspect: it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watching eye.

Religious Persecution In Our Own Day.

NOTWITHSTANDING the boasted enlightenment and progress of the nineteenth century, the religious persecution to which Russian Poland has been subjected for so long a time, continues, even in our own day, with unabated severity. Among the laws still in force which have been enacted by Russia for the government, or rather the oppression, of its Polish subjects, the following may be mentioned:

Parents are forbidden to bring up their children in any religion but that of the State—i. e., the Russian Schism.

Any one who prevents the apostasy of a Catholic will be deprived of his rights of citizenship, and sent to Siberia, or condemned to at least one year of hard labor.

Whoever, by word or writing, attempts to shake the faith of any schismatic, is liable, for the first offence, to disfranchisement and six months' imprisonment; for the second offence, to four years' imprisonment; for the third, exile and hard labor in Siberia.

Every convert to Catholicity shall be confined in a Russian convent, in order to be convinced of his error. His children shall be removed, to be educated by the State, and his property shall be confiscated.

Any Catholic priest who gives the aid of his ministry to a schismatic shall be deprived of his benefice and sent to Siberia.

Spies are employed to inveigle Catholic priests into a violation of these so-called laws. Calling themselves *Uniates*—that is, Catholics,—they ask the priest to hear their confession. If their request is granted, information is quickly lodged before the courts: the church is closed, and the parish ceases to have any legal existence. It is precisely a repetition of the persecution of Queen Elizabeth's time, with the more cruel punishment of exile to Siberia replacing that of death on the scaffold. Of course, the sole object of these laws is the destruction of the Catholic religion.

In a recent number of the *Monde* there

appeared a touching account of the heroic defence of a Catholic church hidden in a Lithuanian forest, which the pious peasants protected against the Russian commission sent to close it against further use. On the arrival of the officers delegated to place the Government seals on the building, the people surrounded the church, crying out that they would not abandon their sanctuary until they had an opportunity to plead their cause before the Czar. The commanding officer rudely ordered one of the priests to remove the Blessed Sacrament. The latter attempted to execute the command, but the people, while manifesting the greatest respect, held him back. For four weeks these brave peasants guarded their church. Parties were formed, who relieved one another, and night and day they held possession of the sacred edifice, praying, singing hymns, and mutually encouraging one another to persevere in their noble course. In the meantime two deputations were sent to St. Petersburg to plead the cause of the parish. But, alas! they failed to obtain justice. The order came that force should be used, and with it the Governor returned to the scene, and commanded the people to disperse. The noble defenders of their religious rights refused to yield, and were fired upon. Many fell, and the rest, realizing the futility of further resistance, left the church; the priest removed the Blessed Sacrament, and the Government took possession.

Etiquette In Olden Times

From the Home Journal.

FRA BONVESIN'S "Fifty Courtesies of the Table" is a thirteenth century manuscript, which at present exists among the many treasures of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, where it has been examined by more than one distinguished expert. The little we know of Fra Bonvesin, of Riva, shows him to have been a monkish schoolmaster with a marked turn for literature. To the students of early Italian literature, a local chronicle, and a canticle to the [Blessed] Virgin; both penned by the pious monk, are known; but round his "De

Quinquaginta Curialitatibus ad Mensam" centres the chief interest connected with a writer who may be termed the Chesterfield of the thirteenth century. And here it may be remarked that quite as warmly as that worthy nobleman does the Milan monk impress upon his readers the necessity of being refined and well-bred, as we see by his very first verse, in which one is admonished, before eating, to wash one's hands, and wash them gracefully.

"Do not," we are next told, "be in too great a hurry to take your seat at table before being invited; if you should find your place occupied, do not make any disturbance about the matter, but politely yield." Once seated, one is, above all, warned not to neglect to say grace. "It is to the extreme gluttonous and vile, and showing great contempt of the Lord, to think of eating before having asked His blessing." Grace said, one is enjoined to sit decently at table, not with legs crossed, nor elbows on the board.

"Do not," one is next recommended, "fill your mouth too full; the glutton who fills his mouth will not be able to reply when spoken to." One is further advised, when eating, to speak little, because in talking, one's food is apt to drop or to be spluttered. "When thirsty, swallow your food before drinking. . . . Do not dirty the cup in drinking; take it with both hands firmly, so as not to spill the wine. If not wishing to drink, and your neighbor has dirtied the cup, wipe it before passing it on.

The fourteenth "courtesy" is an important one—to beware of taking too much wine, even if it be good; "for he offends trebly that does so: against his body and his soul, while the wine he consumes is wasted." If any one arrives during the meal, one is advised not to rise, but to continue eating.

The sixteenth "courtesy" is noteworthy in its recommendation to those taking soup no to "swallow their spoons," while they are further admonished, if conscious of this bad habit, to correct themselves as soon as possible, as also of the breach of good manners in eating noisily. "If you should sneeze or cough, cover your mouth, and, above all, turn away from the table." Good manners, one is told, demands that one should partake, however little, of whatever is offered; if—that is, the proviso is made—one is in good health. Do not, one is urged, criticise the food, or say, "This is badly cooked, or too salt." Attend to your own plate,

and not to that of others. Do not mix together on your plate all sorts of viands, meat, and eggs; "it may," thoughtfully adds the writer, "disgust your neighbor. Do not eat coarsely or vulgarly; and if you have to share your bread with any one, cut it neatly, if you do not wish to be ill-bred" (*bruto*). "Do not soak your bread in your wine; for," remarks Fra Bonvesin, for the first time asserting his own personality, "if any one should dine with me, and thus fish up his victuals, I should not like it."

The twenty-fourth "courtesy" is a recommendation to avoid placing either one's knife or spoon between one's own plate and that of his neighbor. If with ladies, one is told to carve first for them: "to them the men should do honor. . . . Always remember if a friend be dining with you, to help him to the choicest parts. Do not, however, press your friend too warmly to eat or drink, but receive him well, and give him good cheer. . . . When dining with any great man, cease eating while he is drinking, and do not drink at the same time as he; when sitting next a bishop, do not, however, drink till he drinks, nor rise till he rises. Let those who serve be clean, and," adds the careful monk, apparently foreshadowing Leech's comic sketch of the scented stable-boy waiting at table, "let the servants be free from any smell which might give a nausea to those eating."

Capital advice is further given not to wipe the fingers on the table-cloth, a sentiment in which all thrifty housewives will concur. "Let the hands be clean, and, above all, do not at table scratch your head, nor indeed any portion of your body. Do not, while eating, fondle dogs or cats or other pets; it is not right to touch animals with hands which touch the food. . . . When eating" (with *homini cognoscenti*, adds the writer), "do not pick your teeth with the fingers," Fra Bonvesin once again coming forward to express his personal disgust at this habit. "Do not," one is further admonished, "lick your fingers, which is very ugly and ill bred; for fingers which are greasy are not clean, but dirty."

The advice seems once again to be given not to speak with the mouth full, as one can not under such circumstances do anything but stutter. "Do not trouble your neighbor with questions; if you require anything from him, wait till he has finished eating. Do not," one

is advised, "tell at table doleful tales, nor eat with a morose or melancholy air, but take care your words are cheery" (*confortare*). "When at table avoid wrangling and noisy disputes; but if any one should transgress in this manner, pass it over till later—do not make a disturbance . . . If you feel unwell at table, repress any expression of pain, and do not show suffering, which would inconvenience those at table. If you happen to see anything in the food which is disagreeable, do not refer to it; if it is a fly or other matter, say nothing about it." In handling your bowl or plate at table, place your thumb only on the edge. Do not bring with you to table too many knives and spoons; there is a mean—in other words, Horace's *Est modus in rebus*.

The Lombard monk plainly addresses himself to that "middle class" which we see slowly rising into separate life with the thirteenth century, and the end of the long, dark period of mediæval strife and turmoil, with its society composed solely of barons and plebeians. Something of the refinement of the castle-hall was slowly influencing the *bourgeoisie*, which, till now, can scarcely be said to have been recognized, but which, from this time, is to commence a new and stirring period of social existence.

Catholic Notes.

During the year 1886 as many as 91,548 pilgrims visited the famous shrine of Lourdes. They came from all parts of France, Austria, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Holland, England, and Canada—in fact, from the uttermost parts of the world. The number of Communions amounted to 320,360, and 5,124 new members were enrolled in the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception. Numerous cures were effected by using the miraculous water—cures declared by physicians to be beyond human power,—and the pilgrims thus restored to health left behind them many interesting memorials of their gratitude.

There has recently died at Rome a man whose career is, in some respects, more striking than that of any other notable individual in the present century, and proves how wonderfully the mind of the same person can be

in harmony, by turns, with all that is noble and all that is ignoble in the universe. Father Carlo Passaglia, whose death was recorded in the newspapers a few weeks ago was a priest of the Society of Jesus, and one of the most distinguished theologians that illustrious Order has ever possessed; during the discussions which preceded the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, he was one of its most prominent and staunchest supporters. In the year 1858 he left the Society of Jesus, renounced the sacred ministry, and became a newspaper editor and politician. Meanwhile his return to the faith was being earnestly prayed for, and the belief was frequently expressed that the Mother of God, for whose honor he had so earnestly labored, would not allow him to die out of communion with the Church. The Blessed Virgin was indeed watching over Her erring child, and, through Her powerful intercession, by what we may call a miracle of grace, the lost sheep was brought back to the Fold. Father Passaglia made a public recantation of his errors in the year 1882, and became reconciled to the Church. From that time to his death, his life was one of retirement, penance, and atonement for his misdeeds. *R. I. P.*

The Sovereign Pontiff has given fresh proof of the sympathy for the distressed and suffering which characterizes his kindly heart. When the tidings of the recent earthquakes in Italy reached him, he immediately dispatched to the Archbishop of Genoa the sum of twenty thousand francs, to be distributed amongst families placed in greatest need.

Among the preachers of the Lent this year in Rome is Father Gambetta, of the Order of St. Dominic, a cousin of the late impious French statesman.

The Redemptorist Fathers were giving a mission in York, England. A Mrs. Bellwood, of that city, was in a dying state, and in great agony. She was visited by her neighbor, who was a native of Ireland, and witnessing the sad state of Mrs. Bellwood, she asked her, as all other remedies had failed, if she would consent to use the Knock cement. The sufferer replied that she would use anything that would give relief, and accordingly the cement was sent for, and used by Mrs. Bellwood. She was at once

perfectly cured. Thereupon she expressed an earnest desire to become a Catholic. She was instructed, baptized, and received into the Church together with her children.

Another conversion wrought through the use of the Knock cement was that of a Mrs Fowler, of Cheltenham, who was a stanch Protestant. She became so seriously ill that her recovery was pronounced hopeless by her own husband, who was a physician, as well as by other doctors who were called in to attend her. She used the cement, and immediately was cured. She then and there became a Catholic.—*Dublin Nation*.

Gladstone, in his "Studies of Homer," says of the Catholic Church: "She has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has harnessed to its chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world: its art, the art of the world; its genius, the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of"

In reply to the address of the Cardinals on the occasion of the double anniversary of his birthday and of his solemn coronation, the Holy Father, after alluding to the recent loss to the Holy See by the death of Cardinal Jacobini, spoke of the mighty and supernatural power with which Providence has endowed the Church and the Papacy for the welfare of the world, and prayed that its beneficent influence might be extended over all mankind. To quote his words:

"Oh that nations and rulers would lay aside the prejudice, mistrust, and hatred which false statesmen and the forgers of history in the interests of the sects have heaped up against the Church and the Holy See, and would again see and acknowledge that here is the surest guarantee of public order and the fruitful source of mutual well-being! Assuredly society would not then have to deplore so many revolutions, nor would it continue to live in constant fear of still more frightful catastrophes; and should these come to pass, it is only from the Church and the Papacy that the help, so often before rendered, can be expected; for they alone can restore that which has fallen to ruin. We are, therefore, of opinion that there is for Us no task so opportune nor so well becoming Our office, in these uncertain and troublous times, as to point out to rulers and nations

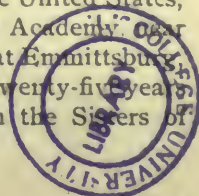
the secure haven of rest and salvation, and to be the means of their safe entry therein. To this work we have dedicated the remainder of Our life, convinced that We shall thus advance the highest interests of religion, which are so closely interwoven with those of civil society. It will be in vain to search Our actions for any other than this, the noblest of motives; and if We demand for the exercise of Our authority true liberty and independence, it is only as a means to this end, because the liberty and independence of the papal power will render easier her beneficial action and her peaceful mission."

The sending of Catholic children to the public schools continues to be discussed in some localities, as if it were an open question. Some words of Cardinal Manning which we here quote have a sound which is the ring of truth, and truth can not be neglected or ignored. His Eminence says, in one of his admirable works on the mission of the Holy Ghost:

"Suffer no children of yours to go to any school whatsoever where they will be exposed to the remotest danger of losing their faith. Their faith is more vital than life itself. If you voluntarily expose them to the danger of losing it, you will be guilty of mortal sin. The consequences of such an act you know."

The Rev Fathers Bandini and Prando, members of the Jesuit mission established in this province, are preparing to found a new mission among the Crow Indians in Eastern Montana. During the past seven years this tribe has been visited by Jesuit Fathers, and the Indians constantly expressed their desire of having resident missionaries in their midst, but not until this year could priests be spared to them. The valley in the centre of which the mission is to be located is thirty miles long, and follows the range of the Big Horn Mountains at a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles. A log chapel will be erected by the missionaries within a few weeks, and two schools, one for boys and one for girls, will be organized by them.—*San Francisco Monitor*.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mother Euphemia, Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, and Superior of St. Joseph's Academy near Baltimore. She passed away at Emmittsburg, Md., after a short illness. For twenty-five years she has been identified with the Sisters of



Charity, and recognized as one of the most efficient and devoted members as well as one of the most superior minds in the Order. She has two brothers living, both priests—the Rev. Father Blenkinsop, S. J., of the Church of the Gesù in Philadelphia, and the Rev. W. A. Blenkinsop, of Boston. *R. I. P.*

The following sums have been received for the sufferers from the recent earthquake in Italy:

A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," in honor of St. Joseph, \$5; J. E. Dunn, 50 cts.; Catharine Doyle, \$1; A Friend, Buffalo, "in honor of St. Joseph," \$5; Mrs. H. W. Morgan, \$5; Mrs. Ellen Doyle, \$1; "a widow's mite," 50 cts.; Ellen Shanley, \$1; Eliza Hagerty, \$1; A Friend, \$10; W. H. H., \$1.

New Publications.

GETHSEMANI. Meditations on the Last Day on Earth of Our Blessed Redeemer. By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor T. S. Preston, V. G., LL. D. New York: Robert Coddington.

In good time for Holy Week comes this exquisitely beautiful and touching volume from the pen of Monsignor Preston. It is a companion to "The Watch on Calvary," which was published two years ago. The two books of meditation form a complete history of Our Blessed Lord's Passion, and will be found by all fervent Catholics a great help to the sanctification of their souls by a contemplation of the suffering and divine resignation of the Redeemer. Even for those who are not Catholics, not Christians, there is a sepulchre in every garden, there is a Gethsemani in every life—the Gethsemani of remorse and despair. Let them take heart, and in this awful but infinitely merciful season of Holy Week let them return to God. Let them pray in their agony, and they will assuredly be heard. Prayer will recall the sunshine even to the dark and frozen heart. Such persons, if they will but read Monsignor Preston's book, will find a balm for their wounded conscience in the meditations suggested therein; and for all the faithful it will prove an invaluable companion to the devotions of Holy Week.

IS THERE A GOD WHO CARES FOR US?

Translated from the French of Mgr Ségur. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887

In this tiny book the author answers the sublime question, Is There a God? and in

proving His existence, proves His providence. We are with him in doubting if there is such a being on earth as a real atheist. Belief in the one, eternal, almighty, infinitely perfect God, who created us and all things, may become clouded, but the obscurity can arise only from one of two causes—ignorance of the real teachings of religion, or corruption of heart. Many a man's infidelity is nothing more than the wish that there were no God to punish the sins of which his conscience accuses him. Would that this little book could find its way into the hands of all who have "lost the Faith"—who have become confused as to the *Credo* from disregard of the *Confiteor*!

ABANDONMENT; OR, ABSOLUTE SURRENDER TO DIVINE PROVIDENCE. By the Rev. J. P. de Caussade, S. J. Translated by Miss Ella McMahon. Benziger Brothers.

The author of this little work is evidently a man of devout life and a deep theologian. It will be found to contain very appropriate reading for Holy Week. Some of the considerations may be somewhat abstruse, but no doubt even these will prove useful to many persons.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Michael J. Collins, O. A. S., for sixteen years the zealous and efficient pastor of Lansingburg, N. Y., whose death occurred on the 7th of March.

Mother Mary Eudes, of the Religious of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, who yielded her soul to God at the convent in Newark, N. J., on the 17th ult.

Mr. John G.aney, of Holyoke, Mass., who died on the 15th of February, fortified and consoled by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. Mary McKiernan, who peacefully departed this life at her residence in New York city, on the 25th of the same month. She was seventy years of age, and had been a sufferer for many months.

James Nugent, of Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Margaret Byrne, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. Patrick Walters and Mrs. Elizabeth Stearns, San Francisco; Mrs. Catharine Trant, Boston; Mr. M. D. Birmingham, Chicago; Miss Rose A. McKiernan, Paterson, N. J.; John S. Kefe, Hoosic Falls, N. Y.; Lawrence Welsh, Mrs. Degan, and Mrs. Ryan, Morriston, N. J.

May they rest in peace!



A Thought for Holy Week.

THE Saviour, bow'd beneath the Cross,
 Ascended Calvary's hill,
 While from the cruel, thorny wreath
 Flowed many a crimson rill.
 The soldiers fiercely drove Him on
 With unrelenting pace,
 'Til, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd,
 He fell upon His face.

A little bird that warbled near
 That ever-blessed day,
 Flitted around and strove to wrench
 One single thorn away.
 The cruel spear impaled his breast,
 And thus 'tis sweetly said
 The Robin has his silver vest
 All covered o'er with red.

O Blessed Saviour! God made Man!
 My sorrows and my sighs
 Reveal the lesson taught by this
 Winged creature of the skies:
 My many faults and failings,
 My negligence in prayer,
 Have plucked no thorns from Thy dear brow,
 But planted thousands there.

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

IV.

The next morning, as the two tramps and Waggy stood at the big glass window of the reception-room, ecstatically watching a small darky boy dancing "Juba," Mémé came in to hunt them up, and was immediately seized by all three, and hauled along to look too; while both boys, at the same time, told what he had already done, and Waggy frisked about as if in illustration.

It was a funny sight. The pickaninny

was as black as a coal, and almost as shiny; his teeth were dazzling, and his wool curled so tight, it was like a felt hat; he had not a whole piece of cloth on him, and was patched so generously that he looked like a demoralized bed-quilt. His rags fluttered in the breeze in a jovial fashion, as he clapped and patted and whirled and swung, with an occasional pigeon wing, or a flash through the air of his bare feet as he turned a summersault; and he was surrounded by an ever increasing ring of soldiers, who laughed and shouted at his antics; while every time he stopped for breath, coppers, nickels, and dimes rained into and around his ragged hat, that lay on the coping. But as this last had no crown, it was a poor purse, and on the child's face an anxious pucker began to interfere with his delighted grin.

Suddenly he made a dive, grabbed up his treasure, and ran to a tall young man, in grey tweed, who was about to enter the ladies' door.

"Say, boss!" he panted, "please hole dish here?"

"What!" exclaimed the man, in astonishment.

"Dish here money. Ise danced fur it, an' Ise gwine to dance mo', to thank de gent'l-mens; an' Ise 'feard I'll lose it, fur dat mean a heap to my ole mammy."

The man looked annoyed; for the crowd were listening, and already cutting rough jokes about "the young swell and his nigger friend."

"Why don't you ask somebody else?"

"You looks so honest, boss!"

There was a yell of laughter from the crowd, that for a moment made the fierce, handsome eyes flash; but something about the little scarecrow seemed to touch the man, and he answered, kindly:

"All right. Go ahead and dance. I'll wait here."

"O my! I am so glad you took it!" said a shrill, familiar little voice in the gentleman's ear. "A woman in here said you wouldn't, and that you ought to cane him; and me and Laurie were 'most afraid you

would once, and we asked Mémé, and she said wait—ow!”

And Phil, who in his enthusiasm had overbalanced himself in the window, pitched over the low sill, head and hands down and heels up. The sash was only partly raised, and on the other side there was a quick dissolving view of a pair of flying knickerbockered legs, with Laurie hanging to one and Mémé to the other.

“Well,” thought Wentworth, “this caps the climax! To think of Miss Hastings seeing me in such a ridiculous fix!”

But he stuffed George Washington Abraham Lincoln Grant and Sherman Fauntleroy’s* money into his pocket, caught Phil by the arm with one hand, raised his hat with the other, and said:

“Let him go, Miss Hastings. It isn’t any distance at all, and I’ll take him down.”

And he did in less time than it takes to tell it. Then he raised the sash, lifted Phil in again, and sat on the ledge, exchanging greetings with Mémé; while the ruffled little tramp shook himself down, and fanned his small red face with his hat. The young officer inquired for Mr. Hastings, and Mémé told him he would be in in a few minutes, and asked him if he would not come inside.

“A little later, thanks. You see”—and he laughed and frowned together,—“the fact is, I promised that tar-baby there to wait.”

“Yes; I forgot,” she answered, quickly. “I do think it was very kind of you.”

“She said,” struck in Laurie, in his deliberate way, “when we thought maybe you wouldn’t hold his money, that she believed you would; then when you did, she said you were a real brave man—a truly, ‘pon-honor brave man—’cause you weren’t ashamed to be good to a beggar; and that you were a gentleman to the—to the—what was it, Mémé?”

“Never mind mannie; don’t bother Mr. Wentworth with it.”

The officer’s face flushed a little under

its tan, and his eyes shone with a brighter gleam than when they flashed at the crowd a few minutes before.

“Thank you, Miss Hastings.” Then to Laurie: “Don’t you always keep your word?”

“We try to,” said Laurie. “Mamma said we must; for if we told stories, it grieved Our Lord, and Our Blessed Lady was sorry, and our Guardian Angels too; and it wasn’t safe to begin telling ‘em, for it was like—like—”

“A snowball starting down hill,” interposed Phil.

“Yes,” said Laurie—“a snowball. Tell him, Phil, about the one we made, to see what she meant.”

“My!” cried Phil, drawing a long breath. “You ought to have been there! We went to the top of the hill in the hay-meadow. It’s high as—as—how high is it, Mémé?”

“The house over the way.”

“As that!” he continued, leaning on Wentworth’s knee in the absorbing interest of the story. “And it had snowed, and we made a ball—”

“That was to represent the story,” put in Laurie.

“And we made it hard, and started to roll it down. We rolled it a little way, and it got bigger and bigger, till it was up to our knees, then to our waists, then to our necks; then it rolled on and on, and went faster and faster, and when it got to the edge of the new road, it gave a big jump, and—”

“Wasn’t Joslyn scared!” said Laurie.

“And mad!” added Phil, with a nod that carried conviction; “for it bounced right on top of him and Peggy—he was riding,—and knocked ‘em both over; and by the time we got there, there were hoofs and legs flying around like a windmill. And then he was going to—”

“He *did*,” said Laurie.

“What?” asked the Lieutenant.

“Shake us. And he said we mustn’t ever make another. But we did—just a little soft one,—to see if that sort of story would be as bad.”

“Well?”

* This is really the name of one of the free children born on the old Fauntleroy plantation in Virginia after the war.

"Well, *it* only rolled part way down, and stuck; but that night everything froze hard, and we couldn't coast there comfor'bly for 'most a year. Was it a year, Mémé?"

"No, dearie, but nearly all winter."

"That's it," he said. "And there were two wide, ugly bare tracks, with the grass pulled up, where they rolled; and one locust bush was smashed, where the big one burst through. And mamma said that was like stories too; for *they* left ugly marks, and stuck in the way, and spoiled things—O papa!—there he is! Can we go, Mémé?"

And off they raced, pulling him in with them, one at each hand.

"Ah!" he said to Wentworth, "I'm glad to see you."

"Yes, papa," laughed Mémé, "you ought to be—unusually so; for he has rescued another one of your children this morning."

Mr. Hastings looked quickly around the little circle, but, seeing none of them the worse for wear, his face relaxed, and he asked her, as he pinched her ear, what she meant.

Then she described the scene to him with a quaint humor that made him smile; and Wentworth, having been relieved of his sudden responsibilities as trustee, came in, and the conversation ran pleasantly, until Mr. Hastings rose and excused himself, as he had to go to the Capitol to be present at the opening argument in *Bellew vs. Norton*, which case he had come on to Washington to help put through the Supreme Court. As he shook himself into his coat, and cordially invited Wentworth to call again, the latter said:

"I came up this morning, Mr. Hastings, to see if you and the little boys would come down to the Arsenal to morrow for the Artillery drill. I do not venture to ask your daughter to join you, for I'm afraid she'll have a grudge against the Artillery, from becket-knot to bugle, as long as she lives." And he looked at her half imploringly.

"Thank you Wentworth," said the elder man. "I should be glad to go, but I can't get off, for a week or ten days now, until

after four o'clock, and I'm afraid that would be rather late, eh?"

"Yes, sir: unfortunately it would. We drill at 9 30."

"O papa!" said Phil, "can't *we* go, any way?"

"We could go with *you*, couldn't we?" asked Laurie of the Lieutenant, and their little faces were a study of anxiety.

Wentworth looked really distressed. "I wish I could manage it," he said; "but my company has to take part in the drill too."

Then the tramps pitched themselves at Mémé.

"O Mémé darling!" they said, "*you* come. Do, dear Mémé!" And Waggy, seeing it was an occasion demanding serious help, stood on his hind-legs, and made affectionate thrusts at her ear and cheek with his small red tongue.

"Could you stand it, Miss Hastings?" asked Wentworth, eagerly; and her father said: "Don't try, dearest."

But she, from the midst of the boy-and-dog triangle in which she sat, answered:

"It would be hard at first"—and she shivered slightly at the memory of the day before; "but, you know, papa, the longer I wait, the worse it will get—the more of a horror it will grow; and if the tramps have set their hearts on the drill, perhaps the best plan will be for me to face it. Don't you remember what you used to tell me—'Half a danger flies in boldly fronting it'?"

"Jove!" thought the young officer, as his eyes flashed recognition of the brave spirit, "the girl has the heart of a hero!"

"You are right, Miss Hastings,—quite right, and I'll see you are in a safe place. Mrs. Ayres"—turning to Mr. Hastings—"will take charge of her; and I, if you will permit, sir, will fetch her back to the hotel afterwards."

"I'll tell you how we'll manage," he answered. "I'll take her down as I go to the Capitol, and leave her with Mrs.—Ayres, did you say?"

"Yes, the commanding officer's wife."

"Then I'll accept your offer with pleasure."

"Ah—h—h!" said the tramps, simultaneously. "Mémé, you're a darling!" And again the three golden heads were in a bunch, and the young man quite agreed with the youngsters, while he thanked Mr. Hastings for granting his request, and Mémé for coming.

And all the time he was conscious of a small compact wad in his pocket, which he had brought as an excuse to ask for Mémé. It was the silk cap. But he took it back to the Arsenal; "for who knows," argued this wily youth, "when my luck may fail, and I'll need a reason for asking for her? I will keep it a little longer, anyway."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Holy Week.

St. John Chrysostom calls the last week of Lent *Great Week*; "not," says the holy Doctor, "that it has more days in it than other weeks, or that its days are made up of more hours than other days; but we call it *Great* because of the great mysteries which are then celebrated." It used also to be called *Painful Week* (*Hebdomada Pœnosa*), on account of the sufferings of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the fatigue in celebrating them. It is called Holy Week, in allusion to the holiness of the mysteries which are commemorated during these seven days. This last name is the one under which it most generally goes, and the very days themselves are, in many countries, called by the same name—Holy Monday, Holy Tuesday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday.

The Greeks call this week *Xérophagia*, that is, the week when no other food is allowed but that which is dry, wine and every kind of seasoning being forbidden. In the early ages, fasting during Holy Week was carried to the utmost limits that human nature could endure. We learn from St. Epiphanius that there were some of the Christians who observed a strict fast from Monday morning to cock crow of Easter Sunday. Of course it must have been very few who could go so far as this. Many

passed two, three, and even four consecutive days without tasting any food; but the general practice was to fast from Maundy Thursday evening to Easter morning. Many Christians in the East and in Russia still observe this severe fast.

A Deed Worthy of Good Friday.

St. John Gualbert was born at Florence A.D. 999. Following the profession of arms at that troubled period, he became involved in a blood feud with a near relative. One Good Friday, as he was riding into Florence, accompanied by armed men, he encountered his enemy in a place where neither could avoid the other. John would have slain him, but his adversary, who was totally unprepared to fight, fell upon his knees, with his arms stretched out in the form of a cross, and implored him, for the sake of Our Lord's holy Passion, to spare his life. Grace triumphed, and John not only held his hand from blood, but cast out from his heart the wicked spirit of revenge. A humble and changed man, he entered the Church of St. Miniato, which was near; and whilst he prayed, the figure of Our Crucified Lord, before which he was kneeling, bowed its head towards him, as if to ratify his pardon. Abandoning the world, he gave himself up to prayer and penance. Later he was led to found the Congregation of Vallombrosa, so called from the shady valley a few miles from Florence, where he established his first monastery. He fought manfully against simony, and in many ways promoted the interests of the Faith in Italy. After a life of great austerity and holiness, he died whilst the angels were singing round his bed, July 12, 1073.

It does not follow that a man is persuaded of the truth of an affirmation or an argument because he does not or can not reply to it. If so, half the world would be persuaded that there is a man in the moon, that eminent personage is spoken of so frequently.



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Easter Angels.

BY F. W. G.

CHILDREN of Paradise,
Joy in your shining eyes,
What do ye bring?

1st Angel.

White, fragrant lily flowers,
Culled in the heavenly bowers—
These for Our Lord the King.

2d Angel.

The Passion-flower is mine,
That Christians may divine
The dolorous way He trod.

3d Angel.

A spotless lamb I hold,
The whitest of the fold,
For Him, the Lamb of God.

All.

Gladly our gifts we bring,
Softly our carols sing,
His Soul has burst its prison.
Glory to God to-day,
The stone is rolled away,
And Christ is risen!

THE vital air of friendship is composed of confidence. Friendship perishes in proportion as this air diminishes.—*Abbé Roux.*

To know oneself is the true; to strive with oneself is the good; to conquer oneself is the beautiful.—*Ib.*

The Agnus Del.—Its Origin and Use.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

I.

HERE is in every rational being an intuition of the supernatural. Different nations or individuals manifest it in different ways, but all manifest it in some way. The polished Greek will embody it in an exquisite sculpture; the Egyptian, in a labyrinthian temple; the Druid will discover it in the forest; the Central African will place it in a stick or stone; and the savage of America, who wants to shoot the rapids of the St. Lawrence in his bark canoe, will propitiate the *manito* of the waters with a few leaves of the tobacco so precious to him. No man can entirely emancipate himself from the influence of this universal belief. The infidel and the scoffer at both pagan and Christian beliefs are not without their superstitions, their lucky and unlucky days, their propitious or unpropitious omens. Deny it as strenuously as they may, they can not even conceal the fact. The Christian is the only logical one among them all; for he believes in a personal God, creating and ruling the universe in its entirety and in all its minute details with a fatherly providence, for the good of His rational creatures,—alive to the wants of the least of them, and ever ready to turn a willing ear to their every petition.

Among the forms which this intuition of

the supernatural has assumed in different ages of the world, especially in the propitiating of the unseen power, is the use of amulets, or charms, worn suspended from the neck or carried about the person, with a view of warding off danger and disease, and all sinister influence of the evil principle. These amulets were, among pagans, fashioned into different forms; sometimes they were little images of the heathen gods, sometimes they consisted of certain drugs, again they were letters of the alphabet arranged in an *abracadabra*, and not unfrequently they were of an objectionable character. Among the Romans, as every classical scholar is aware, they were hung about the neck of infants, and had certain mythological significations showing to which of the pagan deities the child was consecrated. On attaining the age of fifteen years, he assumed the *toga virilis*, or garb of manhood, and consecrated his amulet to the *lares*, or household gods of the family.

In no place does this superstition appear to have had so deep a hold as among the Romans, and great difficulty was experienced by the early preachers of the Gospel in withdrawing the people from the use of these relics of paganism. Indeed, it was not until the lapse of centuries that it was entirely eradicated, especially in the rural districts. However, such is the wisdom of the Church that she is frequently able to divert a heathen custom into a Christian channel. It was this wisdom that gave rise to valentines; but they have unhappily returned to a mixture of paganism and folly, that leaves no trace of their Christian origin.

Again, when St. Augustine went to England, at the command of Pope St. Gregory the Great, to preach the Gospel, he found among the Angles the custom of placing images of their false deities in the hollows of trees, and other such places, and it was in vain that he endeavored to induce them to abandon that form of superstition. In his perplexity he wrote to the Father of the Christian world, who advised him not to try to win the people entirely away from their custom—for that, he had seen, was

almost impossible,—but rather to substitute the images of the saints and the Mother of God for those of the false deities. In this way he would not only succeed in withdrawing them from what was sinful, but would also impress them with a correct idea of the Catholic doctrine of the communion of saints, and the care with which those who are happy with God watch over both persons and places for the good of their brethren who are still here below. The same course was followed with regard to the pagan custom of wearing amulets.

II.

Christians, too, have their amulets—the crucifix, the Scapular, blessed medals, the *Agnus Dei*, etc.,—and they are with greater propriety called amulets, for they fulfil the meaning of the term, which, being derived from the Latin word *amolior*, means “I remove.” According to this etymology, says Barry (pp. 136, 137), “an amulet is something worn to remove or ward off danger; and when the thing so worn has not of its own nature power to produce this effect, to use it, confiding in it alone, would be the sin of superstition. Thus when the old pagans hung around their necks certain stones, metals, or bits of parchment, with mysterious signs and figures inscribed on them, and trusted in them for protection against disease and witchcraft, they only proved the stupid folly into which human nature left to itself is sure to run. . . . But the Christian does not, like the pagan, put his trust in them on account of any inherent virtue which he imagines them to have, nor does he look to the enemy of his soul for assistance. His hope is in the Living God, who, listening to the prayers of His beloved Spouse, the Catholic Church, blesses these material things, and bids His children keep them as memorials of Him—as tokens that His divine providence will ever shelter them beneath its protecting wing.”

The *Agnus Dei* is, then, no superstitious object, as some would fain have us believe; but one of those sacramentals by which the blessing of God is invoked upon those who use it with proper dispositions, and one of

those objects which the Church has successfully employed to abolish a real superstition. It is a remarkable fact that those claiming the name of Christians, who have discarded the pious objects blessed by the Catholic Church, have themselves not unfrequently fallen into real, culpable and foolish superstitions. A striking instance of this is furnished by Queen Elizabeth, of England. In the thirteenth year of her reign it was enacted by Parliament that "if any person shall bring into the realm of England any token or tokens, thing or things called or named by the name of *Agnus Dei* (which said *Agnus Dei* is used to be specially hallowed and consecrated, as it is termed, by the Bishop of Rome in his own person), and shall deliver the same to any subject, he shall incur the penalties of *Præmunire*."*

After this it was hardly to be expected that the sovereign who enacted such severe laws against "vain and superstitious things" should herself become guilty of gross superstition. But Parson, in his "Discussions" (pp. 217, 218) says: "One of her privy counsellors presented her with a piece of gold of the bigness of an angel, † dimly marked with some small characters, which he said an old woman in Wales bequeathed to her on her death-bed, telling her that the said old woman, by virtue of the same, lived to the age of one hundred and odd years, and could not die as long as she wore it upon her body; but being withered, and wanting nature to nourish her body, it was taken off, and she died. The Queen, upon the confidence she had thereof, took the said gold, and wore it on her ruff."

The proper use of the sacramentals, especially of the *Agnus Dei*, is the best means of withdrawing people from their supersti-

tions. But what is the *Agnus Dei*, and why call it by that name?

III.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that the words *Agnus Dei* are Latin, and signify "Lamb of God." The *Agnus Dei* has a twofold signification, the first being that it represents the Lamb of God. All the ceremonies of the blessing of it point to this primary signification, as will be seen more fully later on. The reader—even the superficial reader—of the sacred Scriptures of both the O'd and the New Testament, need not be told that the lamb was, both in the ceremonial law and in the writings of the prophets, the symbol of Christ. Nor need he be referred to the numerous passages in which the long-expected Messiah is compared in His meekness to the lamb. In the New Testament He is frequently referred to in the same manner, and is explicitly called by St. John the Baptist "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

But why are these blessed objects named the *lamb*, and not rather the *lion*, for Christ is called the "Lion of the tribe of Juda?" And since they are to be a defence against our spiritual enemies, is it not strength, as typified by the lion, rather than gentleness, as symbolized by the lamb, that we should have? The reason for this name is found in the second signification of the *Agnus Dei*—its reference to the newly baptized. These, in the words of St. Paul, put on Jesus Christ, are incorporated into His mystical body, and become new lambs of His flock. As such they are bound to imitate His virtues. Now, it is a remarkable fact that, though Our Saviour illustrated every virtue in an infinitely perfect degree during His sojourn upon earth, there are but two which he bids us learn especially from Him. "Learn from Me that I am meek and humble of Heart"—the characteristics of the lamb, and not of the lion. In His triumph over the powers of hell, He is indeed the Lion of the tribe of Juda; but among His children, as their model, He is the meek Lamb; and, as lambs, they are to walk even

* This was a very severe punishment, entailing on the offender, in the words of Lord Coke, that he "shall be out of the King's protection, and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels forfeited to the King; and that his body shall remain in prison at the King's pleasure."

† An ancient gold coin of England, worth about ten shillings, and so named from the figure of an angel stamped on one side of it.

as He walked. Hence the name *Agnus Dei*. The purity of their lives is typified by the immaculate whiteness of the wax: the meekness of their conduct, by the figure of a lamb impressed upon it. Mystical writers deduce many other symbolical meanings from the part which the lamb played in the religious ceremonies of the Old Law, but they shall be passed over as not being intimately connected with the subject.

IV.

Great variety of opinion exists with regard to the origin of the *Agnus Dei* and the date of its introduction. Writers of the time of Charlemagne—that is, at the close of the eighth century—inform us that on the morning of Holy Saturday, the archdeacon was accustomed to pour wax into a vessel prepared for the purpose, and mix it with oil. From this mixture he formed figures in the shape of lambs, which, after being blessed, were kept in a suitable place to await the concluding ceremony, which took place on Low Sunday. On that day the lambs, which must have been quite small, were given to the people to be used in fumigating their houses, or to be placed in their fields and vineyards as a protection against the machinations of the evil spirit, and against danger from lightning and thunder. John Albert Widmanstadius, Jurisconsult and Chancellor of Eastern Austria under Frederick I., writes that when baptism was solemnly administered—which ceremony was performed by the bishop only,—if any received the Sacrament at Rome, it was the custom to give them, as a holy amulet, a wax seal stamped with the figure of a lamb bearing a banner (*vexilliferi agni figura expressa*), which had been immersed in water mingled with consecrated chrism, as a symbol of baptism.

Although authors are not wanting who call this in question, it is accepted and defended by no less a scholar than Pope Benedict XIV. in his work on the Canonization of Saints. He proves further that the use of wax is of very great antiquity, and furnishes as an evidence the fact that in the year 1544 the tomb of Maria Augusta, wife

of the Emperor Honorius, who died before the middle of the fourth century, was opened, and that in it was found, besides a great variety of gems, etc., a wax *Agnus Dei*. That the latter was in use among Christians at that early day, the learned Pontiff asserts, is in harmony with the opinion of Cardinal Augustine Valerius, who refers the origin of blessing wax *Agnus Dei*s to the beginning of the fifth century. Molanus quotes, without approving, the opinion of those who are in favor of a still more remote antiquity, placing the origin of the *Agnus Dei* as early as the time of the Emperor Constantine the Great, and, therefore, near the beginning of the fourth century.

The discovery of the *Agnus Dei* in the tomb of the pious Empress Maria Augusta is the strongest evidence of the antiquity of its introduction among Christians. The annotator of Molanus, quoting from the "Cosmographie Universelle," gives the following account of it: "Among other things was a *bull*a—one of those which at present are called *Agnus Dei*s,—around whose circumference was the inscription, 'Maria Florentissima.'" Two difficulties here present themselves, which have not escaped the attention of those who deny to the *Agnus Dei* so great antiquity: whether wax could be preserved for a thousand years, and whether this object was identical with the *Agnus Dei* now in use. Both sides of the question are warmly disputed, and I shall not attempt to decide what others have found it impossible to settle.

Mobillion, while disputing the conclusions of those who argue from Prudentius that the custom of blessing the Paschal candle existed in the fourth century, yet proves from Ennodius, a Bishop who flourished before the year 520, that it certainly did exist at the beginning of the sixth century. The "Catholic Dictionary" places the beginning of the custom of blessing the Paschal candle as early at least as the time of Pope Zosimus, who ascended the throne of Peter in the year 417. When the Paschal candle was finally extinguished on Ascen-

sion Day, the people were accustomed to gather small portions of what was left of it, and carry them home as a protection against tempests. All authors are agreed that it was from this custom of the people that the *Agnus Dei* derived its origin.

But, granting all that has been said, Molanus still maintains that the custom of blessing the *Agnus Dei* can not be proved to have existed prior to the eighth or ninth century. In a number of dioceses which he names, as well as in certain others, a custom existed, especially among the inhabitants of the rural districts, of taking portions of the candles blessed on the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, forming them into crosses, and placing them in their houses or at the tops of their chimneys (*externe caminorum oræ*), as it were in the most conspicuous place in their homes. But this could not, evidently, have been prior to the time at which the blessing of candles on the Feast of the Purification was introduced into the Church. With regard to the custom of blessing candles on this feast, Benedict XIV., in his treatise on the "Feasts of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin," quotes Baronius, who attributes it to Pope St. Gelasius I., who sat in the chair of Peter from the year 492 to 496, and who instituted it with a view of withdrawing the people from the celebration of the *Lupercalia*, a feast of pagan Rome celebrated on the 15th of February, the rites of which, like many of those of the pagans, were of a very immoral character. The same Baronius, no mean authority, would give the *Agnus Dei* a still greater antiquity than any of the writers already quoted.

In this diversity of opinion among the learned who have made this question a matter of careful study, it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion, except that the *Agnus Dei* is of very great antiquity; but of how great, it is probable that no one will be ever able to determine with any degree of certainty. Perhaps the conclusion arrived at by Maurel is as near the truth as we can hope at this day to come—that "it is spoken of in the Roman Ordo,

which, in the opinion of the learned, is anterior to the eighth century." (p. 267.)

It has already been intimated that the *Agnus Dei* is so named because the image of a lamb is impressed upon it—the type of Christ, who is the true Lamb of God; and it is worn suspended from the neck, or is carried about the person, to show that those who wear it are by baptism consecrated to the Lamb without spot.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Fairy Gold

BY CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XIV.

"AND so, Brian, I find you as obstinate as ever!" said Mr. Singleton, in a complaining tone.

The person whom he addressed smiled a little. He did not look very obstinate, this pleasant-faced young man, with clear gray eyes, that regarded the elder man kindly and humorously. They were sitting in the latter's private room, which opened into the drawing-room—Mr. Singleton leaning back in his deep luxurious chair; Brian Earle seated opposite him, but nearer the open window, through which his glance wandered now and then, attracted by the soft summer scene outside flooded with the sunshine of late afternoon.

"I am sorry if it seems to you only a question of obstinacy," he said, in a voice as pleasant as his face; "for that is the last thing I should wish to be guilty of. Mere obstinacy—that is, attachment to one's will simply because it is one's will—always seemed to me a very puerile thing. My impulse is to do what another wishes rather than what I wish myself—all things being equal."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Singleton, with the sarcastic inflexion of voice which was very common with him. "Then I am to suppose that, where I am concerned, your impulse is exactly contrary to what it is in the case of others; for certainly you have never

consented to do anything that I wish."

"My dear uncle, is that quite just, because I can not do *one* thing that you wish?"

"That one thing includes everything. You know it as well as I do. In refusing that, you refuse all that I can or ever shall ask of you."

"I am sorry to hear it," said the other.

"But do you not think that it is a great thing to ask of a man to resign his own plan and mode of life, to do violence to his inclination, and to give up not only his ambition but his independence as well?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Singleton, "it is a great deal; but I offer a great deal also. You should not forget that."

"I do not forget it. You offer an immense price, but it is the price of my freedom and my self-respect."

"In that case we will say no more about it!" returned Mr. Singleton, hotly. "If you consider that you would lose your freedom and your self-respect by complying with my wishes—wishes which, I am sure, are very moderate in their demands,—I shall certainly not urge you to do so. We will consider the subject finally closed."

"With all my heart," said Earle. "It is a very painful subject to me, because I regret deeply that I am unable to comply with your wishes."

Mr. Singleton made a wave of his hand which seemed peremptorily to dismiss this regret. "Nothing would be easier than for you to gratify me in the matter if you cared to do so. Since you do not desire to do so, I shall cease to urge it. I have some self-respect, too."

To this statement Earle wisely made no reply, and he was also successful in repressing a smile, though he knew well from past experience that his uncle's resolution would not hold for a week, and that the whole ground would have to be exhaustively gone over again—probably again and again.

"You seem very pleasantly settled here," he observed after a moment, by way of opening a new subject. "This is a charming old place."

"Yes. I should buy it if I expected to

live long enough to make it worth while," replied Mr. Singleton. "The climate here suits me exceedingly well."

"And the people are agreeable I suppose?" observed Earle, absently, his eye fastened on the lovely alternations of light and shade—of the nearer green melting into distant blue—which made up the scene without.

"I know little or nothing of the people of the town," said Mr. Singleton; "but I meet a sufficient number of my old friends—brought here, like myself, by the climate—to give me as much society as I want. Tom and his wife have, of course, a large circle of acquaintances, so you need entertain no fear of dulness in the short time you are good enough to give me."

"Do you fancy that I am afraid of dulness?" asked Earle, with a laugh. "On the contrary, no man was ever less inclined for society than I am. But I like the look of the country about here, and I think I shall do some sketching."

"If you find sketching to do, there may be perhaps some hope of detaining you for a little while," said Mr. Singleton.

"The length of my stay will not be in the least dependent on any possible or probable sketching," returned Earle, good-humoredly. He understood the disappointment which prompted Mr. Singleton to make these sarcastic speeches, and they did not irritate him in the least, but only inspired him with fresh regret that he could not do what was desired of him. For he spoke truly in saying that, all things being equal, he much preferred to do what another wished rather than what he wished himself. This was part of a disposition which was amiable and obliging almost to a fault. But with the amiability went great strength of resolution, when he was once fairly roused; and this resolution had been roused on a matter that he felt was a question of the independence of his life. To do what his uncle asked would be to resign that independence for an indefinite length of time—to give up the career on which from earliest boyhood he had set his heart

—to sell his liberty for a mess of worldly pottage that had no attraction for him.

A man who cares little for money beyond the amount necessary for moderate competence, and who has no desire for wealth, is a character so rare in this age and country that people are somewhat justified in the incredulity with which they usually regard him. But now and then such characters exist, and Brian Earle was one of them. Possessing simple, almost austere tastes, having from his earliest boyhood a passion for art, money had never appeared to him the supreme good which it is considered to be by so many others, nor, in any real sense of the word, a good at all. This was partly owing to the fact that he had inherited fortune sufficient for all reasonable needs, and had no one depending upon him. A man who has given hostages to fortune can not be as indifferent to fortune as one who has given none. Even if he lacks a mercenary spirit, he must desire for those whose happiness rests in his care the freedom from sordid anxieties which a monetary competency in sufficient degree alone can give.

But Brian Earle, having no nearer relative than a married sister, had nothing to teach him to value wealth in this manner; and, since it could purchase nothing for which he cared, he felt no temptation to accept Mr. Singleton's proposition that he should devote his life exclusively to him, on consideration of inheriting his whole estate. There were few people who would have hesitated over such an offer, and who would not have been inclined to hold the man insane who did hesitate. But Brian Earle did more than hesitate: he absolutely refused it.

It said much for the influence of his personal character that, even after this refusal, Mr. Singleton still evinced the partiality for his society which he had always exhibited, still claimed as much of that society as he possibly could, and generally consulted him when he had a decision of importance to make. "Ten to one, Earle will finally get the fortune as well as his own

way," those who knew most of the matter often remarked. But one person, at least, had no expectation of this, and that was Earle himself.

His affection for his uncle and gratitude for much kindness, however, made him show a deference and regard for the latter which had no basis in interested hopes, and which Mr. Singleton was not dull enough to mistake. Indeed there could be no doubt that his own regard for Earle was largely based upon the fact that the young man desired nothing from him, and was altogether independent of him, even while this independence vexed and irked him. Perceiving at the present time that the conversation had reached a point where it would be well that it should cease, Brian rose to his feet.

"I think I will stroll about a little, and look into those possibilities of sketching," he said. "I have scarcely glanced at the place as yet."

"Probably some one is going to drive," observed Mr. Singleton. "There are plenty of horses, and Tom and his wife keep them well employed. Of course they are at your service also."

"I am accustomed to a humbler mode of locomotion, and really prefer it," Brian answered. "One sees more on foot."

"I wish you had more expensive tastes," said his uncle. "One could get a hold on you then."

He seemed to be speaking a thought aloud; but, as Earle had no desire to be provoking, he did not utter in reply the quick assent, "Yes, by no surer means than expensive tastes can a man sell himself into bondage."

He went out, whistling softly, seized his hat in the hall, and was crossing toward the entrance, when down the broad, curving staircase came Mrs. Singleton in out-door costume. Probably the encounter was no more to her taste than to his, but she successfully simulated pleasure, which was more than he was able to do.

"You are just going out, Brian?" she said. "That is fortunate; for I wanted to ask

you to go to drive with us, but I knew you were with your uncle, and he is so fond of your society that I did not like to disturb you. But now you will come, of course. Only Miss Lynde and myself are going. I believe you have not yet met Miss Lynde—ah, here she is!"

For, as they came out on the portico together, they found Marion already there. Words of polite refusal were on Earle's lips—for had he not just remarked that he did not care to drive?—but when his glance fell on the beautiful girl, to whom Mrs. Singleton at once presented him, those words found no expression. It was natural enough that, with the delight of the artist in beauty, he should have felt that the presence of such a face put the question of driving in a new aspect altogether. It would be a pleasure to study that face, and a pleasure to discover if the mind and the spirit behind were worthy of such a shrine.

So, after handing the ladies into the open carriage that awaited them, he followed, and took his seat opposite the face that attracted him, as it had attracted the admiration of everyone who ever looked at it. Marion herself was so accustomed to this admiration that the perception of it in Earle's eyes neither surprised nor elated her. She took it as a matter of course,—a matter which might or might not prove of importance,—and meanwhile regarded rather curiously on her part the man who carelessly put a fortune aside in order to follow his own will and his own chosen path of life. On this remarkable conduct she had already speculated more than once. Did it mean that he was a fool—as Mrs. Singleton plainly thought,—or did it mean that he had a belief in himself and in his own powers, which made him stronger than other men, and therefore able to dispense with the aid which they so highly desired?

She had not sat opposite him for many minutes before she was able to answer the first question. Decidedly he was not a fool—not even in that modified sense in which people of artistic, imaginative, temperaments are sometimes held to be fools by the

strictly practical. But with regard to the other question, decision was not so easy. Nothing in his appearance, manner or speech indicated any extraordinary belief in himself; but Marion had sufficient keenness of perception to recognize that, under his unassuming quietness, power of some sort existed. It might be the power to accomplish great things, or it might only be the power to content himself with moderate ones; but it was certainly not an altogether ordinary nature that looked out of the clear gray eyes, and spoke in the pleasant voice.

"Where shall we go?" said Mrs. Singleton to Marion, when they had rolled through Scarborough, and were out in the country.

"We must show Brian all the points of picturesque interest in the vicinity. Do you think we have time to drive to Elk Ridge?"

"Oh, no!" answered Marion, quickly; "it is too late to go there. And I am sure there are other places nearer at hand which are quite as pretty."

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Singleton, skeptically. "Pray tell us about them; for I know of no place half so charming in its surroundings and view as Elk Ridge."

Marion colored a little. She really did not know of any other place equal to Elk Ridge in picturesque attractions, but her dislike to the idea of revisiting it was so strong that she had spoken instinctively, without thought. She was always quick-witted enough to see her way out of a difficulty, however, and after an instant's hesitation she answered:

"I did not say that I positively knew of such a place, only that I was sure it must exist, and probably near at hand. Why not? The country seems to be very much the same in its features all about here."

Mrs. Singleton shrugged her shoulders. "No one can be sure of what may or may not exist," she said; "but when it is a question of looking for it, I prefer what has been already discovered. We will not go to Elk Ridge, however, if you object. I am afraid our gypsy tea must have left disagreeable associations behind it."

Earle could not but observe that Marion's

color deepened still more, and that a slight tightening of the lines about her mouth showed that her annoyance was greater than the nature of the subject seemed to warrant.

"Evidently some very disagreeable association in the matter!" he thought; and, before she could reply to the last remark, he said:

"Pray do not show me the best thing in the neighborhood at once. That should be led up to by successive degrees. These lovely pastoral meadows and those distant hills strike a note that suits me exactly to-day. I do not care for anything more boldly picturesque."

"In that case, take the river road, Anderson," said Mrs. Singleton, addressing the coachman, and settling herself comfortably under the shade of her lace-covered parasol.

So, for several miles they bowled gently along the level road which followed the margin of a beautiful stream, its soft valley spreading in Arcadian loveliness around them; gentle green hills bounding it; and far away, bathed in luminous mist, a vision of distant, purple mountains.

Earle felt himself lapsed into a state of pleasant content. The luxurious motion of the carriage, the charming scenes passing before his eyes, the beautiful face opposite him, and the sound of musical voices—one, at least, of which did not talk nonsense—all combined to satisfy the artist which was so strong within him, and to make him feel that the virtue which had brought him to Scarborough was rewarded.

As they re-entered the town, in the light of a radiant sunset, an incident occurred which revealed a fact that astonished both Mrs. Singleton and Marion. As they drove rapidly down a street, before them on rising ground stood the Catholic church, with its golden cross in bold relief outlined against the rose-red beauty of the evening sky.

"What a pretty effect!" cried Marion.

Earle turned in his seat to follow the direction of her glance, and, seeing the cross, looked surprised. "What is that?" he said. "It looks like a Catholic church."

"It is a Catholic church," answered Marion.

He said nothing more, but as the carriage swept around a corner and carried them in front of it, he looked toward the church and lifted his hat.

This act of reverence would probably have had no meaning to Mrs. Singleton, but Marion had lived too long with Catholics not to understand it. "Oh!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, with an accent of surprise; adding, when Earle looked at her, "is it possible you are a Catholic!"

He smiled. "Does that astonish you?" he asked. "There are a good many of them in the world."

"A Catholic!" repeated Mrs. Singleton, incredulously. "What nonsense! Of course he is not—at least, not a *Roman* Catholic!"

"Pardon me," he answered, still smiling, "but that is exactly what I am—a Roman Catholic. For that is the only kind of Catholic which it is worth any one's while to be."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"My Lord and My God!"

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

AMONG His dear disciples Jesus stood,
 Their risen Lord and God—
 The same who suffered on the sacred wood,
 The same who Calvary trod.
 And, as of old, He blessed and broke the Bread,
 And gave It them to eat,
 Then laid His wounded hands on each bowed head,
 In benediction sweet.

St. John was there, who on the Saviour's Breast
 Had leaned at eventide,
 Ere yet Gethsemane His soul oppressed,
 That night before He died.
 There, too, St. Peter, zealous as of yore,
 Yet mindful of his fall,
 Answered the question, "Lovest thou Me more?"

"Yea, Master, best of all!"

But one was absent—he whose coward feet,
 Urged on by black despair,
 Bore him unsummoned to the Judgment-seat,
 To find no mercy there.

Fit ending to a life of sordid care—
Repenting all too late,
Judas, the unabsolved, without a prayer,
Rushed headlong to his fate.

Turn we from that sad picture to the room
Where stood the blest eleven,
To welcome their Beloved from the tomb—
His very smile is heaven.
Behold Him, as in condescension sweet
He bares His riven Side,
Till Thomas falls believing at His feet,
And owns the Crucified.

"My Lord and God!" convinced the doubter
cries
In mingled love and grief,
But the meek-hearted Saviour bids him rise,
Nor chides his unbelief.
"Because thine eyes have looked on Me to-
day,
Thomas, thou dost believe;
And yet I say to thee, more blesséd they
Who Me by faith receive."

O Lord my God! behold in later days,
Claiming Thy promise given,
One who by faith has looked upon Thy Face,
And in that look found heaven;—
Whose heart awaits Thee like that upper room,
Who bids Thee come at will,
To chase the shadows and dispel the gloom
With Thine own "Peace, be still!"

How a Russian Countess Found the True Fold.

(CONCLUSION.)

TOWARDS the end of 1825, the health of Count Rostopchine grew worse, and he suffered intensely from water on the chest. His wife nursed him with untiring devotedness, praying unceasingly for the salvation of a soul so dear to her. She did not try to make him abandon his schismatic belief, judging such an attempt to be useless, and dangerous to his peace of mind. She knew how limited his religious instruction had been, and how deeply attached he was to the creed of his youth; she knew also that he saw between the Greek Church and the Roman Catholic Church only mere shades

of difference, of no weight before God. She remembered, too, that the Greek Church, having preserved nearly all the tenets of the true Church, together with its traditions and sacred rites, had a real priesthood, a real episcopacy, and real Sacraments. Consequently when he felt the approach of death, and asked her to send for a Russian priest, she did not hesitate about complying with his request.

The Count remained some time alone with the man whom he looked upon as the minister of Jesus Christ; he confessed, received absolution, and when his wife returned to his side, she found him consoled and almost cheerful. "I am so happy!" he said; "I feel my conscience so light! I can now die in peace." Up to the end, he retained this happiness and peace. His last movement was an act of Christian faith. He was lying in bed, apparently sleeping, and his wife was kneeling beside him in prayer, when suddenly he rose to a sitting posture, made the Sign of the Cross in a solemn manner, and then fell back on his pillow and expired.

The Countess mourned him without anxiety, and prayed for him with confidence. Shortly after his death, she saw him in a dream—which she fancied had been sent by God—praying and expiating his sins in Purgatory, while she was assured that Lise had attained to perfect bliss in heaven.

The Countess was fifty years of age when her husband died. During the thirty-four years she had still to spend on earth she led the life of a "widow indeed." Her youngest son was twelve years old, and needed all her care, but he was not to remain with her long. At the age of fourteen he went to the military school at St. Petersburg; she felt the separation greatly, principally on account of the manifold dangers awaiting the child in a circle so different from that to which he had been accustomed. The management of her fortune gave her continuous occupation and much annoyance. The immense estate of Voronovo, bequeathed to her by her husband, was like a province, with its eighteen villages, its extensive

forests, and thousands of inhabitants, over whom she had the right of jurisdiction. She exercised the office of lord towards the serfs, protecting them, and administering correction with justice, always tempered by piety and maternal tenderness. In the discharge of those difficult duties, she displayed the firmness and intelligence of a man.

At Voronovo, where she spent the summer months, she was utterly deprived of all the consolations of religion, and tried to make up for the loss by prolonged meditation and spiritual reading. She devoted several hours a day to this exercise, and constantly kept her soul in the presence of God. It was different at Moscow, where the two parishes were in charge of two French priests. The Countess was a regular attendant at the church nearest to her residence—St. Louis des Français. She never missed daily Mass, and the following anecdote, related by herself to Mgr. de Ségur, gives one an idea of the measure of her courage in confessing Jesus Christ.

Her palace being some distance from the church, she drove thither every morning in her carriage drawn by four horses, as was the custom with wealthy Russians. One day she received a visit from an unknown person, who was extremely civil, even obsequious. "Madame la Comtesse," he began, "you are seen every morning going to the Catholic church in your carriage. Allow me to inform you that this has a bad effect. If the Governor were to hear of it, he might be displeased."—"Monsieur," she replied, quite astonished, "allow me to beg of you to mind your own business! I know what I am about; I have been doing it these twenty years, and I shall continue to do it." Without further ceremony, she dismissed him. The next day a police official appeared in full uniform. "Madame la Comtesse," he said, "I have been sent by his Excellency the Governor. You received yesterday an indirect warning, the one I now bring you is official. His Excellency desires you to be more guarded, because if you continue those Catholic manifestations, he will feel obliged to write to the Emperor about it."

Nothing daunted by this new intimation, the Countess answered: "Tell the Governor he may spare himself the trouble of writing to the Emperor; I intend doing so myself, no later than to day." Her letter to the Czar ran thus: "Sire, the Governor of Moscow threatens to inform your Majesty that I go every day to the Catholic church in my carriage, as I have been in the habit of doing ever since I had the happiness of renouncing error and embracing the truth. In acting thus I make use of a right conferred by common sense and by the law. There is nothing extraordinary in my conduct, and nothing is farther from my mind than to annoy any one by ridiculous ostentation. I am determined to continue as heretofore. Your Majesty is free to imprison me for being a Catholic and professing it; you may confiscate my property and send me to Siberia. But what you can never do is to prevent me from following the dictates of my conscience, and make me abandon my faith and the service of my God. Sire, I entreat you, reflect well on this point. In a few years you too will die, like other mortals; you will be judged, and if the Sovereign Master finds you outside His Church, and persecuting it, He will condemn you, and all your present power will be of no avail to save you."

The letter was dispatched. Did it reach the Emperor? Was it not intercepted by the Governor of Moscow, who wished to frighten the Countess, but feared that he himself might be involved in difficulties? She never knew, but from that time she was left in peace, and pursued her usual devotions undisturbed. She carried on an active correspondence with her two married daughters, one in France, the other in the province of Odessa. She also wrote in these years of solitude several works on dogmatic and moral subjects; her style was remarkable for its terseness and fluency, and many of her pages might have come from the pen of a Benedictine monk.

Only once during this long period did she make a journey outside Russia. Her daughter Sophie, the Countess de Ségur, had given

birth to eight children during the first ten years of her marriage, and her duties, joined to the delicacy of her health, made her abandon the thought of going to see her mother. So the kind-hearted old lady resolved to undertake the journey herself; it was a very fatiguing one in those days, but her strength was equal to it. She spent in France the greater part of the year 1839. It was at this time she learned to appreciate the beautiful character of the eldest of her grandsons, Gaston de Ségur, then nineteen years old. Her example and the superiority of her mind undoubtedly confirmed the young man in his religious dispositions, and contributed in a great measure to decide his vocation to the priesthood. This was probably the most noble work of her life.

In the spring of 1840, the Countess set out on her journey home; she hoped that at some future day she might see her grandchildren; their mother she did not expect to see again. To spare her daughter the anguish of such a parting, she left early in the morning, after having written a letter of adieu. She was able to control her feelings so well that on the previous evening, when she embraced Sophie for the last time on earth, no sign betrayed the violence of her emotion and grief. God was the only witness of her tears. This admirable woman might be compared to the valiant women of Holy Writ, for she bore her cross uncomplainingly to the end of her long life.

An affectionate intercourse was kept up with her grandson by frequent letters. A few extracts from this precious correspondence will give an idea of the character of this true Christian—of the greatness of her soul, and the brilliancy of her intellect. Writing from Moscow in 1840, she says: "My pious and dear godson, what would you have said of her of whom you have such a good opinion if you had been here during a bilious fever she had for eight or ten days? All fervor was gone. Just a few short prayers, the end of which I forgot as soon as I began them. Laziness in beginning, and greater laziness in going on, interrupted them unconsciously. This experience, com-

bined with that of two other attacks I had some years ago, has fully convinced me that the time of sickness is not the time to prepare for death, and that it is while in health that we ought to try to keep our lamp lighted."

And in 1843 she writes: "My dear Gaston, your silence, far from paining me, pleases me, on account of its motive and of the disposition which I have of being always content when others are occupied with God instead of me. . . . In truth, the written *souvenir* is not to be compared to that of prayer. . . . I persevere in reading and meditating on Father Nouet; his style is as monotonous and wordy as it is admirably pious and instructive. I have found in his works lights which, if not quite new, are yet presented in such a manner as to give more clearness and force to those already known. . . . No doubt you will read this book, and I rejoice at the thought of it; for you will know so much better than I how to profit by its teaching, especially in the three things necessary to perfection—*knowledge*, *will*, and *practice*. I think I know my duty, I believe I wish to accomplish it, but as to executing it—that is what frightens my cowardice. Do not imitate me, my dear son, but aim always at the goal God points out to you. He is holy, and must exact some efforts on our part to reach sanctity. . . . Adieu, dear Gaston, of whom the Lord has granted me the happiness and glory of being grandmother! May I, after death, have the privilege of continuing my prayers for you!"

We might multiply these epistolary fragments, but let us content ourselves with giving the most beautiful of all, written when the Countess heard of her holy godson's complete blindness, October 12, 1854: "My dear Sophie, my dear Gaston. . . . God must indeed love Gaston with a special love since He tries him by a loss so grievous as that of sight. I look upon this severe privation as a token of divine mercy, which only chastises in order to bestow on him eventually a greater reward for his resignation, his faith, his love, and his filial piety. In truth,

my daughter, you are happy in having given birth to a saint. . . My beloved and precious son! you have been struck like St. Paul; but, better than the Apostle, you were struck not when you were persecuting Jesus Christ, but when you were promoting His glory and seeking the good of souls. I ought rather to ask your blessing than to give you mine; nevertheless, I bless you as being myself advanced in years, as a kindred adorer of the same God, as your grandmother and godmother, as a suppliant before the throne of the Alm'ghty, where, through His mercy, I hope soon to appear."

This language, this supernatural strength of feeling and thought, this noble simplicity, remind one of another age more deeply imbued with Christianity than our own. Is it not the letter of a saint addressed to a saint? Is it not like an echo of the voices of St. Felicitas and St. Symphorosa encouraging their children to martyrdom? Mgr. de Ségur himself, writing on one occasion to his sister, said: "Is not the martyrdom of life greater sometimes than that of death?"

The above letter is one of the last written by Countess Rostopchine. She was then nearly eighty years; her health continued to decline, and she gave up, one by one, all her favorite occupations. Prayer was her only consolation. This constant communication with God had become easy and natural to a soul whose faculties had been all turned heavenward. During the last years of her life, in order to be near a church, she abandoned Voronovo, and took up her residence in Moscow. Her eldest daughter, Madame Narishkine, herself a widow, was her companion and her solace. On the 29th of September, 1859, the Countess calmly expired, fortified by the rites of Holy Church; she left this world, where she had suffered so long and prayed so well, to enjoy the vision of Him in whom she had believed firmly and to the end.

NATURE furnishes the ore, which Grace in her crucible tries till the dross is consumed.

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IX.—PERUGIA AND ASSISI.

MY memory of Perugia and Assisi—sister cities that silently salute each other from their rocky thrones—has resolved itself into companion pictures, strikingly contrasted. Their shadowy outlines are necessarily imperfect; it seems to me no words are capable of reproducing the atmosphere of these fascinating shrines of faith and art.

One gets so accustomed to looking unto the hills for the lesser Italian cities, that when one stumbles upon some settlement on the plains, he wonders if it can be truly Italian, and if so, by what convulsion of nature it was deposed from its natural resting place on the heights.

The Italian railway naturally seeks the lowlands when it is practicable. A thousand little stations have sprung up along its track; and at the stations, conveyances of all descriptions await the arrival of the trains; then, with a mixed company of clerics, soldiers, and civilians, they start gaily for the city, which is set upon a hill, and is usually two or three hot and dusty miles away.

PERUGIA.—Proud of her art and her altitude, the city is a long, steep drive, from the station. Her piazza and her *corso*, the heart and main artery of every Italian town, lie 1600 feet above the valley of the Tiber, and the railway station is in the bed of the valley. Nearing the town, you are dragged under houses that seem ready to drop down upon you from the steep terraces above; later you are whirled over the roofs of these very houses, and around sharp corners that overtop the steeples on the streets below, until, having climbed into the cool and bracing air at the summit of the city, you find yourself rattling down the lively *corso* at a dash pace, and approaching the grand cathedral in the piazza. Then, with a sigh of relief, and a little cry of delight, you be-

hold on the one hand the fine old fountain, with its three basins adorned with Bible stories and mythology inextricably mixed; and on the other the statue of a Pope.

THE BRONZE POPE.—I wonder why this sombre, gray-green statue of Pope Julius III., sitting on its lofty pedestal, interested me so deeply? It is only three centuries old, and you will find statues like it in many a town piazza. A grave, venerable face it is, looking benignly down upon the people who daily, hourly pass under the shadow of its benediction without touching their hats, or dropping a courtesy, or even casting a kindly glance that way. They have grown old under its unwinking eyes, and have become indifferent to it, and to all the imperishable beauty of their ancient city—just as their fathers and grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers did before them. And now, when you find a little group of dusty and dark skinned Italians pausing for a moment under the raised fingers of that motionless hand, doffing their hats, half in wonder and half in awe, you may assure yourself that they are peasants and pilgrims, not citizens of Perugia.

When I saw this pretty bit of unspoiled sentiment that has survived the ravages of the new age, I was reminded of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his "Marble Faun." He must have seen something of the kind, and I doubt not that it suggested to him that scene in his romance where the souls of Myriam and Donatello are reconciled under the shadow of the bronze Pope, while Kenyon is the only witness of the strange and inexplicable reconciliation.—Then, of course, I dropped into a little shop, and purchased a photograph of the fine old statue, in memory of my visit; everybody does.

ART LIFE.—The art of Perugia is mostly housed. You see fewer picturesque old buildings than you expect to find in one of the twelve Etruscan confederate cities that enjoyed a half dozen centuries of splendid barbarism before the Christian era. Not many of the streets are attractive, and one soon gets tired of the narrow, slippery alleys that are continually tumbling down-stairs

into the lower town, between houses that are like prisons, and under arches that seem to have no motive in being where and what they are, save to exclude as much of the daylight as possible.

Perugia is the cradle of the Umbrian school of painting. The devotion of the saints of Assisi inspired the religious fervor of the people, and gave character to the Umbrian school of art. Sweet-faced Madonnas, lost in profound revery; pale saints, with upturned eyes and their hands clasped in an agony of longing; devout little cherubs, less worldly than most cherubs look, and a poetic atmosphere, are the noticeable characteristics of this school. At the University, at the Palace of the Commune, at several private palaces, as well as at a dozen churches, these pictures may be found in profusion. Raphael's first fresco, half obliterated, is at the College of Perugia—once a monastery,—and the brush of Perugino, and those of his followers, have enriched this proud little city, and given it enduring fame.

The house of Perugino is one of the sights of the town, and the Church of San Pietro de Casinensi, with its wealth of pictures and its eighteen splendid columns of marble and granite, one of the glories of it; but, for all this, there is as much spurious and libellous art in Perugia as in every part of Italy and Europe.

THE SUMMER CITY.—Perugia is the summer resort of many artists—John Ruskin loved it,—and of hosts of fashionable Romans, Florentines, and others, who find the climate temperate when that of their own city is almost intolerable. The Opera House of the city has an Etruscan foundation, and it has grand Italian opera when Rome and Florence are without it. Great works are produced there when much greater cities are clamoring for them—Rome, for example. But the Romans are too wilful or too wontful to be depended upon in the hot season, and so Perugia, on her hill-top, looks proudly down upon the beautiful Umbrian valley,—looks down even upon Rome, the capital, since Mohammed must come to the mountain for his opera.

Having not art alone, with a whole school of art bearing her name, but having music likewise, and a salubrious climate, and a brisk, busy people, who seem to do far more and say much less about it than the Romans are wont to—is it for this reason, I wonder, that Perugia is so high and haughty? Verily it need not be; for has it not given to Rome Pope Leo XIII., the peace-maker of the world? And is it not written, "Blessed are the peace-makers"?

ASSISI.—She was once a fountain of deep faith; the fountain is nearly dry, but the streams that issued from it are still refreshing, and fertilizing the uttermost parts of the earth. This shrine is moss-grown, dust-covered, the haunt of the photographer. Too many tourists pass her by; they will do Perugia and the opera, but Assisi appeals only to the recluse and the lover of sacred silence, solemnity, repose.

The railroad, with commendable discretion, stops two miles short of the town, but it barely escapes running into the fine old Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, under whose dome is sheltered the *Portiuncula*—the little house in which good St. Francis died when he was hastening homeward in his last hour. The church, with its wealth of paintings and mosaics, has grown all about the holy house, has taken it to its heart for shelter, and made a tabernacle of the small chamber from whose threshold the dying Saint looked off upon his native hills.

There stood his city, shining on the slopes so near him that the church bells must have rung sweetly in his ears; yet he was destined to never again enter it in the flesh. Blessed wanderer! how weary were the feet that faltered in this earthly pilgrimage, even at the very gates of the city he so longed to seek! With what gratitude that spirit took its flight; for the brown walls of the hamlet that cradled him, and of the convent that knew his trials and his triumphs, shone dimly in his fading vision!

Long before you reach the station of Assisi the eye is attracted by the town itself, most picturesquely situated on a hill, with

a mediæval castle overlooking it from the summit. Its most prominent feature is the grand old monastery hanging upon the brink of a beautiful valley, and having a hundred arches in its outer galleries, flooded with sunshine and shadow in bold relief.

THE MONASTERY.—This once religious house was founded in the year 1228, by the Emperor Frederick II. For centuries it was the mother house of the Franciscan Order, but King Victor Emmanuel, with sacrilegious zeal, banished the poor friars, and the deserted building is now as dreary and desolate as the ruins of an Egyptian temple.

A solitary pair of friars remain, by "kind permission," as custodians of the once famous and populous retreat, and it is their duty to show guests through the grand old building, every stone of which is so sacred in their eyes that the face of each intruder must seem almost a profanation. One of these good Brothers solemnly conducted me through the long corridors, the hollow cloisters the deserted cells, and then into the triple church adjoining; there you ascend the stairs leading to the upper church, lined with faded and mildewed frescos illustrating the life and miracles of St. Francis.

The middle church, just under the upper one, is dark and low, but this alone is in daily use. Here you see paintings that reveal scarcely an outline, hanging over altars before which dim lamps are burning. Below this church is a third, the crypt, and the most sacred of them all; for here lies the body of St. Francis in a rock-tomb enclosed with splendid marbles and bronze. The whole sanctuary is like a vast sepulchre—cold, gloomy and silent.

The site of the home of St. Francis is now occupied by the Chiesa Nuova; the Convent of Santa Clara is not far removed from the monastery of Santa Clara's spiritual brother, St. Francis. Beyond these interesting edifices there is left for us to visit but one other shrine associated with the life of the Saint; it is the Hermitage.

CARCERE.—A poor road winds about the lofty hill just back and above the town; over this my donkey stumbled as we wended

our way around the slopes to a deep and wild ravine, in the cleft of which is situated the retreat of the Saint. It was here he was wont to resort for meditation and penance; the small cell where he slept, together with an inner closet, to which he confined himself when he desired to withdraw utterly from the world, are shown by the one poor old friar who has sole charge of the place. Half of the curious, rambling house is hewn out of the solid rock; the deep ravine yawns below it; on every side are trees that throw a sombre shade upon the mossy, tiled roofs, the green old walls, and the little grass-grown court.

When the friar came to do the honors of the Hermitage he greeted me with genuine warmth; perhaps he was glad to see a face—though it was that of a stranger—looking in upon his deep solitude. There were several diminutive chapels and some fine relics, and over every nook and corner the friar told marvellous tales and legends in rippling Italian. He was forever ejaculating "*Dio mio!*" or "*Misericordia!*" as if he were divided between his awe of the localities and a knowledge of his unworthiness as custodian of them all.

The perpetual twilight of those sacred cells, the sighing of the wind in the trees, the splash of waters in the ravine below—a kind of hallowed silence fell upon all things at intervals,—and the faint glimpse—the glimmer I might almost say—of the outer world that lay at the mouth of the ravine, impressed me strangely.

The friar and I sat quietly in the little court, my beast nibbling the grass in one corner of it, and my juvenile guide dozing in another. While we sat there two peasants entered to drink at the well. One of them, a brown, wild-looking fellow, dropped the copper bucket into the water and drew up a cooling draught; they drank copiously, and, having respectfully saluted the friar, withdrew, leaving the bucket swinging over the well, where it spirted a thick stream from a hole in its side, while the water fell back into the hollow with a clear, musical splash. I found we were both listening to it

with a kind of negative pleasure; and then I wakened my guide, and, mounting the wee donkey, hastened away, lest I might be constrained to tarry on forever.

SAINTS' REST.—Coming back into Assisi at dusk, I found the lanterns that swing over the middle of its narrow and winding streets all alight; the effect was most happy. Assisi is a little town, with steep lanes and steep roofs, and a profusion of grape-vines and fig-trees. From my hotel window I looked out upon a roof—I could easily have leaped the narrow street that lay between us,—beyond which was a dainty garden quite level with the peak of that roof. I tried to discover how it was possible for any one to climb into the garden, but I failed; yet above it and beyond it were other roofs and gardens, piled one upon another, and at the top of all towered the lofty hill, crowned by an antique castle.

There was no sound—positively no sound—but the clang of church bells calling to one another all over the town, every fifteen minutes. When the hours come round, the church-clocks strike twice over—a practice very common in Italy, and invented, I suppose, for the accommodation of those who made a miss-count the first time. Will you imagine a clock striking sixteen when it is only eight in the morning, and you don't feel like getting up just yet! The quarter-hours are struck also, and repeated; and sometimes the hour is struck every fifteen minutes, followed by the quarter hour, so that any one may know *exactly* what time it is—at least he may make sure of it on the *encore* strokes. How often, oh, how often, have I heard the four strokes for the four quarters, followed by twelve, which announced the hour, and these repeated in a few moments, making thirty two strokes in all—and yet it was only noon! Only noon, and there were a dozen clocks to doubly assert the fact in the same elaborate fashion, all within hearing—and it was only noon!

The walls of Assisi—I mean the house-walls—are like dissolving views but half dissolved. It is as if the architecture of one age were in process of transformation when

it was suffered to go no farther, and, of course, could not undo what had already been done. Thus it comes down to us a strange mixture of the mediæval and the modern Italian.

Arches are walled up; windows, that were once the receptacles of flower pots and ropes of onions, are now barely traceable in faint outlines here and there; ancient doorways are impassable, and old columns seem to have sunk into the masonry of the town.

Were Assisi not forever associated with the fame of the Seraphic Father, of whom Dante says, "He rose like a sun, and illuminated everything with his rays," it would still be a choice retreat, one having a charm and a character peculiarly its own. Thus did I sit ruminating until the clock struck twenty-two, and it behooved me to get to bed by twenty-four, if I would resume my pilgrimage on the morrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Catholic Notes.

Readers of THE "AVE MARIA" will be interested to learn something about Cardinal Gibbons' titular church. It is that of Santa Maria in Trastevere, not far from the northern side of the Janiculum, and close to the bank of the Tiber; and there is a special interest attaching to it from a tradition which points it out as the first church publicly consecrated to divine worship under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin.

A statue of Father Marquette, the saintly pioneer missionary of Wisconsin and Michigan, who, with M. Joliet, discovered the Mississippi, and named it the River of the Immaculate Conception, is to be placed in the House of Representatives at Washington. Each State of the Union is entitled to place two statues in the House of Representatives. Wisconsin has not as yet made use of this privilege, but she has now determined to do so, and probably during the present session of the Legislature. Father Marquette will be publicly given the place he so well deserves among the heroes of America. Senator Ginty, in a speech before the Senate at Madison, paid an eloquent tribute to this glorious and apostolic missionary. The life-history

of Père Marquette, of whom the speaker gave a biographical sketch, has been so often alluded to in THE "AVE MARIA," that it is unnecessary to recapitulate it here. No man, to quote the words of Senator Ginty, can study the career of Marquette without feeling that if ever an unselfish man walked the earth, it was the missionary who planted the Cross on the shores of Lake Superior in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

The "pious Monks of St. Bernard," who devote themselves so ardently to the welfare of travellers crossing the Alps, have brought the telephone into their service of mercy.

Dr. Gunning S. Bedford whose Catholic instincts and knowledge colored his professional *dicta*, established the first obstetric "clinic" in this country, and he gave over 30,000 persons medical advice and treatment without asking a dollar of remuneration. Gunning Bedford, his grand-uncle, was one of the Revolutionary patriots, a friend of Washington and Patrick Henry, and one of the framers and signers of the Constitution. Dr. Bedford was educated for the law, but on his way to meet Daniel Webster, with whom he was to study, he heard Dr. John Goodman deliver a lecture on the circulation of the blood, that induced him to enter upon a course of medical studies. He studied in this country and in Europe, and was a professor in several medical colleges. Together with certain other well-known physicians, he founded the New York University or Medical College in 1841, then known as the Stuyvesant Institute. The existence of sound views among many non-Catholic physicians on the subject of craniotomy is due to Dr. Bedford's influence.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

We were glad to see this mention of the eminent Dr. Bedford. Few people are aware that one of the most distinguished representatives of medical science in our time and country was a Catholic. Such was the high merit of Dr. Bedford's works that they were translated into German, and used as text-books in some of the first medical schools of Europe. He died in 1870.

The famous collection of laces in the Vatican has received an important addition. Some wealthy Catholics at Venice have presented to Leo XIII. a set of lace which they had caused to be executed at the lace schools of Burano. The design is copied from the famous Rezzonico set which was made for Clement XIII. by the Venetian nuns, and which now

forms part of the treasury of the house of Savoy. The schools of Burano have three times reproduced the pattern of this historic lace, one copy being in the Kensington Museum, one in the possession of the Duchess of Hamilton, and the third in that of the wife of a former American minister at Rome.

On the 26th of September next the Greek Abbey of Grottoferata will celebrate the second centenary of the second solemn coronation of the venerable image of Our Lady of Grace (Madonna delle Grazie), called St. Maria di Grottoferata. It was first venerated in the city of Tusculum and afterwards bestowed on that ancient abbey by Gregory IX.

Dr. Abbeloos, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Mechlin, and an *alumnus* of the University of Louvain, has been selected to fill the important post of Rector Magnificus of that time-honored institution. Dr. Abbeloos holds a high rank among Syriac scholars, and his name is a familiar one at most of the old seats of learning in Europe.

The *Western Watchman*, dealing with the subject of Freemasonry, says:

"One admission the Masons of Italy make does infinite credit to the Church. They say: 'Crush Catholicism, and Christianity is no more.' That is literally true. The Church is the old oak to which all the poison vines of heresy are clinging. When she falls, all falls. The preservation of the Church is the salvation of Religion. 'It is Rome or infidelity,' as a prominent Jewish rabbi said last week. The different branches of Protestantism may do much humanitarian good and their aims may be lofty as they are often disinterested; but they depend on the Church for their very inspirations. The world will learn the great truth some day, and the day after there will be no Protestantism."

The Rev. Father E. J. Durbin, of the Diocese of Louisville, lately deceased, was one of the oldest priests in the West. He was born in Kentucky in the first year of the present century, received his education in that State, and was ordained at the Church of St. Joseph in Bardstown. He was sent on the mission in Western Kentucky, at that time an unsettled and dangerous country; but no difficulties could deter him from the fulfilment of his pastoral office. He continued to ride over the country from church to church, from house to

house, working with undiminished activity, until he reached his seventieth year. At that time the Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey wrote to him, saying that he ought to give up such constant labor, as his advanced age rendered him too weak to endure it. Father Durbin wrote back declaring that he could out-walk, out-ride, and out-fast the Bishop, and that he would like to stay where he was. His Lordship smiled, and said nothing more. But Father Durbin's health soon began to fail and he was finally forced to abandon those missionary excursions, which he had sustained so heroically for forty-nine years. After having charge of several different churches, he finally went to Shelbyville, where his death occurred. *R. I. P.*

Contributions for the Italian sufferers:

A Friend, \$5; A Client of St. Joseph, \$5; Anne O'Neill \$1; Joseph W. Smith, \$1; Mary F. Murphy, \$2; Anne Smith, \$5; Mrs. P. Loughran, 50 cts.; A Friend, \$5 A Family, in honor of St. Joseph, \$5; "In honor of St. Joseph," a little family, \$5.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 40

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Philomena, for many years Superioress of Loreto Academy, Florissant, Mo., who yielded her pure soul to God at Osage Mission Kansas, on the 10th of March.

Sister Alphonsa (Grant), aged fifty-six years, professed thirty-one; Sister Olympia (Fulton), in her ninetieth year, professed forty; Sister Chantal (O'Callahan), aged eighty-five years, professed twenty-five; Sister Maurice (Porter), in her eighthieth year, professed thirty one,—all of the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., and deceased since January.

Mr. Michael Ford, a venerable citizen of Ottawa, Ill., who breathed his last on the Feast of the Annunciation, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Mrs. Thomas Hayes, an old subscriber of THE "AVE MARIA" in San Francisco, whose peaceful death, after long suffering, took place on the 16th of February.

Mr. M. Fitzpatrick, of Jersey City, N. J.; Denis J. Mahoney, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Myers and Mrs. Elizabeth Ladly, Brooklyn; Mrs. P. Shannon, Yonkers, N. Y.; William Taylor, Miss Catherine McCabe, and Mrs. Ellen McAlane,—all of Philadelphia; and Miss Maggie E. Gorman, Albany, N. Y.

May they rest in peace!



Frank Desmond's Easter-Egg.

BY M. J. B.

"Look, mother! see what I drew!" exclaimed Frank Desmond, as he burst in upon his mother and sister on his return from school one Friday afternoon, in the latter part of March.

His mother took the card which he thrust into her hand. "Don't tell a lie, even a fib, once this week," she read.

"Brother Leander said we all ought to do something this Lent," Frank went on, excitedly; "and, as we haven't done much so far, he thought he would give us something to practise during Holy Week. Each fellow drew a card, and some were awful hard. Why, Fred Daly drew one that said, 'Don't quarrel with any boy once this week.' I don't know what I should do if I got that."

"It is not possible that my son ever fights!" said his mother, looking shocked.

"I guess it is," interposed Frank's sister Jenny.

"Tattle-tale tit!" cried her brother.

"Now, children, stop this disgraceful squabbling," said their mother. "Jenny, attend to your work; and you, Frank, run away and wash your hands and brush that wild-looking head of yours into some kind of order. Then you may come back and tell us all about it."

Frank did as he was told, and was back again in five minutes.

"Brother says we all ought to be like soldiers next week, and fight the devil. Fred says he is glad he can fight somebody, and I am, too; for you know it will not be so very hard to keep from telling a lie."

"Will it not, my son?" And his mother looked at him straight in the face.

Frank dropped his eyes. "You know,

mother—I promised you last week," he said, in a low, deprecating voice.

We must at the outset tell the young people who read this that on several occasions lately Frank had been guilty of that meanest of all vices—falsehood. He despised himself, as well he ought, for being so weak, and only a few days before had given his word of honor to his mother that he would never again tell a lie. And so far, we are glad to say, he had kept it.

"I have faith in you, Frank," said his mother, gently; "but perhaps the fight will be harder than you think."

"Oh no matter! I am bound to win even if it is as hard as—as—a rock," returned Frank, somewhat at a loss for a simile.

"Remember, Frank, you mustn't even exaggerate," said Jenny; "exaggeration is lying. You're a little disposed to that, you know."

"There's Fred beckoning to me," exclaimed Frank, looking out the window. "Mother, I must go." And, seizing his cap, he disappeared to join his chum, while Mrs. Desmond rebuked Jenny, who, although she protested she loved her brother dearly, yet could never refrain from teasing him.

Next day being Saturday and the weather fine, mother and sister did not see much of Frank. Sunday passed very quietly, and it was not till the next day that the first battle was fought. It came about in this way. The boys of Frank's division were going to have a bicycle race that afternoon, immediately after class. All the college lads, large and small, were to be there to look on. Frank was a splendid bicycle rider for his age, and had more than once received that hearty, patronizing pat of approval with which dignified Freshmen delight to show their appreciation of the merits of the "little chaps." This day he had resolved to outshine all other competitors, and win the prize offered by the Athletic Club of the college.

Now, at three o'clock the teacher was in the habit of taking the marks, and any boy who had spoken more than once was sentenced to an hour's detention. As the clock

struck the hour of dismissal, Frank remembered that he had spoken three times since one o'clock. The teacher was calling the names, and as Frank heard boy after boy answer, "Silent," "Spoke once," "Silent," "Silent," he noticed that two of his companions answered "Silent" who ought to have answered, "Spoke three times."

"Those fellows will be let off, and they'll go and enjoy themselves. I have as good a right to say 'Silent' as they have," thought Frank. That instant his own name was called.

"Spoke onc—" he began; but suddenly the thought of his card and his promise to his mother flashed across his mind. "Brother, I spoke three times," he said, turning to the astonished teacher.

"Very well," was the answer; "you will remain here till five."

Frank sat down, and the other boys filed out of the room. Some looked at him compassionately, but in the eyes of a few he detected a gleam of triumph; for now that he was out of the way, they would have a better chance of winning the prize for the bicycle race.

"The racing begins at half-past three; the whole thing will be over, prizes given and everything, by five o'clock; so I'm done for!" thought Frank, bitterly, as he stared at the back of his Latin grammar. "But I'll try and not mind. I fought the devil and beat him, anyhow." And he began to conjugate the verb *pugnare* with all his might. He had gone as far as "I have fought, thou hast fought," when the door was opened with a great noise, and Fred and five others of his classmates came rushing in.

"Come along, Desmond!" they shouted; "you're free! The big fellows begged you off, and Brother Denis said, 'Yes,' so hurry up; it's almost time to begin."

Frank gave a whoop of delight, and, flinging the grammar away, hurried to the scene of action. He won the race, and carried home the prize, for which he was hugged almost to suffocation by Jenny, who, tease as she might, was secretly very proud of her brother. But Frank thought he had

won even a better prize when he told his mother of that day's battle, and saw her approving smile, and heard his father's hearty "Well done, my boy!"

The next two days passed without any battle worth recording. But on the third day Frank was involved in another combat. It was Holy Thursday, and there was no class, so Fred had come over to spend the day with him.

"Frank, I suppose you are coming with us to visit the churches this afternoon?" said his mother, as she and Jenny and the two boys sat at dinner together.

"No, mother," answered Frank; "Paul and Ralph Warner promised to meet us here at two o'clock, and we four are going together."

"Oh, very well!" said mother; "then Jenny and I can be quite independent of you. Only be sure to be home before dark."

Paul and Ralph soon came, and the latter had a wonderful tale to recount about some puppies that he had heard were for sale. "Only a few weeks old," he went on, "and Bill says they play lots of tricks; but he's so 'hard up' that he'll sell them for a 'song.' I say, boys, let's go up and look at them this afternoon?"

"Is it far?" asked Fred.

"Well, it is pretty nearly out in the country, but we've all got bicycles, and I guess we can make it in an hour."

"But I told mother we were going to visit the churches this afternoon," said Frank.

"Well, so we will; we'll have lots of time on our way back."

And off they started; but Ralph had not calculated very correctly, for it was nearly four o'clock when they reached the end of their journey. Then the wonderful puppies performed such amazing tricks, that, boy-like, they took no heed of time, and were astonished when the big clock in the farmhouse kitchen struck five, warning them to start at once if they wished to reach home before dark.

"Oh, there! we'll have to go home without visiting a single church, after all!"

said Frank, and he began to wish he had never heard of the puppies; for he knew how grieved his mother would be when she heard of his neglect.

"Never mind, we can say all the prayers we want to at *Tenebræ* to-night," answered Paul.

Frank consoled himself with this thought, and all four now turned their bicycles city-ward.

When Frank reached home, he slipped quietly in by way of the basement, to find the meal over, and the table deserted.

"Where's mother?" he asked the cook as she brought him his supper.

"Your pa and ma and Miss Jenny have gone to church, and your ma left word for you to go right up as soon as you finished your supper."

Frank hastily swallowed some tea, and, picking up his cap, hurried off. That beautiful but most mournful service of Holy Week had begun when he reached the church, so he did not join his parents, but took a seat near the door. Before the sermon was over, he was heartily sorry for the way in which he had spent the afternoon. "And Holy Thursday comes but once a year!" he said to himself. After the service he met his father and mother and Jenny at the church door, and walked home with them.

"You were late, Frank," remarked his mother.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered; "I did not get home till nearly seven."

His mother did not say any more, but walked on ahead with his father, while he and Jenny fell behind. Jenny was unusually quiet for a while, and Frank was glad of it, as he had no wish to talk. At last, however, she broke the silence.

"Weren't the repositories lovely to-day?" she said; "but of all we visited, mamma thinks ours was the most beautiful, and so do I. Don't you, Frank?"

"I think ours is grand," answered the boy, evasively. "Jenny," he continued, abruptly, "would you like a pet puppy?"

"Frank Desmond!" Jenny stopped short and caught her brother by the arm,—

"Frank, you've done something wrong, I know, and you don't want me to tell! I really believe you never went near a church this afternoon, but visited puppies instead," said the quick-witted Jenny. "No, Frank, I'm not going to be bribed with puppies. You need not fear though, I'll not tell. I am sure your conscience must feel nice and easy!"

Frank's conscience felt anything but easy; however, as Jenny was too indignant to speak again, they pursued the rest of their way in silence.

"I think I'll go to bed, mother," said Frank, as he helped his mother off with her cloak.

"Very well, my son; I suppose you are tired like the rest of us. Jenny ought to go too, for she complains that her feet are sore after all the walking she has done, and I suppose you visited even more churches than we did. Good-night, dear." And she entered the sitting room, where Mr. Desmond sat awaiting her.

Frank ran up stairs, entered his room, sat on the bed, and buried his face in his hands. He was having regretful thoughts. Presently the door opened, and Jenny peeped in.

"Frank," she said, "you ought to go down and tell mamma the truth. If you are not telling a lie in words, you are acting one. And remember your promise." She shut the door with a bang, but immediately opened it again. "Frank, maybe I'll take a puppy—after Easter. Good-night!" And the curly head vanished.

Frank hardly heard her last words; he was forming a resolution. Down stairs he rushed into his parents' presence. There the tale was told; and, although his mother was grieved, still Frank saw that both she and his father rejoiced over the success of his second combat.

There was another battle, however, yet to come. It was Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, when Fred and some other playfellows came round for Frank to accompany them down town on an errand. As they were returning home one of the

boys pointed out a birdsnest which was built high up on one of the branches of a large tree that stood directly in front of a grocery store.

"I'd give anything to have that nest!" he said; "but the old crank who lives in side says the tree belongs to him, and won't let any one climb it. I say, Desmond, it would be a splendid addition to that collection of ours."

"Just the thing!" answered Frank; "isn't there any other way of getting it?"

"We might try to knock it down with stones," suggested Fred.

So they began to throw stones, all firing together; but the nest stood safe and sound, while crash went the grocery window. The boys all turned to run, but the grocer was too quick for them; and Frank being the nearest to the store, he grabbed him by the collar.

"I've caught you, you young scamp!" exclaimed the angry man; "and I'll have you locked up. Here, police! police!"

If Frank was ever sorely tempted to tell a lie it was at that moment. One word, and he was safe. The grocer could not swear that he had thrown one of the stones (for two had come against the glass), but Frank knew his was one of them. If he confessed, he would be marched to the station-house, and how could he—how could mother, father, Jenny, ever get over that disgrace! But how could he tell a lie, and on the very last day of Holy Week?" These reflection-passed like lightning through his brain, while the grocer, never loosening his hold, stood waiting for his answer.

"I *did* throw the stone," said Frank, fearlessly; "but I have money in my bank, and I'll pay for the window if you only let me go."

"Let you go, indeed, you young scoundrel!" said the grocer. "No: you'll go to the 'lock-up,' and pay for the window besides. It isn't the first time my windows have been broken by boys throwing stones at that nest, so come along."

"Frank! Frank, my boy! What's this?" exclaimed a voice that Frank knew in-

stantly, and the figure of his father interposed itself between him and the grocer. "What has he done, sir?"

The grocer recounted the story in loud, angry tones, but added more quietly, as he saw Mr. Desmond draw forth a heavy pocket-book: "If you're his father, I'll let him off this time for a 'consideration.'"

As the "consideration" which was offered proved generous, Frank was set free.

"Well, my son," said his father, as they walked homeward, "I hope you've learned a lesson about stone-throwing."

In the evening, when the family heard the tale in full, Frank was not thought to have been so very much to blame.

"I am so glad you are trying to correct yourself of lying, Frank," said Mrs. Desmond, approvingly.

So the week had passed, and Frank had won, and there was a beautiful Easter-egg on his plate next morning, with the letters VICTOR forming a golden band around it.

Many years have passed since Frank was a boy, but he can say with truth to day: "I have never since told a deliberate lie; that week's fight cured me."

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

V.

In the morning they all took a Herdic (a four-seat cab, with the driver's seat in front), and drove to what was once the Island, but is now a part of the city, the water-way having been filled in; and as they trundled along, they passed the "Big Market," where the wild flowers (and black Floras!) fairly counterbalanced the display of early Southern and Bermudan fruits, berries, and vegetables; past the Smithsonian, with its graceful towers and ample grounds; the superb Museum, the Fish Commission (in the old Armory), and finally St. Dominic's Church.

As they had a few minutes to spare, they got out and went into the latter, to kneel a moment before the altar, and to admire the

beautiful shrines and chapels that cluster like swallows' nests on the sides of the noble structure. The Gothic arches were stained with prismatic glories, and from the rose-window above the main entrance a crimson light hung over the tabernacle. In the Chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes, the Vision of Bernadette seemed to float among the votive lamps; and in the Chapel of the Holy Souls they stayed their feet, and with tender thoughts and patient tears prayed for her who, though dead to the world, lived forever in heaven and in their hearts.

Then came a short, quick drive down $4\frac{1}{2}$ Street to the Arsenal gate, past the sentry-boxes, and up the turf-bordered drive, with its boundary of sea-wall and silver river, to the commandant's house, where already Wentworth awaited them at the carriage step, and at the door of which the bluff, handsome old General and his pretty, young wife stood to welcome them. The latter came down with outstretched hands.

"It is such a nice day, Miss Hastings, I've had a rug and some chairs put under the trees, and Houghton and the maid have taken down the table and the *samovar* and some tea cakes; and we'll just have a quiet cup of tea while we watch the drill. I see it every day or two, to be sure, but I'm just as much interested as if I had never looked at it. Is it your first sight of one?"

"Yes," said Mémé, "and I'm so glad you will not be bored."

"Never!" laughed the little lady—"no, Mr. Wentworth, there's no use hovering round to talk, or to carry our wraps and parasols. It is too late. You'll have to run, as it is; for there's Dickson raising his bugle for 'boots and saddles' now."

And, catching up his sword, he did run—a fine, graceful figure,—reaching his company a breath ahead of the call.

"He's the General's favorite among all the young officers," continued Mrs. Ayres. "He says he's not only brave and clever, but he's the very soul of honor. There they come!—no, they don't either; so we can walk slowly. Isn't this a pretty place? Do you know, though, I was afraid I'd have the

horrors here before I saw it; for it was over there those conspirators were hanged!"

"What conspirators?" asked Mémé.

"Why, Payne and Harold and Atzerott, and that poor, poor Mrs. Surratt!"

"Oh!" said Mémé, looking aghast.

"Yes, indeed, and they were buried under the floor of the building there."

"That one?" asked Mémé.

"Oh, no! The building that *was* there. It was the jail. But it was pulled down afterwards, and the quarters built over it. Now it's a mess-hall, and above it is our ball-room. Yes, we have to do that way; the men's spirits must be kept up (and if the officers are down, the soldiers are too); and now, with the dancing, and the sunshine, and the pretty views, and the drills, and the new people, and the band, we forget all about it. But poor Mrs. Surratt!"

"I know," went on the chatty little lady, "*she* wasn't guilty; for, though I'm not a Romanist, I believe they are very truthful people, and they set such store by their last confession when they are going to die, that they wouldn't keep anything back. And yet her Father confessor begged again and again for her life, and always said he did not believe she knew anything of the plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln. He said she might have suspected the plot to abduct him (that was the first one, you know), and, fearing her son was in it, she did what any mother would have done—she kept quiet. Only last week I heard him say, 'She died an innocent woman, I do believe.'"^{*} Then she added: "I should think the confessional would be such a good way of bringing criminals to justice, Miss Hastings."

"Not unless the criminals repent so truly that they consent to give themselves up, Mrs. Ayres; for, you know, no priest can repeat what is said in the confessional."

"Why not?" she asked, her gypsy-eyes wide with surprise.

"He is bound to inviolable silence, and has to die rather than break the seal of the confessional."

^{*} A fact. The Rev. Father is now dead, God rest his gentle soul!

"Do you mean to say he couldn't tell if a murderer confessed to him some terrible crime—an awful murderer, that the law was after?"

"Not even if such a murderer had murdered the priest's own brother or mother or father. His human nature is put aside when he enters the confessional, and he becomes the representative of Our Lord, who freely pardons the truly penitent. Don't you remember—'Though your sins be as scarlet'? Of course he urges restitution and reparation, but he never betrays the secret put in his keeping. But here come your soldiers, I think."

And out rolled the five companies, with caissons, guns, gunners, guidons, buglers, and officers. The bugles were ringing and the horses prancing; the men sat on the caissons as immovable as the fifth wheels at their backs; and as the pace quickened, the ground seemed to tremble under the beat of hoofs and the rolling of wheels.

"Now," said Mrs. Ayres to the tramps, "they are pretending to be hurrying up to some point in the line of battle where the enemy are about breaking through. See how they gallop!" And the horses did just "lav out" to their work, tossing their heads and snorting as they rushed along. Suddenly they threw themselves back on their haunches; the men flew off the caissons in every direction, each one running as hard as he could; the guns were unlimbered and the trails set; swabs were flourished (and so were the bugles, but these last were musical flourishes); rammers were run in and out, and then the air was rent with the discharge of the whole battery.

This was so unexpected to Waggy that he tucked the "white plume of Navarre" neatly between his legs, and fairly bounced into Mémé's lap, where he buried his nose in her arm, and shook like a leaf. The tramps, scarcely less startled, stood motionless and gaping; for as the gunners pulled the lanyards, Mrs. Ayres (like a true artillery man's wife) called to them peremptorily, "Open your mouths!"

"Can we shut 'em now?" gobbled Phil.

And she laughed and nodded, while Laurie came round in front of her as the smoke drifted away, and slowly asked:

"What did we have to open 'em for?"

"The shock would make your noses bleed if you kept them shut. You are two plucky boys," she added, approvingly, "and sensible, too, to obey orders. There were two boys here last week, a good deal bigger and older than you; and, though I told them, they wouldn't mind me, and stopped their ears and clenched their teeth, and the next they knew they were—" She paused impressively.

"What—where?" said the tramps.

"On their backs, half deafened, with their noses bleeding profusely, and their teeth jarred up to the roots, and their eyes as red as flannel."

"Where did they fall?"

"Right under that tree."

Then the tramps gravely and solemnly inspected the tree, and discussed the two fascinating "bluggy" boys between mouthfuls of cake and eyesful of the spirited scene in front of them; for through the smoke they could see the cannoneers limbering up, seizing hands and nimbly swinging into place, and then the whole battery dashing away to manœuvre and reform.

As the guns swung into position again, Phil uttered a dismayed "Oh, Wagsum—dearest!" and rushed, followed by Laurie, to Mémé, where one seized Waggy's ears and lifted them high up, while the other pried open his mouth, and held the jaws wide apart, for fear the concussion would hurt *him!*

The hour went quickly by, and the horses and men seemed to enjoy it as much as the tramps did; and when the last gun rolled off, they all walked slowly toward the house, where Mrs. Ayres, in the hearty army fashion, begged Mémé to spend the afternoon; but she excused herself, and, Wentworth appearing in citizen's clothes in an incredibly short time afterwards, she left with many thanks—and a bad headache; for the noise at that drill is awful!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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A Mass in the Cenacle of Jerusalem.

AN impressive scene was witnessed at Jerusalem on the 5th of April, 1860. The event was published at the time in numerous German, French and Italian periodicals, and was everywhere a topic of general interest. In the account, however, were some inaccuracies, which it is now in our power to correct by the narration of ocular witnesses. We feel assured that our relation of the occurrence will be gladly welcomed by all our readers, whose devotion to the Blessed Sacrament precludes all doubt as to the interest they feel in all that regards the sanctuary in which our divine Saviour performed His "prodigy of love."

The eye-witnesses and first authors of what is here recited were at Jerusalem in the spring of 1860, in company with that man of God, the Archbishop of Smyrna. Monseigneur Spacapietra—for it was he—one day, in a circle of his intimate acquaintances, expressed a desire of saying Mass in the "upper chamber" on Holy Thursday. The proposal was a rather bold one, and for a time nothing further was said on the subject. Shortly afterwards, however, the guardian of the convent of the Franciscans, being informed of the Archbishop's wish, promised to do all in his power to effect its fulfilment. He accordingly went, on Wednesday of Holy Week, to find the chief of the dervishes, in the centre of

whose convent the chamber is situated. Granted an interview, he requested permission for a group of pilgrims to visit the sanctuary on the following morning. Not a word was said in allusion to the main object of the visit. The request was too common to excite any suspicion, and was easily obtained. That same evening the promoters of the project received orders to hold themselves in readiness at their place of rendezvous early on the morrow.

The Archbishop, his server, and a few other privileged companions were at the "Pilgrims' House" by half-past four in the morning; they were soon afterwards joined by the rest of their friends. The server, lamp in hand, took the lead; not a word disturbed the stillness of the hour. With somewhat of anxiety and emotion in their hearts, the little band of pilgrims moved along the narrow and deserted streets of the Holy City.

Arriving at the Gate of Sion, they found it still closed. One of the Turkish soldiers lying under the portico was aroused from his slumbers, and requested to open the gate. This he refused to do at first, but a *backsheesh* soon won his consent.

The travellers directed their steps towards the southern part of Mount Sion, which lies without the walls of the city. The bells rang out five o'clock, and from a neighboring peak of the mountain the first rays of the rising sun greeted their sight. The procession filed to the right, and passed before the Armenian convent and the Church of

Our Saviour. This latter edifice, tradition says, is built upon the spot where formerly stood the house of Caiaphas, in which our Divine Master passed that terrible night before His death, where He was condemned by the Jews, and denied by Peter.

At a short distance from the church is a stone column made famous by an ancient legend. At this place, tradition has it, the Jews attacked the funeral procession which accompanied the remains of Our Lady from Her dwelling upon the mountain (close by the house in which Christ instituted His Last Supper) to the sepulchre which had been prepared for Her at the foot of the Mount of Olives. But the assailants were thwarted in their impious design, and could not obtain possession of the holy body; for their arms, as by miracle, withered, filling some with terror and converting others.

Our pilgrims proceeded onward towards the place of the Last Supper. A cupola and a minaret, glistening in a flood of purple light, marked their destination. A small door in the surrounding wall was opened, and the procession entered. The silence of the tomb reigned around; it was the month *Ramadan*—the Turkish Lent,—and the Mussulmans, forced to observe a strict fast all day, gave themselves up with the more ardor to their licentious pleasures during the whole night. An hour ago the great gun of the citadel announced the beginning of the fast, and now every one was buried in the deep oblivion of a first sleep.

A woman, muffled in her Oriental cloak, was standing on the portico when the pilgrims entered. Motionless as a statue, and as silent, she let them pass before her. To the left they found a stairs leading to an upper room—the upper room. They ascended the stairs, and with palpitating hearts entered the marvellous sanctuary of Christendom. "It was here," they said to one another—"it was here that Our Blessed Lord, on the eve of His Passion, in His ineffable humility, washed the feet of His disciples; it was here that He ate with them the Paschal Lamb, and celebrated the first Sacrifice of the Mass; it was here that the divine Pon-

tiff offered the unbloody victim before consummating the immolation of the bloody Victim of salvation on the altar of the Cross; it was here that, after His glorious Resurrection, Christ appeared to His Apostles, and permitted them to touch His sacred Wounds. It was into this sanctuary that the Holy Ghost descended in the midst of a whirlwind, and appeared, under the form of fiery tongues, above the heads of the Apostles, grouped around the Mother of the Lord. Here, in fine, is the birthplace of Holy Church, the first see of the Vicar of Christ, the spot whence the twelve messengers of 'glad tidings' departed to conquer the world." * What glorious reminiscences and what emotions must they not have excited!

What was the condition of this holy place, this witness of so many stupendous miracles? The pilgrims found themselves in a spacious hall, with a doubly-arched roof resting on two Gothic pillars; it is just as our ancestors of the Middle Ages painted it. An *Agnus Dei*, like a sacred seal of imperishable memories, conspicuously appears on the key-stone of the arch. As to the rest, there is seen on all sides nothing but negligence, decay, and heart-rending profanation. Three hundred years ago and more, the sons of St. Francis were driven out of it, and since then it has served as a mosque for the Mussulman. The floor strewn with straw, the ostrich eggs suspended here and there by strings, the accumulated filth and dust that meet the eye everywhere, tell a tale that must bring a sigh to the Christian heart. And yet, inconsistent as it may seem, the Mussulmans regard the place as sacred; the more so, as they there preserve and venerate the tomb of David, over which, according to tradition, the building stands.

The pilgrims, despite the wretched state in which they found the holy sanctuary, blessed their fortune, and began preparations for the Holy Sacrifice. But they were interrupted by the entrance of some chil-

* Epiphanius states distinctly that this building escaped destruction when the city was taken by Titus.

dren, and a Turk, who sternly forbade the performance of any religious ceremonies.

Without doubt, either our design was discovered or we were betrayed, and the Turk had received orders to prevent any pretended profanation of the sanctuary. Brother Joseph, a Franciscan, of Arabic descent, made some propositions to the Mussulman in his own language; but the infidel seemed to have predetermined to reject all proposals. The pilgrims felt sad and depressed; walking to and fro, in and out of the hall, they regarded one another in silence. Finally, falling upon their knees, they begged of God that He would not let them depart without granting the favor they had so long and earnestly desired—the favor of celebrating the August Sacrifice in this hallowed spot, where, on this blessed day, all Christendom was present in spirit. Finally the prayers of one distinguished pilgrim prevailed, and the obstinate Turk was seen extending his hand to her, as a pledge that he would remain outside for some time.

A portable altar, surmounted by a crucifix and candle-sticks, was prepared in all haste. The Archbishop began the Holy Sacrifice. A son of St. Benedict, Dom Anselm Nickes, supported the altar, whilst the illustrious brothers, Dom Maur and Dom Placidus Wolter, assisted the venerable prelate, himself a son of St. Vincent de Paul.

The happy pilgrims, grouped around the altar, are absorbed in contemplation, and a prey to the most lively emotions. The past is present to them. They are in the company of the Blessed Virgin and of the Apostles; they see them receiving their first Communion. At the *Gloria* the venerable celebrant can no longer repress his feelings, and sobs audibly. One of the attendant monks whispers a few words into his ear, and he continues the Mass.

The Consecration is over, and for the first time in many years the Eternal, Incarnate Word, the glorified Lamb of God, has descended into the sanctuary so dear to His Sacred Heart. The moment of Holy Communion approaches. Twelve pilgrims—the

number had neither been calculated upon nor foreseen—kneel before the prelate, and with deep emotion receive from his hands the sacred Body of our divine Lord.

Just as the celebrant was giving the last benediction, a confused uproar was suddenly heard within the house. The Turk rushed excitedly into the hall, fear and consternation depicted on his countenance. "Away this instant! away," he exclaimed, "or you are all lost!" The Archbishop, who was at the last Gospel, began to disrobe; altar, altar-stone, chalice, vestments—all disappeared in less time than it takes to tell it, and the little party wended its way through the Gate of Sion to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Within this witness of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection of the God of Love, whom they had just received into their hearts, the pious pilgrims offered up their fervent thanksgiving.

The disturbance, it was afterwards learned, was caused by a crowd of dervishes, who, very probably having been informed by the woman in the cloak of the arrival of the Christians, came, determined to prevent anything like a religious ceremony.

All the pilgrims had communicated with a double intention—viz., that they might worthily receive Communion before death, and that the Church might soon obtain possession of the thrice-hallowed upper chamber.

An Old Story.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

ABOUT the noonday's glare and heat,
In a gaudy Eastern street,

The merchants vended their merchandise,
And the buyers bought; was a busy hum
Of the human bees in the honeycomb,
The air was heavy with droning flies.

All manner of garbage and decay
Defiled the public way,

Rank breaths rose up from the festering
heap;

But a pitiful dead dog lying there,
Bruised and broken, with rough grey hair,
Never stirred in his welcome sleep.

Yesterday if a stone were thrown,
He had shivered and slunk on;
To the hunted creature 'twas good to die;
But, oh! for a dark place, silent and sweet,
Far from the cruel eyes in the street,
Where none might mock at his agony!

Now he feareth not anything,
Come Kaiser or come king;
To-day he giveth no man the way;
Even the urchins, his enemies,
Or the carrion birds, or the hungry flies,
Trouble him not in his dreams to-day.

And some went up, and some went down—
A priest in his sacred gown;
And a Pharisee, clad in the hodden-grey
For his fasting-time, went scornful-eyed,
With robe withdrawn, to the windward side,
Going up to the Temple to pray.

The priest smiled under his beard, yet cast
An insult as he passed;
And one spat out on the eyes a-stare,
"See his slit ears," another said;
"The thief who gorged on the children's bread
Is food himself for things of the air."

But who is this that cometh now —
A King with a radiant brow,
Whom His people hail as they loved Him
much?
For some fell down as He passed thro' them,
With reverent lips to His grey gown's hem,
And mothers held their babes for His touch.

Still He stood in the market-place,
With His sorrowful, lovely face;
Then knelt down by the dead dog's side,
With a shrinking gesture of pity and pain,
Touched the head with its crimson stain,
And the flanks where the gaping wounds
were wide;

And the dusty paws touched tenderly
With a pity lovely to see,
And closed the lids on the eyes beneath,
And the white teeth gleamed in the stark
dead mouth.
"No pearl," He said, "from seas of the South
Is half so white as his brilliant teeth."

Then one who saw asked curiously,
This Man, who may He be?

And a woman answered the questioner:
"'Tis the Christ, Jesus of Nazareth,
Who raised our Lazarus up from death,
And pity hath for a vagrant cur."

The Agnus Del.—Its Origin and Use.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

V.

AT the present day, and for some time past, the *Agnus Dei* is blessed only by the Pope. The ceremony takes place, according to Molanus, during Easter time (*Tempore Paschali*), in the first year of the reign of the Sovereign Pontiff, and once every seventh year thereafter. The "Catholic Dictionary" says that the blessing is performed on the Thursday of Easter week, while Barry will have it on Low Sunday. This last opinion is evidently erroneous, as will be seen from the ceremony of the distribution, which takes place on the Saturday before Low Sunday. The ceremony of the blessing is as follows: The Pope first blesses water, after which he pours balsam and holy chrism into it, in the form of a cross. He then recites a number of prayers and blessings over the masses of wax fashioned into the form of lambs. Finally, the wax images are carried on silver trays with great solemnity, by the attendants, to the Holy Father, who immerses them in the blessed water. The prelates who are in attendance on the occasion lift them out of the water, and, having dried them, put them in a place prepared for their reception, where they remain till the following Saturday. It may be remarked in passing that at first water only was used in the blessing of the *Agnus Dei*s, but that afterward oil and balsam were added. It may also be noted that, although all the masses of wax are formed into lambs, these are not of the same size. Further, certain inscriptions and the images of saints, as well as the figure of a lamb, are sometimes stamped on the masses of wax.

On the Saturday of Easter week, during the Mass of the Holy Father, a subdeacon carries the *Agnus Dei* to the altar on a large silver tray, after the Pope's Communion, singing at the same time: "Holy Father, these are young lambs which have announced to you alleluia. Behold, they have just come from the fountains: they are filled with light, alleluia,"—words which evidently apply rather to the newly baptized than to the wax images. The Pope then distributes the *Agnus Dei*, with appropriate ceremony, during the singing of the *Agnus Dei* of his Mass,—first to the cardinals present, who, on receiving them, kiss his hand; next to the bishops, wearing their mitres, who kiss his right knee; and finally to the prothonotaries, who prostrate themselves and kiss the cross on the sandals of the Supreme Pontiff. From the hands of these several classes of persons the *Agnus Dei* find their way by subdivision and distribution to all parts of the world, where, with the care of pious persons, mostly religious women, they are divided into small portions and encased in appropriate coverings—generally in the form of a heart,—for the use of the faithful, upon whom they call down untold blessings.

VI.

A very practical question, after having learned something of the manner in which the *Agnus Dei* is blessed and reaches us, is, what special benefits may we expect to derive from the devout use of this holy amulet? But, first, it may be remarked, as to the manner of wearing it, that it differs from the Scapular; for while the latter must be so worn that one part hangs upon the breast and the other on the back, with one string passing over each shoulder, the latter may be worn attached to the Scapular, or it may be carried in any other way about the person. The manner of wearing it is not prescribed as a condition for securing the benefits attached to it. This premised, it may be said that the benefits which the devout wearer of the *Agnus Dei* may expect to reap from it are well expressed in the prayers recited in the blessing which is given

it. And the same is true, as a rule, of the other objects set aside by the Church for the use of her children, as palms, candles, water, ashes, etc.

By these several benedictions, the Church, the divinely appointed dispenser of the graces of God, causes inanimate objects to become the vehicles for conveying graces and the divine protection to such of the faithful as use them with lively faith, ardent charity, and firm confidence in God; and not only so, but the divine mercy sometimes goes, if the expression be allowed, to extraordinary lengths, and by means of them bestows graces upon certain persons who, to all human discernment, are manifestly unworthy of them, to prove that the Spirit breathes where He will, and to encourage sinners to repent. Few priests but have witnessed a greater or less number of these extraordinary manifestations. And if this be true of a Scapular or medal blessed by the simplest priest—though he has received in his ordination the power that whatsoever he blesses shall be blessed, and whatever he sanctifies shall be sanctified,—much more must it be true of the *Agnus Dei*, which is blessed by him who is head of the Church, who sits on the throne of the Prince of the Apostles, and is the Vicar of Jesus Christ Himself.

In the *Agnus Dei*, as in all objects blessed by the Church, two things are to be considered: the power conferred upon the object, as a sacramental, of conferring grace; and the power it possesses of awakening, in the persons who use it with proper dispositions, sentiments of faith, devotion, and confidence, so efficacious in calling down the blessings of Heaven. The power of religious articles, in the second place, to withdraw us from the world, stifle its spirit within us, and fill us with the spirit of God, is also deserving of special remembrance.

It is unnecessary to pause to dwell upon any of the numerous, well-authenticated miracles that have been wrought by the *Agnus Dei*; for the good Catholic is always prepared to expect and believe in such manifestations of the divine mercy, when

they are for the honor and glory of God and the good of His creatures. It may be remarked, however, that there is no indulgence attached to the wearing of this sacramental; and, further, that the prayer for those who wear it, found in some prayer-books, is not of obligation, although there is a manifest propriety in saying some prayer in acknowledgment of the blessings received from it. The following brief and clear enumeration of the benefits to be derived from the use of *Agnus Deis*, being much better than I could hope to give in my own words, will be presented entire:

"The Supreme Pontiff implores of God to bless, sanctify and consecrate them, in such a way that the faithful who, with a sincere and lively faith, piously use them, may obtain the following graces: (1.) That the sight or touch of the lamb impressed on these figures, exciting the hearts of the faithful to contemplate the mysteries of our redemption, may induce them to thank and bless and adore the divine goodness, and thus obtain for them pardon of their faults. (2.) That the Sign of the Cross represented on these figures may remove from them evil spirits, hail, thunder, storms, and tempests. (3.) That, through the efficacy of the divine blessing, they may escape the wiles and temptations of the dragon. (4.) That women bearing children be preserved from all harm, and favored with a happy delivery. (5.) That pestilence, falling-sickness, water or fire may have no power over them. (6.) That both in prosperity and adversity, these pious Christians be fortified with the divine protection; and that, through the mysteries of the life and Passion of Our Lord, they may be preserved from a sudden and unprovided death, from every other danger, and from every evil. . . . When we are deprived of them [these blessings], we are to attribute the privation to our own want of faith and piety, or to some other latent cause, which prevents Our Saviour from enriching us with such extraordinary benefits." (Maurel, pp. 268, 269.)

Barry (pp. 140-142) has the following very proper remarks on the pious sentiments

with which the *Agnus Dei* should be worn: "The *Agnus Dei* represents Our Lord, and he who would wear it devoutly must imitate Him in His lamb-like virtues—meekness, innocence, and indifference to the world. . . . The meek Christian, and only he, has caught the true spirit of the devotion of the *Agnus Dei*. . . . Innocence—purity, spotless purity of soul and body—is another virtue of the wearer of the *Agnus Dei*. Wax and the lamb have ever been the chosen emblems of the angelic virtue. When we touch or look at our holy amulet, let us remember that the breast on which it reposes must be sinless. And if the angel of Satan is hovering around us, striving to inflict the death-blow on our souls, let us press the *Agnus Dei* closer to our hearts, that it may be a sign to him that he has no power over us, as was the blood of the Paschal Lamb on the doors of the Hebrews a sign to the angel of the Lord. The third virtue which springs from a reverent use of the *Agnus Dei* is indifference to the world. The lamb is dumb before his shearer, teaching us silence when shorn of our fair name; it is shy of a stranger, that we may learn from it to be distrustful of the world and its vanities,—that we may journey on as strangers and pilgrims, till called to the marriage-feast of the Lamb in heaven. The *Agnus Dei* serves to call to our minds the promises of baptism. It represents the whiteness of our souls after being washed in the saving waters of regeneration." In allusion to this symbolism, the subdeacon, who brings the *Agnus Deis* to the Pope for distribution, calls them young lambs just come from the fountains.

VII.

There is no decree of the Roman Congregations with regard to the *Agnus Dei*; but there is one of Pope Gregory XIII. which prohibits all persons whatever, whether lay or cleric, secular or regular, under pain of excommunication, to be incurred by the very act, from painting, gilding, or in any way coloring the *Agnus Dei*; because, as the Pontiff observes, it represents the pure and immaculate Lamb, who shed His most Prec-

ious Blood for our redemption. Barry says (p. 143) that he also forbade the exposing of the *Agnus Dei* for sale; but, though this is well known to be forbidden, Molanus does not mention it in his extract from the decree of the Pope. The prohibition to paint or otherwise color the *Agnus Dei* refers only to the wax of which it is composed, and not to the covering in which it is encased, which may be, and generally is, very properly ornamented with various pious devices. But the notion of some persons is deserving of censure, who appear to esteem the beautiful covering of an *Agnus Dei* more than the pious object itself. Alas for the vanity of some Catholics!

Others are found to value an *Agnus Dei* because they have received it from some particular priest or prelate. While this need not be condemned, being no more than a natural feeling, harmless in itself, it must not be forgotten that the *Agnus Dei* derives all its efficacy from the blessing imparted to it by the Father of the Faithful, and from no one else. Other persons, not well informed, will inquire, on receiving an *Agnus Dei*, whether it is blessed or not. Such persons must be told that all *Agnus Deis* are blessed, and would not be *Agnus Deis* at all if it were not for the blessing they have received at the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff.

There are two more classes of persons for whom a word may not be out of place. They are, first, those who make light of *Agnus Deis*, Scapulars, medals, etc., and make fun of those who wear them. No child of the Church will ever be guilty of this fault of making light of anything of which the Church approves or blesses for the pious use of the faithful. We are not, strictly speaking, bound to make use of these objects, but we are strictly forbidden to jest about them. It may be, and frequently is, true that some people would seem to be carrying the use of these things to an extreme, by wearing all the medals and other pious objects they can find, loading themselves down, it might almost be said, with them; but what matter? It can do

them no harm, and their wearing of them can burden no one else. Let them alone; that is *their* business.

The other class is composed of those who do not think themselves good enough to have such pious objects about them. While they are mistaken, they have this at least in their favor: they recognize the fact that these objects are to be treated with respect, and they do so treat them, but in an erroneous manner. Here is a point which many persons do not, and, it may be said, will not, understand—which is true also of the Holy Communion,—and is a most artful temptation of the great enemy of man. It is that these things are not the reward of virtue, but the means of acquiring it. Certain dispositions are, doubtless, necessary, but virtue is not.

Much more might be said of the *Agnus Dei*, of the esteem in which it was and is held by Popes, prelates, priests, and civil rulers of the highest position; but we think it hardly necessary to enlarge further on the subject. The solemnity with which this sacramental is blessed and distributed, the graces that are besought of God in the consecration it receives, the benefits derived from its pious use, the true Lamb which it represents, and the innocence of baptism which it typifies, with other considerations which will readily present themselves to the devout Catholic, will hardly fail to impress him with a correct idea of his duty in regard to it. Let every one take it and wear it, with the proper dispositions, and not I nor the books he reads, but God Himself, will show what great benefits it bestows.*

* The authorities referred to in the preparation of this paper are Joannis Molani, "De Agnus Dei Oratio," in "Cursus Completus," vol. xxvii., coll. 425 *et seq.*; Barry, "On the Sacramentals"; Maurel, "On Indulgences"; the "Catholic Dictionary"; the (London) *Tablet*, April 17 and June 26, 1886; and the authorities quoted.

A FACE which is always serene possesses a mysterious and powerful attraction: sad hearts come to it, as to the sun, to warm themselves again.—*Abbé Roux.*

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XV.

"OH, you must be mistaken, Anna!" said Tom Singleton, with his easy good-nature. "Brian could not have told you in earnest that he is a Catholic. The thing is absurd."

"Ask him for yourself, then," answered Mrs. Singleton. "You will soon discover whether or not he is in earnest."

"I can not say that I feel interested in his religious opinions, so why should I ask him?"

"In order to find whether or not I am mistaken, and in order to put your uncle on his guard; for I am sure that *he* would not be pleased by such a discovery."

"Then let him make it for himself," said Singleton. "It is no affair of mine. I should feel like a sneak if I meddled with such a matter; and, what is more, the old fellow would very quickly let me know that he thought me one. Besides, it makes no difference. Earle is out of the running. His own obstinacy settles that."

"Not so much as you think, perhaps," said the lady. "Why is he here if the matter is settled? Believe it or not, his chance of inheriting the fortune is better than yours to-day."

"Well, if so, let the best man win," returned Singleton, philosophically. "I shall certainly not descend to any trickery to get the better of him. Of course I am anxious for the fortune, but to show my anxiety would be a very poor way to secure it. I firmly believe that what makes my uncle lean so to Brian is that he does not appear to care for anything that he can do for him."

"And in my opinion that indifference is all appearance," observed Mrs. Singleton, sharply. "If he cares nothing for what your uncle can do, why is he in attendance on him? But, however that may be, I shall see that his extraordinary change of religion becomes known."

"If you go to my uncle with such information, you will only harm yourself," said Singleton, warningly.

"I shall not think of going to him," she answered. "I know very well that his sentiments toward me are not sufficiently cordial to make that safe. I shall manage that Brian will give the information himself."

"If you take my advice, you will let the matter alone," said her husband.

But he knew very well that she would not take his advice, and he said to himself that it was well for her to do as she liked. She would not be satisfied without doing so; and, after all, if Brian *had* been so foolish as to become a Roman Catholic, there was no objection to his uncle's knowing it. Earle himself certainly did not desire secrecy, or else he would not have mentioned the fact so openly and carelessly.

And, indeed, nothing was farther from Earle's mind than any desire for secrecy. Therefore, he fell with the readiest ease into the trap which Mrs. Singleton soon laid for him. It was one evening, when the household party was assembled in the drawing-room after dinner, that she led the conversation to foreign politics, and the position of the Papacy in European affairs. Mr. Singleton, who took much more interest than the average American usually does in these affairs, was speedily led to express himself strongly against the Papal claim to temporal sovereignty.

Earle looked up. "I think," he observed, in his pleasant but resolute voice, "that you have, perhaps, never considered that question in its true bearings."

"I have never considered it in its true bearings!" said Mr. Singleton, astonished beyond measure by this bold challenge; for he regarded himself, and was regarded by his friends, as an authority on the subject of European politics. "In that case will you be kind enough to inform me what are its true bearings?"

The request was sarcastic, but Earle answered it with the utmost seriousness. "Certainly," he said, "to the best of my ability." And, before Mr. Singleton could

disclaim any desire to be taken in earnest, he proceeded to state with great clearness the historical proofs and arguments in favor of the Pope's sovereignty.

His little audience listened with a surprise which yielded, in spite of themselves, to interest. The ideas and facts presented were all new to them, and, to one at least, seemed unanswerable.

It has been already said that Marion had a mind free from prejudice; she had also a mind quick and keen in its power of apprehension. She caught the drift and force of Earle's statements before any one else did, and said to herself, "That must be true!" Yet, even while she listened with attention, it was characteristic of her that she also observed with amusement the scene which the group before her presented. Mr. Singleton, leaning back in his chair, was frowning with impatience, and the air of one who through courtesy only lends an unwilling ear. Tom Singleton was watching his cousin with an expression compounded of surprise, curiosity, and an involuntary admiration; while Mrs. Singleton looked down demurely at a fan which she opened and shut, her lips wearing a smile of mingled amusement and gratification.

In the midst of this group Earle, with an air of the most quiet composure, was laying down his propositions one after another, unobservant of and indifferent to the expressions on the different faces around him. "He is very brave," thought Marion; "but surely he is also very foolish. Why should he unnecessarily contradict and vex the old man, who can do so much for him?" A sense of irritation mingled with the admiration which she could not withhold from him. "It would have been easy to say nothing," she thought again; "and yet how well he speaks!"

He did indeed speak well—so well that the attention of Mr. Singleton was gradually drawn from the matter to the manner of his speech. He turned and looked keenly at the young man from under his bent brows.

"You speak," he said, "like an advocate of the cause. How is that?"

"I hope that I should be an advocate of any cause which I believed to be just," answered Brian, quietly; "but I am in a special manner the advocate of this, because I am a Catholic."

"A Catholic!" Mr. Singleton looked as if he could hardly believe the evidence of his ears. "It is not possible that you mean a *Romanist*?"

Earle bent his head, smiling a little. "I mean just that," he said; "or at least what *you* mean by that. The term is neither very correct nor very courteous, but it expresses the fact clearly enough."

This coolness had the usual effect of provoking Mr. Singleton, yet of making him feel the uselessness of expressing vexation. It was evident that his disgust was as great as his surprise, but he waited a moment before giving expression to either. Then he said, curtly:

"It is no affair of mine what you choose to call yourself, but I should have more respect for your sense if you told me you were a Buddhist."

"Very likely," returned Earle, with composure; "for in that case I should be following the last whim of fashionable intellectual folly. But, you see, I thought it more sensible to go back to the old faith of our fathers."

"You might have gone back to paganism, then," sneered the other. "That was the faith of our fathers also."

"Very true," assented the young man; "and in that also I should have been following a large train. But I was not in search of a faith simply because it had been that of my fathers. I was in search of a faith which bore the marks of truth, and I found it to be that which some of my fathers unfortunately discarded."

"And you have absolutely joined the Church of Rome?" demanded Mr. Singleton, with ominous calmness.

"Yes," Earle replied, as calmly; "some months ago."

The elder man took up a newspaper. "In that case," he observed, in a tone of icy coldness, "I have nothing more to say."

The step is one with which I have no sympathy and very little tolerance; but, fortunately, it does not concern me at all."

Mrs. Singleton shot a glance at her husband, which Marion saw was one of triumph. She knew instantly that the conversation which led to Earle's avowal had not been a matter of accident. "What a pretty trick!" she said, mentally; and, with a sudden impulse to show her sympathy with courage, she addressed the young man:

"You have at least the pleasure of knowing, Mr. Earle, that you belong to the same faith as most of the best and many of the greatest people of the world."

Earle looked at her with surprise. Such a speech, under the circumstances, was the last he could have expected from her; for, notwithstanding the glamour of her beauty, he had read her accurately enough to perceive her worldliness, and her desire for all that the world could give. He knew that she was a favorite of his uncle's, and could not have imagined that she would brave the displeasure of the latter in a manner so unnecessary. Perhaps Mr. Singleton was also surprised—at least he glanced up at her quickly, while Earle answered:

"It is a deeper satisfaction still to believe that it is a faith which has made the best of those people what they are, and which can derive no lustre from the greatest."

"I have always observed that Roman Catholics are very enthusiastic about their religion," said Mrs. Singleton; "but I did not know before, Marion, that you inclined that way."

"What way?" asked Marion, coolly. "To enthusiasm or to Catholicity? As a matter of fact I do not incline to either. But I have seen a great deal of Catholics, and admire many things about them. Indeed, all of my best friends belong to that religion."

"Then we may expect you to follow in Brian's footsteps before long," said the lady, with malicious sweetness.

"There is nothing that I am aware of more improbable," replied Marion.

She rose then, conscious that the con-

versation, if carried farther, might develop more unpleasantness, and moved toward the piano. Earle followed her, in order to lift the lid of the instrument, and as he did so, said, smilingly:

"I think you are quite right to endeavor to restore harmony by sweet sounds. Is it not extraordinary that there should be no such potent cause of discord in the world as the question of religion?"

"I suppose it is because people feel more strongly on that subject than on any other," she answered, looking up at him, and wondering a little that a man so young, with all the world before him, and all its ambitions to tempt him, should think of religion at all.

The next day she found an opportunity to say this frankly. During the morning, she strolled into the garden with a book, and there encountered Earle, leaning on a stone-wall that skirted the lower boundaries of the grounds, sketching a pretty meadow and group of trees beyond. She came upon him unobserved—for he was standing with his back to the path along which she advanced,—and the sound of her clear, musical voice was the first intimation he had of her presence.

"How rapidly you sketch, Mr. Earle, and how well!" she said.

He started and turned, to find her standing so near that she overlooked his work. She smiled as his astonished eyes met her own. "Do I disturb you?" she asked. "If so, I will go away."

"You have certainly not disturbed me up to the present moment," he answered. "Have you been here long?"

"Only a few minutes. You were so absorbed that you did not observe me, and I was so interested in watching you that I did not care to speak. But if I disturb you—"

"Why should you disturb me if you care to stay? You will not obstruct my view of the meadow or of the trees. It is a pretty little scene, is it not?"

"Very," she answered, moving to the wall, at which she paused a few feet distant from him, and laid her book down on the ledge which it conveniently presented.

Then she stood silent for a minute, looking at the shadow-dappled landscape, and conscious of a sense of pique, provoked by the cool indifference of his reply. She knew that to many men her presence *would* obstruct their view of the fairest scene nature might present, and she could perceive no reason why this man should be different from them,—why her beauty, which his artist-glance had evidently appreciated, seemed to have so little effect upon him. Her vanity had become more insistent in its demands, from the homage which had been offered her; and the withholding this homage had already become a thing insufferable. But she was far too proud to show this, as many weaker women do: and, after a short interval, she said, lightly enough:

"What a very great pleasure it must be when one is able to set down beauty as you are doing—to preserve and make it one's own! I have a friend who loves art devotedly—in fact, she is a true artist,—and I have always the same feeling when I watch her at work."

"The power is certainly a great delight," said Earle, going on with his rapid strokes; "but you must not imagine that it is all delight. There is a great deal of drudgery in this as in all other arts; and, worse still, there are times of infinite disgust as well as profound discouragement."

"So Claire used to say—at least, she spoke of discouragement, but I never heard her speak of disgust."

"Claire!" Earle looked at her now with his quick, bright glance. "I wonder if I do not know of whom you speak. There can hardly be more than one Claire who is a true artist."

"There may be a hundred, for aught I know," replied Marion, carelessly; "but I mean Claire Alford. Her father was a distinguished artist, I believe. You may have heard of him."

"Every one has heard of him, I imagine," returned Earle, a little dryly; "but I knew him well in my boyhood, and he did more than any one else to fan whatever artistic flame I possess. I was, therefore, very glad

when I chanced to meet his daughter about a month ago."

"You met Claire? That can hardly be! She is abroad."

"I met her a few days before she sailed. The lady with whom she has gone, and with whom she was then staying, is the widow of an artist whom I knew, and is herself a great friend of mine."

"And so you have met Claire! I really don't know why it should surprise me, yet it does. What did you think of her? I ask the question without hesitation, because I know it is impossible for any one to think ill of her, and the well is only in proportion as you know or divine her."

"I am sure of that," said Earle, with a kindly smile for the speaker. "She charmed me at first sight, she is so simple, so candid, so unconscious of herself, so evidently intent upon high aims."

"Yes, she is all of that," replied Marion. Involuntarily her voice fell as she thought how little any word of this commendation could be applied to herself. "Did you find out that you had something in common beside your love of art?" she asked, after an instant. "Claire is a fervent Catholic."

"Is she?" he said, with interest. "No, I did not discover it. Nothing brought up the subject of religion. But I am not surprised. There is an air about her that made me call her in my own mind a vestal of art. I can easily realize that she is something more and better than that."

"It is a pretty name, and suits her well—a vestal of art," said Marion. She was silent then for a minute or two, and stood looking with level gaze from under the broad brim of her sun-hat at the pastoral meadow-scene, unconscious for once what a picture she herself made, as she leaned on the stone-wall, with a spreading mulberry-tree throwing its chequered shade down upon her graceful figure. Artist-instinct drew Earle's eyes upon her, and he was saying to himself, "How much I should like to sketch her! Shall I ask her permission to do so?" when she suddenly turned her face toward him and spoke.

"Do you know, Mr. Earle," she said, "that you astonished me very much last night? For the matter of that"—with a slight laugh—"I suppose you astonished every one. But I am bold enough to express my astonishment, because I should really like to know what you meant."

"I shall be very happy to tell you," Earle answered, "if you will give me an idea what *you* mean."

"I mean this. Why did you vex Mr. Singleton by unnecessary contradiction, and an unnecessary avowal of what you knew would annoy if it did not seriously alienate him?"

The young man regarded her with surprise. "Simply because I had no alternative," he replied. "Nothing was farther from my desire than to vex him. But why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should people be vexed by hearing the truth? Is not that what we all wish, ostensibly at least—to learn and to believe *the truth* about a thing, not mere fancies or ideas?"

"Ye—s," said Marion, hesitatingly. "I suppose no one would acknowledge that he did not wish to know the truth; but you are aware that nothing is more offensive than the truth to people who have strong convictions against it."

"So much the worse for such people, then."

"And so much the worse sometimes for those who persist in forcing enlightenment upon them."

"I really do not think that is my character," he said. "I have never, to my knowledge, attempted to force enlightenment upon any one. But sometimes—as was the case last night—one must speak (even when speaking will serve no end of conviction), or be guilty of cowardice and tacit deception."

Marion shook her head, in protest apparently against these views; but probably she felt the uselessness of combating them. At least when she spoke again it was to say, abruptly:

"But how on earth do you chance to take that particular view of truth?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

BY SISTER MARY AGNES.

MIDST the noontide heat, for a little space,
I turn from life's toil aside,
And here, in my own accustomed place,
Where Thou dost Thy glory hide,
For a little while from my work I cease,
That my heart may speak to Thy Heart in peace.

For hours in my ears has the clamor rung
Of the world's distracting cares,
And my brain is strained and my soul un-
strung,
And my feet drawn near to snares;
Oh! now in these moments, my Saviour dear,
Gird my soul anew for the strife I fear.

At Thy feet I lay what this day has brought,
Shaped either for good or ill;
And let Thine alone be each word and thought
That its hours may bring forth still;
Forgive me whatever Thou seest wrong,
And make me to *do* and to *suffer* strong.

Let Thy hand, dear Master, an instant rest
On this coward heart of mine,
Which so many troubles and doubts infest;
And so shall Thy touch divine
Transform and change what was vile and low,
To a sanctuary, where love's lamp shall glow.

Take the gift I give of my life to Thee,
Which first from Thy goodness came,
Since in justice its every act should be
For the glory of Thy Name;
Tho' wasted and worthless has been the past,
Let my willing service be Thine at last.

And now I must go from Thy blessed feet,
To take up my tasks again,
But my Guardian Angel, in homage sweet,
Shall here in my stead remain,
And bring to me now and again from Thee
A grace from the shrine where I can not be.

DISSIMULATION is the awe felt by Vice in the presence of Virtue, since the moment Adam hid from his Maker in the garden of Eden.

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

X.—RAVENNA.

THE train runs up the Adriatic coast, with the broad green sea flashing in the morning light on the one hand, and the broad brown earth trying to look lovely on the other. Italy tans early in the season, and but for her vineyards and orchards, which are carefully nourished by diligent husbandmen, she would appear bare and barren a good portion of the year.

I was obliged to leave the main line for Bologna, and run down to Ravenna on a branch of it. Do you wonder why I turned aside to visit a town but little known of the average tourist? It was, because, in the first place, Ravenna is marvellously rich in mosaics of the fifth century. Then, I knew it to be a dreamy, drowsy spot, with a forest of stone-pines on the edge of it,—a forest that has won the praise of Dante, of Boccaccio and Dryden and Byron, and of everyone who has found his way over the flat sea-coast to the slumberous old city. Moreover, it is one of the most ancient towns in Italy. Its first Bishop, St. Apollinaris (A. D. 44), was a disciple of St. Peter; and perhaps nowhere else does one get so easily into an atmosphere of art, exclusively sacred and undisturbed through fourteen centuries.

The town, three miles in circumference, is about one half garden, and the other half the dearest, dullest, quaintest conglomeration of churches, round towers, *sarcophagi*, and dwellings, conceivable. Surely this was not to be passed lightly by, as if it occurred every day in Italy—which it comes very near to doing, but doesn't quite.

PETRIFIED PICTURES. — Those antique mosaics that are plentiful enough in Italy to make one grow to like them—I suppose it is an acquired taste,—are so numerous and varied in Ravenna that they give one an entirely new impression of this curious and imperishable art. Here are faces full of expression, and forms possessing grace. The

color is vivid and beautifully blended; the surface seems less hard than usual, and there is so much poetry in the design of them, that if they had been fashioned out of flowers, the effect could not be more brilliant or surprising.

SAN NAZARIO E CELSO.—This church, once the mausoleum of Galla Placida, is so gorgeously ornamented with mosaics that it seems to have blossomed all over. There is a lofty dome starred with gold; four arches, on the four sides of it, enshrine life-size figures of Our Lord and the Prophets; white doves feed at their feet, while in the two transepts there are stags drinking at a spring, even "as the hart panteth for the fountains of water." These mosaics are alive with color. What though the stags are a little stiff-kneed, and the Prophets severe of countenance? The effect of the whole is almost dazzling, and the splendor of the golden background throws the majestic figures into high relief.

There is a figure of Our Lord over the door of the chapel,—a figure of such marvellous simplicity that the eye is at once fascinated and the sensibilities moved. The face is the same that has come down to us from the beginning—a type that it is now dangerous, if not fatal, to depart from:—the broad, low brow, over which the flowing locks are parted; the eyes large, set wide apart, and full of the deepest sympathy; the thin, soft beard slightly curled and pointed, and an expression such as no mortal ever wore. For fourteen centuries this shadow of the Divine One has looked down upon the alabaster altar in that serene sanctuary, and hallowed it.

The dome of the baptistery adjoining the cathedral is decorated with the most ancient mosaic in Ravenna. It represents the baptism of Christ, with the river-god of the Jordan sitting by, a witness of the astounding spectacle; the twelve Apostles, bearing crowns, each standing by a palm-tree, are circled about the medallion which is in the apex of the dome.

Ravenna was once a seaport; its harbor has long been filled with the *débris* of the

waves, and the town is now five miles distant from the ever-advancing shore. The place seems to have been buried alive; at all events, the present level of the streets is some feet above the ancient pavements, and the original foundation of the Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin is seven feet below the surface. Nearly every church in Ravenna has been thus partly buried.

SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO. —Originally an Arian cathedral (erected A. D. 500), this noble edifice contains a nave flanked by four and twenty columns of rare marble brought from Constantinople; above them, extending the whole length of the nave, is a remarkable mosaic. On one side is the town of Classis, with the sea and ships, and a long procession of virgins, with the magi, worshipping the Madonna and Child. On the opposite wall, five and twenty saints, with garlands, stand in a stately row, and receive the blessing of Our Lord, who is accompanied by four angels. The city of Ravenna, with the Church of San Vitalis and the palace of Theodoric, fills the background. I judge the figures to be ten feet in height, majestically proportioned. The color is as vivid as if laid on yesterday. The faces of the saints and virgins all turn in one direction, and some of them are really beautiful; the stately attitude, the picturesque drape, the solemnly reverential bearing, are most impressive.

I can never again think lightly of the Byzantine masters; I shall never again turn from these imperishable pictures—built so slowly, that the coral builders might almost vie with them;—for I have found at last that grace and tenderness and breadth and beauty have been blended upon the walls of the early churches, and that these do not fade with time or change with fashion, or lose one jot or tittle of their primal simplicity and truth.

There are rare old marbles in Ravenna, —marbles that have been brought from the richest quarries, and wrought by the most cunning hands. The splendid columns in the Basilica of San Apollinare in Classis bear witness to it. There are capitals so

ingeniously sculptured that they resemble folds of lace, and others that seem as fragile as pyramids of flowers. But not all of Ravenna's marble treasures are as fair; there are ancient pillars and altars and *sarcophagi* that seem to have been worn almost smooth by running water. Pieces of clumsy sculpture are faintly visible, but the art that fashioned them was primitive, and their very era is involved in conjecture.

San Vitale—an imitation of Santa Sophia at Constantinople, and which seems to have been, in turn, imitated in the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle,—is in striking contrast to the straight lines and sharp angles of many of the churches of Northern Italy. It is, in reality, an octagonal tower of marble, thirty-seven and one-half yards in diameter, flooding with light that falls from a perforated dome. It is surrounded by a wilderness of arches, in which the light itself seems to have grown bewildered; the deep-veined marble catches a stray sunbeam, and reflects it with such brilliancy, that the shadows, gathered in the sheltered nooks of the circular choir, are surprised, and in their surprise they reveal new treasures of porphyry and precious stones that might otherwise have been undreamed of.

There are quaint old towers in Ravenna, lofty and round, and of the mellow color of decaying leaves. These towers of brick crumble very slowly, for the ancients were wonderful brick-makers. The narrow windows begin to yawn, and the arches to sag a little; the tiled roofs grow ragged at the eaves, and the iron cross on the peak leans to one side, though it never seems to fall.

A great haunt of the swallows are these venerable towers, and just at sunset the upper windows are stormed by them; the bats flutter about in nervous haste, and the rooks congregate in the shadow of the bell-fry, and make loud complaint when the great clock strikes the quarter-hour with astonishing deliberation. Italy would not seem like Italy if there were a valley or a plain or a mountain in it unpossessed of its time-stained and weather-beaten campanile; and I am never astonished—now

that I am used to it—when I suddenly round the curve in a mountain trail, and find the horizon bristling with belfries.

THE GRAVE OF DANTE.—Do not come to Ravenna with the hope of dropping a tear under the cypresses that should shelter Dante's grave; they are very far out of reach. Do not seek this spot to pluck the slender grass blades for remembrance, inasmuch as they grow profusely elsewhere, while not a solitary one sprouts hereabout.

Dante lies under more marble than is necessary to mark his humble grave, yet all that is visible is of little interest. A cold *basso-rilievo*, some metal wreaths beribboned and besmeared with dust, are not the kind of memorials one looks for at the tomb of one who seemed to anticipate Paradise with eye prophetic while he lived, and who, I trust, now inherits it in very truth.

At the museum you will find, among other objects of peculiar interest, the coffin that once contained the bones of the marvellous poet—the glory of Italy—and a cast of his face, with the long, heavy nose and prominent chin; a profile less pleasing than that given him in most portraits. His autograph is there also, and a celebrated manuscript of Aristophanes, and Mary Stuart's prayer-book, gloriously illuminated and filled with exquisite miniatures. The latter was placed in my hands by the custodian; and what a privilege it was to hold, if only for a few moments, this precious memento of that most unhappy Queen!

LA VENITA.—The stone-pines that spring up in the corner of most Italian pictures are seldom met with in great numbers. The pine forest near Ravenna is more like a scattering grove than the forests that we know. The stone-pines are almost shadowless; they are stripped bare from the roots to the top branches, but there the tree spreads and thickens its foliage in a broad flat mass that looks not unlike a green, shelving roof of thatch.

By moonlight the forest is beautiful beyond words; the very form of the trees is airy and fairy-like, and the plain over which they are scattered by thousands, when seen

under the soft glow of the summer moon, has almost an unearthly loveliness. This was the haunt of Byron, under the high-roofed pines, beside the still canal that ebbs sluggishly to the sea. Dante has sung of these sombre woods, and Dryden also, and Boccaccio wove them into his romances. They do well to rear their saplings through all the ages near to so sweet and homely a spot as Ravenna.

FROM A FLY-LEAF.—While I write, my window is open upon the square, hollow court of this half-deserted hotel, and there I see a colony of domestic fowls peacefully feeding. There are three broken columns in three corners of the court, and a water-font in the fourth. The sun floods half the house with warm, rosy light; a blue shadow fills all the rest. I hear a symphony played softly upon stringed instruments; I hear the voices of children that seem to float to me out of the air; an occasional footstep is echoed in some part of the house, but it sounds faint and far away; all else is peace.

There is a harmony of color and form and sound and scent that is soul-satisfying, and I wonder why so few turn aside from the fashionable highway to get a glimpse of a city that seems not to have suffered change in the last thousand years. Yet I thank God that it is as it is, and that the mob beats not at these ancient gates, nor clamors in the grass-grown streets; for then we should no longer have this dear, dreamy old Ravenna, where Dante lived, died, and is buried.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FIRST MIRACLE OF OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR IN THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

AN account of the first miracle wrought by Our Blessed Lord in the Divine Eucharist is found in the Gospel of St. Luke. On the day of the Resurrection two of the disciples were on their way to Emmaus, a town distant sixty furlongs from Jerusalem. As they walked along, they spoke of Our Lord's death, and all the wondrous things which had happened.

"And it came to pass that, while they talked and reasoned with one another, Jesus Himself also drew near, and went with them.

"But their eyes were held, that they should not know Him.

"And He said to them: What are these discourses that you hold one with another as you walk, and are sad?

"And the one whose name was Cleophas, answering, said to Him: Art Thou alone a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things that have been done there in these days?

"And He said to them: What things? And they said: Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, who was a prophet, mighty in work and word, before God and all the people;

"And how our chief priests and rulers delivered Him to be condemned to death, and crucified Him.

"But we hoped that it was He who should have redeemed Israel: and now, besides all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done.

"Yea, and certain women also of our company affrighted us, who, before it was light, were at the sepulchre;

"And not finding His body, came, saying that they had also seen a vision of angels, who say that He is alive.

"And some of our people went to the sepulchre, and found it so as the women had said: but Him they found not.

"Then He said to them: O foolish and slow of heart to believe in all the things which the prophets have spoken!

"Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?

"And, beginning from Moses and all the prophets, He expounded to them, in all the Scriptures, the things that were concerning Him.

"And they drew nigh to the town whither they were going, and He made as though he would go farther.

"But they constrained Him, saying, Stay with us, because it is towards evening, and the day is now far spent. And He went in with them.

"And it came to pass, whilst He was at table with them, He took bread and blessed, and brake, and gave to them.

"And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him, and He vanished out of their sight.

"And they said one to the other: Was not our heart burning within us whilst He was speaking in the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?

"And they rose up at the same hour, and went back to Jerusalem: and they found the eleven gathered together. . . .

"And they told what things were done in the way, and how they knew Him in the breaking of bread."

What happy results flow from the presence of the Saviour among His sorrowful disciples! Jesus speaks to them, and their hearts are inflamed and raised above mere human prejudice. Consoled by His divine words, they will not allow Him to depart, and beg that, in view of the lateness of the hour, He will remain with them. But at the "breaking of bread" they are transported; it is then that their eyes are opened, and they recognize their good Master. What arguments are worth the effect of one good Communion? That happy moment, so short and transitory—for He immediately disappears,—leaves a profound impression. Just before, they were weary, exhausted; they said that it was late: now, in spite of the advanced hour, they are at once strong enough to undertake the journey back to the city. They do not drag themselves wearily along, exhibiting in their appearance the discouragement of their hearts: they haster, they run; they can not soon enough fly to announce the good tidings, and give to others a share of the joy with which their own hearts are filled.

WHEN you tell a secret to a friend, remember your friend has a friend, and that your friend's friend has a friend.

HE who makes up his mind that the world owes him a living, will find that he has a very bad debt to collect.

Catholic Notes

Our Lady of Lourdes has many noble servants, many of whom manifest their gratitude for striking favors by some notable offering to Her sanctuary every year. Some donate large sums of money, while others present gifts of nature or art. Among these clients of Our Blessed Lady there is one who has taken upon himself to furnish gratuitously all the wine required for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice during the year. This in itself is no mere trifle, when it is remembered that during the year 1886 not less than 32,510 Masses were offered at Lourdes. And neither the ravages of the phylloxera nor injuries to the vines resulting from other causes, can discourage this generous man. "While I have a drop of wine," he says, "the Blessed Virgin shall have Her share." And indeed, says the *Journal de Lourdes*, he has already sent us the supply of wine needed for 1887, just as in years preceding. This pious merchant insists upon his name remaining a secret, but it is known to the angels, and he will not fail to receive in return the manifold blessings of Heaven.

The late Father Beckx, Superior-General of the Jesuits, was a native of Diest in Brabant, the birthplace of Blessed John Berchmans, S. J., the assurance of whose approaching canonization consoled the saintly old man in his last hours.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has published a decree announcing that the Sovereign Pontiff has confirmed the judgment of the Congregation in favor of introducing before the Roman court the cause of the canonization of 261 English martyrs, of the 16th and 17th centuries, not included in the decree already issued.

"Montreal" says a Protestant correspondent of the *Hartford Times*, "is the real City of Churches; here the mother Church rules and reigns." The correspondent is perfectly right and we are glad his Protestantism has not blinded his eyes. Montreal, is, indeed a City of Churches, no city in America more so. The grandest and most remarkable of these churches is, curiously enough, *not* the Cathedral, but the great Church of Notre Dame, whose grand front, with its lofty portico of

granite, rises from one of the city's principal thoroughfares. These noble towers can be seen, in one direction, for a distance of thirty miles. In one of them there is an enormous bell, probably the largest in America, which it takes twelve men to ring. The writer concludes his description with a remark which, coming from a non-Catholic, is striking, though we wonder the thought does not suggest itself to them more frequently—"The Roman Catholic Church deserves honor for what it does in lifting up the heart and soul of the people by its liberal patronage of all the arts that best appeal to the religious sense—the most impressive parts of the science of a noble church architecture, of music, of sculpture, and of painting. How bare and lifeless our Protestant churches seem in comparison!"

We have already called attention to the noble and monumental work of art which is being prepared by the Cistercians of Lerins, France, for the Jubilee of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII.—viz., the translation of the *Magnificat* into 150 languages, the whole being contained in a volume magnificently illuminated and decorated. The Holy Father has deigned to express his appreciation of the work which these religious have undertaken, and says: "You have been very happily inspired in selecting such a work, which combines in itself the best results of art and intellect; for in the immortal Canticle which the August Mother of God sang, inspired by the Holy Ghost, there is a sublimity far above all human works. Hence you will understand that your homage will be most agreeable to Us. We shall be the more happy to receive your offering as the work is one best adapted to glorify the name of the Blessed Virgin, sounding Her praises in the various languages of earth."

The Catholics of Switzerland are making great preparations for the celebration of the fourth centenary of the Blessed Nicholas Von der Flüe. Numerous sketches of the life of the great peace-maker are published; engravings of his figure have been made on paper, marble, and bronze; and a magnificent statue of the servant of God has been sculptured by one of the Fathers of Valsainte. On the 23d of next month a pilgrimage to the tomb and the cell of the illustrious hermit will take place, and the day will be observed with that union

of spiritual devotion and innocent enjoyment which distinguishes the great festivals of the Church. In Switzerland the Catholics are mindful of the traditions of faith and fatherland.

The *New York Sun* in a valuable editorial points out the fact that, in proportion to their numbers, there is no class of people so honest, in the face of many temptations, as the million female domestics of the United States. The *Sun* very pertinently asks, "How would it be if religion did not fortify the honesty of these women? Suppose they were agnostics?" Suppose they were all Catholics? Then the standard of morality among them, high as it is, would be even higher; for cases of Catholic servants guilty of stealing are very few and far between.

The Rev. Daniel Keller, the Irish patriot priest, writes the following letter to a parishioner, from Kilmainham Prison. It is worthy of preservation, as the revelation of a devoted life. He is spoken of as a clergyman of austere virtue, learned and gentle,—one who would march to the scaffold sooner than do aught against conscience. The simplicity of devotedness could hardly go further than in the good priest's expression of his desire that his name "would not be mentioned any more":

DEAR —:—I am really confused at the great notoriety my name has got so suddenly, but this was not my fault. My political views, though always profoundly national, were never expressed in any violent way. . . . [Here the prison authorities have inked out six lines of the letter.]

The little help I tried to give those poor people is the reason why I have lost my liberty; but I don't regret this, and never shall. If I am to be left here till I die, I shall never do the infamous thing Judge Boyd asked me to do—namely, to betray the confidences of a defenceless but loving people.

I feel much at my violent separation from my dear parishioners, who would be willing to lay down their lives for me; but the good God will help me to bear this as well as the other indignities shown to me by the authorities because I would not be silent and inactive when I saw the poor and the weak oppressed by the rich and the strong.

I wish my name would not be mentioned any more, and when the time comes—if it ever comes in this life—for me to depart out of this prison, my only desire would be to go out quietly and without notice. It is really too much for me to be

made a hero of for the mere trifle that I have done.
Your faithful friend,

DANIEL KELLER, P. P.

The Catholics of Poland have great devotion to Blessed Bronislava as a patroness to be invoked for preservation from contagious diseases, or epidemics of any kind. Blessed Bronislava, who lived between 1203 and 1259, was a religious of the Premonstratensian Order. From the *London Tablet* we learn that a Belgian Premonstratensian monk, F. Van Spilbeeck has published a short French life of the *beata*. Very little is known in Western Europe of the Slavonic saints, with one or two brilliant exceptions, such as St. John Nepomucene, or St. Stanislaus Kostka, or St. Hedwige; and no doubt, as Leo XIII. has shown in the case of SS. Cyril and Methodius, the extension of the cult of the Slav saints in the West will greatly contribute to that closer union which the Holy Father so much desires to see realized.

"Give your daughter but one name in baptism," cried out a thoughtful clergyman once, "and she ought to be perfectly content with that." This brings us to speak of a custom, coming only too much into vogue, of dropping the good, old-fashioned English terminations of female Christians names, and adopting the *ie* termination, in imitation, probably, of the French. Hence our Julie, Sallie, Mattie, Lucie, Nellie, Katie, and, most to be deplored of all, Marie. This "Marie" is a corruption of Mary, the sweetest of all female names. In all ages since Her time, the name of Mary has been conceded to be the most exalted, and in pious Catholic families it is almost always preferred for a daughter. Let the great name of Mary, therefore, continue to be preferred, and with us let it be written, M-a-r-y.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

Further subscriptions for the sufferers by the recent earthquake in Italy:

A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; A Child of Mary, \$1; Miss Hannah Reid, \$2; Mrs. M. Foote, \$5; M. E. Clarke, \$1; M. W., \$1; A Friend, Altoona, Pa., \$2; Miss Mary Fondy, \$1; A Friend of THE "AVE MARIA," in honor of St. Joseph, \$2; P. R. M., \$1; Three Clients of St. Joseph, Blandinsville, Ill., \$1; A Friend, Flandreau, Dakota, \$1; N. N., in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; A Friend, St. Louis, \$3.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the repose of the soul of the late Michael Hickey, Esq., father of the worthy editor of the *Catholic Review*, who was called to his reward on March 26, full of years and honor. His life was long and fruitful in good works, for he used all his talents for the glory of God. He died leaving his children an unstained name, and, what is still more valuable, the bright example of one who had been constant in the old Faith. *R. I. P.*

New Publications.

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. By the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Volume I. Centuries I.—VIII. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co.

A careful perusal of this volume convinces one that the learned and painstaking author gave it the proper title. And to say that a work is all that it claims to be, is high praise. The principal events in the history of the Church during the first seven centuries are set forth in very terse yet clear language. Questions regarding doctrine and discipline, together with the lives, acts, and writings of the Popes and Fathers of the Church, all requiring sound learning and critical acumen, are treated with an ability, impartiality, and soundness of judgment rarely met with in the discussion of controverted points of history. The student of ecclesiastical history, especially, owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. Parsons for this work, and we sincerely wish it the success to which its merits entitle it. It has the *imprimatur* of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. The publishers have done their part fairly well.

THE LOUISVILLE CATHOLIC FAMILY GUIDE, 1887. Exclusively for the Diocese of Louisville. By the Rev. Louis G. Deppen. Agent, C. A. Rogers, Louisville, Ky.

This new year-book—this is the first year of its publication—is badly printed on cheap paper, and for embellishment has only a few execrable wood-cuts: no poetry graces its pages, and there are no bits of classic prose; but it is so brimful of useful, practical information and sound advice, that it well merits the title of "Catholic Family Guide." In many respects it is the best of our annuals, and we hope it will have such a wide sale as

to enable the publisher to make its exterior correspond with its contents. Although intended only for circulation in the Diocese of Louisville, much of what it contains would be profitable reading for Catholics everywhere. "What Every Catholic Should Know and Do" is especially to be recommended for its excellence and practical utility. This article alone is worth many times the price of the pamphlet.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Mary of St. Julitta, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, whose death, fortified by the last Sacraments, occurred at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind., on the 27th of March.

Mother Symphorosa, who died a holy death, on the same day, at the Convent of St. Mary of Loreto, Montgomery, Ala.

Madame Brennan, a most efficient and devoted member of the Order of the Sacred Heart, who was called to the reward of her holy life on the 23d ult.

Mrs. Frances Tuttle, of Brooklyn, who departed this life on the 22d of March, aged ninety years. She was remarkable for her saint-like faith and charity. Her death was in keeping with her life.

Mrs. Margaret Grogan, a devout Child of Mary, deceased in San Francisco on the 11th of last month.

Mrs. A. Dobson, of Elburn, Ill., a life-subscriber of THE "AVE MARIA," who calmly breathed her last, after a long illness, on the Feast of St. Joseph.

Mrs. Mina Nestle, of Nauvoo, Ill., whose precious death took place on the 13th ult.

Mr. James Hart, who piously yielded his soul to God on the 12th of March, at Newark, N. J.

Mr. Peter White, of Central Falls, R. I., who passed away on the 20th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Miss Ellen E. Hogan, a fervent Child of Mary, whose long sufferings were crowned with a happy death on the 28th ult.

Mrs. Mary A. Jarboe, relict of the late Raphael Jarboe, Esq., of Emmitsburg, Md., who was called to a better world on the 22d ult.

Miss Rose Matthews, of Camden, N. J.; Maurice J. Griffin, Somerville, Mass.; Mary Gill. Kilonan, Co. Galway, Ireland; Mrs. Catherine Hegener, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. Ann Keenan, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. M. E. Ott, Philadelphia, Margaret Hynes, and Mary A. Walls.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Precepts In Rhyme.

TURN to God, my little brother;
 He can all your wants supply;
 He can guide those who could help you,
 With a message from on high.
 He can move the hearts about you
 All your wishes to fulfil,—
 He, the Master of all hearts, can
 Lead them gently where He will.
 Still His human Heart is beating
 With its wondrous love divine,
 Hear His sweet voice softly pleading:
 "Son, give Me that heart of thine."
 Give it now ere yet temptation
 Conquers, stamps it with disgrace;
 Come while yet with eyes uplifted
 You may kneel before His face.
 We are weak, but He can help us
 All our losses to retrieve;
 Still His loving voice says kindly:
 "Ask of Me: ye shall receive."
 When we try and yet succeed not,
 When stern duty hath no charm,
 And the cold world seems determined
 All our efforts to disarm,—
 When the anxious heart grows weary,
 Sickened at hope long delayed,
 Through the gloom a whisper cometh:
 "It is I: be not afraid.
 I may seem to leave you helpless
 While temptations weigh you down,
 But My grace is still sufficient—
 Persevere and wear the crown."

CORA.

The Two Tramps.

VI.

Several days passed quietly after this—for Mémé, who was trying very earnestly to fill her mother's place, had insisted on copying and briefing her father's papers for him,—and the only sight-seeing they did was a long drive through the Soldiers' Home, which is not only one of the most beautiful parks about the city, but is also

a perpetual memorial of that splendid old soldier, General Winfield Scott;* for it was bought and founded with the ransom-money of the city of Mexico.

But at the end of this time Wentworth dropped in to call, and in the course of conversation asked Mémé if she and the tramps had seen the Ordnance Museum. She answered no, and added, with some surprise, that she had never heard of it before.

"Strangers do not usually know it as one of the places to be visited; and, indeed, I have found that very few of the residents are aware of its existence as a point of interest," he said, adding, "I wish you would let me take you and the boys there, Miss Hastings."

"Can you spare the time?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered, unblushingly, although to do it he knew he would have to crowd ten hours' work into three; for he never neglected a duty, it being a part of his code of honor to stand by even the most unimportant of the requirements of the profession he had chosen.

So the very next day saw them on their way to 17th Street, with the tramps and "Wagsum" the beloved trotting and bouncing before or after or around them, as the sweet wills of boys and dog dictated.

They entered on the east side of Winder's Building, and went down the narrow, unsavory corridors, past the queer half-doors that ventilate the rooms, past the old white-wooled darky messengers, and, by a sharp turn to the right, into a short hall, at the end of which a modest sign-board announced "The Ordnance Museum."

As they passed through, an old soldier limped forward and saluted, but Wentworth said:

"That's all right, Beckwith. Don't drag

* When he carried the Stars and Stripes over the border, and marched his compact little army through the cactus bloom and the passion-vines—staining with a new and sadder stain the *Corazon del Christe*,—and, by the fiery road of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, and Molino del Rey, reached the capital of the country, the people sent out to him, offering a large ransom if he would spare their city from fire and pillage. He

that lame foot of yours around. What I don't know I'll come and ask you about." Then, turning to Mémé, he explained: "Beckwith was my father's orderly, and got that ball at Spottsylvania."

The tramps looked at the soldier with awe, and Phil sidled up to him, set his head on one side like a cock-robin, and asked, eagerly:

"Did it hurt, sir?"

"Yes, indeed, my little master, a goodish bit."

And Laurie, who had planted himself in front of him, and was staring with big, solemn eyes, said:

"Won't you *please* tell us about it?"

"Yes," added Mémé, "do."

And the old man, with a long, pleased look at her sweet young face, answered:

"I don't know much to tell, ma'am, 'cept just about the one place our brigade was fightin' at. We was ordered to carry some earthworks that went a-runnin' along in front of the line in the shape of a staggered, rough-made S, with a battery to one side of the first bend, and a redoubt at the other, and rifle-pits along between. They was all a-top a slope, with heavy timber a-settin' up like a cock's-comb from end to end; and when we heerd the orders, we cheered fit to deafen you. But, Lord, ma'am"—and he raised his eyes and hands reverently,—“as we went a-yellin' and a-hooroarin' up that hill, the whole stretch burst into flame! We was enfiladed with musketry; the sharpshooters was a pottin' us on the left, and to the right a most cruel and witherin' cannonadin' was plowin' gaps in the line yards wide.

"The front ranks just melted away like a March snow, and before we was half-way

accepted the offer, and, without letting one penny of it (although from the special offers made him he might legally have done so) stick to his sturdy fingers, he turned the sum over intact to the Government. Later, when he was asked if he had any suggestion to offer as to its appropriation, he at once replied: "Buy and build a home for old soldiers. They spend their youth and strength and blood for their country, and deserve a shelter at her hands in their old age."

up, we was fetched up all-standin'. We formed quick, a-steppin' over and even on the bodies of our own brothers, ma'am, and our best friends, and went ahead again. And this time we got nearer, but there wasn't a handful apiece left of the comp'nies. *They* was all clear grit, though; and we re-formed, and went on with a rush and a shout; for the other boys was a-backin' us. Course we couldn't see 'em, but we heerd the tigers through the roar and split of the guns, and we *felt* 'em comin'.

"Three mortal times we flung ourselves against them earthworks, and three mortal times them Johnnies drove us back. The fourth time we went over, but there wasn't a live man left to capture—every mother's son of 'em was dead in their tracks; the hill was blue with our boys, and the ground was churned and trampled into bloody mud.

"It was the only place ever I see where the dead was really piled a-top one another; but there it was, and three and four deep they laid—both sides—like the beginnin' of a log-cabin; and wherever you set foot, the tracks filled with blood. The 'Slaughter Pen' they called it, and a rare good name it was, too. And that there timber—well, it looked like an old broom the dogs had been a-worryin'. It was tore out in patches, the trees a-fallin' every which a-way; it was grubbed up by the roots; it was split with cannon-balls, and some of 'em—here's one now—was shot clean down." And he laid his hand on a case in which stood a section of a jagged, splintered tree-trunk, about two feet in diameter and four or five feet high. It was honey-combed with scores and gouges; it was stripped of its bark, it was cut through and through, and had been felled *by the bullets* that flew between the fighting armies.

And there it stands to-day—the battle-scarred oak,—a witness of the fierceness of the struggle at that dreadful point, which goes down in history by the name Beckwith called it—the "Slaughter Pen."

As he talked, Phil and Laurie had drawn closer and closer to the case, and when he

finished, their noses were well flattened against the glass, in their determination not to miss a scratch or a hole; and there is no knowing how long they would have stayed discussing the wonder, if Lieutenant Wentworth had not artfully directed their attention to the model of the Rock Island Arsenal at the west end of the room.

This is a really charming piece of model work, and it was not in child-nature to resist the trim little quarters, the liquid mimic Mississippi, the stretches and groves of beautiful trees (made of fine wire covered with gum-arabic and alum, colored so as to reproduce the tints of autumn), the rows of little machine-shops, and the neat pebbled drive-ways.* Added to all of which there are at least three points visible, that were the scenes of three of the most stirring incidents of Black Hawk's war.

After they had picked out satisfactorily the house they wanted, and the special stamping ground they thought fittest for Waggy's requirements and enjoyment, the little group felt quite ready for anything that offered. And there was so much—a perfect embarrassment of riches!

Take, for instance, the small glass cabinet next beyond the Arsenal model, and pick out hap-hazard a few of its curious relics of war times, beginning with the four presented by Colonel Kilpatrick,† and first and foremost of which is the bullet that took off his arm. It is mounted and labelled, and sets there looking as innocent as you please. Next it are a bayonet and pistol from Waterloo, with ominous red specks of rust on blade and barrel; and a shallow black cup, that the tramps did not think amounted to

* This model was made for the Centennial by order and under the direction of Col. D. W. Flagler, U. S. A., for so many years commanding officer at Rock Island. Of his wonderful work there, I can not speak in these limits; suffice to say he created new tables of measurements, and established new working *formulae*, the scale of the water-power alone being twice that of Schaffhausen, which at that time (1882) was the largest in the world.

† Not Jet the War-Mule's Kilpatrick, but R. L. Kilpatrick, a gallant Scotchman, who is still in our service.

much until they spelled out on its label that it is "made from an old oak timber out of the old Stockwell Bridge (Glasgow), over which Sir William Wallace and his men marched." Then they "popped their yi" (eye) like "Br'er Rabbit" in the Voodoo stories, and Phil sang out:

"O Mémé! is that the one Bruce talked to his soldiers about before they fought at that Bannock place?"

And Laurie chimed in:

"The time he told 'em to come ahead if they *did* want to do the good things, and to get away if they didn't?"

"Yes," said Mémé, with an amused look at Laurie's liberal interpretation of the Bruce's address.

"My!" sighed Phil, with deep satisfaction. "Say it, Mémé."

"Not all of it, dear, surely?"

"Well"—politely—"not if you don't want to, but the part Laurie means."

"Wha would be a traitor knave?

Wha can fill a coward's grave?

Wha sae base to live a slave?

Let him turn and flee.

Wha for Scotland's King and Law

Freedom's sword will strongly draw,

Freeman stand and freeman fa'?

Let him on wi' me!"

quoted Mémé, with a running accompaniment of nods and mumbles from the tramps, Laurie coming out strong on the "flee" and the "me."

But to come back to Kilpatrick's presents; the last is a pipe—a *very* nice pipe—made by one Corporal James Whitlaw, of the 42d Highlanders (The Black Watch), in the trenches before Sebastopol; and steady nerves Corporal Jamie must have had to polish it off so brightly, and to cap it so prettily with a silver sixpence beaten thin and pierced with open-work. On the next shelf of the case is a red stone peace-pipe (calumet) from the council in which Red-Cloud made his treaty with the whites; near by is a string of wampum, and draped behind are some beautifully woven, many-colored lariats. On another, a bayonet from Sedan lies cheek by jowl with a rudely covered powder-flask, that Wentworth told them had

belonged to "Captain Jack," the Modoc, who made such a gallant fight for the right to live free in his melancholy lava beds. "A hero," the young Lieutenant added, "if ever there was one, and quite worthy to rank with Tell and Hofer."

Then there is an assortment of shells, balls, and small-arms, and finally an awkwardly made but entirely shoot-able cartridge, which he told Mémé had been taken from a captured Apaché, who sullenly and under compulsion explained he had "heap pick up af'er flight [fight], an' fill 'gain"; that is, he and his comrades had picked up our soldiers' empty shells from the scene of battle a few days later, and, with no mean wit and skill, had filled them with powder and roughly-moulded but most effective bullets.

Beyond this, down the left side of the Museum, extends a gleaming row of gatling-guns and *mitrailleuses*; among them being sandwiched the Raqua Battery of Fort Wagner fame, with its twenty-five barrels, like a stand of organ-pipes laid flat, all of which are discharged by a single cap; the "coffee-mill" gun, of equally evil fame at Petersburg, with its hopper at the breech for cartridges, and its crank-handle, by which death can be unintermittingly ground out as long as the ammunition lasts; and, worst of all, the Hotchkiss gun, that fires *one hundred and eighty shots a minute!*

Opposite these are the gracefully carved green-bronze Lafayette guns, and a rolly-poly Georgius Rex, which twinkles out the fact that it was "captured at Saratoga in 1777." Here also are grouped an old flint-lock from the wreck of the Brig Somers;* a sword presented by Frederick II., Landgrave of Hesse, to one of his Hessian officers, when those "curses of Hanover" marched against us, but which by right of capture got turned point-on to its former owner, and struck some good blows for the young Republic, instead of *against* it; a bomb-shell thrown into New Orleans, Jan.

* Lost off Point Race 1812, after committing great havoc on our coast.

8, 1815; three old Spanish muskets (?) with bell-mouths and flint-locks; an old swivel gun,—all unearthed at San Augustine, and rusted and gnawed by the damp of years; and finally a lot of curious swords, which the tramps would certainly have examined one by one, if they had not caught sight of a full suit of armor on the other side of the room.

There it stands—helmet, gorget, corselet, greaves, and gauntlets; and on the breast-plate, in very scratchy letters—as if he were just learning to write,—is engraved:

PETRUS ERECTUS,
COMTE MARSEILLES,
A. D. MDCX.

Above it (in sharp illustration of the new against the old) are mounted the corselet and helmet of a French cuirassier; but—though the steel is thicker, and the ponderous helmet is crested, and a frowning face of Bellona looks from under its pompon—a Prussian bullet pierced to the heart and a German sword cleft to the brain of the wearer; and the lips that hoped to cheer the French eagles in Berlin, kissed the dust and tasted death at Sedan. On this split helmet Mémé noticed a curious mottling about the visor, and Wentworth told her it was a piece of leopard skin, the objects of which were to increase the beauty of the uniform, and to deaden the blinding reflection of the sunlight; for the steel is polished to mirror-like brightness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Chivalry of a School-Girl.

Under the title of "Sneered At," in the *Youth's Companion*, we find a most interesting story, in three columns, of a poor but beautiful girl being educated by her uncle for a teacher, at a fashionable seminary, where all the girls but her were able to dress expensively, while she had only the plainest clothing. The valedictory poem was awarded her, but poverty made it necessary that she should appear before the large and fashionable audience dressed only

in coarse, white muslin, without ornament. Many of the wealthy young ladies sneered at her, and so wrought upon the poor girl's mind, that she thought of giving up her part. At this juncture a noble-hearted girl, the wealthiest of the whole school, whose dresses were imported from Paris, came to the rescue. Finding it impossible to prevail upon the poor girl to wear one of her costly dresses, she appeared on the day of graduation by her side, not in the rich costume prepared for the occasion, and which the girls "were dying to see," but in the same plain, coarse, white muslin, with only one rosebud for ornament.

Under the inspiration of such noble heroism, the poor girl won the highest honors of the class, and from that day dated a friendship which lasted through life.

Our Lady's Midshipman.

A young boy, whose parents were Jews, was one day taken by some playmates of his own age to a Catholic church in Paris. It was the occasion of First Communion. What passed in the heart of the young Israelite during that solemn hour? All we know is that this glimpse of the light was never quenched from his memory. He even expressed his desire of sharing in the happiness of those privileged children whom he had seen communicating for the first time. But, doubtless, his time had not yet come; for his mother some days after placed him as a midshipman on board a vessel. This hasty determination was intended to bring to naught the new desire of the child. At least, the mother thought so, not knowing that the Spirit of God breathes wheresoever it will.

The ship which had the young boy on board was assailed by a violent storm, and soon became a total wreck. Some of the sailors found safety in one of the boats. They picked up the midshipman, and all together were taken on board a ship they were lucky enough to meet with. But their safety was not of long duration. A new storm arose, more furious than the first, and their ship was again swallowed up. Believing that all was over for him, the poor child closed his eyes and became uncon-

scious. He was again saved in one of the boats, and taken on board a third ship. This last was also destined to perish with its crew and cargo. In the midst of the tempest the sailors began to invoke Mary, Star of the Sea. Their prayer to the Blessed Virgin during the frightful hurricane made such an impression on the poor little fellow, that he mingled his voice with that of the servants of Mary.

While they were praying, a wave swept him overboard into the raging billows of the ocean. He never knew what became of the sailors. However, stunned by the shock, he soon regained his senses, and swam with the energy of despair. At last, overcome with fatigue, he felt that he was lost beyond help, when he perceived at a few yards' distance a barrel tossed about by the waves. Summoning his remaining strength, he reached it and clung to it with all his might. It was his plank of safety.

Once installed on his barrel in mid-ocean, the boy began to reflect seriously. He recalled the scene of the tempest and the touching prayer of the sailors. He had learned the prayer, and it rose ardently from his heart to his lips. The little Israelite said to the Mother of Christians: "Mary, Blessed Virgin, save me, and soon, I promise you, I will be your child."

A ship on its way back to France caught sight of this strange buoy and rescued the midshipman. They landed at Rouen. Our young hero, who had passed through so many dangers, hastened to visit his family. He reached Paris on foot, and came joyously to knock at his mother's door, but for him it remained closed. Wounded with sorrow and dying of hunger, he was found two days later, by a Christian child, on a bench in one of the squares. A charitable and pious family received him for a week, and then brought him to us. The dear boy wished to receive holy Baptism and make his First Communion.

"Oh, you will see, Father," he said, "that you will no longer recognize me once I am a Christian!" Indeed, this lad, who was protected by the Blessed Virgin, is now a fervent Catholic. Who knows if the Providence that guided him by the hand has not also other designs upon him, and is reserving for him a post in the Bark of St. Peter? At least such is his desire, and such seems to be his vocation.—*Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*



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To C—.

BY B. I. D.

THE withered needles of the pine
Fall on the cross that marks thy rest;
The wild rose blooms above thy feet,
But droops and fades within my breast.

Why, garnered for another world,
The young should be before the old,
The green before the yellow grain—
We dare not ask, nor can be told.

Enough that He, in kindness just,
Does ever what is best to be,
And gives my soul the dear, blind trust
That—though I see not—I *shall* see.

Our Lady of Good Counsel.

WHEN Paul II. occupied the Chair of St. Peter, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, an image of the Blessed Virgin was placed suddenly and by miraculous power in a niche in the wall of the church that was attached to a monastery in the Diocese of Palestrina, in Italy. The history of this wondrous Madonna has often been related in THE "AVE MARIA."

It was not till three centuries had elapsed that Pope Pius VI., after a careful examination of the evidence and records connected with the appearance of the image, decided that it was a supernatural event. His Holiness authorized the Augustinian Fathers, to

whom the monastery belonged, to celebrate the anniversary of the prodigy, and have a special office for the feast. Not long afterwards this feast was extended, and became of universal observance. The day on which it is celebrated is April 26.

The Church has always held the images and relics of the saints in profound veneration, but in a deeper and more special manner does she show her reverence for images of the Ever-Blessed Virgin. And the fact that the Church has chosen the 26th of April as the day on which the Catholic world should honor Our Lady as the Mother of Good Counsel is, at the same time, a proof of her veneration for the images of the Queen of Heaven, and of her remembrance of and gratitude for the innumerable graces which have been bestowed on the faithful in return for the homage paid to Our Lady under this title.

The Holy Spirit commands us to have God before our eyes, and to proceed on our journey through life with the feeling that we are always in His presence. Bearing this command in mind, what means can we find more surely-calculated to remind us of the presence of God, and to advance us in the path of virtue, than the contemplation of the Mother of God, and the virtues of which She has given us such a bright example? Every time we gaze on the glorious but inexpressibly tender features of the Blessed Virgin, we hear, as it were, a voice in our hearts saying, How deeply worthy is this beloved Mother of our love and reverence!

What an example She is to us of purity, humility, and faithfulness! Surely we should never fail to love and honor Her; we should never fail to invoke Her powerful protection and help.

We all know how important and how valuable good counsel is in the affairs of everyday life. Is it likely to be less important in matters that pertain to our spiritual interests? If, when in business difficulties and social perplexities, we always have recourse, if possible, to the advice of some tried and trusted friend, in whom we feel we can repose confidence, surely in the matter of the salvation of our souls we can not, without great peril to ourselves, refuse good advice and counsel. Now, the Blessed Virgin is endowed with all the fulness of wisdom. God has imparted to Her in the most complete measure all heavenly prudence and counsel. Her wisdom surpasses that of all the angels and saints. Therefore She is called Our Lady of Good Counsel; therefore it is that She is so well qualified to act as our instructress and adviser in all our doubts and difficulties. The Church in her offices applies to the Divine Mother the words of the Book of Proverbs: "I [wisdom] dwell in counsel, and am present in learned thoughts. Counsel and equity are mine; prudence and strength belong to me. By me kings reign, and lawgivers decree just things; by me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice. I walk in the way of justice, in the midst of the paths of judgment, that I may enrich them that love me, and may fill their treasures."

The holy Fathers tell us that, on the day of Pentecost, the Blessed Virgin received the Gifts of the Holy Ghost in all their ineffable fulness. These same gifts were given to the Apostles in a lower measure; in the Blessed Virgin they are found in all their divine plenitude. She has received them both for Herself and for us, that She may impart to us of Her overflowing abundance, and be to us the Mother of Good Counsel. No title could be more appropriate to the Mother of God, for through Her the whole body of the Church is governed and sanc-

tified; but the title has also a special and particular significance, because through Her instrumentality the glorious plan of the Redemption of mankind was perfected. It is from Her that there was born into the world One who, among His most sublime titles, bears that of "The Counsellor." The soul of the Blessed Virgin was always the chosen habitation of the Holy Spirit, who bestowed on that habitation His choicest gifts, and among the most noble of these was the gift of good counsel.

Again, we know that no one can come to God except through Our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the only and the true Way; and no one, St. Liguori tells us, can come to Jesus except through Mary. She it is who guides us to the Way, and keeps us in it. Our beloved Mother is always repeating to us the words, "My child, follow My counsel." Can we hesitate to follow it when we know that it will lead us to everlasting life? The Blessed Virgin never ceases to give us counsel for the salvation of our souls, both by the example of virtue which She presents to us in Herself, and by the inspirations of the Holy Spirit which She obtains for us. "Now therefore, My children," She says to us, "hear Me; for blessed are those that walk in My ways. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth Me, and that watcheth daily at My gates, and waiteth at the posts of My doors. He that shall find Me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord."

So deeply is the Church persuaded that all good counsels come from the Blessed Virgin, that in everything she undertakes she puts herself under Her guidance. She always invokes Her aid and enlightenment in all the difficulties which the malice of hell and the wickedness of men create. Heretics and the children of lies have never ceased their attempts to destroy the ark of the Church, and to whom have St. Peter and his successors ever prayed for help against their devilish assaults, and who is it that has always warded them off and brought them to naught? Who but Our Lady of Good Counsel? And what She

does for the Universal Church, She also does for every individual member of it. No Christian has ever asked counsel from Her without having his prayer heard and granted. We shall never know in this life how many dangers She has warded off from us, or how often She has put the enemies of our souls to flight. We shall never know, till we see Her face to face in the dazzling radiance of the beatific vision, how many doubts She has dispelled, or how many difficulties She has cleared up for us. Therefore, let this ejaculation be often on our lips: "Our Lady of Good Counsel, pray for us, and help us, now and in the hour of our death."

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XVI.

EARLE smiled. "The answer to that is contained in what I remarked a moment ago," he said. "I wanted *truth itself*, not my own or anybody else's views or fancies concerning it."

Marion looked at him with a gravity on her face which gave it a new character altogether. "And do you really think that you found this absolute truth in the Catholic Faith?" she asked.

"I do not think so—I *know* it," he answered. "It is there or nowhere. I satisfied myself of that."

"But how did you come to care enough about it to think of satisfying yourself?" she persisted. "That is what puzzles me most. The Catholic Faith may be true—I can readily believe it is,—but how did you, a young man with the world all before you, ever come to care whether it were true or not?"

He regarded her silently for a moment before replying. It seemed as if he found it difficult to answer such words as these. At length he said: "Is there any special reason why a young man, even if it were true that he had all the world before him—

and it is true in a very limited sense of me,—should not think occasionally of the most important subject in the world, and should not desire to think rightly?"

"Of course there is no reason why he should not," she replied. "Only it seems unnatural. One fancies him thinking of other things. In his place, I should think of other things."

"May I ask what they would be?"

"I am sure you can hardly need to ask. Even if you have no ambition yourself, you must realize its existence; you must know how it makes men desire fame and power and wealth for the sake of the great advantages they bring. In your place, I should think of making a name, of conquering fortune, of enjoying all that the world offers."

"Well," he said, after a short pause—during which he had gone on with the rapid, practised strokes of his pencil,—“all that is natural enough, and there is no harm in it, unless one wished to enjoy some of the unlawful things which the world offers. But why should one not do all this—make a name and conquer fortune—and still give some thought to the great question of one's final end and destiny?"

She made a slight gesture of impatience. "You know very well," she said, "that, as a matter of fact, an ambitious man has no time for considering such questions."

"That depends entirely upon the man. You should not make your assertions so sweeping. In these days, at least, no man of thought,—no man who is at all interested in intellectual questions, can ignore the subject of religion. Let me illustrate my meaning. Would you have been surprised to learn that I were an Agnostic or a Positivist?"

"No," she replied, somewhat reluctantly. "That would have been different."

"Only different because they are fashionable creeds of the hour, and it is considered a proof of intellectual strength to stultify reason, and, in the face of the accumulated proofs of ages, to declare that man can know nothing of his origin or his end. But when, on the contrary, one accepts a logical and

luminous system of thought, a revelation which offers an explanation of the mystery of being entirely consistent with reason, you think that very remarkable! Forgive me, Miss Lynde, if I say that I find your opinion quite as remarkable as you can find my faith."

She blushed, but answered, haughtily: "That may be. It was no doubt presumptuous of me to express any opinion on the subject. I really don't know why I did it, except that I was so much surprised, in the first place by the fact that you had thought of the matter, and in the second place by the avowal which vexed your uncle."

"I am sorry to have vexed him," said Earle, quietly; "but he is too much of a philosopher to allow it to trouble him long—indeed I have no idea that it has troubled him at all."

She did not answer, but the expression in her eyes was one of so much wonder, that he smiled. "What is it now?" he asked. "What are you still surprised at?"

"I hardly like to tell you," she replied. "I feel as if I had already said too much—"

"By no means. I like frankness, of all things; especially if I may be allowed to imitate it."

She smiled in spite of herself. "That," she said, "is certainly as little as one could allow. Well, then, I confess that I do not understand why you should refuse to accept the fortune which Mr. Singleton evidently wishes so much to give you. Have you conscientious scruples against holding wealth?"

"Not the faintest. I would accept a million, if it came to me unfettered by conditions which would make even a million too dearly bought."

"Such as—?"

"What my uncle asks—that I give up everything which interests me in life, and devote myself to him as long as he lives."

"But he can not live long. And then—"

"Then I should be a rich man. But, as it chances, I do not care about being a rich man. Money can not buy anything which I desire. It can not give me the proficiency

in art which must be won by long and hard study."

"It would make that study unnecessary."

"Unnecessary!" He glanced at her with something of her own wonder, dashed by faint scorn. "Do you think that I consider *making money* the end of my art? So far from that, I would starve in a garret sooner than lower my standard for such an object. And, insensibly perhaps, I should lower it if I had a great deal of money. No man can answer for himself. Therefore, I have no desire to be tempted. And I repeat that money can buy nothing which I value most."

"Do you not value power? It can buy that."

"In a very poor form. I am not sure that I should care for it in its best form, but certainly not in that which money buys."

"Money is the lever which moves the world," she said; "and it is only because you have never known the real want of it that you hold it so lightly."

"I have sometimes thought that myself," he replied. "It is true that only a starving man properly appreciates bread. I have never starved, and it may be that I am not properly grateful for mine; but, at least, I try neither to undervalue nor overvalue it."

"Some day," she said, "you may find an object which money would have helped you to gain, and then you will regret the folly—forgive me if I speak plainly—which threw away such a great power."

"I should have to change very much," he replied, "before I could care for any object which money would help me to gain."

"There is nothing more likely than that you will change on that point. If there is anything that life teaches, it is that there is scarcely a single object which money will not help us to gain."

He looked at her with a curious surprise, which he did not attempt to conceal. "Forgive me," he said, "if I speak too plainly; but there is a remarkable want of harmony between your appearance and your utter

ances. If one listened with closed eyes, one might fancy that a man of fifty spoke in behalf of the god to whom he had devoted his life. But when one looks at you—"

"You are surprised that such sentiments should come from one who ought to be ignorant of every reality of life," she observed, coolly, as he paused. "But I learned something about those realities at a very early age. I know how the want of money has embittered my life; I know how it lays on me now fetters under which I chafe; and therefore, by right of the experience which you lack, I tell you that you will live to regret the loss of the fortune you are throwing away."

"No man can speak with absolute certainty of the future; but, if I know myself at all, I do not think I shall ever regret it."

She shrugged her shoulders slightly. "In that case you will be an extraordinary man," she said. "But I feel as if I should beg your pardon for having fallen into such a personal vein of discussion."

"I do not think that the responsibility rests with you," he answered. "But if you consider that you owe me an apology, I can point out an immediate way to make amends. Ever since you have been standing there, I have been longing to make a sketch of you. Will you allow me to do so?"

"Certainly," she said, smiling; for the request flattered her vanity.

So, while she stood in the sunshine and shadow, a charming picture of youth and grace, he sketched her, feeling with every stroke the true artist appreciation of her beauty, and more and more surprised at her intelligence as they talked of art and literature, of people and events, while time flew by unheeded.

Meanwhile Mr. Singleton was certainly wroth with his favorite. The latter's change of religion—or, to be more correct, his choice of religion—was the last of many offences; and the old man said to himself that, so far as he was concerned, it should indeed be the last. "The boy is a fool, besides being obstinate and ungrateful!"

he thought, with what he felt to be righteous indignation, and which (knowing his own weakness with regard to Earle) he strove to encourage and fan into enduring anger. "But I am glad that I have discovered this in time—very glad! Though he has refused so positively to do anything that I wish, there is no telling what weakness I might have been guilty of when it came to the point of making my will. But now I am safe. My money shall never go into the hands of the Jesuits—that I am resolved upon. And, of course, they would soon obtain it from Brian, who has no appreciation whatever of its value. Yes, my mind is settled at last on that score. He shall never inherit anything from me; but where on earth am I to find a satisfactory legatee to take his place?"

The consideration of this question, and the difficulty of answering it, produced in old Mr. Singleton a state of temper which made life a burden, for the time being, to all his personal attendants. While Earle was philosophically setting forth his views to Marion at the bottom of the garden, the valet and the nurse were having a very hard time in getting the fractious invalid ready for the day; and when he was finally established in his sitting-room, he probably remembered the soothing power of music, and asked for Miss Lynde.

Diligent search having revealed the fact that Miss Lynde was not in the house, Mr. Singleton wanted to know if any one could tell him where she had gone. Mrs. Singleton, being interrogated, professed utter ignorance; but one of the maids volunteered the information that from an upper window she had seen Miss Lynde in the garden with Mr. Earle. That had been an hour before. "Go to the same window and see if she is there yet," ordered Mr. Singleton when this was communicated to him. Observation duly made, and a report brought to him that she was still there, "Shall I send for her, sir?" inquired his servant.

"No," snapped the irate old gentleman. "What do you mean by such a question? Why should I wish to disturb Miss Lynde?"

I simply desired to satisfy myself where she was. When she comes in, let her know that I would like to see her."

Left alone then, he opened his newspapers with a softening of the lines about his mouth. After all, a way might be found of managing Brian. The influence of a beautiful woman might accomplish what his own influence had failed to do. Marion would make a capital wife for the young man. "Just the wife he needs," thought Mr. Singleton. "A woman of ambition, of cleverness, and of worldly knowledge quite remarkable in one so young. No danger of *her* undervaluing money, and the Jesuit would be very sharp who could get it from her. Why did I not think of this before? Of course he will fall in love with her—what man could avoid doing so?—and in that event, everything can be arranged. *She* will bring him to my terms soon enough."

These reflections had so soothing an effect upon his temper, that when Marion came in, and was told by Mrs. Singleton that *he* (with a significant gesture toward the apartment of the person indicated) was in the mood of a tiger, and demanding her presence, she was most agreeably surprised at being received with extreme kindness.

"I am told you have been asking for me. I am sorry to have been out of the way," she said.

"I wanted to ask you to sing for me," he replied. "My nerves are in an irritated state this morning, and I felt as if your voice might soothe them. But I am not unreasonable enough to expect you to be always on hand to gratify my fancies. It was well that you were out enjoying this beautiful morning."

"I was only in the garden. You might have sent for me. I should have been delighted to come and sing for you. Shall I do so now?"

"After a little. Sit down and let me talk to you for a few minutes. I suppose you can imagine what it is that gave me a particularly bad night, and has set my nerves on edge this morning?"

"I am afraid that it is worry," said Mar-

ion, sitting down near him. "You did not like what Mr. Earle said last night."

"I certainly did not like it. The announcement he made was a great surprise to me and a great shock. Under any circumstances, I should be sorry for any one in whom I felt an interest to take such a step; but you are probably aware that I have felt a peculiar interest in Brian."

"I have heard that your intentions toward him have been most kind."

"I have desired that he shall take with me the place of a son. I have asked him to accept the duties of such a position,—duties that would not be very heavy,—and I have promised that, in return, he shall inherit everything that is mine. Do you think that an unreasonable proposal?"

"Very far from it," answered Marion. "I think it most reasonable and most kind. I can not understand how he can hesitate over it."

"He does not hesitate," said Mr. Singleton, bitterly: "he refuses it. After that I ought to be willing to let him go; but, the truth of the matter is, I have no one to take his place. He is not only my nearest relative, but there is something about him that attaches one to him despite oneself. My dear"—he looked wistfully, yet keenly, into the beautiful face,—"*it* has occurred to me that perhaps *you* might have some influence over him."

"I!" exclaimed Marion. For a moment her surprise was so great that she could say nothing more. Then, with the realization of his meaning, a wave of color came into her face. "I have no reason to suppose that I have the least influence with Mr. Earle," she said. "If I had, I would gladly use it for the ends about which you are so anxious."

"I am sure of that," observed Mr. Singleton, significantly. "Well, all I can say is that nothing would please me more than for you to acquire such influence. If you should acquire it, and if you should consent to use it always, I would be a very delighted old man. You understand me, I see, so I need say no more. Now go and sing for me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ancient City of Treves.

AT the close of a delightful excursion up the winding stream of the picturesque Moselle, we landed at the renowned city of Treves, or Trier, as it is called by the Germans. This is the oldest city in Northern Europe, and contains vast treasures of great antiquity; it is surrounded with massive walls of red sandstone, and has eight large gates, two of which are famous as having been built by the Romans. The city was taken from the Belgic Gauls by Cæsar, fifty-six years before the Christian era. The Romans called the place *Augusta Trevirorum*, and built within its borders what are now the richest relics of antiquity north of the Alps.

Treves, on account of its charming situation, was the favorite residence of many of the Roman emperors, especially of Constantine, who introduced Christianity here in A. D. 328, at which time Agriculus was elected first Bishop of Treves. Tradition says that St. Ambrose was born in this city, and that St. Jerome studied in some of the numerous schools established here in those early days. But the Goths and Huns came down upon the fair and prosperous city, and nearly annihilated it; after a time, however, it arose from its ruins, and was the residence of an Archbishop of the Church through all the early and Middle Ages, till the year 1786, when the prelate was removed to Coblenz.

Treves suffered greatly during the French Revolution, when it became a camping ground for the armies, and was plundered and torn by the cruel soldiery. We learned during our stay in the city that the Falk Laws, issued by the imperial Government of Germany against Catholic subjects, were enforced with more than ordinary severity upon the people of Treves, who by a large majority belong to the Catholic Church. Many of the parishes, by the action of these laws, have been left without the ministrations of a priest; but the people, notwithstanding their long suffering, have proved staunch in their allegiance to the faith.

The city stands in a lovely valley, surrounded by vine-clad hills and fertile slopes, crowned with heavy forests, the growth of centuries. The Mariansule Tower, a lofty height outside the city, is surmounted by a colossal statue of Mary Immaculate, which can be seen for many miles, and is the first object that strikes the eye in approaching the town, giving the traveller at once a sure sign of the faith of the people. From this tower may be obtained an extended and very beautiful view of the city and the surrounding country—the winding Moselle, the lovely towns dotting the hill-sides (each with its cross-crowned spire), and far away into the fertile Grand Duchy of Luxemburg.

Coming into Treves after our visit to the Mariansule Tower, we crossed the Roman Bridge, built in the first century, and constructed with all the old Roman solidity; it looks as if nothing but an earthquake could shake the foundations, or break the slender and graceful arches upon which it is supported. It is six hundred and ninety feet long, and much of the traffic of the country still passes over its stony bed.

We were taken to a hotel in the marketplace, called the old Red House, or *Roths Haus*—a quaint Gothic structure, eight stories high, built in the year 1100, and bearing the inscription,

ANTE ROMAM TREVERIS STETIT ANNIS MCCC.

After refreshing ourselves, we went out into the street in search of antiquities. Possessed of a map of Treves, and much useful information given us by our landlord, we were not long in identifying, in the *Platz* in front of the hotel, a monument erected in the ninth century to commemorate the vision of the Cross seen by Constantine during his memorable battle with Maxentius. The monument is a plain stone pillar twenty feet in height, crowned by a Greek cross, on which is carved an *Agnus Dei*. The Latin inscriptions on the column are defaced by time, so as to be almost unintelligible; at any rate, we could make nothing of them: not one word could we decipher upon this interesting relic of former ages.

A short walk brought us to the cathedral,

a grand pile, originally of Byzantine architecture, built by Constantine or his mother, St. Helena, in the fourth century. It has been rebuilt and remodelled many times, and little of the original style now remains. Numerous orders of architecture adorn the three hundred and twenty-seven feet of length, one hundred and thirty feet of breadth, and ninety feet of height: each successive age having left its mark on this venerable temple. Interesting old carvings are seen on the walls, and tombs without number fill the vaults, among them those of twenty archbishops.

The great treasure of the cathedral is the "Holy Coat of Treves," the seamless robe of Our Lord, brought hither by St. Helena, together with one of the Nails which fastened the divine Victim to the Cross, and a portion of the Crown of Thorns which encircled His sacred brow. Immense crowds flock to this temple on the days when these holy relics are exposed to the veneration of the faithful. It is said that there were nearly a million of worshippers in 1844, in which year there was a pilgrimage appointed to visit the cathedral. Many miracles have been wrought by these sacred objects; and who, that has faith in their genuineness, can doubt that, if the shadow of St. Peter healed those upon whom it fell, the touch of the hem of the garment worn by Our Lord must prove most powerful for the cure of both bodily and spiritual ills? These sacred relics, however, are brought forth only at rare intervals, and the sacristan's heart was not to be moved by our importunities: nothing could induce him to give us a near sight of them. They are deposited in a splendid reliquary, rich in gold and precious stones, beside the high altar.

Marble statues of St. Helena and Constantine stand near the sanctuary. Almost in the centre of the nave is the pulpit, on which, in beautiful carvings, are represented the Eight Beatitudes. All the objects we have described are quaint and interesting, but every part of this venerable building is disfigured by a profusion of common modern statues painted in flaunting colors.

Through the beautiful stone cloisters of the cathedral we passed into the *Liebfrauenkirche*, or Church of Our Dear Lady. —What a lovely title! Would it not be delightful to know of a sacred edifice in our land with the name Church of Our Dear Lady!—This church was built in the fourteenth century, and, though not so old as the cathedral, possesses far more attractions—except, of course, the wonderful treasures in the keeping of the Dom. The *Liebfrauenkirche* is a pure and perfect gem, and forms one of the earliest and most elegant specimens of the pointed Gothic. Portions of the walls are covered with beautiful frescos representing scenes from the life of Our Lord—the Manger, the Wise Men, the Flight into Egypt, the home at Nazareth, the journey to Calvary, the Crucifixion, the Sepulchre, and the Resurrection,—in each of which Our Lady is represented with Her divine Son. There are many other pictures, but a beautiful *Sz. Sebastian*, from the pencil of Guido Reni, interested us most. There are groups in marble over some of the altars, and in an alcove near the entrance we came upon a life-size group of the Deposition; the figure of Our Lord is very striking.

It was Eastertide when we visited the church, and a week-day; but we found the seats filled with a congregation of children, each class with its teacher. A priest was addressing them when we entered; his manner was easy and familiar, and we gathered that they were preparing for First Communion and Confirmation on Whit-Sunday. They were certainly a most attentive congregation. After the pastor had finished his instructions, and asked a few questions, which the children answered in unison, some prayers followed, with the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and a hymn in German; then all arose and sung with great spirit the *Regina Cæli*, antiphonally: those on one side of the nave beginning, and the other side taking up the responses. It was a grand and inspiring chant, bringing forcibly to our minds the joy of Our Blessed Lady in the Resurrection of Her divine Son.

The services over, and the congregation having scattered, the priest, who had apparently noticed that we were strangers and foreigners, came out of the sacristy to show us the beauties of the building, first taking us to a slab in the marble floor of the nave, from which could be seen the whole church—nave, choir, and roof, with the intertwining columns and arches, and the lofty pillars bearing to the apex of the roof the glorious sign of our Redemption. The good Father pointed out for our admiration the beautiful entrance porches. Each porch was filled on either side with nearly life-size figures of saints exquisitely carved, the very folds and hems of their garments being perfect; while near them were the emblems by which they are known: St. Lawrence, the grid-iron; St. Agnes, the lamb; St. Catherine, the wheel; St. Barbara, the chalice and Host; St. Sebastian, the arrows. Again and again after the priest had left us did we return to these porches, to feast our eyes on these sweet memorials of the blessed.

The next day being Sunday, we had the privilege of being present at the opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion, which began, of course, with a Solemn High Mass. The sacred edifice was literally packed with women—there was hardly a man present. As we left the church, we met a funeral procession composed entirely of young girls and Sisters; the deceased was evidently a child, and her youthful companions who bore the body to the grave were dressed in white, with veils and wreaths on their heads,—a beautiful sight as they marched along singing a joyous chant.

In the afternoon of this memorable Sunday we took a carriage and drove outside the walls of the city, passing through the famous old Roman gate *Porta Nigra*, a wonderfully imposing structure, which is still in a good state of preservation. Tradition says it was built in the first century of the Christian era; the material is sandstone, put together in immense blocks without cement; time has discolored the stone, but the blocks remain as they were laid. It would undoubtedly have been long ago de-

molished, and the stones used for building purposes, had not the Church preserved it, as she has so many of the ancient buildings of Rome. It was taken from the Church at one time, but was restored by the Government in 1817 to its original use. The gate has three stories, with two round, projecting towers ninety feet high—the whole being one hundred and fifty feet in length and twenty-nine feet deep, thus occupying a large space of ground. A spiral staircase in one tower affords a delightful look-out.

We drove around the city, and saw many new and somewhat pretentious villas in the fertile and attractive country. About a mile from the city gate we came upon an old church, which we entered. We found nothing remarkable in it, however; though it is said to contain some precious relics of St. Matthew, after whom it is called. This church is a place of pilgrimage, and we were told that the pilgrims who visit the Cathedral of Treves rarely return to their homes without offering a prayer at St. Matthew's. We could not learn the date of its foundation, and do not think the people of Treves knew much more about it than we did.

On our return to the city, we drove directly (by the common road) through the Roman Amphitheatre, a grass-grown ruin, lovely in its desolation; the ground appears to have been scooped out of the hill which rises on each side of the arena. We climbed over the broken seats, once capable of holding fifty-seven thousand persons. No doubt in those early days Christians had here suffered for the faith, and the soil is sacred with the blood of martyrs. The ten apertures through which the lions rushed upon their prey are still visible, and it is said, to his disgrace, that Constantine here gave to the wild beasts several thousand prisoners of war.

On our return to the city we came through another Roman gate—which had but little interest after *Porta Nigra*,—and drove to the extensive ruins of the Roman baths, or *Bäder Palast*. These baths were entirely concealed until the year 1817, when they were thoroughly excavated, and many ob-

jects of curiosity were found within them.

We visited one other ancient edifice—the basilica built by the Romans as a hall of justice, and afterwards occupied by the archbishops, where they held many a court and council during the Middle Ages; but all pomp and grandeur have departed from it, and for many years it has been used as barracks for the soldiers stationed at Treves. The walls are ninety feet high and twelve feet thick; two or three lofty ancient pillars and a bit of mosaic pavement are all that remain of its former grandeur. A part of this basilica is set off as a Protestant place of worship, the entrance to which is through the barracks. It is open for service only on Sundays; we ventured in, however, through a group of soldiers, and found in the sacristy a crucifix—the only thing that looked at all church-like—among cold, bare walls, with only a rough wooden pulpit, and rougher seats.

Treves has a large library, which contains many valuable manuscripts, among them the "Codex Aureus," presented by the sister of Constantine to a neighboring abbey, which upon its dissolution gave this choice manuscript to the city of Treves. The codex contains the four Gospels, and is beautifully adorned with jewels, and elegantly illuminated. The Bible of Gutenberg is also in this collection, as well as many other priceless volumes. Adjoining the library is a museum, very interesting for its Roman and mediæval curiosities, and its quaint pictures and portraits of the great men of Treves. In one public square of the city is a tall stone cross, on the spot where many Christians are said to have suffered martyrdom; their bones now lie in the crypt of the ancient Church of St. Paul.

Our visit to Treves was very enjoyable; we were glad to have seen all these ancient relics, and thankful to have been brought so near the saints. Trier has rightly been called the Northern Rome. Not only does it abound in Roman remains of every kind, but its very soil is holy with the blood of thousands of martyrs and the footsteps of many saints.

ISADORE.

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XI.—BOLOGNA.

SHE was an Etruscan town when time was counted backward; but the Romans colonized there a hundred and ninety years before the Christian era. I am glad of this; for Bologna is rather jolly, and, had she remained Etruscan instead of absorbing the Roman elixir of life, she would no doubt have gone to the shades ages ago, along with everything else Etruscan.

THE UNIVERSITY.—It is one of the oldest, and was one of the largest, in the world. Founded in 1119, its roll-call numbered 10,000 students in 1262; there are at present less than 400. This, I suppose, is one evidence of the progress of the age, of which we hear so much.

Irenæus introduced the study of Roman law in the University of Bologna; medicine and philosophy came later in the day. Pope Innocent VI. established a theological faculty. The anatomy of the human frame was first taught here in the 14th century, and galvanism developed by Galvani in 1789.

Bologna has had her female professors. Novella d'Andrea lectured, but was screened from her audience by a curtain—youth is so susceptible; and, then, it is no doubt wise for the male to become accustomed to curtain-lectures at an early period in life. Laura Bassi was instructress in mathematics and physical science; Mme. Mangolina in anatomy, and Clotilda Tamborina in Greek. These eminent ladies seem to have commanded distinguished positions and profound respect in a day when the rights or the wrongs of women were thought less of than they are at present.

THE PIAZZA.—It was the mediæval forum—it is now a market-place. There is a great bronze fountain, surmounted by a statue of Neptune said to weigh ten tons, and to have cost 70,000 ducats; and there is a grand Palace of the Public—a city hall,—once the

Pal Apostolico, still adorned with a Madonna and a bronze statue of Pope Gregory XIII.

The Italians are fond of change—of political change, I mean. This very piazza, formerly known as Del Giguto, is now called Vittorio Emanuele. It is crowded with little booths fantastically ornamented; one is Turkish, another Chinese, and still another Swiss, in pattern. Here you can purchase anything, in a small way, from hardware to ice-water. Multitudes of these booths are arranged in long rows, with very narrow streets or alleys running between them, and much business is transacted there during the day. The bustle and clatter suggest Vanity Fair, and here one sees the genuine "Punch and Judy," which is of Italian origin. The puppets are quite the same in appearance as those one sees in England, but the lively, one-act tragedy is different. Seats are sold in front of the show—it is all in the open air,—but great numbers of spectators stand, and contribute according to their means when the hat comes round. There must have been two hundred people with their faces in a broad grin at the serio-comic adventures of "Punchinello." The play lasted half an hour; then the box was shut up and the audience dispersed; an hour later the show drew another audience, quite as large as the last one, and no less merry.

THE ARCADES.—The streets of Bologna, even the meanest of them, are made picturesque by the numberless columns that flank them. The second story of each building is extended over the pavement, and supported by arches that rest upon columns standing on the curb of the street. These arcades are one of the most attractive features of the city. They are cool in summer, sheltered in winter and bad weather; brilliantly lighted at night, for many of the shops that line them stand—without door or window—wide open to the street.

Some of the columns are highly ornamental, and it is not uncommon to find the second and third stories of the buildings decorated with statues, reliefs or mosaics. Perhaps it is well that the better class of

buildings do not begin to be beautiful until they are out of reach. Oh, the wantonness and recklessness of this New Italy! I have just come in from a stroll about town, and thus chanced upon the diminutive Chapel of San Spirito. The façade is a gem of exquisite art, yet the lower portion has been defiled; the doors were covered with vile caricatures done in chalk, and a quantity of burnt wood and rubbish was heaped against them. The masses, especially the younger male portion of them, seem to have little reverence left.

THE TILTING TOWERS.—Under the tilting towers of Bologna more than a hundred thousand souls forever run the risk of receiving a falling brick in their hats. From one point of view, the two towers cross each other and open at the top like a pair of shears. The taller of the two (height 272 feet) is not ill-looking, but as it is only three feet and five inches out of the perpendicular, not much is thought of it. Its companion (134 feet lower) keels eight and one-half feet over toward the south, and three feet toward the east. This was the case at the time of the last measurement, in 1772; it is fondly hoped that it has settled still more since then.

Dante compares the giant Anteus, when he leaned toward him, to this ill-balanced structure when a cloud blows over it—so it has been of some use to the world, after all; and the Bolognese are so proud of it! Proud also is Bologna of having had a finger in the Punic War; and she is celebrated for her sausages—but one hears very little of the war nowadays, and I haven't seen the ghost of a sausage.

SAN STEFANO.—The cemetery at Bologna is called the most interesting in Italy. That is saying much for it, since all Italian cemeteries are interesting. It has one feature peculiar to itself. A Carthusian monastery, erected in 1335, has been pressed into service; its cloisters are lined with ancient monuments of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, gathered from numerous *suppressed* churches, and brought hither for preservation. Heaven

knows what has become of the dust of those whose memories are thus perpetuated.

There are a dozen long corridors crossing one another at right angles; the arched ceiling is dimly lighted by rows of half-moon windows set high up in the walls. Everything that can be made of marble is marble, and it is cold, colorless and ghastly. The dead are packed away throughout these mortuary halls in uncomfortable proximity; the coffins lie close together in little cells four deep. There is merely a square panel in the wall bearing the initials of the deceased and a wreath of *immortelles*; and this wreath, in very many cases, encloses a photograph of the tenant that sleeps within.

At the corners, where the corridors cross one another, in round chapels with vaulted roofs are grouped statues and reliefs; some of these are fair enough as works of art, but many are not worthy even of a cemetery, where one expects to see much that is tasteless and poor. There is the usual abundance of yawning tombs and obtruding skeletons; of flying angels, who look uncommonly heavy on the wing; and of mourners whose awkward attitudes awaken pity in every breast. Wandering through the halls of death, pursued by hollow echoes, the chill of the place unfitted me for a proper appreciation of the once brilliant interior of the adjoining abbey, and robbed the painted, prayerful monks and the rosy Madonnas of the glow that once was theirs.

The trumpeters of the barracks daily assemble without the walls of the cemetery to practise upon their instruments; they have more breath than skill, and they trump incessantly and in chorus, though not in harmony. It is a wonder to me that the dead do not lose patience, and awake betimes to expostulate; it is a wonder that the colossal mourners sitting beside the gates, weeping stone tears as big as plums, do not at last turn from grief to anger. But why do I murmur at the unwilling and unwelcome persecutions of the military? Heaven forgive me as I forgive them—they are all conscripts!

A MADONNA OF ST. LUKE.—I have at

last seen one of St. Luke's Madonnas; it has a whole church to itself crowning the summit of a high hill in the edge of Bologna. A good road winds up this hill, and on one side of the road is an arcade, a mile in length, for the accommodation of pedestrians; it has six hundred and thirty-five brick arches supporting its roof, and also innumerable shrines now fallen to decay. Of course there is a barrack directly under the church. I wonder that the sanctuary has been left so long undesecrated; for it would make an impregnable fortification, commanding the whole country thereabout.

The St. Luke picture was readily shown me by one of the priests, but not without much ceremony, even to the putting on of certain vestments and the recital of a brief office. We passed in behind the altar, ascended a flight of marble steps, and there the priest reverently opened with a golden key two golden doors set thick with jewels. In a blaze of diamonds and rubies, under a coating of pearls and precious stones, and with all but the faces and the hands of the Madonna and Child hidden by a screen of silver—in the manner of a Russian *Ikon*—I saw the sacred picture. It is a bit of mellow bloom inexpressibly softened by the touch of time, but it is faint and shadowy and unreal. I noted that the faces were full of tenderness, and that the type was the same that is still retained in the best pictures of the Holy Family. I am sure I would have better enjoyed this wonderful painting—portrait we might almost call it—had I not been dazzled by the fabulous splendor of its setting.

When the golden doors were closed, the candles extinguished, and the priest had unvested, we withdrew into an ante-room commanding a superb view; and there we talked of the multitudes, and of the many famous people who have made pilgrimages thither; for this is one of the hallowed shrines of Italy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOFTY mountains are full of springs; great hearts are full of tears.—*Abbé Roux.*

The Rosary a Popular Catechism.*

THE prayers of the Holy Rosary are not only a rule of faith: they also contain the sum of Catholic doctrine, and embrace all that a Christian should believe, hope for, love, and practise. The Rosary is truly a perfect popular catechism, the best we can possibly conceive; for it not only teaches Christian doctrine exactly and completely: it illustrates it, and gives it a living form in prayer.

It is easy to recognize the great importance of the Rosary at the present epoch. What is the aim of the leaders of modern impiety? They do not pretend to conceal it. They wish to extirpate the elements of true civilization—Christian truths, Christian convictions, Christian worship, Christian virtue and morality,—in a word, all that is Christian, supernatural; they wish to destroy the kingdom of Christian Light, and to erect on its ruins the kingdom of darkness and satanic incredulity, the empire of impiety and immorality; these are their aims, to these all their efforts tend.

In France we behold religious forcibly driven from their convents; in Germany, priests expelled from their parishes. With what fiendish zeal do not the Governments seek, in almost every country of Europe, to secularize the school, to banish the priest, to do away with the Catechism and all books, practices, usages, and symbols which could remind them of Christianity! From a human point of view, this is the most direct means to destroy the Catholic religion; for it attacks the faith, the very foundation of the Church. But faith, says the Apostle, "comes by hearing"; that is, by the preaching of Catholic doctrine, by Christian teaching. It will be necessary, then, to interdict by violence this teaching, to imprison, expel, and impose silence on the priests, the apostles of Christianity; to banish the Catechism from the schools;

to transform these seminaries of faith and Christian morals into wastes of religious indifferentism; then the complete ruin of the Church will be but a question of time.

Without doubt, the actual situation is full of danger, and we may well fear for the future of the Church in many countries; yet, after God, it depends on ourselves to turn all these assaults to the shame of our enemies. There is an apostle, there is a catechism, which our adversaries, despite all their frantic attempts, can not remove from us. As long as there are Christian parents who daily recite the Rosary with their children in the sanctuary of their family,—as long as we see children showing themselves docile to the teachings of this prayer, the word of God can not be enchained.

If persecution continues to increase, a time may come, sooner or later, when, in certain countries of Europe, Mass can no longer be celebrated, priests can not administer the Sacraments, and public worship shall cease. Yet the Catholic Faith shall not be destroyed by this calamity. History tells us of many Christian communities that have preserved the true religion for many ages, without priests or churches or schools. The faithful people baptized their children, marriage was celebrated in presence of two witnesses (which is permitted in case of necessity). Thus these simple people preserved the faith, aided by the grace of prayer, which Christian parents taught their children.

Participation in public exercises of worship, assistance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the reception of the Sacraments (with the exception of Baptism)—nothing of all this is *absolutely* necessary for salvation; what is absolutely necessary is prayer. "He who believeth and is baptized," says our Divine Saviour, "shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be condemned."

Now, in the Rosary we have a most excellent form of prayer, the model and ideal of all prayer,—at once a prayer of praise, of thanksgiving, of impetration; we have here also a teaching clear and intelligible, em-

* Extract from a work entitled "The Beauties of the Rosary," by Mgr. Conrad Martin, Bishop of Paderborn.

bracing all the speculative and practical doctrine of Christianity. And, I will add—although the affirmation is strong, it is not strange or far-fetched—all Catechisms, the Gospel, and the Bible itself, might disappear from the world, if God so willed: as long as we have the Rosary—as long as we recite this prayer, the ideal of all prayer—as long as we understand it according to the spirit of the Church, and transmit this intelligence to the faithful, no power on earth can destroy the Catholic Faith within us, nor the Church founded upon this same faith. Despite all the assaults of hell, the Catholic Faith by this means shall be preserved in families, and, through these families, in society.

Oh! that I could engrave in letters of light on the souls of all who honor Christianity these words: Love and recite devoutly the Most Holy Rosary; meditate upon it; read each day this golden book; explain it to your children and the members of your household. In the time of persecution, you will be preachers of Christianity, messengers of Christ, and will certainly share in the promise made to the Apostles: 'They who instruct others unto justice, shall one day shine like the stars of heaven.'

"They Shall See God"

BY F. LESLIE.

WHEN the quivering aspen leaf
Falls 'neath the autumn blast,
Dark spots upon the surface show
The summer time is past;
But see, beneath the surface stained,
The lining soft and white,
As spotless as when glittering fresh
In sunshine warm and bright.

When the Christian dies, the marks
Of Time's most sure decay,
Sin's penalty, are traced upon
The crumbling house of clay.
Yet, may the soul unstained have passed
Through paths the saints have trod;
And "blessèd are the clean of heart,
For they shall see their God."

The Late Mother Angela, of the Sisters
of the Holy Cross

*Eliza Allen Starr, in the "N. Y. Freeman's
Journal."*

FOR thirty-four years there has stood forth from the ranks of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the United States, like the figure-head of some beautiful barge, a personage so remarkable that even the levelling rule of religious profession could not lessen the charm of her individuality,—one who, whether as Mother Superior, or Mistress of Novices, or Directress of Studies, or simply Sister Mary of St. Angela, carried into her obedience the same exaltation of purpose, the same swiftness of execution, the same consuming zeal, the same heroic self-denial, the same utter oblivion of her brilliant place in the world, excepting as the ties of a noble connection could aid her in the work to which she had set her hand—the service of God in the perfection of the religious state, according to the rule and the spirit of her Order.

The story of Mother Angela's life is the story of the Sisters of the Holy Cross from the early days of the Sisterhood; and we all know what a charm lingers around the beginnings of a religious family in a new country,—the charm of voluntary poverty, not only endured patiently, but lived through with a joyfulness which seems to flee with prosperity; and never was there a daughter of St. Francis of Assisi to whom poverty brought its own peculiar gaiety and lightness of heart more than to Eliza Maria Gillespie as Sister Angela of Mericia. What beautiful days were those when she moved among her dear Sisters under the locusts, all in bloom, that shaded the lawn between the old Academy, which she had had moved from Bertrand, and the exquisite Chapel of Loreto,*—all busy in making the fifteen banners symbolizing the fifteen decades of the Rosary, which were to be borne in the procession, on the last day of May, in honor of the Blessed Virgin! What shifts of ingenuity

* This chapel stands on the edge of a high, richly-wooded bank of the River St. Joseph, which makes a curve on the west of St. Mary's. The chapel was built after an exact model of "The Holy House of Loreto," brought from there by Mother Angela's brother, the late Rev. N. H. Gillespie, C. S. C.

transformed the poverty of materials into veritable tissues of gold and silver under her cunning hands! How the candles shone forth in the dusk of the still summer evening from the hands of every individual in this procession, as it wended its way along the edge of the high, thickly wooded river-bank, through the garden, and back through the grove to Loreto again, and how sweetly the canticles of Our Lady were warbled forth by Sisters, novices, and pupils!

And the school? What class, what teacher, did not feel the stimulus of that mind, heart, step, all on the alert? What enthusiasm for excellence in all the grades, what avidity for the rank which deserved a prize, although the community might be too poor to give it! * And when the Academy, of fine yellow brick, actually rose from the foundations, what a vision of spacious wings, sheltered galleries—with their study-halls, music-halls, library stored with the choicest literature of many lands, natural-history rooms and museum, studio with its full equipment of art studies and gallery of pictures to excite emulation, above all, the convent chapel,—rose before the eyes of Mother Angela! Who does not remember her, who saw her during those years, as a veritable inspiration, and recall the fact that, whether, at St. Mary's or Chicago, Philadelphia or Washington, there was that in her presence which put the highest ideals of education before directresses, teachers, and pupils? School-books—a whole series; according to the best models in use, adapted to all the grades of the schools taught by the Order, academic or parochial—were in progress; the deaf-mutes were under instruction, and she seemed perfectly absorbed in this work of Catholic education, when the beat of the drum, calling on the nation to arm for the defence of "the Stars and Stripes," broke the stillness of the sacred seclusion even of St. Mary's.

Then it was that our peaceful barge, with its graceful figure-head changed into a swift companion of mighty ironclads, not freighted

with guns but with Sisters, taking possession in the name of charity of empty warehouses, of unfinished barrack-like sheds, to which they gave the name of hospitals, and which became hospitals in very deed and in truth, by some transformation known only to the hand of Christian charity. The records of those years will be known only at the Day of Judgment, in their fulness and their beauty; but, generations to come, the white-veiled novice of the Order of the Holy Cross will be allowed, we hope, to renew the zeal of religious aspirations, by perusing the story of those hospital Sisters, some of whom died and were carried to their burial over the flooded Mississippi in the hospital boats; others gave away more slowly, but as surely, under the awful fatigues and hardships of their self-sacrifice, and lie in the peaceful burying-ground at St. Mary's; while others still labor, wise and valiant and steadfast, in the several vineyards of their Congregation.

The war over, Mother Angela and her Sisters returned to St. Mary's, to take up the old obedience, wherever it had been; the only thing, even to-day, indicating their part in the national crisis being the spiked cannon which a few months after were sent to Mother Angela and her community, as a recognition of their services, by the commander in whose division they had labored. The spiked cannon still lie on the green before St. Mary's Academy, one of Mother Angela's unfulfilled visions; for she always said: "Wait! one day you will see them transformed into a statue of Our Lady of Peace."

Some of the Sisters had returned with impaired constitutions, but Mother Angela was like an eagle that had renewed its strength. Never was she more elastic, and the work she returned to was not only the series of school-books—which she had never forgotten, and took up exactly where she had laid them down, —but the carrying out of a project long cherished by the Very Rev. Edward Sorin,

were taken over to St. Mary's, and given in the same manner, to the best scholars in the Academy. When all was over, the first, second, and third prize winners gayly drew lots for the final possession of the books. Can we not see (the Archbishop does) how the dross of emulation was thus eliminated, and, like the Greek crown of wild olive awarded to the victor, the honor of merit was esteemed beyond the prize itself?

* His Grace Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, still tells with glee how the prizes were given in his time at Notre Dame and St. Mary's. One, two, or three volumes answered for Notre Dame, thus: When the first prize had been given, to one class, it was cheerfully surrendered to another class, and so on. And when Notre Dame had thus bestowed its true and enduring laurels, the books

Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and its founder in America; and this was the establishment of "a magazine devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God." The first number of this magazine, under the title of *THE "AVE MARIA,"* appeared, in its blue cover, May 1, 1865, with an introduction by Archbishop Spalding. From that day to this "Our Mother's Journal" has not failed to lift its voice for the honor of the Incarnation. To describe the zeal, the untiring diligence, with which Mother Angela threw herself into this work, would be impossible. Sharing with her brother, the Rev. Neal Henry Gillespie, C. S. C., the editorial burden, there was no limit to her ardor in collecting treasured traditions of the Blessed Virgin from all lands—above all from the early history of America,—nor the effort to interest Catholic authors then giving their talents to other magazines to write for one devoted to so lofty an aim.

From the time of the return from the war a new energy, if possible, seemed to pervade the ranks of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. They were called for from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the far Northwest to Texas. Asylums, hospitals, schools, from parochial to academy and normal, were opened by the ever-vigilant, ever-enthusiastic Mother Angela, and their several departments overlooked with an eye to their absolute perfection. When she found that her Sisters were too few to meet this extraordinary demand, she sought in Ireland eager and most desirable aspirants to the religious state. Educated in the best convents of their native land, imbued with those traditions of constancy under trial of that heroic race, her instinctive knowledge of character, of fitness to the circumstances of Catholic schools in the United States, supplied her with rare recruits for her waiting departments. She committed her postulants to the best teachers of the Order in the higher studies—the languages, music, and art,—nor did she hesitate to call in secular teachers to aid her in this.

On one day in March, 1874, forty-four postulants received the holy habit, with hardly one exception pious, gifted, enthusiastic daughters of Erin and of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, and many of these have distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences they have been called upon to teach. As one of their number said:

"Let a person have but one good quality in a strong degree, Mother Angela will develop from that a beautiful, well-proportioned character." The traditional *dot*, or dowry, was left out of the question in the case of a novice. Had she good dispositions and good talent, there was work for her to do with Mother Angela; and how zealously they have worked under her inspiration, under her banner, future years will show. Nor were studies and music, drawing and painting, her only care. She brought with her from Ireland lace-makers, and her Sisters, already skilled in the choicest embroideries, were thus able to meet all demands for the sanctuary. In fact, a Sanctuary Society had long existed at St. Mary's, and it was one of Mother Angela's cares to provide vestments and altar-linens for poor churches in the Far West. Many a poor pastor has been gladdened by the benefactions of St. Mary's, nor did she ever cease to urge upon her novices that love for the beauty of God's house which is one of the characteristics of a true religious.

Another of Mother Angela's cherished ideas was realized more or less at times, but never to her entire satisfaction. This was a "St. Ann's House," where ladies could find a home who were too advanced in life, or for other reasons not fitted for religious life under vows. The old Academy, at one time, afforded such a retreat; and more than one "cottage" on the picturesque premises of St. Mary's still bears testimony to this ideal of a great European convent, surrounded by the beauties of nature, in the mind of this large-hearted, far-seeing religious. The wants of her country-women she saw to be very much like the wants of women in other lands, and, interpreting the action of the great orders in numerous instances according to this generous idea, St. Mary's has been like the nest of the dove under the eaves of the sanctuary, with the clear light of Loreto's lamp cheering even the night for many a heart during years of sweet intercourse with the Daughters of the Holy Cross.

The music of St. Mary's Academy has been, for almost as many years as Mother Angela lived as its virtual, even if not its nominal directress, under the charge of one who now represents an entire family of musicians, gone to their rest at Notre Dame and St. Mary's; and it is not too much to say that to Mother Angela, Providence intrusted the drawing of this family, with all its musical traditions and

rare endowments, to the Order to whose welfare she was so devoted. The musical department is still one of the glories of St. Mary's Academy, while the founding of St. Luke's Studio—the untiring outlook for the interests of the art department when abroad, the education of teachers not only for St. Mary's and the academies all over the country, but even for parochial schools,—must ever remain as one of the crown-jewels in Mother Angela's renown; for it was the fruit of her veneration for Christian art, and her knowledge of the necessity of implanting the germs of a sincere love for it in the minds of our Catholic girls.

It is to one of the "band of forty-four postulants" that St. Mary's will owe the extraordinary Stations for her new church; the hand which painted them, leaving only the finishing touches on the last of the fourteen to be done by another, was still and cold in death less than forty-eight hours before the stroke of her funeral-bell smote the heart as well as the ear of Mother Angela, and proved to her the stroke of death. We may say that no Mother Superior ever took more to heart the death of her religious than did Mother Angela, in whatever capacity they might be serving the community. The Sister, well trained, well equipped, spiritually and intellectually, for her work had a surpassing value in the eyes of Mother Angela. There was no loss to compare with the loss of such a Sister, in whatever department she might be.

But what shall we say of the generosity of this true Mother towards her own? What lavish expenditures for everything which could enrich the spiritual possession, the intellectual treasures of the community! The library of the Convent as well as of the Academy contained the choicest volumes, richly illustrated; and we must own that this was done without consulting so much the contents of the community purse as their religious and mental necessities, and their obligation to fulfil worthily their vocation as teachers.

Of her generosity to talent, also, how shall we speak? For she did not consider this a charity, but the claim which talent and genius have upon the world, above all, the religious world, thereby to secure the fruit of all such endowments for God. And of her generosity to the sick, the needy of all sorts? Those slender palms were never shut, never turned other than downward, as if refusing to keep aught

for themselves; for she was a firm believer in the charity that receives a hundredfold from God in place of its poor dole to the needy.

We have given no dates, nothing which a certain class of biography demands. We have given neither lineage nor the names even of those nearly allied to her, to whom she was so loyal in her attachment, and whose names would not only grace this page, but their very sound would be pleasant to our own ears. We have, rather, held fast to our first idea: to give an outline of a woman of genius, who would have had, inevitably, a brilliant career in the world—so exalted by the supernatural motives of a genuine religious vocation, so reinforced, also, by the very conditions of a conventual family, as to pass beyond the limit of performance allotted to the individual woman of genius. To the true Catholic, there is no family so illustrious by reason of rank, of science, of literature, of art, of statesmanship in cabinets or senatorial halls, or even of great deeds on the field of battle, as not to be crowned in the sight of men, as well as of angels, by the mild halo which surrounds the head of the faithful priest, or the self-sacrificing Sister of the humblest, most obscure order in Christendom.

And that Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, scattered all over our Continent, swarming like bees from the beloved Mother-House of St. Mary's—how the threads, thrown by the shuttle in the swift hand of Mother Mary of St. Angela, will be found woven into every inch of that tapestry which is to be the story of their Order for the future! How green will be her memory in the hearts of all who have shared her labors, upheld her courage! How fervent, too, their prayers that she may enter at once into the perfect, the ineffable rest and peace of the spouse of Christ!

To those Catholic parents who, having daughters many, still grudge them to the cloister, to the ranks, even, of the active religious,—who esteem those buried who have preferred a Heavenly to an earthly bridegroom,—and to those Catholic daughters who scorn what they are pleased to regard as the humiliating restrictions of a religious life, as if the career were cut short with the flowing tresses, we would present the picture of this daughter of a new Congregation, in a new country, not to be distinguished by one line in her habit or one crimp in her cap from the least in all her com-

munity, standing forth, in all the radiance of a life devoted to the glory of God and the salvation of souls, as the typical American woman—the self-denying, self-forgetting, heroic Mother Angela.

Letter from Paris.

RUMORS OF WAR.—MGR. DI RENDE.—NOTABLE DEATHS: COUNT ROBERT DE MUN, COMTE STANISLAS DE BLACAS, PAUL FÉVAL.—THE EARTHQUAKE SCARE.—THE CROWN-JEWELS.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—War, which seemed on the point of breaking out when I last wrote, is still, like the sword of Damocles, hanging over our heads, and with the same uncertainty as to whom the belligerents are to be. However, there is a truce to all war-like rumors during these days of festivity. Kaiser William sincerely hopes war may be averted, so that all lovers of peace should join in wishing "Long life to him!"

The elevation to the Sacred College of Mgr. di Rende, Papal Nuncio, has given great satisfaction here; though M. Grévy, when receiving the new Cardinal at the Elysée, expressed his regret that France was about to lose him. Cardinal di Rende is the youngest member of the Sacred College.

France has lately sustained a heavy loss in the person of Count Robert de Mun, the elder brother of Count Albert, the well-known orator, and head of the *Cercles Catholiques*. Robert de Mun died at Munich, after an operation. The patient sank from weakness, in excruciating tortures, borne with true piety. His loss at the present moment is incalculable; for his devotion to religion, to the poor, and to his country was unbounded. He did much work for religion, but he kept so modestly in the background that none save his very intimate friends know how much. When his remains were brought back to France, they were met by his relatives, and deputations from all the working-men's clubs. The Count de Mun and his brother were the sons of that charming Eugénie de Mun, so well known through her sister's (Mrs. Craven's) beautiful book, "A Sister's Story."

Another striking figure has recently passed away—he, too, a near relative of Mrs. Craven. The Comte Stanislas de Blacas was the lifelong friend and most devoted adherent of the

Comte de Chambord, and many wondered when Henri's will was opened that it contained no *souvenir* for the man who had sacrificed his interests and his fortune in the Prince's cause. The Comte de Blacas was the type of the Christian nobleman, and lived up to his family motto, "*Pro Deo, pro Rege.*"

Another personage has also passed away, who in his day filled a great place in public interest. I refer to Paul Féval, the novelist, who died not long since at the Hospital of the Brothers of St. John of God. In early years he had been a very successful novelist; for his books hit the public taste, being immoral and tainted with unbelief. The result, in a pecuniary point of view, was remunerative; but this state of things did not last long, and in Féval's case the homely old proverb was illustrated: "Ill got, ill gone." He speculated on the Exchange, and lost everything. He did not lose heart, but set to work afresh, and after some years found himself again possessed of a fair fortune; but this too he was to lose. A friend came and tempted him to invest in some wonderful commercial enterprise; the novelist, an ignoramus in business matters, acted on the suggestion, and at the end of six months he was penniless.

This time he could not rise from the blow: it nearly broke his spirit; his wife sank under it, and the now elderly man struggled on, with little hope for this life, and none for the next. But a change was at hand, and light and faith came to Paul Féval through his grandchild, who was preparing for her First Communion. She asked her grandfather to hear her recite her Catechism, and he did so; he assisted at the child's First Communion, and returned home a changed man. After some time he made his peace with God, and from that moment had but one desire—to undo the evil wrought by his earlier works. This was no easy task; the publishers did not care for his good books, his bad ones sold so much better. The declining years of the old novelist were full of sorrow and physical pain, both of which he bore uncomplainingly in expiation of his sins. Not long before his death he withdrew to the Hospital of the Brothers of St. John of God, where he prepared for his end. He himself asked for the last Sacraments, which he received with deep piety. All the most distinguished literary men of France followed him to the grave, over which many speeches were

made. Paul Féval's novels, though so widely read here, were little known out of his own country.

At Menton a lady of my acquaintance had her beautiful villa completely destroyed by the terrible shock of earthquake on Ash-Wednesday, and the effect on her nerves was so great that her hair turned white in a few hours. For some days people seemed a little sobered by the occurrence, but now things go on just as usual. The shops are trying to make money out of the catastrophe; some of the very fashionable *lingères* and milliners are advertising dressing-gowns and caps à la *tremblement de terre*!

The crown-jewels are at last to be sold, with the exception of the regent and a few other priceless stones. The sale is to take place on the 12th of May; three weeks previously the jewels are to be exhibited by electric light.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

A Grand Undertaking in Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

[We have several times called attention to the noble and monumental work of art now in course of preparation, by the Cistercians of Lérins, for the Jubilee of his Holiness Leo XIII. It was certainly a happy inspiration thus to honor the August Mother of God, and we like to believe that among Her many clients in the United States some will be found to imitate the example set by the Very Rev. Father Sorin, C. S. C., in the following communication.]

NOTRE DAME, Ind., April 13, 1887.

TO THE REV. EDITOR OF THE "AVE MARIA."

REV. DEAR FATHER:—I received, this morning, from the Right Rev. Abbot of Our Lady of Lérins, near Cannes, France, a most urgent appeal to assist the venerable Order of Cîteaux in their noble undertaking, already known to you—viz.: to present to his Holiness Leo XIII. an admirable, a monumental book, containing the *Magnificat* in one hundred and fifty languages, on the occasion of his great Jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood. I enclose the printed document explaining the object and nature of the gift, with the grateful acceptance of the Holy Father.

The beautiful and touching appeal in honor of Our Blessed Mother went directly to my heart, and at once, poor as I am, I

sent a draft of \$100 for five copies of the monumental, grand masterpiece. I wish I could have forwarded five times this amount. What a pleasure it would be to me to offer some of my best friends such a rare gift, so highly praised in advance by our great Pontiff himself! However, I find no little satisfaction in the thought that THE "AVE MARIA," the messenger of the Mother of God, now so widely spread all over the globe, will again call attention to this admirable work, and make it known to all who feel interested in everything that concerns the Blessed Virgin.

To many generous and noble souls, it will be a joy to learn of this means by which they may at the same time honor Our Blessed Lady, the Sovereign Pontiff, and delight a bishop, a revered pastor, a superior, a society, a benefactor, a loved heart. Wherever it is received, the volume will be a treasure, an artistic monument, of which every recipient will justly feel proud.

Yours devotedly,

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 40.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister Valérie, of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who was called to the reward of her devoted life on the 8th of March, at Strasburg, Alsace.

Mr. Thomas Weir, whose happy death occurred in Chicago, on the Feast of Our Lady's Compassion.

Mrs. Catherine Murphy, of South Bend, Ind., who departed this life on the 30th of March, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. James McGrath, who died on the 1st inst. He was an exemplary young man, and his pious death was the edification of all who witnessed it.

Mrs. Emma O'Neill, one of the oldest friends of THE "AVE MARIA," in Philadelphia, whose holy life was crowned with a precious death on the 23d ult.

Mr. Stephen Clancy, of Jersey City, N. J.; Robert Carroll, New York city; Mr. Patrick Sennott, San Francisco; Mrs. Teresa McCauley, St. Paul; Mrs. Mary Daly, Mrs. Emily C. Brady, Daniel Barry, Bridget Toner, Patrick O'Kane,—all of Philadelphia; Mrs. Hogan, Miss Catharine McCormick, and John Traynor, Newton, N. J.; John Corby, Detroit.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



The Lost Rosary

BY J. L.

One quiet summer afternoon two oxen might be seen drawing a white-covered wagon, slowly and apparently lazily, across the prairies in Minnesota. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the hour, except an occasional "Gee-ho!" or a "Haw, there!" from the man at their side, who seemed as worn and tired as the poor beasts. Soon, however, a child's voice could be heard from within the wagon, saying, in a fretful tone:

"I'm so tired riding, mamma! Shall we soon be there?"

"Yes, my dear," answered a kind, motherly voice; "we are near our journey's end." And after a short silence the same gentle tone went on: "Perhaps papa will let you walk with him a while."

The next moment there was a soft voice of entreaty, and the tiny feet were pattering along by the father's side.

John and Mary Dunham were good and pious Catholics, who, after struggling for ten or twelve years in a city, where they had been barely able to eke out a subsistence, finally decided to make a new effort in the Far West, and with their little family of three boys were, at the time my story commences, just arriving at the end of their long journey.

"Now, Mary, isn't this delightful? And just look at the lake,—so clear you can see the fish in it!"

"And, O John, the nice woods so near! There will be plenty of fuel for the winter. We shall be so happy here! We will encourage some of our friends to follow us, and by and by we may be able to build a church, and perhaps good Father McCann will come and reside with us."

And so this happy couple talked on, unmindful of all the fatigues of the journey, and forgetting that the only shelter they would have over their heads for many a long day would be the white-covered wagon. But, blessed with good health and clean consciences, they worked hard, and in the course of a few months had a house built of logs. "We won't mind doors or windows, John, till the cold weather is drawing near," remarked the thrifty housewife.

Now, it must be observed that Mrs. Dunham had a great fear of Indians, but, as none had been seen in the region, she had gradually ceased thinking about them. The little ones spent their time helping mamma, or gathering the chips papa made in felling the trees for the house; and when the latter was covered, they gathered together the finer shavings to start the fire with. The house was composed of two apartments—a sitting-room and a sleeping-room; in one the mother had erected a small altar, on which were placed a cross and some pictures, with a profusion of wild flowers gathered fresh by the children every morning.

In arranging the articles through the house, Mrs. Dunham had mislaid her Rosary; and, although it had always been the custom of this pious family to recite the Beads at the close of each day, the wife tried to resign herself, saying: "Never mind, we shall find it some time; for the present we will say the Litany and some other prayers." And so it continued, till one evening, late in the summer, an Indian made his appearance at the doorway, and asked for something to eat, and a place to sleep. A plentiful meal was set before him, and he was told that he might make his bed on the shavings collected by the children.

But all her old fear of Indians came back to Mrs. Dunham's mind, and when she retired that night, it was with no intention of sleeping; at every rustle of the shavings her heart beat faster, and as the rustling seemed to continue, she thought, "He is surely crawling from his bed to kill us!" Unable to bear the suspense any longer, she arose quietly, and made her way to the door, when,

peeping out, she saw something that caused her to stand motionless for a moment, then steal silently back to bed. In preparing his bed, the Indian had found the lost Rosary; and at the very moment the terrified woman looked out, the moon shining in disclosed to her view the pious stranger on his knees, making the Sign of the Cross preparatory to saying the Beads.

In after years, when her little family had grown to manhood, the good mother often told them of that night, which began in such terror, to end in quiet sleep, with a prayer of thankfulness that the precious Beads had been found.

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

VII.

Near by, a glass-covered case, just high enough to snub the tramps' noses, but low enough to let their eyes over the edge, drew them like steel filings to a magnet; and the first thing they noticed in it was a small square box, in which is mounted, on a wire, what looks like a ragged, jagged bit of iron; but when they asked about it, Wentworth told them it was the most curious relic of the war.

"You see, Miss Hastings," he said, turning to Mémé, "it is made by the meeting in mid-air of a Confederate bullet and a Union bullet; the violent force with which they were travelling fused them into this lump. And when I tell you they were minie-balls, you will realize what a marvellous thing it was."

"Minie-balls?" she said, shaking her head. "I'm afraid I don't know what they are." And she looked in an appealing way she had when she was ignorant of anything, that was very "fetching" to the grave young officer.

"Of course," he said, with unnecessary haste. "How should you? But they are conical instead of round balls, and the shape naturally lessens the chances of meeting.

A trifle to right or left would have deflected both, but they seem to have struck point to point, and I believe it is the only instance on record where such a thing has occurred."

And he moved on so she could see them better. But within arm's reach of this end of the case stand two dummies in full Japanese armor; and the strange shirts of mail, with their steel rings interwoven with narrow strips of leather, and the hideous war-masks, effectually distracted her attention for the moment. The masks seem an integral part of the helmet (which strongly resembles a barber's basin), and consist of a hideous, red-nostrilled iron nose, and a bristling horse-hair moustache over the metal semblance of a grinning mouth filled with fangs. The knees and feet of the dummies are bare, but the shins and calves of the legs are protected by leather and steel-ring leggins. Each one carries a long pole, to the end of which is fastened a two-edged dirk about a foot long, which is tilted carelessly at the shoulder, but which, in spite of the beautiful nacre (mother-of-pearl) work—fine as a mosaic, and as many-tinted,—sends an unpleasant wrinkle down your back. For that dirk looks like *business*!

Lieutenant Wentworth explained at some length to Mémé (it was surprising what a lot that young man did rake up to keep her listening!) that the mask was as essential a part of the old Japanese military outfit as the ear-splitting whoops and yells that used to distinguish a "charge" of their troops, and both were used with the amiable object of scaring the enemy into fits and creating a panic.

There is no knowing how remotely he would have wandered into the past history of Japan—he had got back almost to the first Tycoon,—if Phil had not gently pulled his coat and asked:

"Who did that?—what is it?"

His index finger pointed unmistakably to a book lying open near the fused bullets,—a book about the size of an autograph-album or a small sketch-book,—on the two visible pages of which were painted in gaudy colors: (1.) A crude horse, on which

was mounted a trooper with transparent legs, and near it a rude Indian with an extraordinary gun, a wild array of feathers (or back-hair, they could not tell which), and a grin that stretched quite around to the nape of his neck. (2.) A circle pierced with loop-holes, a body of men and horses outside, all apparently lying flat on their faces and a body of men inside, also apparently prostrate on *their* faces.

"That?" said Wentworth, with a pleased smile. "Why, Phil, that *is* a curiosity! That's Sitting Bull's sketch-book.* See, Miss Hastings"—she still lingered, examining the war-masks,—“here's art in a primitive form. It was captured after the Custer massacre in '76, with a lot of other traps, and it is actually the old chap's autobiography.”

"Beckwith!" he called, "can you get the keys and take this out?"

"Yes, sir," answered the old soldier, limping away. He soon pattered back with them, opened the case, and handed the book to the officer.

"Let us take these chairs, Miss Hastings, and then we can all look at it together."

And, with a tramp at each knee, he began to turn the pages, saying as he did so, "It is a sort of military history of his life; for all the pictures represent the events that made him a warrior—'put a feather in his cap' literally; for, you know, whenever an Indian takes a scalp it entitles him to wear another eagle's feather in his own scalp-lock, or to add it to his war-bonnet when the split arrow is sent around, and he starts on the war-path. Here, you see, is his first fight; he is a stripling, and fights those of his own race. That counts, of course; but he hasn't wasted much time on this sketch, for the blue uniforms are the big game. This is a mail-carrier he is shooting from an ambush; these are two scouts he's bagging; this is a free fight between himself and a handful of his braves, and a few soldiers who have shot their horses (yes, these

really are horses, and not wash-tubs or dining-tables), and are using them as a barricade; this is an attack on a log-fort, where he wins great renown by nearly wiping out the garrison: This is a picture of himself in full fighting trim, with a war-bonnet down to his heels." And so on, and so on, concluding with "Yes, take it a minute, Phil, and handle it carefully."

For Wentworth had been a boy himself, and knew the bliss of holding in one's own hands a thing one wants to examine. Then he put it back in its place, and showed them the various medals, pistols, Japanese, Damascus and other swords, presented at various times and for various reasons by foreign Governments to ours; and, tucked away among them, he found yet another contribution from Kilpatrick—a deck of playing-cards made from beef and mutton bones by a French prisoner confined at Pennycuik (Scotland) during the wars of Napoleon I. They are as thin as pasteboard, and the figures are not only well and gracefully outlined, but very well colored also.

But the hour of closing (four o'clock) was now so near, the little party had to hasten, and could only take a hurried look at the pike carried by one of John Brown's party—perhaps the grand old fanatic himself—at Harper's Ferry in 1859; a fine shot-gun belonging to Jefferson Davis, captured in 1864; some valuable Spanish lances (presented by Señor Don Juan Marin), headed with Toledo steel; an old Spanish arquebuse, picked up in 1785 from the burning sands of the Jornada del Morte, now a part of our own Southwest; and the awful execution-sword from Japan, that stands eight feet high, and is exactly like the one carried by Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner in "The Mikado."

This last gives rise to endless speculation as to the muscle of the executioner, and of all the near relatives of criminals of high and low degree. For the former has to take off heads officially, and the latter to do it for family reasons: the etiquette for the condemned in Japan being, if the felon will commit *hari-kari* (that is, rip

* This has since been removed from the Museum by the War Department.

open his body), and then his nearest male relative will come and cut the head off the dead man with the executioner's sword, no stain of reproach remains on the family; and if anybody ventures to throw up the crime to any of them, root or branch, *his* head pays the forfeit, or his estates are confiscated. It is not entertaining or agreeable to indulge in talking scandal in Japan.

As they went down the steps, Phil said: "That's a be-yu-tiful place! We're much 'bliged for taking us, Mr. Wentworth."

"Very much 'bliged," added Laurie; "they are all int'resting; but, my! aren't those mummies ugly, some of 'em?"

"Dummies, dear," corrected Mémé.

"Dummies,—'cept the big one by the door, with a long yellow horse-tail flying out of his hat, and his hand on his sword. He's fine."

And Laurie was right; for, excepting the one noted (which is a Centennial *souvenir*, and represents as gallant a German trooper as one could find), the dummies are very dreadful, and the moth and the rust are earning a national debt of gratitude by gnawing them into a state of undress. They are costumed in the uniforms that have been worn by our fighting men from the beginning of our history, commencing with the knee-breeches, short cloaks, and high hats of the Puritans, and the homespun of the Minute Men,* and advancing through all the gradations of Continentals, Green Riflemen, and Mexican Veterans, to the awkward, cumbersome outfit of '61-'65, frontier rig, and the Germanized, Gallicized uniform of to-day.

When the party returned to the hotel, Mr. Hastings was walking up and down, smoking and waiting for them; and, as Wentworth was about making his *adieux*, the former asked:

"Can't you dine with us?"

* These were the men who, at a minute's warning, dropped their tools, their books, their wares, their instruments and papers, left their plows in the furrow, their oxen in the fields, and their dinners untasted, and went to resist the British at Concord.

"Thank you," said the young officer, accepting the invitation as simply as it was given; "I shall be glad to do so."

And then they went off to the smoking-room, while Mémé and the tramps brushed heads and clothes; for a March wind had played chase through the streets, and "the king's ransom"* had flown thick and high.

At dinner the conversation, of course, was filled with the Museum, and after the tramps—in strophe and antiphon, as usual, and helped out by their referee, Mémé—had expatiated on Sitting Bull's sketch-book, Wentworth said:

"Mr. Hastings, I heard such a strange story about that fellow the other day! I don't know how straight it came to me, for it was second hand, and the man that told me had heard it five years before from a Romanist priest, a Dominican or something—a Father Reveillé.† He [Father Reveillé] had been six years among the Sioux Indians, and was devoted to them—if you can imagine such a thing. He'd travel anywhere, at any time, in any weather, to help them along; he nursed them through small-pox, and didn't care a twopence for tomahawks and dangers—just took his cross and pushed ahead, as if it were a gatling-gun. He kept them at peace, and made them stick to their word with the white people; and, what's more, managed to make the traders stand by *their* word pretty well with the Indians. He found they accepted the truth of what he taught them in the way of religion, and were getting some sort of grip on the practice of it, and wanted to learn more, when he was ordered to some other place, and after that to Washington.

"When the news of the massacre on the Little Big Horn came in, he was awfully cut up for fear some of his Indians were in it, and then people bothered the life out of

* Our country people have a saying that "a peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

† Once, I am told, a brilliant young officer of the French Army, and who, on the way to join his regiment after some leave of absence, lost his way in a violent storm in the mountains, taking refuge in what turned out to be the monastery in which

him with questions:—Was Sitting Bull a white man? Was Sitting Bull an elegant French scholar? Did Sitting Bull *really* keep the Wars of Napoleon by him, and study up and practise French army tactics? etc., etc.

"Luckily he didn't know Sitting Bull as Sitting Bull, and he was able to shake his head politely every time, and bow away the questioners. But the day Bullard (he's of the 9th, and is the fellow that told me about it,) met him, he informed him that he had just come from the War Department, where he had been examining two letters that had been received from Sitting Bull. The officer who invited him over was a Romanist too, and a friend of his, and he said he'd like very much to have him give an opinion about them. Well, Father Reveillé said he was amazed to find that one of them was written in good Latin, from beginning to end, and signed '*Taurus qui sedet*'; the other was in *patois* French, and very defective as to spelling and grammar. Did you ever hear anything of it?"

"No," said Mr. Hastings, thoughtfully, "never. But it reminds me of something I heard in Cincinnati twenty years ago, which may or may not have some connection with it. Archbishop Purcell had always a tender interest in the Indians, and among other plans in his heart for them was one to send them priests of their own race; thinking that perhaps an Indian, understanding their natures, beliefs, and prejudices, might get a hold on their minds that a white man, no matter how zealous, might fail to do. He got two boys, with the free consent of their parents (who cheerfully sold them), and sent them to the Propaganda to study. In due course of time they passed their examination, and came back to the

Lacordaire and his brother Dominicans lived. He met the marvellous friar, kindled into religious zeal under his conversation, resigned his commission, entered a novitiate, and was the last man to receive the habit from Lacordaire. Father Reveillé died, a victim of charity, during the last yellow-fever epidemic in the South, having contracted the disease while nursing the abandoned and consoling the dying.

Archbishop's palace to wait their ordination. He was very hopeful about them, especially the elder one, who was clever and had stood well in all his classes, and he dreamed glad dreams of him as an apostle. But one morning they failed to appear at the usual time, and it was found they had disappeared so effectually that no trace was ever found of them, although the supposition, of course, was they had found civilization too irksome, and had relapsed into an uncontrollable longing for their savage life. Now, it's *possible* that '*Taurus qui sedet*' might be one of these boys, but not probable, I think."

"There was something out of the common run there, sir," said Wentworth, after a few minutes spent in discussing the point; "for those fellows in the 7th that wore medals of the Virgin, or had prayer-beads, or—or—some sort of thing they put round their necks, made of two pieces of cloth strung on a cord—"

"Scapulars?"

"Yes, Scapulars,—those fellows weren't mutilated at all. Of course they were scalped, but their bodies had been otherwise respected; and Bullard said maybe there were some of these Indians of Father Reveillé's among them, who remembered enough of what he had taught them to be half decent to the dead. There was McIntosh, now; his class-ring was gone, but the gold chain and a medal of the Virgin were wrapped around one thumb, and the thumb doubled into his hand; and he couldn't have done it himself, for he wore the chain round his neck, and was killed instantly."

"Were the others touched?"

"I should say so. The Indians hated Custer, and—but it would be too horrible to repeat."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is easier not to say than to unsay what has been said. Therefore think well before you speak ill.

THOSE who know most are generally the best listeners, and the most anxious to learn more.



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The Fear in Death.

I hear the voices that I left on earth.
—*Dream of Gerontius.*

TO fall from ridge to ridge, from peak to peak,
To grasp, half-chilled, at every yielding
bush,
To have it swerve beneath the fatal push
That downward forces; mute when one would
speak;
Friends' eyes, like clouding stars, in vain to
seek;
To find them irresponsive, which to gush
In streams of love were wont: oh, this would
crush
Hope to despair, and make Faith low and weak!
But thou, Gerontius, in thy burning dream,
Filled with the white heat of pure Love and
Faith,
Hast taught us that this Fall will bring us
near
That Fountain clear, where no things are that
seem.
"Prepared for weal or woe," thy true soul
saith,
"In His dear might," and conquered even
by fear!

MAURICE F. EGAN.

A SOUL is in confinement till it plunges
itself into the infinity of God.—*Ven. Mother*
Barat.

NOTHING except what flows from the
heart can render even external habits pleas-
ing.—*Anon.*

John Dryden and His Time.

BY T. F. GALWEY.

THE history of English literature has
been written almost exclusively by
Protestants, and it is therefore des-
titute of candor in all that touches upon the
relative influence of Catholicity and Prot-
estantism on that literature. It has been
written by men who accept the Protestant
judgment which characterizes as "the Dark
Ages" the entire Christian period of Euro-
pean civilization between the fall of the
Roman Empire and the so-called Reforma-
tion. The revival of classical learning,
the invention of printing, the discovery of
America—all of which are the work of
Catholics,—are ignored, and the attempt is
made in all seriousness to find in the fa-
natical and contradictory outpourings of
Luther, Calvin, Knox, and their fellows, the
cause of the magnificent manifestation of
literature and the arts in the sixteenth and
part of the seventeenth centuries.

The sixteenth century was a wonderful
epoch. Intellect and taste were never more
busily employed, so that the Catholic is
tempted to indulge in conjecture as to what
might have followed had not Protestant-
ism, with its grim and ugly features and its
truculent disposition, come in to mar all
hopes; and the history of English literature
between the reign of James I. and that of
Queen Anne affords ample room for this sort

of conjecture. As to the effects of Protestantism, which for three hundred years has had a wide field of endeavor, the Catholic is justified in asking: What science or art has Protestantism originated or developed? What institution, whether of use or beauty, has Protestantism founded? A conscientious search through the results of these centuries of perfervid human activity can point out nothing of joy or utility for which the world has to thank the principles of the "Reformation." The only institution to which that revolt against good works can justly lay claim is the poor-house. Everywhere in the wake of the "Reformation," and almost in direct proportion to the successful establishment of Protestantism, pauperism—not honorable and virtuous poverty, but gloomy and envious wretchedness—has settled like a blight on lands that had hitherto decently fed and clothed their poor: filling the streets of the towns and the rustic by-ways with scowling toilers banded together in hatred of the rich.

The Protestant men of letters in England, during the reign of Elizabeth, had, most of them, been educated as Catholics, or in an atmosphere still Catholic. Shakespeare's religious belief will probably always be a subject of doubt with Protestants. It is certain, however, that in all his works—which are encyclopædic in their expanse of allusion—there is not a word that is contrary to Catholic dogma. Nowhere do the "principles of the Reformation" appear; while the most despicable of all Shakespeare's characters, the lusty, worldly-minded liar and coward, Falstaff, is the caricature of a proto-Protestant and Wycliffite.

But once Shakespeare's generation had passed away, and was succeeded by another, born amid Protestantism and nurtured on Protestant principles, there seemed to be an end in England to nearly all that goes to make up the delightful side of civilization. English literature, like all the fine arts in England, died from the same cause. "Merry England" was killed by Protestantism. The one short period of English history during which Protestantism held complete sway

over the minds of most Englishmen—a period of less than one hundred years, from James I. to Anne—is, from a literary point of view, the dreariest since the Norman Conquest. There are but two names of real eminence: Milton and Dryden. But Milton's really Protestant work nobody reads, while the inspiration of all that is immortal in his genius is unquestionably Catholic. Milton the man was a Puritan, but his poetic spirit was as Catholic as the Italian models from whom he took so much. And even Milton, it is frequently said, died a Catholic.

John Dryden, who was born in 1631 and died in 1700, measured by his life the interval from the complete triumph of Protestantism in England to the merging of that negation in deism and easy-going latitudinarianism. It would be hard to find in history a celebrated character whose antecedents and surroundings were more thoroughly Protestant than Dryden's. His father, Sir Erasmus Dryden, and his father's father, were Puritans of the bluest dye. His mother was the daughter of an Established Church minister, and the granddaughter of that bitter Puritan, Sir Gilbert Pickering, whom Guy Fawkes is said to have counted among his intended victims. In his youth, Dryden had the advantage of birth, ample means, powerful family connections, and the best teachers in England: making his studies first at private schools, then at Westminster School, and finally at the University of Cambridge. He was twenty-six when he left Cambridge, after the unusually long residence of seven years. That he displayed any Puritan zeal when he went from the University into the world, nowhere appears. But Charles I. was approaching his disastrous end; and Dryden, who was afterwards to sing of that King as "a martyr," was thrown intimately into the society of regicides, at least one of whom was a near relative.

It is curious that the same poet who mourned Oliver Cromwell in 1659—

"His name, a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavors may be blest,
Where piety and valor jointly go"—

could within a year, in the unctuous strain of "*Astræa Redux*," say of Charles II.:

"For his long absence Church and State did groan."

It might be offered in excuse for Dryden that, though trained a Puritan, he was deeply imbued with the classicism of his day,—a classicism that was impregnated with king-worship. At all events, the former Puritan was able in the "*Annus Mirabilis*," written in 1666—the year of the destructive fire of London,—to celebrate the merry monarch in the following phrase:

"... never prince in grace did more excel";

and again, desiring to portray that monarch's solicitude for the welfare of the London citizens,

"... he sadly suffers in their grief,
Out-weeps an hermit and out-prays a saint."

The late Mr. Sarsfield Hubert Burke, in his "*Annals of the Tudor Dynasty*," presented many instances to show that the "Reformation" had shaken the truthfulness of the English people. Public men thought nothing of changing both their religion and their politics with every change of sovereign, the same statesmen being by turns psalm-singing Protestants under Edward VI., contrite Catholics under Mary Tudor, and courtly Protestants under Elizabeth.

The history of England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been written for us mostly by Englishmen. Hume was indifferent to religion in general, but hostile to Catholicity. Macaulay cared only to idealize the Whigs, and make a hero of William of Orange. Froude has attempted to describe Henry VIII. as a cavalier, statesman, and saint. The Catholic Lingard was, perhaps, too intense an Englishman, loved his country and his people too well, to indicate as clearly as he might have done that, once Protestantism had thoroughly remodelled the character of the English nation, a striking feature of that character was discovered to be insincerity.

The Protestant melancholy, which by the middle of James I's reign had settled

down like a shadow on England, had been fatal to art, in connection not merely with religion, but even in secular walks. The malignant spirit which had destroyed the beauty of God's house—and, in many cases, God's house itself—was determined to make ugliness prevail everywhere. After breaking down statues and puncturing pictures of the saints and the illustrious men of past time,—after smashing the beautiful stained glass, overturning altars, and trampling on the crucifix, it was hardly to be expected that the arts, and least of all poetry, would be allowed to flourish. The drama, of course, was forbidden, and almost every form of amusement, even the most innocent athletic sport, was condemned as "lewd." The Christian Lord's Day was turned into an illogical and oddly distorted revival of the Jewish Sabbath. "Solemnity," in the sense of utter cheerlessness and gracelessness of manner, had gradually become fixed in the popular mind as a necessary mark of virtue. It was no wonder, then, that as soon as the Restoration had released the people from the Puritan tyranny, a reaction set in, which not only favored religious indifference, but almost obliterated the limits of natural decency.

It was in such an atmosphere that Dryden was reared. His early days were days of Puritan gloom; his middle life, as an easy-going Anglican, was spent amid the looseness of the Restoration period; his mature years and old age belonged to a consistent and devout Catholic. His literary development was in harmony with his religious growth.

It has been insinuated that Dryden's conversion to Catholicity was dictated by a desire to advance himself with James II. But Dryden was then more than fifty years of age, and, though James reigned but a short time, Dryden remained steadfast in the faith to the very last. Sir Walter Scott and other biographers, after an exhaustive examination, have acquitted him of insincerity in his conversion. One may obtain from the preface which Dryden wrote to his "*Religio Laici*" in 1682, shortly before

his conversion, a fair idea of the condition of Catholics in England at that epoch.

"To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least in appearance, to our present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible, but also their peerage and commons are excluded from Parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed."

Evidently the "Papists" were of no consequence, socially or politically, in England then! But what is above all things convincing to the Catholic mind in reference to Dryden's conversion, is the change that came over his work immediately on his submission to the Catholic Church. As a Protestant, he had contributed largely, both in quantity and artistic quality, to the corruption that pervaded contemporary English literature. But from the time of his conversion, his conscience guided his pen. His wife, a daughter of Sir Robert Howard, had become a Catholic some years before, and her influence no doubt had led the poet's sentiments towards the Church. But his intellect must have turned in that direction during the seven years that he spent among the Catholic monuments of learning at Cambridge; so that, perhaps, his readiness to surrender his Puritanism on the return of the Stuarts is no more to be suspected of insincerity than his conversion to Catholicity. In his "Hind and Panther" he says:

"My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame."

The Puritans did not, strictly speaking, constitute a sect at all. They maintained as long as they could their connection with the law-established Church of England. They were really the Protestant party in England. A great mass of the English people in James I's time were, it must be remembered, Catholic at heart; but, deprived of faithful priests by Elizabeth's legislation,

they had been soothed by the Book of Common Prayer into the delusion that the religion taught and expounded in the ancient church edifices was substantially the same as the faith of the generations that had gone before. The Book of Common Prayer, as Macaulay admits, was contrived for the very purpose of working this deceit among the English people.

But there were clear and honest minds, which perceived that the religion which now thrived in the cathedrals, minsters, and parish churches was by no means the same, either in letter or spirit, as that which had civilized and Christianized England. The Puritans, who were merely the Low Churchmen of that day, were sagacious enough to recognize that the comfort-loving sect of Cranmer and Somerset and Parker, which had profaned the holy places, was not the same Church that had been established, under the authority of Pope Gregory the Great, by the monk Augustine from the Roman priory of St. Andrew's,—that had been made illustrious by Bede and St. Dunstan, by Lanfranc and St. Anselm, by St. Thomas à Becket, Stephen Langton, and William of Wykham, by Cardinal Fisher and Cardinal Pole. When therefore Dryden, after his conversion, wrote, in the "Hind and Panther," of the English Church Establishment,

"Her upper part of decent discipline,
Show'd affectation of an ancient line;
And Fathers, Councils, Church, and Church's
head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgraced and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatized the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confined.
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despised at home,"

he merely uttered truths that must have appealed to him while as a Puritan he still adhered to that Establishment.

The usual estimate of Dryden's character and abilities is derived from Protestant writers, who prefer to see in him the poet only. But Dryden was no mere warbler. He could and did write clear, vigorous prose, full of thought and of sound reasoning. In spite

of the difference of the style of the two men, one can scarcely avoid, when reading Dryden's prose, thinking of Edmund Burke; for there seemed to be much in common in the texture of Dryden's and of Burke's mind—no juggling with facts, but an almost infallible discernment of causes, effects, and relations, and a correct instinct as to motives. How well Dryden understood the Whigs, hypocrites in his time, who pretended out of a solicitude for the throne to fear a return of "Popery," and who had the sublime impudence to pose as the friends of freedom of conscience! In the preface to "The Medal," he addresses the Whigs:

"I have perused many of your pipers; and to show that I have, the third part of your No-Prot-
estant Plot is, much of it, stolen from your dead author's pamphlet (called the Growth of Popery), as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People is from Buchanan *De jure regni apud Scotos*; or your first Covenant and new Association from the holy league of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word who says it was reported that Poltrat, a Huguenot, murdered Francis, Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Huguenot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian (for our Church abhors so devilish a tenet), who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion; but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries *your loyalty no farther than your liking*. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but *when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it*."

That is the old-time lawlessness of Protestantism, which in our own generation has been preached from Protestant pulpits under the sanction of a so-called "Higher Law."

Was ever a neater portrait drawn than that of the intriguing, skeptical Earl of Shaftesbury, the sardonic hatcher of the Popery Plot, as given in "Absalom and Achitophel"?

"For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay;
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And then partitions do their bounds divide."

The last years of Dryden's life were years of neglect. He had been appointed poet-laureate in 1660, and also royal historiographer,—offices which furnished him a pension of £200 a year, equal to nearly five times that amount at the present day, taking into consideration the change in prices. But the "glorious Revolution" of 1688 deprived the only English bard of these offices, simply because he refused to give up the Catholic religion. To the disgrace of England, Dryden during the last eight or ten years of his life was several times almost at the verge of starvation. From the date of his conversion to the end, he persevered in the faith amid many temptations, living consistently with his profession, and dying as he had lived during all the best years of his life—a good Catholic. It was nearly two weeks after his death before interment was thought of for his body, to so hateful an isolation had the Protestant public treated England's greatest poetic genius, because of his faithfulness to the religion of Christ. Then at last he was entombed in Westminster Abbey, next to Chaucer.

The Catholic student of English literary and political history will find Dryden's circumstances and his relations to the men of his time a rich field of research and reflection.

WHAT is slander? A verdict of "guilty" pronounced in the absence of the accused, with closed doors, without defence or appeal, by an interested and prejudiced judge.—*Abbé Roux*.

CONSIDER as lost the day you have suffered nothing for Our Lord.—*Ven. Mother Barat*.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. SINGLETON was wise enough to remain satisfied with having expressed his wishes to Marion. He said nothing to Earle, having a general conviction that "in vain is the snare spread in sight of any bird," and a knowledge of this particular bird which warned him to be cautious. But the idea which had occurred to him seemed so likely to produce the desired result, that he was greatly encouraged by it, and his manner to his nephew was so different from what Mrs. Singleton had anticipated, that she said to herself with much chagrin that Tom was right after all, and she had gained nothing by the disclosure she had brought about.

Earle himself was pleased that his uncle showed no coldness of feeling toward him. He had fully expected this; and, while the anticipation had not troubled him in any serious manner, he was relieved to find that he was to be spared that sense of alienation which is always a trial to a person of sensitive feelings.

What he would have thought had his uncle at this time frankly avowed to him the plan he had conceived, it is not difficult to imagine. What he would have done is no less easy to conjecture. But, left in ignorance, and exposed to an association which would have had attractions for any one, he unconsciously drifted toward a position destined to lead to serious results. For while Marion repelled, she also attracted him, through the interest he felt in a character so strongly marked for good or for evil, and by the very frankness with which she displayed traits and expressed sentiments with which he had little sympathy. "It is a fine character warped and distorted," he said to himself. "Good influences might do much with it. What a pity if she drifts deeper into the worldliness that now attracts her so greatly! For there is nothing frivolous

about her, and she will find in the end that none but frivolous people can be contented with the things for which she longs."

Now, there are few people who, brought into contact with a character of which they think in this manner, do not feel inclined to exert the influence that they believe would be beneficial. And how much more when the person on whom it is to be exerted is a young, a beautiful and a clever woman! Whether he approved of her or not, Earle could not fail to find Marion a stimulating and agreeable companion. The absence of effort to attract—for she was far too proud to make this—lulled to rest any fear of the result of such an association to himself; and their morning conversation in the garden was the beginning of an intercourse which grew daily more pleasant on both sides.

Mr. Singleton had been the first to foresee the probable end, but it was not long before others foresaw it also. "I told you that girl would betray us," said Mrs. Singleton to her husband. "She means to marry Brian Earle and take our place. That is clear."

"But there may be two words to that," said the gentleman addressed. "Brian may not intend to marry *her*. He was talking of his plans to me while we were smoking last night, and there was not a word of marrying in them."

"That much for his plans!" said Mrs. Singleton, with a slight, contemptuous gesture. "They will soon be whatever Marion Lynde chooses. When a woman like her makes up her mind to marry a man, she will succeed. You may be sure of that."

"Rather a bad look-out for men, in such a case," returned Mr. Singleton. "Only if the power is limited to women like Miss Lynde, one might bear it with philosophy."

His wife gave him a look compounded of scorn and irritation. "There is not much doubt what you would do in Brian Earle's place. That girl seems to turn the head of every man she comes in contact with. I am sure I wish I had never heard of her!"

"I fancy Rathborne wishes the same thing," observed Mr. Singleton. "I never saw a man so changed as he is of late; I

met him yesterday, and I was struck by his moody looks."

Mrs. Singleton shrugged her shoulders. "I have no compassion to spare for him. A man who has been such a fool as he has, deserves to suffer. But *we* have done nothing to deserve to be supplanted in this way."

"Well," said the more reasonable husband, "it is hardly just to talk of being 'supplanted.' The old fellow has always been very frank with me, and insisted there should be no room for misconception. We have an agreeable home without any expense to ourselves, but he has always told me that he did not bind himself to leave me anything at all."

"Of course he would not bind himself; but if Brian refuses to be his heir—and that is what his conduct heretofore amounts to,—whose chance should be better than yours?"

"Really it is hard to say. Who can account for the whims of rich old men? He may cut us all off, and leave his fortune to Miss Lynde."

"If I thought so," said Mrs. Singleton, fiercely, "I would murder her—"

"Come, Anna, that is beyond a joke!"

"Or myself, for having brought her to his notice."

"Defer both murders until you find out whether there is any need for them," said her provoking husband. And then he beat a hasty retreat.

But even he, now that his eyes were opened, began to perceive the extreme probability of all that his wife suggested. There was no doubt of the fact that Marion and Earle were constantly together, that they seemed to find much gratification in each other's society, and that Mr. Singleton (this was patent to the most careless observation) looked on approvingly at their growing intimacy. "The old fellow wants to see the thing brought about," said Tom Singleton to himself. "He thinks it would tie Brian down, and that a wife with such ideas would soon cure him of his contempt for riches. Well, he's right enough; and since it is most likely to come about, Anna and I may

make up our minds that our day is nearly over. We shall soon have to step down to make room for Mrs. Brian Earle."

The young lady designated in advance by this title was herself entirely of his opinion. At this time a rosy vista opened before her. She felt that all which she most desired was within her grasp. And yet not exactly in the manner she had anticipated. For, much as she had always longed for the power which wealth gives, it had not been her dream to obtain wealth by marriage. That seemed to her a means too commonplace, and also too degrading. It was to be won through her own effort, her own cleverness, in some manner as vaguely outlined as a fairy-tale. But she was too shrewd not to perceive, after a very brief acquaintance with life, that for a young girl, without some special and brilliant talent, to hope to *make* a fortune was as reasonable as if she had thought of building a tower with her own hands. She realized, then, that it was a wonderful prospect which opened before her, as if by the stroke of an enchantress' wand, in the fancy of Mr. Singleton for herself, and in the fact that Earle excited her regard in a degree she had hardly imagined possible. Once, with mocking cynicism, she had asked of Helen, "Do you think such good fortune ever befalls one, as that the man one could love is also the man it is expedient for one to marry?" And now that good fortune, so utterly disbelieved in, had befallen herself!

For the very things in which Earle was least like herself attracted her most. He was an embodiment of ideals which, abstractly, were too exalted for her to reach. His faith, his unworldliness, his devotion to noble ends,—all touched the higher side of her own nature, like strains of heroic poetry. Under his immediate influence, she began to change in a manner as strange as it was significant. Keen eyes noted this, and Mrs. Singleton said to herself that the girl was capable of playing any part, even of pretending to be quixotic and unworldly. But in this she did her injustice. With all its great faults, Marion's character possessed

the saving salt of sincerity, and she was absolutely incapable of playing a part for any purpose whatever. The change in her just now was real; there only remained a question whether or not it were deep,—whether human love alone were great enough to work the miracle of regenerating a nature into which worldliness had struck such strong roots.

The test was not long delayed. As the time for Earle's visit drew to a close, he began to realize how decidedly he had suffered himself to be drawn toward this girl, whom his judgment at first so greatly disapproved, and whom it could not even yet altogether approve: although he was not blind to the change in her wrought by his influence,—a change which unconsciously flattered him, as any proof of power flatters this poor human nature of ours. He found, somewhat to his dismay, that he was more attached to her than he had been aware of, but he had no intention of declaring his feeling. Judgment was still too much arrayed against it. And this being so, he resisted the temptation to prolong his visit, and adhered to the original date set for his departure. Now, since this departure was not only to be from Scarborough, but from America, Mr. Singleton was very anxious that it should be prevented, and he watched with growing anxiety the intimacy with Marion, from which he hoped so much.

"My dear," he said to her one day when they were alone together, and she had been singing for him, "I wish you would exert your influence with Brian to keep him from going abroad. It would be much better that he should remain here."

"There can be no doubt of that," she replied. "But you mistake in thinking that I have any influence with him. If I had, I would use it as you desire."

"I am afraid," he observed, "that you underrate your influence. 'I think you have more than you suppose.'"

"No," she said. "I have always been accustomed to influencing those around me, and therefore I know very well when I fail to do so. I fail with Mr. Earle. He has no re-

spect for my opinion, as indeed"—with unwonted humility—"why should he have?"

The man of the world uttered a contemptuous laugh. "Do you really, with all your cleverness, know so little of men as to fancy that respect for a woman's opinion is a necessary part of her influence?" he asked.

"With most men I suppose it is not," she answered; "but with Mr. Earle it is. I am sure of that, and also sure that I should not care to influence a man who had no respect for my opinion."

"*That* opinion is not worthy of your good sense," said Mr. Singleton. "It does not matter at all *how* one influences people, so that one actually does manage to influence them. The important point is to succeed."

"Have you found it an easy thing to succeed with Mr. Earle?" asked Marion, a little maliciously.

"Very far from it," replied Mr. Singleton. "There is only one way to influence him, and that is through his affections. For one to whom he is attached, he will do much."

The last words were so significant that Marion colored and said no more. But she determined that she would test whether or not they were true, since she had by this time little doubt of Earle's sentiments toward her.

She had not long to wait for an opportunity. The next morning Earle asked if she would not go with him to complete a sketch that he was making of a bit of woodland scenery near the house. "A morning's work will finish it," he said. "And since I shall not have many more mornings, if you care to come, I shall be very glad."

"You know I always like to come," she answered. "It is interesting to me to watch your work. I feel as if I were witnessing the process of creation."

"You are witnessing a process of creation," he said. "Art is a ray of the divine genius which created nature; and, in its degree, it is creative also. That is the secret of its great fascination."

"It certainly seems to possess a great fascination for you," she said, as he slung

his color-box over his shoulder and they set forth.

"Do you wonder at it?" he asked, with a quick glance.

"No: I do not wonder at the fascination," she replied. "I only wonder that you think it right to sacrifice everything else to it."

"What do I sacrifice to it?" he asked. "A little money for which I have no use. Is not that all?"

She shook her head. "By no means all. You sacrifice the dearest wish of your uncle, who is devoted to you—the power of giving him great pleasure, and the power also of doing much good with the money you despise. Have you ever thought of that?"

"Yes," he answered, "I have thought of it all. I have seriously asked myself if there is any duty demanding that I should comply with his wishes, and I have decided that there is none. He is certainly attached to me, but I think that his attachment rests very much on the fact that he can not control me as he is accustomed to control most people. There is no real congeniality of sentiment between us. He is a man of the world: I am a man to whom the world counts very little. I can not feign interest in the things which interest him, and he scorns all that most deeply interests me. Under these circumstances, what pleasure to either of us would be gained by closer association? And you know it is out of my power to do him any real service."

"I am not sure of that," said Marion. "I think you scarcely appreciate either his strong attachment to you or his strong desire that you should remain with him."

"Has he been asking you to be his advocate?" said Earle, with a smile. "It sounds very much as if he had."

"He has been talking to me of the matter," she answered. "You know it is very near his heart, and he speaks to me more freely than to you; for, naturally, he is wounded by your refusal, and is too proud to acknowledge to you how much he cares."

"And he thinks, no doubt, that what you say will have a weight which his words lack."

"There is no reason why he should think so," said Marion, rather proudly.

They had by this time reached the place of their destination; and, as he put down the portable easel which he carried, she turned away, saying to herself that it was indeed true—there was no reason why any one should think that her words had the least weight with this immovable man. Some hot tears of mortification gathered in her eyes. She had hoped for a different result, and the disappointment, from the proof of her own lack of power, was greater than she had anticipated. She bent down to gather some ferns on the bank of a little stream which flowed through the glen, and when she rose Earle was standing beside her.

"I fear that perhaps you misunderstood my last words," he said, with grave gentleness. "I did not mean to imply that my uncle was mistaken in thinking that what you say would have great weight with me. He is too shrewd not to be sure of that. I only gave him credit for choosing his advocate well. For you must know that what you wish has great influence with me."

"Why should I know it?" said Marion, in a low tone.

"Because," he answered, "you must know that I love you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"In the Breaking of Bread"

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

TWO disciples were walking to Emmaus,
That day when the Saviour arose,
And together they spoke in low whispers
Of His wonderful life and its close;
They talked of His mercy and meekness,
Triumphant o'er malice and pride,
And sad were their hearts with remembrance
Of how He had suffered and died.

Then One of mild, heavenly aspect
Drew near them, and courteously said:
'Why look ye so sad, men of Israel,
As though ye were mourning the dead?'

'Art Thou, then, a stranger among us,
Or has no one told Thee ere this
How Jesus, the world's great Redeemer,
Was sold by the traitor's foul kiss?

'And how on His virginal body
The pitiless scourge rose and fell,
While the rabble were shouting around Him
Like the lost, frenzied demons of hell?
And when they were glutted with anger,
And drunken with malice and spite,
To an infamous gibbet they nailed Him,
While the heavens grew black at the sight.'

Thus told they Redemption's sweet story,
In tones that were husky with dread,
Nor knew they that He was beside them,
The Master they mourned for as dead;
Yet, as the long journey beguiling,
He spoke as man never yet spoke,
His voice, like æolian music,
Sweet chords in their memory woke.

They stopped at an inn by the wayside,
As the sun shed his last rays of light.
'O tarry,' said they, 'with us, stranger,
And rest Thee content for the night!'
He sat as a guest at their table,
He bent for a moment His head,
Then, lifting His voice in thanksgiving,
Blessed, broke, and divided the Bread.

The flood-gates of memory were broken,
Their hearts were o'erwhelmed with delight;
For Christ in the flesh stood before them,
Then vanished that moment from sight.
So ye who plod wearily onward,
With hearts that are heavy as lead,
Take courage: the Master is near you,—
You shall know Him in "breaking of Bread."

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XII.—FLORENCE.

AFTER Bologna, my comrade and I took train and threaded more than forty tunnels in the way to Florence. Nothing of interest happened on the road. The first-class passengers were, as usual, frigidly reserved; the second-class, decently civil; the third-class, hopelessly jolly. One would

think that to travel third-class, with swarms of rollicking soldier boys, who look all of an age—that is, one and twenty; to take snuff with a Capuchin friar, and play with a peasant's baby that never thinks of crying, were the sweetest thing in life—and so it is, for the money!

There was a cloak of snow thrown over the Apennines. We steamed on till dusk, and saw the lights above us on the mountain tops and the lights below us on the broad plains of Tuscany twinkling like nether stars. After that we slid into the station at Florence on ground that was frozen quite solid.

The only incident that occurred to break the monotony of the journey was the entrance, at a small station in the Apennines, of a gigantic young fellow who had just parted with his friend. As soon as they had kissed each other on both cheeks—a custom of the country,—the traveller was hoisted into our compartment, and the door locked behind him; but no sooner did the train move off, than he was overcome, and, giving way to his emotions, he lifted up his voice like a trumpeter, and the echoes of the Apennines multiplied his lamentations. For full half an hour he bellowed lustily, but no one seemed in the least disconcerted at this monstrous show of feeling; doubtless each in his turn had been similarly affected.

ABOUT TOWN.—All my first night in Florence I could think of nothing but Savonarola and Romola. Toward morning I began to realize that the Brownings (Robert and Elizabeth) had once lived here; then I was lost in a revery, that embraced so many figures of note it would be vain to attempt to catalogue them. I found Florence disappointing. It is in high favor with the English, who, I believe, prefer it to all other Italian cities. It is thoroughly modernized; what few antique buildings remain begin to look out of place, and no doubt they feel so. The narrow and crooked streets have, most of them, been broadened and straightened. One has to explore for any trace of the Florence of his dreams.

We hunted through the oldest part of

the city one morning with a Florentine, who denied that the fair city had lost anything of her original charm. We found a few by-ways that wound like the bed of a stream; a few tall narrow houses, almost as tall and as narrow as towers; and many far-projecting eaves, that seemed to shelter half the street that lay below them; but there is little left of the past. Rome and Venice, and a score of other towns, are infinitely more picturesque and interesting, from an architectural point of view.

PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA.—The antique palace on the Piazza, erected in 1298, is still fresh; it is like an unthumbed page of mediæval history. One could more easily believe in it were its battlements tottering; true, the walls are somewhat decayed, and the lofty tower—though not the loftiest hereabout—is the most attractive feature in the landscape, when the eye turns fondly toward the flower city from the summit of one of the green hills that environ it.

At one corner of the palace is a fine bronze fountain by Ammanati; it was fenced in at the time of our visit, undergoing repair; but we did not wait on that account. It is useless to wait for the completion of a restoration in Italy. Were I to revisit Florence years hence, it is quite possible that I would find rough boards enclosing the statues of Neptune and the Tritons, and be respectfully informed that the fountain was still undergoing repair.

It is said that the fountain occupies the very spot where Savonarola and two friars of his Order were burned at the stake in 1498, and that it was placed there to prevent the populace from strewing flowers upon the stones that had been consecrated by the blood of these martyrs. But I have seen a painting, done at or near the time of the sacrifice, in which the stakes were removed a considerable distance from the site of the fountain, and near the farther corner of the Piazza.

On one side of the Piazza is the Loggia dei Lanzi, a great open portico crowded with world-famous statues. Here at a glance you see *The Rape of the Sabines*, by John

of Bologna; Benvenuto Cellini's *Perseus*; Donatello's *Judith and Holofernes*, and others, all crowded together, as if the Loggia were an auction block, and the statues were on sale. It is a pity that each great work of art is not properly enshrined; one comes upon them in dozens, badly grouped, unclassified, and in many cases exposed to the least advantage.

This is the case with the bronze doors of the baptistery—the doors completed by Andrea Pisano in 1380, after twenty-two years of labor, and pronounced by Michael Angelo "worthy to be the gates of Heaven." I believe a man might pass these doors forty times on his way to breakfast, and never once suspect them of being the gates of anything extra; of course it would be otherwise were the doors in another land. They open upon a narrow strip of sidewalk in a noisy street; they are dust-covered and dingy, and not particularly impressive at first sight. You do not approach them with a spirit forewarned, or at all in harmony with the subject. The figures, in high relief, are small and very numerous, and those in the upper panels by no means easily distinguished. The cathedral doors at Pisa impressed me more, the local atmosphere and the surroundings have so much to do with one's appreciation of art.

While Florence is the centre and the soul of ancient art, she has lost the sentiment of that art, or weakened it by the introduction of an element thoroughly modern. The Arno—not a bad river to dream over, and far more inviting than the Tiber,—is lined with great hotels, that might hide themselves in Paris or New York without once being suspected of foreign origin. The streets are chiefly such as one sees in almost any modernized capital of Europe. With the exception of one or two obscure corners of the city—where the grotesque carvings, the almost obliterated frescos, and the extraordinary eaves that project like the roofs of invisible balconies, are still preserved,—I find little to remind me of the Florence of old, save the ancient bridge.

THE PONTE VECCHIO.—The bridge

dates back to the Roman period. Like all the structures of that day, it was built to survive time, and, from present appearances, it is likely to fulfil its destiny. On each side of the paved street that crosses the three stone arches of the bridge, there is a row of houses; most of these houses are two stories in height, and have a shop on the ground-floor.

Since 1593 the bridge has been the haunt of goldsmiths; it is literally lined with earrings, bracelets, necklaces, and the dainty flower-mosaics for which Florence is celebrated. To this hour you are shown the very shop where young Benvenuto Cellini toiled at his trade.

In the centre of the bridge there is a break in the line of houses, and an outlook up and down the river. Such places are sure to be occupied in Italy; there one always finds a group of Italians posing; for they pose naturally, having their handsome faces turned dreamily toward the bewitching landscape. One feels like drawing near them with caution, for they seem wrapped in profound reverie; but there is small need of being over-cautious: they are usually asleep, and they sleep soundly when they do sleep, no matter where they may be.

Above the roofs of the houses on one side of the bridge is a long gallery connecting the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces. It resembles an aqueduct, with a scanty sprinkling of excessively small windows in it. You pass through this long, narrow hall from the Uffizi Palace on one side of the river, down the river shore, above the roofs of the houses that line it; thence over the bridge, still above the house-tops; up the opposite shore, and into the Pitti Palace. It is like threading an almost endless gallery in a mine stored with thousands of autographs, engravings, and tapestries of inestimable value. Within, the palaces are enriched with the art treasures of the world; without, they are homely piles of stone, hardly more inviting than prison walls.

THE MARKET-PLACE. — There is one delightful resort in Florence. It is a garden of roses every morning; at noon it is a har-

vest of ripe fruits; in the evening it is like a tale that is told—without flavor, unless it be a musty one; yet one loves to think of it, and recall its best features; for this is the Florentine market. It fills two or three streets, which are so narrow they seem like accidental passages between the high houses. The ground-floor of every house is wide open, exposing marvellous interiors. Fruits of every sort are there; green gardens of salad stuff; bushels of bouquets, and, then, perhaps, a gorgeous display of juicy steaks and enormous loins, with broad red veins running like shallow rivers through meadows of lard. Fish are in the next stall, and then poultry—noisy, cackling, crowing, quacking creatures, that dart for a kernel of corn in your fingers.

It is most diverting of a Sunday to witness the raffle of fowls so common in the streets of Florence. You buy a slip of wood—having numbers marked upon one side of it—from a man who is crying his wares at the top of his voice. A single *sou* will purchase one of these sticks, but the stick is to be returned after the raffle is over. When a dozen or more of them have been disposed of to various customers, a lad is called from the crowd that has gathered by this time, and is looking on with breathless interest; this lad draws a single counter from a long bag that contains many of them, and reads aloud the number upon the counter. There are no two sticks bearing the same numbers, and each stick has six numbers; somewhere in the crowd the counterpart of the lucky number is discovered, and the fortunate possessor walks away with a small fowl, for which he has paid but a single *sou*. Hens, geese, turkeys, and all kinds of game, are raffled in this manner, at prices within the reach of the poorest—the price of a single chance seldom being more than a *sou*,—and all customers seem equally well satisfied with the decree of fate.

In one part of the market is a fountain—a bronze copy of the antique marble boar in the Uffizi Palace. Lizards, snails, snakes, crabs, and all manner of slimy and creep-

ing things, exquisitely wrought in bronze, are clustered about the feet of the boar; the whole work is a charming study. The idlers who haunt the market-place are forever gathering about the fountain, and dabbling in the thin stream of water that dribbles from the ferocious jaws of the bronze boar. I believe there is something in the sound of falling water, or of water in motion, that attracts all living creatures. They seem naturally to seek it out, and to suffer themselves to be lulled into deep, delicious reveries by the music of its perpetual murmuring.

In the market-place, close to the bazaar where women sell many-colored handkerchiefs, and queer old odds and ends restored and renovated, and where the artist can find a hundred *genre* pictures within reach of his brush, turn whichever way he will,—in the market-place this gorgeous old boar gurgles and splutters contentedly, and the tinkling of these silvery water-drops is as enchanting as if a thousand nightingales were waiting their twilight melodies within some ilex grove. The people actually seem happier for it—or is it that the wine one gets at the little booth over against the fountain is purer than common?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Lady of Tongres.

BY H. M. S.

TOWARDS the close of the eleventh century there dwelt at the Château of Tongres (Hainaut, Belgium) a noble Knight named Hector. Having been obliged, on account of the sudden and complete loss of his eyesight, to leave the army, he had retired from the world, and dwelt secluded in his domain of Tongres, which was situated about half a league from Chièvres and a league from Ath. It was here, in the garden of the château, that an extraordinary incident took place, which occasioned a great increase of devotion towards the Blessed Virgin.

In the year 1081, on the night of the 1st of February, a bright light shone round the château, strains of delightful music filled the air, and angels descended into the garden and deposited there a statue of the Mother of God. The villagers hastened to the spot, and the Knight Hector ordered the image to be taken to his own apartment, where he remained in prayer before it until daybreak, together with the other witnesses of the marvellous occurrence. The following day (the Feast of the Purification) he had the statue carried in procession to the parish church, dedicated to St. Martin, where it was placed on the high altar.

But the miraculous image was not destined to remain in St. Martin's. That same evening, about eleven o'clock, it was again transported by angels to Hector's garden, with the same accompaniments of bright light and music as on the preceding night. The lord of the château once more had it carried to his dwelling, where he rendered to it his pious homage, and when day dawned he had it replaced upon the altar of the parish church. At eleven o'clock on the evening of February 3 the statue appeared again, in the same way, in Hector's garden, and the good Knight was finally convinced that the Blessed Virgin wished to be specially honored on his lands. Considering it his duty to inform the Bishop of Cambrai (to whose diocese Tongres belonged) of these wonders, he sent to him Jean de Brugelotte, one of his vassals, who had been an eye-witness of all that had occurred. The Bishop, by the advice of his council, commissioned four deputies to investigate the circumstances.

Upon their arrival, they found the statue in Hector's garden, beneath a tent which the Knight had placed over it. The Bishop's envoys, wishing to assure themselves of the divine will, ordered the statue to be once more taken to the church, and when night came on, the inhabitants of the neighborhood placed themselves all along the road which separated it from the château. Two of the deputies, with some priests and other

persons, were stationed in a tent erected half-way between the church and the castle; while the other two, together with Hector, kept watch from the windows of the mansion. They had not long to wait: towards eleven o'clock, as on the previous occasions, the statue was again transported to the garden, the lights and music lasting, as on the other nights, nearly an hour and a half.

Having assured themselves of the truth of these translations, the deputies hastened back to Cambrai, to render an account of their mission to the Bishop. Accordingly the latter visited Tongres on the 17th of the same month, blessed the garden and its environs, and offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at an altar erected before the miraculous statue, the inhabitants of all the neighboring parishes being present, with their *curés*.

Countless visitors soon hastened to pray before the image of the Blessed Virgin, and Hector immediately set to work to lay the foundations of a chapel to be dedicated to his glorious Patroness. Miraculous cures now began to be effected, the most wonderful of which was that of Hector himself, who recovered his sight under the following circumstances:

In 1090 Philip I., King of France, who was at war with the Flemish, was encamped in the neighborhood of Tournay, towards Lille. On the night of June 18 Hector heard in his sleep the voice of an angel commanding him to hasten to Philip's assistance; the next day, while he was attending Mass in Our Lady's Chapel, he saw in spirit, and with a feeling of indescribable joy, the image of the Blessed Virgin surrounded by light. The following night he received a second message from the angel. Hesitating no longer, the good Knight assembled his retainers and men-at-arms, and set out with them on the 23d of June. He stopped for a few moments at Tournay to offer a prayer before Our Lady's altar in the cathedral, and then continued his march towards the French camp. Upon his arrival, the King of France advanced to meet him, sur-

rounded by his officers; the Lord of Tongres descended from his litter, accepted the horse presented by Philip, and they entered the camp together, about four o'clock in the afternoon. The next day (Feast of St. John the Baptist) the two armies took up their position opposite each other. Before the battle, Hector, requesting to be placed with his face towards Tongres, began to pray,—an example followed by the King and the entire army. At the same instant he recovered his sight. The Flemish—disconcerted, it would seem, at the news of the miracle—offered but feeble resistance, and soon fled in all directions.

On the 30th of June Philip and his officers went to Tongres to return thanks for the marvellous intercession of Our Lady, and offered rich gifts at Her shrine. He afterward sent from France several precious relics to adorn the chapel. The Knight Hector insured the invocation of the Blessed Virgin at this new sanctuary by the gift of several large domains for the service of his Heavenly Benefactress. He also desired that he should be interred in the chapel after his death.

Soon after these events Pope Urban II. established a Confraternity of Our Lady of Tongres, and Baudouin II. made his county tributary to the chapel. He also instituted the corporation of mercers, whose patroness was the Mother of God, and who bound themselves to contribute to the maintenance of Her altar. From that time the sanctuary always attracted many pilgrims, but principally on the Feasts of the Purification and the Nativity. We must refer our readers to the numerous historians of Tongres for the particulars of its history; it will be of interest, however, to add that the Church of Our Lady was separated from the parish of St. Martin and made a parish church in 1525; that the Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin obtained, in the same year, great privileges from Rome; and that while contagious diseases prevailed in Hainaut many invalids were cured at this shrine.

In several cities altars now began to be

raised to Our Lady of Tongres, and confraternities were formed under Her patronage. Here are a few particulars relating to modern times: In 1777 the old church at Tongres had to be rebuilt, and the one which now stands was then constructed. The benediction of the basilica and the return of Our Lady's statue to Her sanctuary were attended with imposing solemnities. The statue was carried in procession by eight priests, while numbers of the clergy chanted hymns in praise of Mary. The church had been completed several years when the 700th anniversary of the miraculous translation (Feb. 2, 1781) was celebrated by a jubilee.

But days of desolation were approaching for the sanctuary of Tongres. By the law of the 9 *Vendémiaire*, of the year V., Belgium was united to France, and soon the troubles caused by the Republican Government succeeded the peace hitherto enjoyed at Our Lady's shrine. The church was closed, and its riches confiscated. Happily the miraculous statue was saved from the Government agents, and taken to a neighboring house, where it was at first hidden in a *coffre*, but for greater security it was afterward placed in an opening made in the wall, which was then carefully closed up again. Another statue, exactly similar to it, was placed on the altar.

Not long after this a clergyman, sworn to the Republic, came to officiate in the church, and thus, perhaps, saved it from destruction. In a few years, however, Catholic worship was re-established, and then the precious Madonna was taken from its hiding-place, and reinstated by the same *curé* who had rescued it from the hands of the Nationalists. In 1832, when the cholera morbus decimated the neighboring towns, the pilgrimages to Tongres were resumed with great fervor.

On the 2d of February, 1881, the 800th anniversary of the apparition was celebrated with great pomp. Monsigneur du Rousaux, Bishop of Tournay, presided in person and officiated pontifically. But this was only the prelude to grander and more imposing

solemnities. The same year the Sovereign Pontiff authorized the solemn crowning of Our Lady of Tongres. Those who assisted at this incomparable ceremony will never forget it. The pious prelate who had presided at the eighth centennial was present also at the coronation, surrounded by several of his venerable brothers in the episcopacy. It would be difficult to give an adequate idea of the pious concourse of the faithful present on this memorable occasion, and of the enthusiasm which animated them.

The confraternities in the different cities now send annual deputations to their Holy Patroness, and there is no fear of the decay of this ancient devotion to Our Lady of Tongres, which dates back eight centuries.

The Pilgrim of Hallock Castle.

BY MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

ABOUT one-third of a century ago, in the vicinity of the cultured city of New Haven, Conn., was an estate which bore no slight resemblance to a feudal manor. The manor-house stood on the brow of a hill overlooking the bay, and the demesne was separated from the beach only by a sea-wall built of heavy stone, and overshadowed by the outer fringe of a beautiful grove which surrounded the mansion. From the limits of the demesne, the broad acres of the estate stretched away in one direction to a point beyond the reach of vision. In the other direction, between the manor and the city, stood a church built of dark stone and surmounted by two great rectangular towers, grim and stern, but not more so than the master of the manor.

He was a Puritan of the Puritans: silent and reserved in demeanor, strong in his religious convictions, and no less so in his detestation of all systems opposed to his own, and especially of the ancient religion which his ancestors for several centuries had feared and hated under the name of "Popery." His household consisted of the wife of his

youth and his daughter Mary, the petted child of his old age, with a small army of servants and of poor persons, who enjoyed the liberal hospitality of Hallock Castle. The most honored among these retainers, and rather to be considered as one of the family, was the chaplain who officiated at the household devotions, and was a somewhat useful functionary, in view of the fact that the head of the house was absent much of the time. This religious office was always filled by a theological student from Yale, selected by the faculty of that institution on account of his especial need and worthy character.

Suddenly the regular and dignified life of Gerard Hallock was broken by the marriage of the daughter of whom he was so fond, to a young minister, also of the un-mixed Puritan stock. But the father would not consent that his only child should leave him in his old age, and room was found for the young couple in the spacious mansion.

But a very few years were to bring unforeseen changes. The father died, and the older children, who years before had established homes for themselves in places often far distant, now claimed their shares of the inheritance. Everything was sold, and the heirs, taking their portions, separated to the four winds.

A score of years have passed. Through the dusty streets of the great city, with hesitating steps, a youthful pilgrim is searching for the vestige of his ancestral home. His mind is crowded with sweet reminiscences of childhood, pleasant narratives learned at his mother's knee; and his heart throbs with emotion as each moment brings him nearer to the hallowed spot.

He finds the manor-house altered to suit the hard utilitarianism of the day, and surrounded by modern streets and noisy railroad-shops; and on the few remaining stones of the old sea-wall he pays the tribute of a tear to the beloved scenes which have passed away forever. The church is still there, and on its sombre front rises the emblem

of that religion which its builder so hated.

Can the son of the Puritan minister and of the petted child of the manor sacrifice the prejudices of his race so far as to enter? Behold, as he approaches its doors, his step no longer hesitates, but with eagerness he passes into the dim interior, and—can we believe it?—makes the Sign of the Cross upon his breast, and, hastening to the foot of the altar, prostrates himself in prayer and adoration!

The child of the Puritans has returned to the primeval Faith, which even their ancestors professed, and, under the roof which they have reared, renews in their name the allegiance of his house to the King of kings. And behind the clouds the shades of his ancestors rejoice that he has come into the fuller light.

The Power of Our Lady of Lourdes.

"ABOUT three years ago," writes a Jesuit missionary, "I was sent to minister to the spiritual wants of a people spread over a marshy and forest-covered country comprised in the mission of British Honduras, Central America, to which I am attached. The number of the Catholic population was said to be one thousand, but, alas! many of them were Catholics only in name. When I arrived three of them came as far as the door of the chapel, to see what kind of a priest had been sent to them. And what a chapel it was! A hut, thatched with straw, open to all the winds of heaven, and capable of holding only a very small congregation.

"However, I did not allow myself to be discouraged by this untoward state of things, but at once offered up a petition to Our Lady of Lourdes, promising to dedicate the church to Her, if the means wherewith to rebuild it were given me. Only a few days had elapsed when a Protestant brought me \$300 for that purpose. I recognized in this incident the intervention of my Heavenly Protectress. The inhabitants, awakened from their indifference by this aid sent them

from on High, set to work zealously, and, to second their enterprise, I became architect, mason, and carpenter. In two or three months a graceful chapel had arisen from the ground as if by magic.

"In the meantime a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, blessed at the shrine itself, had arrived from France, and was waiting to be solemnly placed in the new church. But how was it to be transported through the forests between Belize, the capital of Honduras, and St. Etienne, our village? It was ultimately decided that it should be brought in a boat, as the same river passes by both places. On the appointed day three barks, richly decorated, appeared before the walls of the capital. The statue was placed in the central one; the other two, acting as an escort, were occupied by musicians playing on various instruments, and by young men firing off volleys of musketry. Crowds of people followed in small boats; and the Indians, attracted to the banks of the river by the novel spectacle, uttered cries of delight, repeating, 'Glory to Our Lady of Lourdes!'

"The arrival of the statue at the village was a triumph, and made such a deep impression upon those present, that two hundred men approached the Sacraments. The ceremony of inauguration took place a year ago. This year the sermons preached for the Jubilee produced the most consoling results, and, thanks to the patronage of Our Lady of Lourdes, the village of St. Etienne to-day numbers very few souls who have not returned to God."

AMONG the good qualities of women, I reckon that of not wearying their husbands to be by no means the least. And of all causes of weariness, I hardly know anything worse and more unfailing than goodness which is very narrow and somewhat silly. Folly, especially when people have the unfortunate faculty of combining it with an ill-judged piety, has the power of spoiling everything, even what is best in the world.
—Mgr. Landriot.

Bull-Fighting in Mexico.

"BISHOP HURST," speaking of bull-fights in Mexico, concludes his article thus:

"When will this outrage on civilization end? Not until the whole fabric of old Spanish Romanism falls to the ground before the triumphant march of American Protestantism."

Would not anybody suppose from this that bull-fighting were encouraged and supported by the Church in Mexico? Most assuredly. That is the inference the Bishop holds out; while, in fact, the Catholic Church in Mexico is no more responsible for bull-fighting there than the Methodist denomination is for the far more brutal practice of pugilism in the United States. Compare the combat of a man with a brute (which, at the worst, is killed and sold in the market—bad meat certainly) with that of two men, trained to muscular perfection for the sole purpose of hammering each other out of the form of humanity, for a bogus bet, and the gate money of the crowd that rush to enjoy the spectacle. Then (to say nothing of other rampant sins) think of a Catholic missionary from Mexico writing home:

"When will these outrages on civilization end? Not until the whole fabric of American Protestantism falls to the ground before the triumphant march of the Catholic Church."

The Bishop would justly think this was the expression of self-righteous prejudice, and disclaim the responsibility of Protestantism for these things. He could see clearly the mote in his (disowned) brother's eye, but he will never see the great, knotted, gnarled beam in his own.

And now we'll cut a little deeper, and inform Bishop Hurst that he is nearer the friends of the bull-fight than "old Spanish Romanism." For the Mexican Government, which allows bull-fights and opposes the Catholic Church in all the reforms which it may undertake, and seeks in all ways to weaken its influence, opens the door to Protestant missionaries, not for any love for them or their religion, but to welcome them as allies in its warfare against it. The good Bishop is, so far, the ally and friend of the supporter of the bull-fights, and there we leave him.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel.*

Catholic Notes.

The devotion of the Month of Mary consists in making the whole of May—the most beautiful month of the year—a continuous feast of thirty-one days in honor of the Queen of Heaven. The chief elements of the devotion are: The illumination and rich decoration of the altars and images of Our Blessed Lady; the pious canticles; a short instruction or reading, interspersed with some historic traits or facts, whose principal aim is to have us know, love, serve, invoke, and imitate Holy Mary; prayers for the spiritual and temporal wants of the faithful, the conversion of sinners, the triumph of the Church, etc.; and, lastly (on certain days), when the exercise takes place in a church, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with a closing anthem in praise of the Immaculate Virgin.

To induce the faithful worthily to celebrate the Month of Mary, Pius VII. (March 21, 1815) conceded: 1. An indulgence of 300 days every day of the month to those who, publicly or privately, honor the Blessed Virgin by some prayers, good works, or other devout exercises. 2. A plenary indulgence once during the course of the month, provided they communicate and pray for Holy Church, etc.

The 18th of May will be the tercentenary of the death of St. Felix of Cantalice, of the Capuchin Order, who lived in Rome for more than half a century, bound in ties of holy friendship to St. Philip Neri and St. Charles Borromeo. In 1631 his body was removed from the Church of St. Bonaventure (which had been in possession of the Capuchins), and placed under the altar of the chapel dedicated to the Saint in the venerated Church of the Conception, near the Piazza Barberini, where it still reposes. The Rev. Father d'Andermatt, General of the Order, announces that the tercentenary will be celebrated by a solemn *triduo*.

"On Thursday, April 14," says the *Catholic Review*, "the widowed See of Providence saw a new Bishop consecrated and enthroned in the chair of the lamented Bishop Hendricken. The new prelate, Mgr. Harkins, recently pastor of St. James's Church, Boston, has already had a varied and distinguished missionary career, that promises him and his fortunate

diocese a prosperous future. The consecration was held in the magnificent cathedral, that was opened for the first time to receive the remains of its builder, Bishop Hendricken. The Metropolitan of New England, Mgr. Williams of Boston, was the consecrator, assisted by Mgr. O'Reilly of Springfield, and Mgr. McMahon of Hartford. The sermon was preached by Mgr. Healy of Portland. The clergy present numbered many hundreds."

His Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie has communicated to his clergy the following extracts from a recent letter of Mgr. Livinhac, Vicar-Apostolic of Lake Nyanza (Central Africa), recounting the glorious deaths of a great number of Christian negroes. Mgr. Livinhac writes:

"Thirty-one children have suffered martyrdom! The three youngest of the pages of King Mouanga—Simon Sébouta, Denys Kamiouka, and Ouélabe—simple catechumens, excited the compassion of Mkadjanga, the principal executioner. He had never before been obliged to put to death children of such a tender age, and resolved to save them. 'Only promise,' he said to them, 'that you will say no more prayers, and Kabaka will pardon you.' The heroic children replied, simply: 'We intend to pray as long as we live.' Mkadjanga did not insist, thinking that the sight of the torments being prepared for their comrades would obtain what his words could not. An immense quantity of reeds had been collected on the top of the Hill Namougongo, which rises directly opposite St. Mary of Roubaga. The executioner arranged them in huge bundles, in each of which he placed a victim, bound fast. Observing that a pyre had not been prepared for him, Simon Sébouta cried out, 'Where is my bundle?' When the bundles were all made up, the attendants placed them side by side, the feet of the victims together, and somewhat exposed.

"In vain had the executioner hoped that the sight of the preparations for the torture would change the dispositions of his son, named Mbagá. The youth suffered himself to be bound without uttering a word. At the last moment his father said to him: 'My son consent, I beg you!' He replied: 'Father, I have no wish to escape death. I suffer for my religion. Slay me.' In order to spare him the horrors of dying by fire, Mkadjanga ordered one of his men to unbind him, and with a heavy club give him a blow on the nape of the neck. (Thus they execute their *friends*.) Mbagá fell dead, and his body was replaced in the reeds. After this execution, the bundles of reeds were set on fire, at the end where the feet protruded, so as to make the victims suffer as long as possible, and

in the hope also that they would renounce the faith. The martyrs immediately began to recite in unison the prayers that the missionaries had taught them. Half an hour later the reeds were all consumed, and naught remained but a row of corpses, half-burned and covered with ashes.

"The little Simon and his two companions contemplated the smoking remains, and impatiently awaited their own turn to die for Christ. 'Do not worry,' said the attendants to them; 'if you do not renounce your religion, we will burn you, to conclude our feast.' Finally, Mkadjanga decided to release them, and ordered them to be conducted back to prison. Full of sadness at seeing their sweetest hopes vanishing, the children said to the old executioner: 'Why do you not kill us? We are Christians as well as those whom you have just burned; we have not denied our religion; we shall never renounce it.' Mkadjanga was deaf to their complaints, and they were led away. Perhaps Almighty God, unwilling that the details of the heroic end of the noble thirty and one should remain unknown, inspired him to spare those three children, witnesses of their glorious martyrdom. They are certainly martyrs in desire."

The Holy Father has addressed a brief to Bishop Ireland, in which he expresses unqualified approval of the Total Abstinence movement, and bestows on the associates of the C. T. A. U. the Apostolic Benediction. This action on the part of his Holiness can not fail to stimulate to renewed efforts all who have been hitherto engaged in the noble work of discouraging the use of alcoholic liquors, and will probably draw many fresh recruits to their ranks. The Holy Father points out what ruinous injury both to faith and morals is to be feared from intemperance in drink. "Hence," the brief proceeds, "We esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink." Priests are exhorted to do their best "to drive the plague of intemperance from the Fold of Christ, by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so the many calamities with which this vice threatens both Church and State may, by their strenuous endeavors, be averted."

The Archbishop of New York found in the Bahamas, which he lately visited, a zealous and faithful band of Catholics, who, like the Japanese children of their patron, St. Francis Xavier, have preserved the faith without many

of the external and material aids that Catholics in more favored regions possess. His Grace's visit to Nassau, in reanimating and directing their zeal, has evidently been most beneficial to that remote portion of his charge. —*Weekly Register.*

We have learned with pain the intelligence of the death of one of the oldest, most prominent and most beloved priests of the Archdiocese of New York—the Right Rev. Mgr. William Quinn, Vicar-General—who departed this life quite suddenly, at Paris, on the 15th inst., consoled, however, and strengthened by the reception of the last Sacraments. He had suffered from general debility last summer, and in June, by the advice of a physician, he went to Europe in search of health. He was on his way from Nice to Ireland, when he was taken ill at Paris.

Mgr. Quinn was born in Co. Donegal, Ireland, in May, 1820. He came to the United States in 1841, and entered St. John's College, Fordham. He was ordained priest by Bishop Hughes on Dec. 17, 1845. His first mission was as assistant to the late Archdeacon McCarron. After serving in a pastorate at Rondout, he became pastor in old St. Peter's Church in the city of New York, and by skilful management paid its debt. In many ways afterward Archbishop Hughes tested Father Quinn's wisdom and prudence in management, and on the death of the late Vicar-General Starrs he was made Vicar-General, to which office he was re-appointed by Archbishop Corrigan. In 1881 Vicar-General Quinn was made a Monsignor and Domestic Prelate of his Holiness Leo XIII.

The funeral will take place from the new Cathedral in New York on the arrival of the remains from Paris. May he rest in peace!

The late General of the Jesuits was a devout child of Mary. His little, but charmingly written book, bearing the title "The Month of Mary," is even now very popular, and translations of it have appeared in all modern languages. —*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

Contributions for the Italian sufferers:

Kate Dunne, \$2, "in honor of St. Joseph"; C. R. W., 90 cts.; A constant Reader, Montreal, \$5; M. E. Markle, \$1; Mrs. J. F. Hayes, \$2.40; N. N., 20 cts.; Miss Mary Cruden, \$1, "in honor of St. Joseph."

New Publications.

GOLDEN WREATH FOR THE MONTH OF MARY. Composed of Daily Considerations on the Triple Crown of Our Blessed Lady's Joys, Sorrows, and Glories. With Examples, and Hymns set to Music. Notre Dame, Ind.: "Ave MARIA" Press. Price, 50 cents.

This little book has been pronounced the best of our manuals for the Month of Mary, and as such will be valued by Catholics of every age and station. It has received a cordial welcome from the Catholic press, the recommendations of which are crystallized in the following notice, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*:

"With the near approach of the beautiful month of May, a new edition of this excellent little manual of devotions appears in good time to be put in the hands of every devout Christian anxious to enter into the spirit of the month consecrated to the Mother of God. The arrangement of the matter, as indicated in the title above, is such as to excite and give expression to the best sentiments of the heart, and thereby serve as an efficient help to the soul in the performance of the exercises of piety with which the month should be marked. The reflections on the joys, sorrows, and glories of the Blessed Virgin are based upon the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, and are happily illustrated by striking examples. There are also several hymns and a beautiful litany, which are set to music, and add not a little to the value and interest of the book."

THE PROSCRIBED HEIR. A Drama in Three Acts, for Male Characters. Translated from the French. With Stage Directions, etc. Arranged and Published by Joseph A. Lyons, A. M. Notre Dame, Ind. 1887.

The plays adapted and published by Prof. Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, are too well known to need any fresh recommendation to those for whom they are intended. We need only say that "The Proscribed Heir" will be found fresh and attractive as to plot, and sound as to moral teaching. The incidents are admirably grouped, and the directions regarding costumes and cast of characters are full and explicit.

THE LATEST STUDIES ON INDIAN RESERVATIONS. By J. B. Harrison. Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association. 1887.

This interesting pamphlet is the work of one who visited the Indian Reservations as a representative of the Indian Rights Association.

Mr. Harrison has evidently been a careful observer, and has set down the results of his observations without prejudice and without bias. The range of his investigations has been a wide one, and his unwearied labors and keen intelligence have enabled him to make the fullest use of his ample opportunities. The outcome of his researches is a work which no one who pays any attention to one of the most interesting of the great questions of the day can afford to ignore, while the ordinary reader will find in it plenty of entertaining description and a pleasant journal of travels.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 40.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Horace Bowen, late of Loreto, Pa., who piously breathed his last at the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg, on the 6th inst. He was a devout client of the Blessed Virgin.

Sister Mary Vincent (Delaney), of the Sisters of Mercy, and Sister Mary Xavier (Pulliam), of the Ursuline Order, whose holy lives were lately crowned with a precious death.

Mrs. Catherine Dunbar, formerly of Waukesha, Wis., who died in Paris on the 17th inst.

Miss Anna McCormick, whose death occurred in Boston. She bore her painful illness with most edifying patience and resignation. Miss McCormick was born on Christmas and died on Good Friday.

Mr. Daniel Cunningham, who met with a sudden death in Philadelphia on the 21st inst.

Mrs. Catherine Peel, an exemplary Christian matron, who passed away on the 20th of March, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. William J. O'Connor, whose death, after a short illness, took place in New York on the 11th inst.

Miss Bridget Finnell, a devout Child of Mary, who departed this life on Holy Saturday.

Mrs. George Bender, of Sharpsburg, Pa., who was called to the reward of her many virtues on the 14th inst.

William Burke and Thomas Weir, of Chicago; Mrs. Mary Hurley, Camden, N. J.; Stella Kursh, Mrs. Catherine Donnelly, and Mr. Thomas Hammell,—all of Philadelphia; Mr. John Coulahan, Roxbury, Mass.; Thomas McDermott, Mattapan, Mass.; Mrs. Henry Orden, New York; Daniel W. Harnett, and Mr. Patrick Hammell, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Bohan, New York; Mrs. Mary Molloy, Somerville, Mass.

May they rest in peace!



The Angel and the Child.

BY M. A.

O'ER a cradle, where an infant
 Lay, in pure and peaceful dream,
 Bent an angel fair and radiant,
 Gazing, so that it would seem
 He his image contemplated
 In a quiet crystal stream.
 Thus he breathed, "Thou sweet resemblance
 Of myself, O fly with me!
 Happy let us be together,
 Earth unworthy is of thee.
 Rest is ever here imperfect,
 Clouds obscure the sunniest skies,
 Joy with grief is ever mingled,
 Smiles are followed close by sighs.
 Fear mid scenes of pleasure hovers,
 Not a day without its sorrow—
 From the shock of coming tempest,
 Nothing can secure the morrow.
 Alas, that grief should shade thy brow,
 And come to pale thy cheek's pure dye!
 Alas, that bitter tears should flow,
 And dim the brightness of thine eye!
 This must not be. To realms of light
 O come, we will together fly! —
 O come, ere earthly scenes shall sully
 Your raiment's primal snowy hue!
 That you may be, in life's last hour,
 Pure as when life's first breath you drew.
 O when the brow is fair and cloudless
 With innocence thereon imprest,
 Like thee,—when one is pure and spotless,
 The last hour is the loveliest."
 As thus he spoke, the radiant angel
 Rose, with snowy wings outspread,
 Mounting to his native Heaven—
 And the child was dead.

WHEN one fights for a holy cause, victory
 is glory here below; defeat may be glory on
 high. — *Abbé Roux*.

IT is not so easy to hide one's faults as
 to mend them.

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

VIII.

"Please tell papa about the John Brown
 pike, Mr. Wentworth," said Mémé.

"What's that, Wentworth?" asked her
 father.

"Not much, sir—I mean what I can say
 about it, although the thing itself sets a
 fellow to thinking pretty deeply. I was
 showing it to Miss Hastings at the Mu-
 seum this afternoon. It is a rough-looking
 weapon, being nothing more nor less than
 a hickory staff with a two-edged knife
 mounted in the end; but I once heard Mr.
 Nicolay* give such a vivid description of
 that scene at Harper's Ferry, and such a
 fine summing up of John Brown's charac-
 ter, that the old pike has become a relic.
 Then, too, you know, sir, how tremendously
 we were stirred up in New England about
 slavery just at that time. I was only a
 youngster, the size of Phil and Laurie there;
 but I shall never forget the frantic excite-
 ment there was when the news came. Os-
 sawatomie had kindled a fire, and this was
 oil poured on it. My interest in the old
 fellow was sown then, and the first leave of
 absence I got after I came to Washington I
 spent up there in the shadow of Jefferson's
 Rock, studying the facts, locating all the
 incidents, and hearing all I could about
 him.

"The white people, of course, felt very
 bitter toward Brown, and not unnaturally;
 for the old zealot was setting a stone rolling,
 the awful path and ruinous effects of which
 he did not foresee. He had brooded over
 slavery so long, that he felt pre-elected to
 destroy it; and he had worked himself up
 to such a fanatical conviction that it was
 the voice of God directing him, that he did
 not realize a general insurrection of the

* Who, conjointly with Col. John Hay, has writ-
 ten the masterly life of Lincoln now appearing in
The Century.

negroes meant a wholesale murder of the whites.

"The plans made were of the crudest, for he believed the way would be opened to him as he went; but his courage was magnificent, and he would have fought until nothing was left alive in the little stone house in which he had barricaded himself and his party, had not compassion for some of the younger men, who survived the long hours of fighting, prevailed. He urged on them it was better to die with their guns in their hands; but they insisted on surrender, strong in the hope of saving their lives somehow. So the white flag was run up, and the United States troops entered in and took possession. The latter were under the command of Captain Robert E. Lee (afterward the famous Confederate General), and as the smoke blew clear, and he could see into the shadows, and Brown was pointed out to him, he halted in sheer amazement. This was no blood-thirsty border ruffian, who made a diversion of killing women and children, robbing honest men of their property, and burning their homes over their heads, or shooting them down as they defended those homes; for the figure that sat there was almost majestic in its dignity, although powder-grimed, blood-stained and exhausted.

"He had been wounded early in the day, but had fought sitting on the floor, loading and firing with a calm energy that kept heart in the men long after their individual courage and hope were gone. His fine brow and piercing eyes, his gentle manner and firm belief in the justice of the cause he was engaged in, the steadiness with which he faced the ignominious death ahead of him, —all won on Lee so, that he felt himself strangely moved, and secured medical help, and even got such few comforts as were available for the old man while in prison, recognizing in him what he *meant* rather than what he *did*. He used to speak of him as 'that splendid old fanatic,' and said: 'Of course he had to die; for he was dangerous to the community, and had broken the gravest of the State laws; he had incited to

murder, and the whole list of horrors that go with insurrection. He was doing his best to deprive us of our valuable property and our more valuable lives; but, on my honor, I believe he thought he was doing right, and he was as fearless as the old prophets, and reminded me all the time of them.'

"The negroes hailed Brown as a savior and a martyr, and the day he was hanged they were forbidden to leave the houses and enclosures; but the women, at the risk of the lash and their lives, gathered along the line of march from the jail to the gallows, and followed as close as they dared, crying and praying, and holding their children up to look at the man that was about to die for them.

"They have the wildest legends about the signs that filled the sky and air before and after that 'rising'; and the accounts of the white people agree in so many particulars with many of them, that I have felt obliged to believe either in their truth or in the similarity and general extent of a series of optical delusions.

"One story was of a belt of blood-red light that for months equally divided the northern and southern half of the sky; another was of a vast band of crimson flame that was raised nightly, its stained palm and five long, burning fingers stretching above the zenith;* and of great armies that marched with soundless tread, of battles fought in the air, and of cries of distress that came in the open day and broad fields.

"But the oddest thing I heard was told me by an old lady who had drifted up to the Ferry from Maryland. She was a remarkably sensible woman, especially free from superstition, and had a passionate veneration for General Washington (whom she had once seen in her earliest childhood), and she always kept a picture of him hanging

* The auroral displays and electrical phenomena that characterized the year preceding the outbreak of the Civil War are almost as famous in the history of Maryland and Virginia as "Lord Derwentwater's Lights" are in Cumberland, England.

in her parlor. She had been a large slave-owner, and among other possessions had a girl, who must have been 'Topsy's' twin sister. She was only about eight years old in that year before the war, but, from all accounts, she was as mischievous as a cage-full of monkeys. The poor creature was as ignorant as possible, and had only two objects in life—to shirk as much work as she could, and escape punishment as often as possible.

"One day she was sent into the kitchen-garden to pick parsley, but, as usual, didn't do so. She played around as long as she dared, then, dreading wrath to come, she went scudding along toward a belt of woods, to hunt up—as she explained afterward—turkey-eggs as a peace-offering to her mistress. But she never got there, and such wild yells were heard from the field, that half a dozen 'hands' dropped their hoes, and rushed to see what was the matter. When they saw it was 'on'y dat 'ar Phebe,' they left her to make her way back to the quarters. But it was to the 'big house' she went, yelling like a Calliope,—bolted into her mistress' bed-room, and under the bed, where she lay uttering such awful howls, that the lady ordered her maid to haul her out, and whip her soundly if she didn't hush and tell her what was the matter. Well, after a while she managed to tell that as 'I was goin' for tuckey-aigs, an' was midway de fiel', all of a sudden I look up, and done see de sky open, an' dat ole man a-hangin' over de mantel-piece in de parlor was a standin' wid a knife in his han' a-slaughterin' a ox, an' de blood rain down so hard I was mos' skeered to deaf [death], an' runned home.' And she never could be shaken in her story,* or induced to change it in any particular.

"But, indeed," added Wentworth, looking a trifle embarrassed, "I had no idea of making such a long story of it."

"I am glad you did," said Mr. Hastings.

"I shall hope to see that stone fort myself some day."

And Mémé nodded her golden head, while the tramps fairly exploded into questions. They were too well trained to interrupt; but, now that he was quite through, they began a list of "whos" and "whens" and "whats" that might have tried his patience, had not Mémé, in her pretty way, diverted the worst of the verbal shower-bath to herself, and left him at liberty to talk in the intervals with her father, permitting the little fellows, however, to appeal now and then to the officer when she found herself swamped in the sea of "wanting to knows."

At eight o'clock Wentworth arose, and, with that promptness so peculiar to military people (and so startling and exasperating, at times, to civilians), made his *adieux*.

"Have you to go?" asked the elder gentleman.

"Yes, sir; I am due at nine." Then to Mémé: "I have just been telling your father, Miss Hastings, what a pleasant trip it is to Mount Vernon."

"Yes?" she said.

"And telling him also what a short journey it is, and how full of interest."

She stood looking up at him with interested eyes and smiling mouth, but never a word of help did she lend this young tactician. Then he made his grand *coup*.

"I thought we might get up a little party, and go down some day next week, if this fair weather holds—the General and Mrs. Ayres and a few people from the Arsenal, you know."

"You are very kind to think of us," she said; "but I am afraid we can't go."

He felt quite blank for a moment, then he thought of those blessed tramps and revived; for, said he to himself, "I'll come up and return *that cap* early next week, and I'll set those youngsters on fire to go." Then aloud: "Don't let that be final, please; for we should all be greatly disappointed. Good-night!"

And he was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Phebe and her "vision" are realities. She belonged to a member of my father's family, who told me the story herself.

A Glorious Victory In Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

The famous French General, Marshal Pelissier, like all great minds united to noble hearts, showed through the course of his life, in all his important undertakings, the influence of the deeply religious sentiments with which he was animated. And in return, therefore, he had the happiness on his death-bed of being surrounded by all the consolations of religion. One incident, in particular, is told of him, which gave a striking proof of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It happened in the Crimea, in 1855. A final council of war had been held, and the commanding General, Pelissier, had decided that an attack should be made on Sebastopol on the 8th of September. When the council was over, one of the French generals called upon Pelissier, and urged him to select another day for making the assault. He remarked that the 8th of September was the Feast of the Nativity of the Mother of God, and perhaps the English would see in the selection of that day an evidence of *Papist superstition*, and it would be better not to expose the French army to the reproach of bigotry.

"Let me alone!" brusquely replied General Pelissier. "If the English do not love the Blessed Virgin, so much the worse for them. A King of France has consecrated our country to Mary, and I am going to devote to our good Mother the French army which I command. The day has been chosen advisedly—the attack on Sebastopol will be made on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady."

And so it was, and a glorious victory crowned the French arms on the 8th of September, 1855.

It is the most hideous and dangerous sins that are always clothed in the fascinating garb of temptation.

A FRIEND can not be known in prosperity, and an enemy can not be hidden in adversity.

Nicholas I. and the Founder.

In the year 1844 Nicholas I., of Russia, visited England, and the people everywhere testified pride and pleasure at seeing the powerful Czar in their midst. Among the establishments in London that he wished to inspect was the famous foundry of James Nasmyth, where at that time new cannon were being tested under the direction of Withworth, the celebrated military engineer.

One Sunday morning an *aide-de-camp* of the Czar presented himself at the residence of Mr. Nasmyth, and informed him that His Majesty would be pleased to visit his magnificent establishment that afternoon.

"The proposed visit of Nicholas I. does me great honor," replied Nasmyth, bowing low; "but as it is Sunday it will be impossible for me to show His Majesty the forge in operation."

The *aide-de-camp* smilingly rejoined: "But would it not be very easy for you to have the engines set in motion for an hour or two? Give your orders, and you will see that my sovereign is not ungrateful. This is the only day he can make time to visit your foundry."

"Sir, the grace of God is far dearer to me than the favor of your sovereign," answered Nasmyth. "Besides, if I were so forgetful of my duty as to wish my men to work to-day, they would not obey me; they rest from servile work on Sunday, like other Christians."

The courtier, not accustomed to deal with persons who cared so little for the risk of displeasing the potentate of all the Russias, asked in surprise, "Do you never work for your Queen on Sunday?"

"The Queen, sir, would never think of making such a request; and if she did, it would not be obeyed, at least by me."

So the Emperor Nicholas was obliged to give up the idea of visiting one of the greatest industrial establishments of England.



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In Mary's Month

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

MADONNA MIA, turn those gentle eyes
In adoration lifted to the Throne,
A moment downward, thro' the floating skies,
To earth, whence truth and holiness seem
flown.

Thou wert His Mother, Mary, and Thou art;
Yet on the Cross He gave us sinners Thee,
And bade Thee guard within Thy stainless
Heart

Such ingrates vile, such lepers white as we.
O Mother loved—loved spite of darkening sin,
That wraps as with a pall this world of woe!—
Open Thy tender Heart and take us in,
Save from the dangers footsore pilgrims know;
Making to bloom these withered souls of ours,
Madonna, in Thine own sweet month of flowers:

The Mother of God.*

THE words "born of the Virgin Mary" are uttered in the Apostles' Creed by all believers in Christ. Thus the Son naturally leads us to the consideration of the Mother; for She gave Him to the world; through Her He became flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, our brother. Therefore, His Mother is also our Mother. A double reason, surely, why we should study who and what the Mother of

God is. Our natural feelings tell us that if we wish to honor the Son, we must not treat the Mother with disrespect. "And yet," says the Protestant writer Dietlein, speaking of his co-religionists, "there is a certain kind of dread of the Mother of God amongst us,—a constant fear even to accord Her a word of salutation which the Eternal Father sent Her by angel's lips, to remove the ancient curse which separated us from God and from His love. To any other child of Adam and Eve that has preceded us into the eternal home, we may address an '*Ave pia anima*' as often as we choose, but not to the Mother of Christ, for that would be *Catholic*."

Let us, therefore, make the attempt to state, as briefly as possible, the dogmatical principle of the cultus of Mary in the Catholic Church.

"Uniting with the Holy Fathers," says the Synod of Chalcedon in the fifth century, "we teach in regard to one and the same Lord Jesus Christ, that He is perfect in divinity and perfect in humanity . . . ; according to His divinity, begotten of the Father; but in the fulness of time, on our account and for our salvation, according to His humanity, *born of the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God*." "For," says Cyril of Alexandria, "if the Emmanuel is true God, the Blessed Virgin is Mother of God, because She corporally bore in Her womb the Word made Flesh," and not a simple man, with whom the Divinity was afterwards united. The Eternal Father determined to bestow upon

* "Apologie des Christenthums," by Dr. Franz Hettinger.

Her His Son, whom He had begotten like unto Himself from all eternity, and whom, as the Only Begotten, He loved as Himself, in such manner that He is truly "one and the same Son of God the Father and of the Virgin." *

We see that as once the word *ἐμψύχιστος* was opposed to Arianism, so, when Nestorius denied the true and actual incarnation of the *Λόγος*, admitting only an accidental, external, moral, but not a substantial, hypostatic union of the divine with the human nature in Christ, the word Mother of God, *θεοτόκος*, became the corner-stone on which all the attacks of heresy were broken,—the foundation stone of the true belief in Our Lord, the Person and work of the Redemption. Only thus, in opposition to the rationalistic halving of Nestorius, did the mystery of the Incarnation gain its full, comprehensible expression; the inner, substantial, indivisible unity of the God-Man is forever settled by the *θεοτόκος*. "The word Mother of God," says John Damascene, "seals the mystery of the economy of salvation."

Whilst being Mother of God, Mary is virgin before, during, and after the birth of Her divine Son; She is *παρθενική* (Virgin-Mother), and *ἀειπαρθένος*. "He was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," says the Church in the Apostles' Creed. "If," says Proclus, Patriarch of Constantinople, "the Mother had not remained a virgin at the birth, then it was a mere man that She bore, and his birth was not wonderful." "Birth from the Virgin," remarks Athanasius, "was the clearest evidence of the divinity of the Son." "The Wonderful must have been wonderfully born," confesses Augustine. "For, as She conceived Him in faith, His birth must have increased, not diminished, Her virginity," adds Theodotus of Ancyra. This birth was not "of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man"; for in that case the fruit would be sinful—would be involved in the universal guilt of the race. From the

Woman was the Redeemer born, that He might be of our race, that His birth might be really a human birth, and that He Himself might be the "Son of Man," in all things like us. He is the new Adam, begotten by the power of Him who, creating and forming in the beginning, moved over the waters at the first creation. *

Thus the idea of the God-Man stands or falls with the birth from a Virgin; this is the escutcheon of His divinity as God-Man, in opposition to the errors of the Ebionites and of the Gnostics and *Docetæ*. †

From all this we gather naturally the significance of Mary in regard to the Person and the work of Redemption—Her place in the economy of salvation, her title to a special and singular veneration as Mother of the Redeemer, and of His brethren, the redeemed. All the height and depth of Her mysterious being, of Her calling and graces, are contained and expressed in the words, "Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ" (Matt., i., 16). ‡ As in Christ all the graces and glories of His humanity flow from its personal union with the Word, and are demanded thereby, so all the graces and glories of Mary were given because of Her union with the Son by Her maternity. On account of Her Son, whose Mother She is, and who is infinite, She has an infinite dignity. By this are Her graces and glories to be measured—Her lofty position above all creatures. Even the cherubim are only the adoptive sons of God, whilst She is Mother of God. Therefore Her history is inseparably one with the history of the Lord. Whoever denies Him, denies Her; whoever despises Her, despises Him. Therefore Her place in the Church

* The power of the Most High shall overshadow Thee. (Luke, i., 35; Gen., i., 2.)

† "Although we must say," observes the Protestant Martensen, "that the virginal birth is concealed by a veil impenetrable to physical contemplation, still this birth is the only one that satisfies the religious and theological contemplation."

‡ There are many Apostles, but only one Mother of God. In this is the Virgin Mary raised above all other children of men, and drawn nearer to Her divine Son."—*Dietlein*.

* The Bull *Ineffabilis Deus*.

takes its root in that of the Lord; therefore are all references to Christ more or less closely interwoven with ideas of Mary; all the hopes and expectations of the Messias are also hopes of Mary—an expectation of the new Eve, the Mother of the “new Man.”

“God from eternity chose the one that should be the Mother of God,” says Pusey.* “He created Her in time, and endowed Her with all the qualities with which She should be adorned, of whom it is said, ‘*Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem non horruisti virginis uterum.*’ In my youth it was truly a surprising thing to me when I first perceived clearly that it must be true that one of our race, which is the last and the lowest amongst God’s rational creatures, is raised nearer to God than all the choirs of angels and archangels, of powers and principalities, of cherubim who stand so near God, and of seraphim with their burning love. And yet it is self-evident that She from whom He took His human flesh was brought nearer to Him than all created beings; that in the whole creation, and in all possible creations, She alone has the pre-eminence that in Her womb He, who in His divinity is of the same nature as the Father, in His human body is of the same nature as She. All ideas, therefore, that we can form to ourselves of the superhuman soul, ‘full of grace,’ of Her of whom God had thought from eternity, when He considered the ways and means of uniting His rational creation to Himself by the redemption of our fallen race,—of whom He, who was to be God and man, should take His human flesh, and to whom He was to be subject in His childhood,—must fall below the truth.”

“When one calls Her [Mary] Mother of God,” writes Luther, “no one can say anything greater of Her or to Her, even though he had as many tongues as there are leaves and grass, stars in heaven, and sands in the sea.” Through Him and because of Him, but by Her own free co-operation, She was free from all actual sin—yea, free from all

sin even at the first moment of Her conception.*

“Thou and Thy Mother,” says Ephrem, addressing the Lord—“you alone are in all things pure. For in Thee, O Lord! there is no spot, and in Thy Mother no stain.” In Her was Israel’s calling both personified and fulfilled—to prepare the pure, spotless body worthy of God, which was to take upon itself the coming salvation; She was, according to an expression of Proclus, “the unapproachable Holy of Holies of sinlessness”; the “virginal garden of Paradise, profaned by no sin, from which the new Adam was to be made.” She is, as Theodotus of Ancyra says, “holy, pure, spotless,—a lily amongst thorns, consecrated to God even before Her birth.”† For “if the body of the Lord had been formed from flesh infected by sin, how could Christ, the Word made Flesh, be without sin, as He would then have taken flesh from sinful flesh? Therefore, in truth, His flesh was not taken from sinful flesh.” And even Luther confesses: “One could not say, ‘Blessed art Thou,’ if She had ever been under the malediction. It would also be right and proper that this person should be kept from sin, from whom Christ should take that flesh which overcomes all sin. For that is called blessed which is endowed with God’s grace; that is to say, which is without sin.”‡

* The Bull *Ineffabilis Deus*.

† As the first man was formed from undefiled earth, so was the second also, is a thought common amongst the Fathers.

‡ Die Berliner Protestantische Kirchenzeitung für das evangelische Deutschland of the 9th of Dec., 1854, says in reference to the Immaculate Conception: “It is the historical fact of the sinless, holy Person of Jesus that is treated of. If one does not wish to cast oneself into the arms of Docetism. . . nothing remains but to cut off the influence of original sin from the human nature of Jesus on the Mother’s side also,—that is to say, it must be admitted that Mary also was free from the effects of original sin; and, as it is propagated by generation, that Mary also is free from original sin; which means that She was conceived immaculate. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception results as a necessary consequence.”

Thus She, who through Her Son crushed the serpent's head, bears all the promises of the Old Law in Her womb—the incarnate blessing, 'in whom all the kindred of the earth shall be blessed.'* She is the Ark of the Covenant, which contains the true Holy of Holies.† Therefore, as the grace of original holiness and justice was bestowed on the first Eve, it was bestowed in a still higher degree on the second Eve, Mary. The prophets, to whom the word of the Lord was sent, were holy; John, the last and greatest of them—who not only foretold the coming Redeemer, but pointed Him out,—was sanctified in his mother's womb. But Mary was more than all this; for She was the Mother of the Lord. And the Lord was subject to Her: He executed all Her commands and Her will, as an obedient Son; and He could excuse them, for they differed not from the will of God.

Therefore the "plenitude of grace" was in Her; clad in holiness from the beginning, in no moment of Her existence was She in sin; and, being the Mother of Him who crushed the serpent, She was, therefore, not in the power of him who is the father of sin,—of him whose head She crushed through Her Son. Shining in splendor in the sight of the Father, who chose Her from eternity, and of the Holy Spirit who espoused Her, She was marked with the seal of perseverance, and She corresponded freely with all the graces bestowed on Her by God.

That the Mother might be worthy of the Son, and that She who was to be the proximate and immediate instrument of the birth of the Redeemer, might be worthy of Her office, it was becoming that She should primarily and in a supereminent degree participate in the graces of the Redemption.‡ It was becoming that the Spouse of the Holy Ghost should be worthy of Her Bridegroom; for not for man did He prepare a dwelling-place in Her, but for God.

All this was becoming for Her, the chosen one of the Father, so that He might show

in Her how the Eternal can love and bestow favors.* And if the Creator came down upon earth in the form of a servant, why should not She mount up to heaven, —She, the first of creatures, the Mother who gave Him His human nature?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VERY gratified man was Mr. Singleton when he heard how matters stood between Marion and his nephew. Indeed, with regard to the latter, his feeling was chiefly one of exultation. "Now I have you!" he said to himself; and it was with difficulty that he refrained from uttering this sentiment when Earle announced the fact of his engagement. What he did say was:

"I am delighted, my dear boy,—delighted! You could not have pleased me better. Miss Lynde is a girl to do credit to any man's taste, and to any position to which she may be raised. Her family is unexceptionable; and as for fortune—well, you have no need to think of that."

Brian smiled. "I have not thought of it," he said; "but I fear that she may think a little of the fact that I have not much to offer her. To become the wife of a struggling artist is not a very brilliant prospect for one of her ambition."

Mr. Singleton frowned. So, after all, the thing had not settled itself, but was to be fought over again! "You must surely be jesting when you speak of such a prospect for her," he observed. "You must feel that marriage brings responsibility with it; and that, since the future of this charming girl

* Sola sine exemplo placuisti Domino nostro Jesu Christo. (*Antiphon of the Church.*) Ineffabilis Deus . . . ab initio et ante sæcula Unigenito Filio suo matrem, ex qua caro factus in beata temporum plenitudine nasceretur, elegit atque ordinavit, tantoque præ creaturis cæteris prosequutus est amore, ut in illa una sibi propensissima voluntate complacuerit. (*Bulla "Ineffabilis Deus."*)

* Gen., xii., 3; xviii., 18; xxii., 18.

† Heb., ix., 1, *et seq.*

‡ Cf. Thom. Aquin., i. c., Art. 5.

is bound up with your own, you can no longer afford to indulge in caprices."

"I do not think that I have ever indulged in caprices," returned Earle. "In settling my plan of life, I have followed what I believed to be right, as well as what I believed to be best. And I have no intention of changing it now. Marion understands that in accepting me, she also accepts my life. I am sure of that."

"I am by no means sure of it," thought Mr. Singleton; but he was wise enough to say no more, and bide his time to speak to Marion.

"My dear," he said to her, as soon as they were alone together, "you know that the arrangement between Brian and yourself meets with my warmest approval. But it will be of very little good to me personally, unless you mean to use your influence—for you can no longer say that you possess none—to induce him to yield to my wishes. Unless he does so, he can expect nothing from me in the future. And that I should regret for your sake now, as well as for his."

"You are very kind," answered Marion, who understood all that was implied in this. "Be certain that if he does not yield to your wishes, it will not be my fault. I shall use all the influence I possess to induce him to do so."

"In that case I can have no fear," said the old man, gallantly. "Who could resist you?"

A little while before, Marion would have echoed this with a profound conviction of her own irresistible power; but now, though she did not dissent from it, she had a lurking fear that Brian Earle might not prove so plastic in her hands as his uncle hoped. As yet, by tacit consent, the subject of their future life had been avoided; but she knew that the time would come when it must be discussed, and she said to herself with passionate resolution that he should not throw away the fortune which was offered him, if it were in her power to prevent it.

Had this resolution needed a spur, Mrs. Singleton's congratulations would have given it. "I hope that you will be very

happy," she said; "and I think it is very good of me to hope it, for you step into my place. Brian will not go abroad *now*."

"We have not settled that as yet," replied Marion, who detected a questioning tone in the last assertion.

"I think that, in your place, I should settle it as soon as possible," said Mrs. Singleton. "It will be pleasanter for all parties. Although, of course, Brian's decision is a foregone conclusion."

"You not only hope, you believe the contrary," thought Marion; "but I will show you that you are mistaken."

Meanwhile Earle, unconscious of the struggle before him, was thinking how much he had misjudged Marion in believing her so worldly, since, knowing his definite decision with regard to his life, she was yet willing to share that life. The declaration which he had made was entirely unpremeditated; but, once made, he did not regret it. How indeed was it possible to regret that which brought immediately so much happiness to himself and to Marion? And it was too much to expect, perhaps, that he should ask whether or not this happiness rested on a very substantial basis,—whether there were not elements in it certain to produce discord as time went on. All that was hard, haughty and worldly in Marion seemed, for the time being, to have disappeared. Helen herself could hardly have seemed more gentle and tender to the man she loved.

On the Sunday following their betrothal, he asked her if she would go with him to church, and she readily assented. "I always liked Catholicity," she said, as they took their way thither; "and I always felt that if there was truth in any religion, it was in that. All the others are but poor shams and imitations of it, and I have had an instinctive scorn of them ever since I knew anything of the old Faith. I am glad, therefore, that you are a Catholic."

"Since I am not an Agnostic," he said, laughing. "You would have had a higher opinion of my intellectual strength if I had avowed myself that, you know."

She laughed too. "That was before I understood you," she said; "and before I understood the grounds you had for your faith. But now I know that you could be only what you are."

"And when," he asked, in a tone suddenly grown grave and earnest, "will you also be that?"

"How can I tell?" she replied. "Should not faith be something more than a mere matter of intellectual conviction?"

"Faith is a gift of God," he said. "If you are willing to receive it, it will not be denied to you."

"I am willing now," she observed. "Always, heretofore, I have shrunk from it. I have felt the fascination of Catholicity, but I have dreaded what it would demand from me. But now I dread no longer. I am willing to be what you are."

He smiled slightly, and, as they had reached the church by this time, extended his hand to lead her over the threshold. Then withdrawing it, "There!" he said; "I have done my part—I have brought you within the door. God must do the rest."

It seemed to Marion, as she knelt by him during Mass, as if God were doing this. Her heart opened to the influences around her as it had never opened before. The Holy Sacrifice had a meaning for her which it had never, up to this time, possessed; she forgot the plainness and bareness of the chapel, the unfashionable appearance of the people, in her consciousness of the Divine Reality before her on the altar. And when the priest, addressing the people at the end of Mass, spoke in plain and forcible language of the truths of faith, her mind replied by an assenting *Credo*.

But as he turned to preach, Father Byrne received a shock of unpleasant surprise in perceiving Marion's face by Brian Earle's side. He had not seen or heard of her since the occurrences which had ended Helen's engagement. He had not been aware that she still remained in Scarborough after her aunt's departure; but he had met Earle, and liked the young man so much, that this unexpected appearance beside him of the

girl who had destroyed her cousin's happiness, seemed to him a conjunction that boded no good. The sight distracted him so much that he hesitated over the opening words of his sermon. The hesitation was only momentary: he took a firm grasp of his subject, and began; but whenever his glance fell on those two faces in one of the front pews, he said to himself, "Poor young man!" and asked himself if, knowing what he did, he should not offer a warning to the object of his commiseration.

After Mass, giving the question some thought, he decided that if the opportunity for it arose, he would speak to Earle on the subject; but that he would take no steps to make an opportunity, since it might have been an accidental association, meaning little or nothing. And so the matter might have passed without result, had not Earle presented himself that afternoon at the pastoral residence. He had two motives for the visit—one was to see Father Byrne, with whom he had been most pleasantly impressed; the other, to ask for some book of instruction to put into Marion's hands. The good Father was a little disturbed by the appearance of his visitor: it seemed he was to be forced to deliver his warning—for he had no intention of receding from his agreement with his conscience. Therefore, after they had talked for some time on various subjects, and a slight pause occurred, he was on the point of beginning, when Earle anticipated him by speaking:

"I must not weary you by a long visit, Father," he said, "knowing that Sunday is a day which makes many demands upon you. I have come not only for the pleasure of seeing you this afternoon, but to ask your advice on a matter of importance. I want a book which sets forth Catholic doctrine in a clear and attractive manner, for one disposed toward the Church. What work will best answer my purpose?"

Father Byrne named a work familiar to most Catholics, and of wide circulation; but Earle shook his head. "That will not do at all. I want something of an intellectual character, and with the charm of literary

excellence. Else it would have no effect on the person for whom I intend it."

"Perhaps if you told me something about the person," suggested the priest, "I could judge better what would be suitable."

"I want the book," Earle answered, "for a young lady of much more than ordinary intelligence, who has no Protestant prejudices to overcome, and who, I think, only needs to be instructed to induce her to embrace the Catholic Faith."

Father Byrne's face changed at the words "a young lady." "Surely," he said, after an instant's hesitation, "you do not mean the young lady who was with you in church this morning?"

"Yes," replied Earle, surprised by the tone even more than by the question. "I mean Miss Lynde. Do you know her?"

"I know her slightly, but I know of her very well," answered the priest, gravely. "And I regret to say that I can not imagine a more unpromising subject for conversion. My dear Mr. Earle, I think that you will waste your efforts in that direction. I hope I am not uncharitable, but I have little confidence in the sincerity of Miss Lynde's desire to know the truth."

"Why have you no confidence?" asked Earle, shortly, almost sternly.

The other looked distressed. It was a more unpleasant task than he had anticipated which he had set himself, but he felt bound in conscience to go through with it.

"Because," he replied, "I know that the young lady has had ample opportunity to learn all about the Faith if she had desired to do so. She has been at school in a convent for some time, and she came here with her cousin, Miss Morley, who is a devoted Catholic." He paused a moment, then with an effort went on: "But it is not for this reason alone that I distrust her sincerity. I chance to know that she acted badly toward her cousin, that she was the cause of her engagement being broken, and she behaved with great duplicity in the whole matter."

"This is a very serious charge," said Earle. He held himself well under control, but the priest perceived that he was much

moved. "Do you speak with positive knowledge of what you assert?"

"As positive as possible, with regard to the facts," Father Byrne answered. "Miss Morley broke her engagement because she heard the man to whom she was engaged making love to her cousin. She generously refrained from blaming the latter, but Mrs. Morley told me that Miss Lynde had undoubtedly made deliberate efforts to attract her daughter's lover. You will understand that I tell you this in confidence, and nothing but my sincere interest in you would induce me to tell it at all. You might readily hear it from others, however. It is, I believe, a notorious fact in Scarborough."

Earle was silent for a minute, looking down as if in thought, with his dark brows knitted, and his pleasant countenance overcast. The last words made him recall various hints and allusions of Mrs. Singleton's. They had produced little impression upon him at the time—not enough to cause him to inquire what they meant,—but now they came back with a force derived from what he had just heard. With sudden clearness he recalled that Marion seemed to shrink from any mention of her cousin, and that he had seen her change color once or twice when some man was alluded to by Mrs. Singleton in very significant tones. Even if it had been possible to doubt the priest, who spoke with such evident reluctance, these things recalled by memory gave added weight to all that he said. Presently the young man looked up, and spoke with an effort:

"I have no doubt you have meant kindly, Father, in speaking of this matter; but, if you please, we will not discuss it further. To return to the book—I see that I had better decide for myself what will be suitable. Something of Newman's might answer, only he deals chiefly with Anglican difficulties; or perhaps Lacordaire's great Conferences on the Church might be best."

"That is rather a—formidable work," said the Father, hesitatingly.

"Yes," answered Earle; "but so splendid in its logic, so luminous in its style, that

whoever reads it understandingly will need no other. But I must not detain you longer."

He rose as he spoke, shook hands with the priest—who was uncertain whether or not to regret what he had done,—and took his departure.

Once outside, he said to himself that the thing to do now was to go directly to Marion, and learn from her the true meaning of the story which had so deeply disturbed him. He felt loyally certain that, as he heard it, it could not be true,—that she could never wilfully have drawn her cousin's lover from his allegiance. At least he repeated this to himself more than once. But in his heart was a lurking doubt which he would not acknowledge,—a lurking recollection of the distrust he had felt toward her at first, and which lately had faded from his mind. Well, it would depend upon what she told him now whether this distrust were to be revived or finally banished.

It was late in the afternoon when he entered the grounds of the house in which Mr. Singleton dwelt; and the long, golden sunshine streamed so invitingly across emerald turf and bright flower-beds toward the green depths of shrubbery in the old garden, that he turned his steps in that direction, thinking it barely possible he might find Marion there, since she was partial to a seat under an arbor covered with climbing roses.

Some instinct must have guided his steps; for Marion *was* there, seated in the green shade, and so absorbed in reading that she did not perceive his approach. He paused for a minute to admire the beautiful picture which she made—a picture to delight an artist's eye,—asking himself the while if what looked so fair could possibly be capable of deceiving. It was a question that must be answered in one way or another, and, tightening his lips a little, he came forward.

She looked up with a slight start as he drew near, and the light of pleasure that came into her eyes was very eloquent. "So you have found me!" she said. "I thought that you might. I looked for you when I came out, but did not see you anywhere."

"I had gone into Scarborough," he an-

swered. "I went to see"—he stopped before saying "Father Byrne," with a sudden thought that it might not be well for her to connect the priest with the information of which he must presently speak—"to see a friend," he continued. "I wanted to borrow a book. What have you there?"

She held it out, smiling. "Helen gave it to me long ago," she said; "but I never looked at it until to-day."

Earle found that it was a translation of the admirable French "Catechism of Perseverance," which is one of the best compendiums of Catholic doctrine. "After all," he said, "I do not know that I can do better than this, although I was thinking of a book of another kind for you,—a book that would rouse your interest as well as instruct you."

"I think I should prefer your choice," she said. "Helen had the best intentions, but she forgot that what suited her would not be likely to suit me."

This repetition of Helen's name brought his attention back from the book to the subject it had replaced in his mind. "Helen!" he repeated. "You mean your cousin, Miss Morley?"

"Yes. You have heard me speak of her. She is a Catholic. It was with her that I came to Scarborough."

"And why has she gone away and left you?"

Something in the tone rather than in the words caused Marion to color with a quick sense of apprehension. "My aunt took her away for change of air and scene. They are wealthy, and can go where they like. I could not go with them, and so Mrs. Singleton kindly asked me to stay with her. That is very simple, is it not?"

"Very," he answered. He looked down, and turned absently the leaves of the Catechism. "But, since you were your cousin's guest, it seems to me it would have been simpler if she had asked you to go with her."

"There were reasons why she did not," said Marion. She hesitated a moment, and then an impulse of candor came to her,—

a quick instinct that Earle must hear from herself the story which he had perhaps already heard from others. "I will tell you what they were," she continued. "It is a matter which it is disagreeable to me to recall, but I should like to tell you about it."

Then she told him. There is everything, as we know, in the point of view from which a picture is regarded, or a story is told; so it was not surprising that, as he listened, Earle felt a sense of infinite relief. If this were all, she was not indeed altogether free from blame—for she acknowledged that she had taken pleasure in the perception of Rathborne's admiration,—but certainly she did not deserve that charge of duplicity which the priest had made. It was an unfortunate affair; but, feeling the power which she exercised over himself, how could he wonder that another man had felt and yielded to it?

So, for the time at least, all his doubt was dissipated, and Marion, satisfied with this result, deferred the decisive struggle yet to come.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When Summer Comes.

BY ELIZA M. V. BULGER.

WHEN summer comes,
The fields grow green,
The flowers look up along the way,
And honey-bees the leaves between
Hum softly through the long, bright day.
All things below, all things above—
The calm blue sky, the sunny sod—
Sing, as the song-birds do, of love,
And raise the heart to Nature's God,
When summer comes.

When summer comes—
That after-time
Of gladness and eternal peace,
Which dawns upon a holier clime
Than this—all storms shall cease.
Oh, may we tread earth's lowly sod
Through wintry days of pain and care,
That we may all find rest in God,
And dwell in pastures green and fair,
When summer comes!

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIII.—FLORENTINE ART.

THE "Lilies of Florence" are now odorless. Florence, that has been racked by civil wars from the first hour of her existence; that burned Savonarola at the stake, and banished Dante, whose statue was long forbidden to stand within the walls of his native city;—Florence, the nursery of the *Renaissance*, the birthplace of Macchiavelli, Guicciardini, and Galileo; of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Cimabue, and hosts of others whose genius has immortalized Italy;—Florence that was at one moment a republic, and the next moment under the patronage of a bastard Medici; that thinks herself greater than Rome, and takes airs upon herself because of the beauty and the wealth and power that once were hers;—Florence is, in some respects, not unlike an Italian dowager, whose dowry of old lace and diamonds is her pride; though she lives meagrely enough, and is forced to restore with abundant paint and powder her fading charms. But the old lace and the diamonds are genuine, and she has reason to take pride in their display; let us look at some of these treasures, and congratulate her.

THE PALACES.—The Uffizi Palace runs down one side of a clean little street in the heart of Florence; then the second story of it crosses the street, like a flat-bottomed "Bridge of Sighs," and joins the other half of the palace—a counterpart of the first—on the other side of the street. There is a small open-air theatre between the columns that support the bridge, or connecting link of the palace, where carnival plays are given to the public every afternoon. A collection is taken up for the benefit of the players, but I fear there is a large proportion of "dead heads" among the throngs that gather there.

A row of booths lines this narrow street. Here may be obtained old books, old en-

gravings, old and faded photographs, and the odds and ends that collectors delight to nibble at—but we have nothing to do with these things just now. We enter the palace by the second door to the left, and climb the one hundred and twenty-six steps that lead to one of the richest and most interesting galleries in the world. Officials in uniform bow to us as we enter; no one expects or is permitted to receive a fee.—Would that it were so in every case, which it is not, and especially is not the case at private galleries on days when the public is graciously admitted.—We deposit our cane or umbrella in the office, and plunge into a bewildering series of saloons and corridors, so stored with famous paintings and statues that one is at first inclined to doubt that they are the originals; it seems incredible that so many of them can actually be crowded under one roof.

THE CORRIDORS.—The saloons are entered from the corridors, that lead one into another like long conservatories; and thus you make the entire circuit of the art collections by means of these airy and delightful passages. They also are filled with splendid pictures and marbles; the pictures hang against the inner wall in a flood of light; for the outer wall, or partition, is filled with glass. The statues are grouped so effectively that the perspective is very striking.

These corridors are full of life. The tide of visitors ebbs and flows according to the hour of the day; but one always finds a goodly number of professional copyists, who toil here at all hours, day after day, and who have their little stock on exhibition. You may buy a dozen copies of some of the more popular pictures—poor copies for the most part,—and retire with a *souvenir* purchased on the spot.

Men and women, old and young, are always at work here. Very often you will find two or three copying the same picture at one time, and I'll warrant you that no two of the copies resemble each other, or bear much resemblance to the original—which may have been obligingly removed from one of the saloons for the especial benefit of

the copyists. But some of the copies are pretty, and some are wonderfully clever; and when they are carried away to brighten a far-off home, it will be found a very truth that "distance lends enchantment."

THE TRIBUNA.—It is octagonal; it is hung with draperies of dull crimson satin, and adorned with panels of mother-of-pearl. This sumptuous chamber was furnished at a cost of \$100,000, and yet it is no larger than a lady's *boudoir*.

As you enter the *Tribuna*, you stand face to face with the *Venus de Medici*, a smallish figure, so delicate in outline, so modest and so graceful in pose, that one is almost unconscious of its nudity. How different this charming Venus is from the gross, heavy-limbed, vulgar statues that are so numerous in the museum at Naples!

The *Venus de Medici* has on her right hand that famous group, the *Wrestlers*, tied up in a double bow-knot of monstrous muscles; on her left, the *Knife-grinder* crouches with the lithe grace of a panther. The *Satyr*, with his tinkling cymbals, is here also; and the *Appolino*, who seems entirely satisfied with himself and all the world. Most of the *Appolos* look as if they were sufficiently conscious of their physical perfection, and they would doubtless feel badly treated if it were the custom to drop them.

These statues, the imperishable relics of an age that has almost passed out of mind, stand in a circle in front of the pictures that line the walls of the *Tribuna*. It is a pity that Titian, Raphael, Van Dyke, Michael Angelo, Correggio, and other masters, should be hung in the niche—it is hardly more than that; for even color such as theirs looks cold after the marble that seems to flush with life—or is it the reflection of the crimson draperies? The *Tribuna* is a little pantheon, and the fame of the crowning glories of creative genius seems to radiate from it, as light from the solar centre.

THE PITTI PALACE.—Through the long corridors, down to the river side, above the roofs of the houses, and still above the roofs that line the Ponte Vecchio—the old bridge,—we find our way into the Pitti

Palace, on the opposite shore of the Arno. It is a journey from one palace to the other; and a long one, if you tarry by the way to look at a thousandth part of the autographs that cover the walls and stock the cabinets set down the centre of the corridor.

Rude crayon outlines, the studies of all the great masters of Europe, are gathered here to the number of 30,000. Passing through this bewildering gallery of drawings, the hall of tapestries is reached. It is dimly lighted, the windows being exceedingly small and few; yet it is not difficult to see the fair gardens and the fairy figures therein disposed; for sunshine itself has been woven into the exquisite fabrics, so that they appear to be illuminated. Of the Pitti Palace what more can be said than that it rivals the Uffizi, and that it is here the King of Italy resides when he visits Florence?

THE MUSEUM.—San Bargello, erected in 1250, and used as a prison since the sixteenth century, was thoroughly restored in 1865, on the occasion of the Dante celebration, and is now known as the National Museum. The building itself would be a curiosity in almost any country save Italy. The solemn court, with its moss-grown basement; the sombre walls, embellished with armorial bearings; the grand stairway within the court, so picturesque that photographers have made small fortunes out of it; the collections of antique arms; the rich and rare furniture; the almost invisible crystal vases; the carved ivory and rare marbles and bronzes,—all these are shown in rooms the fittest possible for such exhibitions.

It is here we find several of Michael Angelo's unfinished works—colossal marbles, out of whose snowy mass giants seem struggling. The effect is tremendous; one has the impulse to shriek when he sees these half-formed creatures submerged in opaque cloud. Why can they not escape when they are so nearly free? Their bodies shine through the thick mist of the marble. It is like a rough shell that encases them; it seems as if one well-directed blow with a

chisel would rend their adamantine shrouds, and leave the perfected statues towering like new gods.

Donatello's bronze *David* is here—a slender lad, so full of youthful valor that he must relish an affair with a giant. But his wonderful and painful statue of St. John the Baptist—how dissimilar! This is no poetic one crying in the wilderness, but, rather, a thin, nervous, fanatical man, worn with much watching, faint with much fasting; for what are locusts and wild honey to a soul consumed with enthusiasm, and feeling the overwhelming magnitude of his mission! The suffering marble must have groaned when it felt the last stroke of the chisel,—the stroke that was to fix it forever in the attitude of a herald who brings the tidings he knows will not be received without a question by a scornful world.

The air-born Mercury is poised upon a breath in the adjoining saloon. Its spirit and grace and lightness—though the limbs are by no means delicate—at once attract the eye; and when it is compared with one or two miniature copies, or studies, in the same room, the immense superiority of the original is apparent. This Mercury seems to touch a star familiarly as he flies.

Luca della Robbia's bass-reliefs—the singing and playing angels—are here also; they were formerly in the Uffizi, I believe. Never marble sang like this before, nor faces were so rapt in child-like ecstasy, nor cherubs were so much in harmony—as if the one heart beat for all. You instinctively pause and listen for the chanting of childish voices, and the soft melody of lutes and viols.

THE BELLI ARTI.—Another and a much larger collection of paintings and statues is this, but all art collections suffer in proportion to their magnitude. As I recall the hours spent there, I can single out but a half dozen pictures from the hundreds that are upon the walls, and these are by Fra Angelico. They are pictures wherein the peach-cheeked angels walk together, hand in hand, through green pastures knee-deep with flowers; their yellow locks are danç-

ing in the wind; their faces are wondrous fair and full of music; and some of them are playing upon celestial instruments—weird harps strung quaintly, and golden trumpets of extraordinary length and exceeding slenderness. Did ever painter paint as near to heaven as this same saintly friar!

THE HOUSE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.—Of course one has to see it—and wishes to,—but it leaves no pleasant impression. Angelo had the first floor all to himself; the rest of the house, in the Italian fashion, was occupied by people who were, perhaps, not on speaking terms with him. There is nothing suggestive of comfort in it, or about it; everything is stately and conventional. But the little writing room, or study, interested me.

I stole into this wee nook, just big enough for one person to sit in; and there I sat at his desk, while the custodian closed the door on me. The place was really no bigger than an ordinary closet, and I could scarcely turn about in it. The light from a small window on the left threw a soft glow over a portrait that hung above the desk; it was the head of Angelo's divinity, his inspiration—Vittoria Colonna.

In one of the large chambers you see the very picturesque autograph of the great master, together with a collection of unfinished studies in crayon and marble, with other relics; and also the bust by John of Bologna, after the death mask.

How dead these houses, that become shrines, are, for the most part! They die when the body is borne out of them for the last time; whatever else remains is unintelligible to us. A thousand conflicting influences are introduced. The idle and the idly curious loiter in the deserted halls. Is there anything more saddening than this?

All the wealth of Florence is comprised in her splendid marbles and paintings; in this wealth she is without a rival. But it is almost useless to seek an acquaintanceship—be it never so slight—with more than a very small portion of the inexhaustible whole; for memory is treacherous, and as yet not the half has been told.

ART EXTRAVAGANZAS.—There is much in Northern Italy that is artificial, in the shape of architectural decoration; but commend me to Florence for the crowning impertinence in this line.

A garden, and especially a royal garden, may, I suppose, seem to be what it is not, and never could be in the course of nature; but I can not see why a house that is fresh, substantial and comfortable, should be made to resemble a crumbling ruin.

The Boboli Garden is beautified with grottos that are like large pieces of confectionery; with avenues of trees clipped out of shape; with elaborate and fantastical fountains, and a whole congregation of statues—some of them by hands as skilled as Michael Angelo and John of Bologna. It is the King's Garden; from the windows of the Pitti Palace his Majesty may look out upon the extravagances of the Boboli; and to some purpose, for they are often ludicrous enough to make even a king merry.

It is with a sigh of relief that one turns away from this theatrical pleasure-ground, and lifts his eyes unto the hills, that are beyond the reach of art. Still, one might forgive the landscape gardener his eccentricities, if the house-painter would not overstep the modesty of nature.

There are houses in Florence, many of them, that appear to have been built of the stage scenery of some dismantled theatre. I remember one in particular—a snug, wooden, modern affair, as severely simple in its proportions as a packing-case; yet it was so touched up by the brush of some scenic artist, that a balcony with six columns *seemed* to start out from the front of it. There were two doors and four windows—all blind—introduced to complete the harmony of the façade. The house pretended to be of stone, covered with a plaster that had peeled off in spots, exposing the rough-cut walls.

In the attic window—a pure fiction—a cat sunned herself; and a little way from her sat two pigeons billing, but not cooing; for this is beyond the art of even a Florentine house-painter. A rake leaned against

the wall, and cast a palpable shadow, that unfortunately fell against the sun—for it was late in the day when I saw it, and the shadow was stationary. Three airy towels fluttered from an imaginary balcony; a ghastly pail was upset in the corner; while below, a bush, that must bewilder a botanist, bloomed forever in blossoms of purple and red,—blossoms as gross and unsavory as boiled cabbages.

I almost lost confidence in everything Florentine. I was never quite sure that it was a house I saw before me, or only a fresco on the rear wall of somebody's villa. I fully expected to find myself some day knocking at a false door, and waiting patiently and indefinitely for the descent of the young person, who sits forever, phenomenally foreshortened, smiling upon an unsuspecting world from an improbable window overhead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Favors of Our Queen.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF AN EAST INDIAN.

A CATHOLIC chaplain attached to one of the prisons in Madras gives the following account of the recent conversion of a Hindoo. It seems to furnish another instance of the powerful patronage of the Blessed Virgin:

Whenever I visited the prison, I observed a tall Hindoo, with a countenance full of intelligence and life, but pale and worn by disease. He sometimes accompanied the Catholic Indians that came to see me, but he never presumed to speak. However, one day, when I entered the yard of the prison, dressed in a wide, white robe, with a red girdle, my head veiled from the sun, and an immense red turban mounted above the veil, my Hindoo friend advanced towards me, kneeling respectfully, and passing his hand many times before his mouth, that his breath might not pollute the air which had just touched the white vesture of the *sepami*.

The tall prisoner used to watch the Chris-

tian convicts who came, one after the other, to confess their sins; he remained at a distance, for it is strictly forbidden in the prison for the Christians and pagans to mingle. Each convict's name and creed are registered on his entrance, and all proselytizing is prohibited under the severest penalties. Emboldened on this occasion by the pious joy that he had observed on the countenances of his companions, he accosted me, saying softly: "*Sepami*, I want to be baptized." I gave him no answer, well aware of the consequences if I conversed with the poor heathen; for, like the greater number of his countrymen, he wore ostensibly the tokens of demon worship.

However, I made careful inquiries among my Christian convicts as to who that distinguished-looking man might be. I was answered that all they knew with certainty about him was that he was continually saying he desired to receive Holy Baptism from the *sepami*, and that he *would* receive it. I repaired to the governor of the prison, with whom I am on very good terms, and told him about this man, in order to obtain permission to interrogate him. But the officer, with a vigorous though narrow-minded fidelity to the instructions he had received, refused rather harshly, and threatened to separate the Hindoo from the other convicts. He reiterated the formal prohibition about making proselytes, and said that the observance of the ordinance would be enforced on all the *employés* and all the convicts within the prison walls.

A few days later I again saw the tall Hindoo at a distance, and on this occasion I noticed for the first time that he was evidently suffering from an incurable disease. The Christians told me that he was particularly well-informed in regard to the mysteries of our holy religion, but refused to tell who had instructed him, and always ended his conversation with begging to be baptized.

"Baptize him, then, yourselves," said I to them.

"No: he will not accept the Sacrament except from the missionary."

I resolved to go again to the governor, and try to make him relent; but I met with a still more chilling reception than on the previous occasion. The injustice of such a procedure aroused my indignation, and, considering only my imperative duty as missionary, I said to the English officer:

"Sir, you have no right thus to withhold salvation from a soul that begs for it so earnestly. Your power over this man is limited to the laws of human justice; outside of that you are not responsible for him. The disease from which he is suffering is fast bringing him to the grave; to-morrow he may not be alive, and you will one day be obliged to render to Almighty God an account of your conduct." Thus I continued, giving full vent to all my feelings. He let me go on without once interrupting me. When I ceased speaking, he asked:

"Would you dare to commit to writing all that you have uttered against the Government of Queen Victoria and against her representative?"

"Certainly I would!" I exclaimed. And, rising, I went home directly and wrote out a still more ardent petition. Meantime the Indian grew worse.

A few evenings afterwards I heard a loud knocking at my door, and on opening it, an *employé* of the governor handed me a sealed document, and hurriedly said: "An authorization is granted to Father — to give No. 32 the aids of the Catholic religion."

Very early next morning I hurried to the prison infirmary. The poor Indian had all the appearance of a dying man; my presence aroused him, and for the moment he seemed to gain new strength. A friend who had accompanied me urged me to ask the Hindoo to relate his story. Thinking it might benefit the pagans who had gathered around him, I yielded to the request, and the Indian began:

"I am from Coimbatore. I was lately a forester in the service of British engineers, who were very kind to me. I was obedient, orderly, and esteemed by my chiefs. I never wronged any one, or told many lies, and was

quite contented with my position. Every day I put aside a good share of my ration for the *prando*,*—in fact, I never failed to do this. On one occasion my engineer made me a present of twelve fine eggs from France, which brought me twelve beautiful little chickens, that I led out every morning into the tall grass, where they were sheltered the whole day. I was greatly pleased at seeing them thrive, when one day I discovered that I had only eleven; the next day there were only ten, and so on. The *prando* had eaten them all. But what could I do? Was not the *prando* the master? However, just as the bird was about to pounce upon the last one, blinded by passion, I seized my gun, and, without waiting to reflect, I fired, and the *prando* rolled at my feet.

"O Father, rash man that I was! I had slain my god! From that moment I had no peace of mind; I could not eat; I grew thin, and was so wretched that I wandered away, and directed my steps to Nagatam. Here friends received me kindly, and I was forgetting my crime, when suddenly the police laid hands on me, and cast me into prison. A murder had been committed in the neighborhood that I had left; my disappearance at the time aroused suspicion, and I was condemned. Of course I believed that the *prando* was punishing me. Once, while I was giving myself up to this thought, I saw, on the wall opposite the bed on which I was seated, a soft, white light. I fancied it was a wax taper burning; how it got there I could not tell; it gradually increased in size and brilliancy, like the sunlight, and I could look at it intently without pain. Soon in the midst of this disc appeared the head of a lovely Queen, of such beauty as I had never seen or imagined.—*Raika! Raika!* how lovely She was!" the sick man exclaimed, and then resumed his narrative:

"After a few moments the whole form of the Queen appeared. I was not afraid to consider Her attentively, because She looked at me so benignly; and at last She thus addressed me: 'Man, No. 7' (that used to be

* A great black eagle, which certain classes among the East Indians consider as a divinity.

my prison number), 'you are grieved because you shot the *prando*; but that was not your God: it was only a bird, like others of its kind. My Son is the one true God, and Him alone you should adore. I am His creature, but He has made Me His Mother. Because you are an upright man, observing the natural law, He has permitted Me to come and tell you that you shall be baptized in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. You are most fortunate to have seen Me now, and you shall soon join Me in heaven, and see Me always.' O Father, how lovely She was! She continued to look at me with inexpressible sweetness, and told me a great number of things, all of which I understood. Suddenly I darted towards Her to see Her better, and then She disappeared."

The Indian kept repeating his enthusiastic exclamations, which excited the astonishment of all present.

"In what tongue did the beautiful Queen speak, since you understood Her so well?" I asked.

"She did not use any language," he answered; "She spoke within me, and I learned everything all at once."

"Was She white or black?" (To this man the type of beauty could not be white.)

"She was composed of light—She was all light," he replied.

It was undoubtedly the Blessed Virgin who had appeared to this child of Adam, redeemed, like all mankind, by the Blood of Her divine Son;—She had indicated the kind of baptism in store for him, so as to prevent his receiving that administered by sectarians.

After some preliminaries, I said in a loud voice, before the large assembly of Indians, who were greatly affected at the recital: "My son, since you have been instructed by the Mother of God Herself, I will give you the baptism which She promised you, and you have so long desired. You shall be called after your Queen, your *Raika*; and I will add to Her name that of the disciple whom Her Son loved best. I will baptize you John Mary." When I had finished

speaking, the dying man fell anew into a state of extreme weakness, caused by his disease; but he received the Sacrament with the greatest joy.

When I returned to the prison the next morning, John Mary was dead; he was beholding his *Raika*, according to Her promise, for all eternity.

Father Damien of Molokai.

AND so they have told you, lad, that only the folk of old
Were cast by the Maker of men in the grand,
heroic mould;
That all men care for now is to grope and moil
to get
The treasure the rust consumes and the secret
moth doth fret;
That now we look to the ground, as then they
looked to the sky—
By all that is holy and true, it's a lie, boy—
just a lie!

What is the gallantest deed? You answer:
"The facing of death."
And so you are surely right; you know how
the Christ He saith,
"No love is greater than this, that a man lay
down his life."
But how shall he lay it down? In the heart
of the hottest strife,
As he grapples with desperate strain in the
deadly battle-breach,
Where foeman with foeman is matched, strong-
sinewed each and each?—

To die on the burning ship, that another may
gain the boat;
To sink in the bridgeless deep, that a raft may
safely float;
To prop the falling arch, if but for a minute's
space;
To look on the fever-fiend, and even smile in
his face,—
Such things are common enough, and yet men
dare to say
The olden spirit has gone, and the glory has
passed away.

But I know not when we felt the hearts of us
deepplier thrilled,

I know not when our souls with an awfuller
joy were filled,
Than when we heard of his deed who, years
back, went his way
Down into the Valley of Death, and walks in
its shade to-day.

A man in the strength of his life, the strength
of body and brain,
With the hope of the eager-souled of much to
do and gain,
With learning and culture and grace to light
the way he trod,
Just turned his back upon all, for the lepers'
dear abode.

Think, lad, of living one's life—one's life, with
such as these;
To leave all bright and fair for horror and foul
disease;
For the sick that none can cure, the sore that
none can aid—
Do you think the stoutest heart could face it
undismayed?
And more—to know full well its like will
come to pass:
One's own clean body and sound shall be this
hideous mass,—
This loathsome, shuddering heap one fain
would put away
In the breast of the kindly earth, to hide from
the eye of day.

He heard the call nor stayed: "My Master,
here am I!"
His work was there, and he went to do his
work and die.
Hope to the hopeless he bore, and the comfort
that comforteth
To the hearts of the men who lay in the vale
of the shade of death.

He has loved and worked for the lepers, it's
now the fourteenth year,
And the stroke has fallen at last, and the end
it draweth near;
He will love and work to the end, as surely
the martyrs can
Who follow the bleeding feet of the martyr
Son of Man,—
The feet that fathomed and scaled, or ever
their rest was won,
The awful abyss of Love, and its heights that
know the sun.

—Emily H. Hickey, *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

The Month of Mary.

I.

THE institution of the devotion of the month of May is ascribed to various holy persons. Some writers say it was Father Lalomia, of the Society of Jesus, while others attribute it to St. Philip Neri; others again to Blessed Henry Suso, or Father Mazzolari, a Roman Jesuit. Its origin is also accounted for as follows:

On a beautiful evening in May a pious child, living in the Eternal City, who loved Our Blessed Mother tenderly, invited its little companions to go and sing the Litany of Our Lady at the feet of one of Her statues, before which the proverbial lamp was burning. On the morrow they returned in greater numbers to chant anew their pious canticles. Soon they were accompanied by their mothers; passers-by stopped to join in the devotion, and before long all Rome had engaged in the devout practice. Since that period the devotion has been steadily spreading, and to-day there is hardly a church, sanctuary, chapel or a Catholic family in the wide world where some exercise of piety is not held every day during the month of May in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

II.

The same sentiments of piety which had inspired zealous servants of Mary to honor Her three times a day—morning, noon, and night—by the pealing of bells and the recitation of the *Angelus*, to consecrate to Her the Saturday of every week, and to celebrate in Her honor at least one feast in each month, inspired them also with the thought of consecrating, in every year, an entire month, in which to exalt Her greatness and invoke Her clemency. Naturally they chose, in preference to all others, the month of May, as being the fairest of the twelve. This beautiful month, in which nature is revived and decked with flowers and verdure, forcibly reminds the Christian soul of rising to a new life of grace, and bringing forth flowers of virtue wherewith to

weave, as it were, a crown for the Queen of the Universe.

The happy thought could have come only from Heaven. To be convinced of this we have only to reflect that at the season of the year in which this month occurs, Nature renews her strength and asserts her power. As the devout author of the "Imitation of Christ" expresses it, "Nature is not willing to die or to be restrained, to be overcome or to be made subject; neither will she, of her own accord, be brought under. . . . Nature inclines to created things, to the flesh which is its own, to vanities." In order to keep nature in subjection, what better means could be adopted than to invoke with redoubled fervor and devotion the patronage of the Help of Christians, the Virgin of Virgins?

III.

Devoting himself in a special manner to the sanctification of youth, St. Philip Neri, who was a most zealous propagator—if not the founder—of this devotion, was firmly convinced that to guard young people against the dangers which menace them at this season, there was no more efficacious means than to inspire them with a tender love towards the Immaculate Virgin. He recommended them to pray to Her often and fervently, and to place themselves in a special manner under Her holy protection during this month. To this end, as we learn from his life, he drew up certain rules which they were to observe during May. They were to perform each day some exercise of piety before an altar, a statue, or a picture of the Blessed Virgin; to be present, if possible, at Holy Mass, and to attend the evening instruction and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; to receive Holy Communion at least once within the month, and to close the devotions by consecrating themselves to their August Queen. Who can enumerate the many graces which faithful souls have drawn from these devout exercises?

This method has, since the death of St. Philip, served as a model for all pious children of Mary. In effect, what are the general features of this protracted feast? The rich

decoration of sanctuaries, of altars, of images of Our Blessed Mother; an illumination that increases, day by day, from the opening of the devotion to its solemn close; the singing of hymns; short readings or instructions interspersed with anecdotes illustrating the life and virtues of Our Lady, and tending to make Her goodness better known; prayers in which the faithful invoke the blessings of God on themselves and their fellow-creatures, through the intercession of His Holy Mother; and, finally (when the exercise takes place in a church), Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by a song of praise in honor of the Queen of May.

As an inducement to the faithful to worthily celebrate this beautiful mensal festival, Pope Pius VII. (March 21, 1815) granted (1.) three hundred days' indulgence, for every day in the month, to those who, in public or in private, honored the Blessed Virgin by prayers or other works or acts of virtue; (2.) a plenary indulgence once in the month, on condition of communicating and complying with the other conditions necessary to the gaining of such indulgence.

IV.

The end to be proposed to oneself in the devotion of the Month of Mary, as indeed in all devotions, is to increase in virtue. The secret of unfailingly attaining this desirable end is to impress ourselves, from the very first day, with the firm, practical conviction—which we must steadily keep in view during the month—that Mary is our Mother, and that She expects from us, as from loving children, all the honor and respect due to Her exalted dignity.

Mary, the Mother of God, is also our Mother!—Where is the Christian that does not believe this sweet and consoling truth? Who does not know that, in consenting to become the Mother of Jesus Christ, Mary has become the Mother of all the faithful? On Calvary, in the midst of the cruelest torments and intensest agony, She brought us forth to a life of grace; at the dying bequest of Her divine Son, She adopted us for Her children, in the person of the be-

loved disciple St. John; and during the ages that have since rolled by She has ever shown Herself the most tender and devoted of mothers. By this title Mary has a right to our love, our veneration, our respect, and to all our sentiments of filial piety. If we have Her honor at heart, we must, during this Her month, in all our words and actions, give Her proofs of it.

Mothers love, beyond all things else, to see themselves pictured in their children. Assuredly Mary would deem Herself but little honored if we were to content ourselves with coming day after day before Her altars, merely to protest that we love and admire Her. Our protestations will be pleasing to Her only in proportion to our sincere determination and efforts to form ourselves after Her model. It is essential that She see us apply ourselves to acquire Her virtues, and regulate our actions with such exactitude as to make our lives, as much as possible, a copy of Hers. If St. Paul could say to us, "Be ye imitators of me, as I also am of Jesus Christ," truly with much more reason might the Blessed Virgin say: 'Imitate Me, and your lives will be a perfect fulfilment of the commandments of My Son.' We address Her every day by the beautiful title Mirror of Justice; and in effect She is a most faithful mirror of the virtues of the Sun of Justice, whose luminous rays, softened by Her human nature, She reflects as perfectly as creature can.

During this month especially we ought continually to keep before our eyes the virtues of which this admirable Virgin has given us an example, in order to make them our rule of life. Let us remember, then, in particular Her profound humility and Her admirable purity, Her modesty and Her recollection, Her love of prayer and Her life of retirement, the ardor of Her charity, and Her blind obedience. At the sight of this perfect model we may well say: 'Behold the original of what I ought faithfully to copy. Like my Holy Mother, I ought to become humble, chaste, modest, recollected. I must shun the world and its unhallowed pleas-

ures; I must foster in myself a spirit of prayer and of charity and of obedience,—in a word, my life must be a reproduction of my Mother's life.' On this condition, and on this condition alone, may we hope with any grounds of reason that our homage will be agreeable to Mary, and that She will obtain for us the favors and graces which we implore through Her intercession.

Catholic Notes.

A letter recently received at Paris by the directors of the Propagation of the Faith, from Mgr. Cousin, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Japan, gives the most consoling intelligence of the grand results attending the work of Christian missionaries in that country. The number of Christians in the Vicariate at the close of last year was 26,302, and since then more than 1,700 persons—719 of whom were adults—have received the Sacrament of Baptism. "It is true," says Mgr. Cousin, "that the number is small when compared with the millions of pagan that surround us; but it is very great when one considers the difficulties that have been overcome, and especially when one remembers that our apostolic laborers are few, and have to minister to the wants of Christian souls in settlements scattered over a distance of 100 miles. But everywhere missionaries and catechists are filled with the desire of doing still greater good, and I foresee an ever-increasing return for their efforts. Then, too, the time is not far distant when our seminary will each year provide us with native priests. In March next I shall have the consolation of ordaining six native Japanese. This will be a great event for our mission."

It is expected that the process of canonization of the Seven Blessed Founders of the Servite Order will be completed for the celebration of the Holy Father's Golden Jubilee. The Servites were the first to propagate special devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows.

Robert Buchanan, poet, play-writer, and novelist, has just published in book form a series of articles which he has, from time to time, contributed to papers in England. This book, which is entitled "A Look Round Literature,"

notwithstanding its grasp of the literary questions of the day, is disfigured by a repetition of the childish and antiquated aspersions upon the Church, which by most persons of Mr. Buchanan's culture and attainments have been long since relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. The well-known prejudice of the author against everything American, with the exception of the poetry of Walt Whitman, is as rampant as ever; but when the critic comes to the treatment of the question of free-thought in this country, his remarks on Colonel Ingersoll are couched in such forcible language, and show such an exact measure of this notorious orator's status in matters religious and scientific, that we think it will be of interest to reproduce a part of the criticism:

"There is a notion even in refined circles in America that the influence of a man like Robert Colonel Ingersoll may be an influence for good. I altogether fail to see it. . . . Ingersoll enters the temples of religion with his hat on one side, a cigar in his mouth, and a jest upon his lips. . . . To take him seriously, of course, would be like asking for reverence from Mark Twain. A nation in which the artistic sense is almost dead, which is practically without a literature, which is impatient of all sanctions, and indifferent to all religions (?) . . . —such a nation, I think, might be spared the spectacle of an elderly gentleman in modern costume trampling on the lotus, the rose, and the lily in the gardens of the gods. . . . Colonel Ingersoll is the boy in the gallery, cracking nuts and making precocious comments during the performance of the tragedy of life."

Never, we think, has the character of the popular declaimer against every kind of religion been portrayed with such exquisite accuracy of delineation.

It is pointed out as a remarkable fact that ten houses, occupied by 2,500 orphans under the care of Don Bosco, suffered no damage by the recent Italian earthquakes, though houses were wrecked around them in all directions. — *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

An eloquent and touching discourse on the glories of the Mother of God was delivered by his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau on the occasion of taking solemn possession of his titular church, Santa Maria della Vittoria, at Rome. "Our Lady of Victory!" said he; "what memories awaken in my heart at this beautiful title! From the beginning of the world Mary was announced to our first parents as destined to crush the head of the infernal

serpent. Alone, amongst all the children of Adam, She had been exempt from all stain of original sin, the first victory and the worthy preparation of the victory of the Redeemer. When the Catholic Faith is threatened by heresy or by the enemies of the Christian name, the Church implores Mary to obtain the victory, and this temple in which we are assembled is a monument of the victories obtained by Her intercession." Referring to the great extent of devotion to the Blessed Virgin in Canada, the Cardinal said: "It is thus that in Canada the first church was dedicated to Mary nearly three centuries ago, and became the fruitful mother of innumerable churches, which to-day cover the immense valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Winnipeg, and the Columbia. At a short distance from this first church, there rises another, dedicated under the invocation of Our Lady of Victory, — a place of pilgrimage, where at each hour of the day the faithful may be seen imploring some grace or testifying their gratitude. The Cathedral of Quebec, built upon the slope of Cape Diamond, raised into a minor basilica by the immortal Pius IX., and affiliated to the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, was dedicated from its origin to Mary Immaculate. Upon the right bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite Quebec, is a grand and beautiful parish church, which also bears the name of Our Lady of Victories, as if to announce the power of Mary in this vast region which is called Canada. All the faithful of this country will rejoice on learning that its first Cardinal has received as his title a church whose name sums up the power of the August Virgin, and at the same time Her affection for the Catholics of the whole world."

During Easter week the Sovereign Pontiff ordered the sum of 10,000 francs to be distributed amongst the poor of Rome, and provided one hundred and sixty indigent families with new beds and clothing.

The Mic Mac Indians still sing the Gregorian Masses taught them centuries ago by Jesuit missionaries.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing of the Irish Question, says:—"The word 'priest-ridden' is not unfrequently applied to Ireland. Would not 'police-ridden' be a more appropriate one to a country where the proportion of the Ro-

man Catholic clergy is as 1 to 178 of the Roman Catholic laity—where the proportion of police is 1 to 236 inhabitants of that denomination? In 1881 the proportion of policemen to the population of Ireland was 1 to 308. As members of the army and navy are expected to assist the civil force in case of necessity, coast-guards having special duties to perform in securing compliance with the law, we find that the civil, military, and naval forces combined give a proportion of 1 to every 208 residents in Ireland. On the other hand, there is but one minister of religion (without distinction of creed) to every 735 inhabitants. However, the most practical way of illustrating the abnormal activity of the law in Ireland is to confine our figures to the total number of males between fifteen and seventy years of age, on the principle that it is only between those ages and among that sex we need look for effective law-breakers. We then find that there is one policeman to every eighty-nine possible offenders, or, taking the united service into consideration, 1 to 31! Surely a happy exposition of the mutual relationship between the governing and the governed."

Among the old men to whose wants the Little Sisters of the Poor in Paris devotedly minister, there is one whom they call their "favorite charge." He was formerly a captain of the Commune, and, in the prime of manhood, a bitter hater and persecutor of the Church. In his old age, abandoned by his companions, he fell into the most abject misery, became mute, and paralyzed in all his members. These charitable religious received him into their asylum, and, forgetful of the sufferings which his leadership in the Commune had entailed upon religion, they think only of his present misery, and attend to him with indefatigable solicitude. It need hardly be said that the Little Sisters have become extremely popular with the Parisians. It is known to all that the love of God and His poor is the grand motive that inspires and sustains them in the struggle which they carry on against social misery, and their devotedness and self-denial are the admiration of every one.

The farcical nature of the so-called law by which the Italian Government pretends to secure the dignity and rights of the Sovereign Pontiff, is well shown in the result of a trial

recently held in one of the civil courts. On the 20th of September last, the Pope was burned in effigy in the streets of Padua. An action was shortly afterwards instituted against the perpetrators of this outrage, and a few weeks ago they were brought to trial. The jury acquitted the accused on the ground that their action "was simply a protest against the temporal power of the Pope"!

Mr. Huxley, says a contemporary, has made an important discovery: namely, that there is more than matter and force at play in the world. There is, he has found out, a great power called consciousness, which places its possessor above the range of matter. We are glad of it, for the learned Professor's sake. Let Mr. Huxley persevere in that right-minded path, and by little and little he will re-discover every truth already contained in our Penny Catechism.—*Indo-European Correspondence.*

In honor of the Month of Mary, also to make room for the first instalment of an able article on the Mother of God, and other reading very appropriate to the season, we publish this week four extra pages. The article to which we have reference, and to which we assign the place of honor, is from the German of Dr. Franz Hettinger, whose great work, the *Apologie des Christenthums*, has been translated into nearly every European language, and whose interpretation of the *Divina Commedia* has just been presented to English readers by the Rev. Father Bowden, of the London Oratory. Dr. Hettinger's writings have long since secured him a position in the front rank of Catholic theologians.

We hope the time will soon come when we can print twenty-eight pages every week. The need of extra space is felt more and more as the circulation of the little magazine increases. It would enable us to make some improvements which have long been under consideration, and to increase the interest and variety of our pages. If every friend of THE "AVE MARIA" were to procure even one new subscriber, we should be in a position to make many improvements. And how easily most persons could do this! We hope that many will make the effort during this month. Subscribers can have specimen copies of the magazine mailed to any one likely to be interested in it, by sending the address to our office.

New Publications.

THE MASQUE OF MARY, AND OTHER POEMS.

By Edward Caswall, of the Oratory, Birmingham, England. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

This new edition of the poems of the late lamented Father Caswall, author of the "Lyra Catholica," will be welcomed by all who are familiar with that volume, or any of his hymns, which have been adopted for liturgical use by Protestants as well as Catholics. For such readers it is superfluous to dwell on the merits of Father Caswall's poetry; but to those who are as yet strangers to its beauties, we may say that this volume and the "Lyra Catholica" may fitly claim a place in every Catholic household beside the Verses of Cardinal Newman. The poem which gives the present volume its title is a Masque of Angels before Our Lady in the Temple, and abounds in passages of rapturous devotion and melody. Of the miscellaneous pieces it would be almost invidious to single out any for special mention where all are so uniformly beautiful; but, perhaps, the poems on "Catholic Ruins" and "England's Future Conversion" possess a higher degree of excellence than the rest. Of the hymns and translations, "Days and Moments Quickly Flying" has become well known, as have "The Sun is Sinking Fast," and the beautiful translation of St. Bernard's exquisite hymn, *Jesu Dulcis Memoria*.

LIFE OF ST. CUTHBERT. By the Right Rev.

Edward Consitt, Vicar-Capitular of Hexham and Newcastle England. Same Publishers.

Father Consitt has given in this elegant little volume a sketch of St. Cuthbert's life, which is one of the most interesting narratives we have ever read. Archbishop Eyre's life of this great Saint, though forming a most valuable biography, is too costly and too detailed to be popular with the ordinary reader, who will find in Father Consitt's little volume the old tale of St. Cuthbert's life re-told in a way which makes the book eminently readable and interesting.

THE DOCTRINE OF ST. THOMAS ON THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY AND OF ITS USE. By Mgr. de Concilio. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co.

Monsignor de Concilio gives in this little pamphlet a full statement, gathered from the

Summa and other works of St. Thomas, of the teaching of the Angelic Doctor on that important question which nowadays attracts so much attention—viz., the right of property. The object of the essay is to combat the theories of those who—*mirabile dictu!*—maintain that St. Thomas was a Socialist. There is no difficulty in determining which side of the controversy St. Thomas took, for any one who reads Mgr. de Concilio's admirable and timely brochure.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

—2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers.

Sister Mary Magdalen, of the Sisters of Mercy, St. Bernard's Convent, Nashville, Tenn., who was called to the reward of her holy life on the 3d ult.

Mr. Michael McBride, a highly respected citizen of Meadville, Pa. His many amiable qualities and sterling virtues made him beloved by all who knew him.

Mr. William Mudd, of Tipton, Mo., whose happy death occurred on the 20th ult.

Miss Kate Kelly, a zealous friend of THE "AVE MARIA," and a devout Child of Mary, who departed this life on Easter Sunday, in New York city.

Mrs. W. A. Lee, an old friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in Toronto, who passed away on the 17th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mrs. C. A. McManus, who died a precious death in New York on the same day.

Mr. Martin Farrell, of Wilmington, Del., whose pious death took place on the 15th of February. He was greatly esteemed by those who knew him intimately.

Mrs. Margaret Skerret, of St. Louis, who piously yielded her soul to God on the 13th inst.

Mrs. Ernest A. Cox, who was killed in a railroad accident at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 12th of last month.

Mrs. Jane Dougherty, a Christian of saintlike faith and fervor, who was called from among the living on the 4th ult., at Huntington, Ind.

Michael Masterson, of San Francisco; Patrick Hammell, Philadelphia; Elizabeth O'Donnell and Patrick McDermott, Mt. Carbon, Pa.; Patrick Doyle, Providence; Mary J. Henry, Philadelphia; Robert and James McCroke, Nashville.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A May Carol.

MOTHER of my God and Saviour,
 Mary, Virgin pure and sweet,
 Daily will I come to offer
 Little flow'rets at Thy feet.

I am poor and I am lowly;
 Flowers in the field I'll find:
 Humble is Thy client's homage;
 Thou art ever good and kind.

Thus with hope and with affection
 Shall my lips Thy praises sing;
 And my little flow'rets daily
 To my Mother I will bring.

When the month shall close its cycle,
 They will form a garland fair;
 When my days on earth are ended,
 Show Thou then a Mother's care!

In Our Lady's Keeping.

I.

An exquisite fragrance of jasmineworts and myrtleworts perfumed the air, as Mr. Worthington, of Texas, stepped from the deck of a cotton-laden steamer, and escorted his two daughters up the vine-covered portico of St. Michael's of the Sacred Heart. Mollie and Mattie turned wondering and inquisitive looks towards the academy; for they were, like their father, worthy Methodists. Their meeting with the Sisters and other inmates of the cloister was to be their first contact with followers of the old, historic Faith.

Arrived at St. Michael's, they were given a cordial reception. Questions and explanations of all doubtful matters were exchanged between the religious and the new patron of the institute, and both parties seemed highly satisfied, and even gratified. The important subject of religious worship had

been tacitly settled, by the aid of the prospectus, which declared that all students who sought admission should "conform exteriorly to Catholic worship"; and the estimable Mr. Worthington proceeded down the Mississippi to transact business in New Orleans, feeling that his daughters were in good hands.

The Misses Worthington were soon absorbed in their new duties, and followed all the particulars of the daily regulation with remarkable docility. But Mollie was fascinated. Every practice, every Catholic usage was the subject of close inquiry; and, when the motive was made known, all seemed to her right, reasonable, and religious in the truest sense of the word. As is usual with newcomers in an academy, one of the religious, a French teacher, seemed to attract the attention of Mollie too exclusively; but the teacher wisely directed her interesting pupil to higher objects of thought, and gradually led her to the study of sacred and ecclesiastical history. Mattie, on her part, was obedient and dutiful, but her heart and mind protested against all that she saw in regard to Catholic worship.

Time passed, and Mollie had asked several times to be received into the One Fold; but the directress of the school declined to encourage the step, prudently dreading the consequences of a change should the girl be surrounded with Methodist influences or opposed by her parents. It was also feared that if her parents' leave were asked, it would be refused, and she might be withdrawn, and thus lose the opportunity of further instruction. The religious confided their dear charge to the care of Our Blessed Mother, and nothing more was said on the subject of conversion. In due time the young ladies returned to their Texan home, a vast plantation, whose proprietor was served by an immense number of colored domestics.

II.

Years rolled on, and the French teacher, having been appointed superior in another house of her Order, was travelling up the Great Father of Waters, with a lay-Sister

as companion. Imagine her delight when a lady passenger, the mother of a lovely babe, saluted her in the most affectionate manner, and introduced herself as Mollie Worthington, now Mrs. C——, and joyously presented her distinguished husband to her former favorite friend.

"I'm so glad!" cried the lady. "Now, dear Mother, you will consecrate my darling to the Blessed Virgin."

"Are you, then, a Catholic?" asked the religious.

"Certainly, and my husband also; and, if you have no objection, I will come around and tell you the story of my conversion."

"I shall be very happy to hear it," was the answer; "we knew nothing about it."

Later in the day the ladies met in one of those delightful state-rooms of a Mississippi steamer, and Mrs. C—— gave her friend the following summary of events that had occurred since she had received baptism:

"When I found that the directress of the boarding-school deemed it imprudent for me to embrace the true Faith under the existing circumstances, I took the responsibility on myself, and procured private reception of the Sacraments. On our arrival home, I made the Sign of the Cross openly at table; this excited my father's anger, and he forbade me to repeat the act, and even took from me a picture of the Blessed Virgin, my Rosary, and a medal. I yielded, apparently, for the time; but in my heart I resolved to be firm, and I held a conference with my mother, who was very kind and prudent. Although greatly averse to my new religion, she interceded with my father, who returned me the pious objects, but forbade me to bless myself, and treated me with marked coolness. This was hard to bear, as I had always been his favorite. One day I went to find my father alone, and assured him solemnly that I intended always to employ the Sign of the Cross, and to remain a faithful Catholic. He was greatly agitated, but by loving words and caresses I succeeded in calming him.

"I tried to convince my beloved mother of the truth of our holy religion, but with-

out effect. About a year after my return, she died as she had lived, a conscientious Methodist. My father was nearly heart-broken. My sister and I did all we could to console him. I tried to preside in my mother's stead, but it was easy to see how much he missed her loving ways and wise counsel. Meanwhile I profited by my authority to examine the servants, and, finding many among them who had been baptized Catholics, I instructed them, and procured them the graces of confession and Holy Communion.

"One morning I was waiting breakfast for my father, and had seated myself opposite a full-length oil-painting of my mother. Lost in thought, I involuntarily shed a few tears, when my father broke the spell, saying, 'Mollie!'

"'Excuse me, papa,' I answered, and hastened to the coffee-urn. 'I was looking so closely at mamma's portrait that I began to believe she hears me, speaks to me, blesses me; do you think it is imagination, papa?'

"'Certainly not, my child; I, too, believe that your good mother is near us, sees us, watches over us.'

"'What a concession!' I exclaimed, interiorly; and when my father had finished his breakfast, I went with him to the library. There, following up the train of thought which his words had suggested, I led him to understand how Catholics use emblems, and what we believe concerning the communion of saints. I had found the key to his heart, and the thread of his religious thought. I next got him to read our Catechism, and compare it with the Sacred Scripture, which he then regarded as infallible. He began also to read Catholic newspapers.

"After a time I observed that my father was becoming unusually preoccupied over arrangements with his superintendents and their subordinates; that there was a rapid exchange of telegrams, etc. What could it mean? We soon learned the sequel. One evening he summoned my sister and me to the library. 'My daughters,' he said, 'I shall leave for Rome in a few days. Your grandmother will come and live with you during

my absence. I am resolved to study Christianity at its source. If I should never see you again, dear Mollie, let it console you to know that I have gone in search of the Truth.'

"My father went to the Eternal City, studied, and returned a fervent Catholic, and died a happy, edifying death. He had the consolation," added Mrs C——, in conclusion, "of convincing my grandmother, and many of his Methodist brethren, of the errors of sectarianism; and he encouraged his servants, and my sister in particular, to embrace the Catholic Faith."

Later the good religious improvised a little altar in the state-room, before which the darling babe was consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and the two friends recited a heartfelt *Magnificat* in honor of *Mater Admirabilis*.

In due time Mattie Worthington came to N——, and, after making a retreat of some days in the convent of her sister's former friend, she too abjured her errors, and, like a wandering sheep, returned to the True Fold.

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

IX.

The next morning dawned in a white cloud; for, with the freakishness peculiar to Washington weather, the winter came back with a whoop, and snowflakes flew and sharp winds whistled, and every now and then a blast would come roaring along, that sounded like the booming of the surf. And the next day after that, still saw lowering skies and flying snow-spits; but it was Sunday, and Mémé and the tramps bundled up in their heavy coats and furs, and started for Mass. As they went along, their hardy Northern blood began to tingle, and by the time they reached St. Matthew's, Phil begged her to go farther.

"Do, Mémé," he urged; "my legs have got started, and I don't believe I could sit *real* still in church,—I don't, truly."

And Laurie added, "Me neither," with a noble disregard for grammar, but a fine respect for truth.

She looked at her watch, and, finding they had fifteen minutes to spare, asked a respectable old colored woman, toiling up the church steps, which was the next nearest Catholic church.

"St. Augustine's, honey."

"Where is that?"

"Well, chile, you goes up dar past Er-Pherson's [McPherson's] statue, and keeps up 15th Street tell you comes to de do'."

"Is it far?"

"No indeedy. 'Tain't mo'n fo' squares. Dat's the colored church," she added, with much pride.

Then Mémé said, "Thank you," and the little fellows, "Much 'bliged," and the old woman bobbed a courtesy, and said, "You's kindly welcome," and then went on tugging up the steps, while they walked—no, the tramps pranced—up to I Street, and across to where the bronze equestrian statue stands on its massive pedestal of granite, with its *entourage* of turf, shrub and tree, and large beds of what *would* be flowers when the green spikes had a chance to unfold.

When they struck again into 15th Street (for Vermont Avenue and 15th Street cut each other at this point like a St. Andrew's cross), they had no need to ask questions; for a steady stream of neatly and tastefully, some even elegantly, dressed colored people—men, women, and children—set toward the same point; and when Mémé reached it, she halted a moment to admire what is the most beautiful sacred building in the city. The brick is deep red, the stone grey, the outline Gothic; the rose-window is of noble proportions and fine design; and when she entered, she stood with a sense of pleasure that deepened every moment.

The interior of the edifice is, perhaps, even finer than the exterior plan leads one to expect; the pews are of oak, high-backed and deep, polished by constant rubbing and hard finish, and picked out with bands of walnut; a double row of light pillars separate the main from the side aisles, springing

from solid bases, and, near the roof, branching out into bronze capitals resembling palm branches. The altar is of the purest white marble set with medallions of Siennese and Sicilian marbles, and the tabernacle is surmounted by a shrine of white and gold. The colors of the frescos in the sanctuary are varied and brilliant, but so well blended there is nothing garish. Immediately above the altar is the figure of St. Augustine, the Bishop of Hippo. It is of heroic size, and is in full episcopal robes. To his right is St. Martin de Porres (who belonged himself to the dark race), clad in the white and black habit of St. Dominic, which he wore to such purpose in South America. To his left is the Blessed Peter Claver, whose glorious work in the West Indies is about being crowned with the palm of saintship.

The altar of Our Lady faces the north aisle (for the church sets due east and west), and that of the Sacred Heart faces the south aisle. Near Our Lady is a statue of St. Joseph, and rare is the time when votive lamps are not burning at his shrine—this Saint of patience and purity. The sanctuary is large, and the communion-railing runs the entire width of the church. The pulpit is near the altar of the Sacred Heart, and down both walls are twelve long windows filled with the burning, glowing splendor of stained glass, and ending on the left in a baptistery lighted by three fine cathedral lights—one of Our Lady, one of St. Michael, and the central one of the Baptism in the Jordan.

The sexton, an exquisitely neat young man, with a pleasant brown face and most gentle manners, seeing Mémé standing, came forward and led her to a seat; and she was kneeling with her Beads in her hands and her eyes closed, when a galvanic start from the tramps—one on each side—made her open them in time to see filing in from the sacristy the long line of acolytes. They were led by two round little balls of boys, black and polished as to skins, but dazzling white as to surplices, gloves, teeth, and eye-balls, and with the most reverent manner imaginable, behind them rose in graded

sizes some fourteen more, the line ending with two well-grown youths of eighteen or twenty, and all equally dark, equally neat, and equally reverent. Then came the tallest man Mémé had ever seen; he was *olivari*, and thin to emaciation; and his vast frame, soldierly carriage, and marked features made him an extraordinary figure. As he lifted his *bonnet-carré* and knelt, she noticed that his coal-black hair curled closely to his head, and rose straight from a forehead as square as a block, and emphasized by straight, heavy brows, and that his movements were full of dignity and reverence.

But while she thought "He must have been in the army," with the fleeting memory of another soldierly figure that was growing familiar to her, the organist touched the key-board, the church was flooded with harmony, the priest crossed himself, and Mass was begun.

Voice after voice of wonderful sweetness was raised in the choir-loft, and when the full-lunged chorus burst into the *Kyrie*, Mémé actually for the moment lost her breath. There was one—a soprano—that soared above all the others with an ease and flexibility that made her halt midway in many a prayer; it fluted and sighed, or pealed like a silver clarion, through the pleading, the exultation, the grief and the glory of the Mass, like a soul breathing the story of Calvary.*

And such a devout congregation! No talking, no looking about, no rustling and pluming of garments and finery, but an absorbed devotion that was most edifying.

After the Gospel came a short sermon, preached by a Father with such a fresh, clear complexion, such shrewd, kind blue eyes, such energy of speech and ready flow of language, that Mémé knew he must be from Ireland; and every word he said could be taken home, planted in every soul-garden, and cultivated with profit. No "isms," controversies, or esoteric plunges into space; but a clear exposition of the day's Gospel,

* The singer was one of the congregation—Mrs. Smallwood, who gave her voice a free gift to the church.

and a set of practical reflections and results to be drawn from it, and practised because of it.

At the close of Mass the celebrant knelt at the foot of the altar, and began what was to Mémé a new chant, each act of praise being repeated by the congregation.

"Blessed be God," he cried, in a full, resonant voice, that penetrated the farthest part of the church; and rolling back like a wind-gathered wave, in tremendous echo, came the response:

"Blessed be God."

The priest continued:

"Blessed be His Holy Name.

"Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man.

"Blessed be the Name of Jesus.

"Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

"Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy.

"Blessed be Her holy and Immaculate Conception.

"Blessed be the Name of Mary, Virgin and Mother.

"Blessed be God in His angels and in His saints."

Then the acolytes filed away in the order they had come, and the silence that broods like the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, wherever the Great Sacrament dwells, fell on the church, and the people departed as silently and reverently as they had entered.

Mémé went back to the hotel, delighted; and that evening when Judge Merrick came in to call on her father, she asked him about the church and its pastors.

"Ah!" said he, "that's a great work—one of the very best that has ever been done among us; and it is the Cardinal's favorite mission. You know, my dear young lady—or rather you don't know,—that the conditions of slavery made the spread of the Catholic Faith an impossibility in the South; and when the Emancipation filled the city with hosts and hordes of the poor refugees, the moral and spiritual condition of hundreds of them was in no way superior to that of their forefathers on the Congo or in

the Libyan Desert. An Italian priest, Father Felix Barotti,* began a mission among them, and formed the nucleus of the congregation you saw to-day. He died while the harvest was yet green, but the Josephites† were put in charge, and the priests you mention are Father Burke and Father Walsh."

"There was one"—slid in Phil, who had watched his chance.

"Yes," said Laurie, "there was—"

"Who looked like a giant," finished Phil.

"Me and Laurie would about come up to his knees."

"Yes," continued Laurie; "and the littler Father had a red sash on, with ends like our Lieutenant's sword sash. They look diff'rent from other priests, and the aco—aco—the little boys anyway, were as black as Mémé's gowns, but they—they—" And he rolled his eyes at Phil; for when it came to a long speech, he was like Hamlet—"scant of breath." Of course Phil faithfully responded:

"Yes: Mémé says they behaved so well, and said their prayers so be-yu-tifully, that their souls must be just as white as their clothes."

"Those children are the triumph of the Church," the Judge said, turning back to Mémé and her father, after a few kind words to the tramps. "It was Father Barotti's constant charge. 'Train the children; bad, sad habits are fixed on some of the older ones, but—train the children.' He was indefatigable in promoting marriages among his flock, and, with the zeal of St. Francis Xavier, sought out and baptized the babies and children. Whatever church festival was celebrated, he surrounded it with all the dignity and majesty possible; and he formed the choir, having them instructed by the best teachers. He also had the Sunday-school children taught music, until the smallest pickaninny among them could tell a crotchet from a quaver at sight—sing it

* God rest his soul!

† Priests of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart, a missionary Order founded by Bishop Vaughan, of England.

too. The daughter of a compatriot (Miss Esputa) instructed them. And, although the Father was the gentlest of souls, he always fought like a lion for his congregation. On one occasion a case of child-murder was charged on his parish, and every one said, 'Of course there's no doubt of it'; but he said, 'It is not so, and such a disgrace shall not be left on my people.' And he actually harried the authorities until they tracked the crime home to another quarter of the city, where a wretched colony of whites live; he defrayed all the expenses himself, and had the press publicly clear the charge from his 'dear children.'

"The Fathers who succeed him are equally wise and fortunate, and I know of no congregation in the city where there is such community of interest between pastors and people."

"Was Father Burke ever a soldier?" asked Mémé, suddenly.

"About the same thing," answered the Judge; "for, during the Afghanistan campaign, he and Father John Allen, Father Brown, Father Tom Jackson, and Father van Enthyoven (all Josephites, I believe) were as well known at Maiwand, Ghuzni, Kandahar, Kabul, and the Kyber Pass, as the 'Red St. George's Banner' itself. I have heard that the English Government decorated them all for 'service on the field,' and I know from the English papers that the generals and officers lost no opportunity of praising and commending their courage and devotion."

"Why can't we have Catholic chaplains in our army?" she questioned.

"Because it is not urged and insisted upon by those most concerned," he answered, with some heat. "And our men fight and die on the frontier by the score, unshriven; and they are buried with no nearer approach to a prayer for their souls than the three volleys fired over their graves, and the few words the post chaplain—when there is one—may say to their comrades. Individual priests do all they can, of course; and when the garrison is near a city, or within five hundred miles of one,

there is always some devoted soul who will say Mass and give them the Sacraments whenever he is able. But when we consider the large percentage of Catholics in the United States Army, it seems a strangely illiberal thing that there is not even a single chaplain provided for them by the War Department. England knows and does better, and it's sound policy as well as Christian charity; for who can so well help the men to courage, patience, and sobriety—three qualities most necessary to a soldier—as the priest? I wager you wouldn't find the Irish half so ready to fight if they were not prepared by confession and Holy Communion to die.

"And the priests are ready to go at a moment's warning. Look at Father McElroy, of Georgetown College! When President Polk wanted a chaplain for the little army bound to Mexico, he sent to four leading non-Catholic ministers. Each agreed willingly to go but one wanted three months to adjust his affairs, another almost as much time; and the most enthusiastic one cried, 'Give me but two weeks and I'll be ready!' Then some one suggested a Catholic priest, and the President sent to the College. Father McElroy appeared within the shortest time possible; and when the worried Chief Magistrate asked the now irksome question, 'How soon can you be ready to start?' he answered, 'Within two hours, your Excellency.' 'You're the man we want, sir!' said the delighted President. And inside the appointed time the plucky and devoted Jesuit was on the way. How he did his duty any Mexican veteran can tell.

"Then, during the Civil War the Catholic chaplains swarmed to the most dangerous posts, penetrated the most loathsome prison places (Father Ryan once told me, when he crawled out of the 'burrows' at Andersonville, he would be covered with vermin and overcome with the horrors he had seen), and their presence was the solace of the hospitals and battle-fields."

"Yes," said Mr. Hastings, "Rosecrans had them with him. I remember before Stone River, near Murfreesboro, we had



a High Mass, and the *Ite missa est* was hardly said before the roar of the cannon began, and many a man of the thousands killed had received his Viaticum at it. Poor Garesché was one. But, Judge, I am wasting your valuable time."

"Not wasting it," answered the Judge, courteously; "for I am passing it most agreeably. But, as we have to see Wiley, if possible, this evening, perhaps we had better make a start."

And they left; then the tramps got Mémé to make clear to them all the points they had missed, especially about St. Augustine's. And that very night they laid their heads together, and planned to go to see the "biggest Father, and ask 'bout when he was a soldier in an Afghan"—for so their minds caught the designation.

But it was long before the dear little souls went anywhere; for—but I must tell you all about it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St Gregory's Trust.

When St. Gregory Thaumaturgus was made bishop, the thought of his responsibilities filled him with fear, and he obtained leave to retire again for a while to seek light of the Holy Spirit. One night, as he lay awake in his cell, pondering on the mysteries of our Faith, an old man entered and pointed to a Lady radiant with heavenly beauty. This old man was St. John the Evangelist; and when the Lady bade him explain to St. Gregory the sacred truths, he replied that he would indeed do whatever was pleasing to the Mother of his Lord. Then he set before Gregory the whole Christian Creed, which the Bishop put into writing. He started for his see, the heathen city of Neocæsarea, without money or friends, but he trusted to Mary; and in answer to Her prayers the Spirit of God so strengthened his work, that when he came to die, in the same city where he had found but seventeen Christians, only seventeen heathens were left.

A Favored Client of the Blessed Virgin.

St. John of the Cross, the sage and seer of Carmel, was twice saved in his childhood from drowning by a Lady of ravishing beauty, whom none but himself saw. This vision of Mary never faded from his mind, and in his greatest suffering Our Lady appeared, like a star piercing the darkness, to point to his eternal home. When he lay in prison, forgotten as one dead, the soft light of Mary's presence streamed forth in his dungeon, and aided him to escape.

Mary again led him through "the obscure night" of darkness and desolation, and taught him how to kindle in his soul "the flame of divine love" by the thought of the vision of God. The beauty of this thought made him long for death. At length his desire was granted. On Saturday, within the Octave of Mary's Immaculate Conception, he went, as he said, full of joy to sing Her Matins in heaven.

Organs.

Annalists agree that organs were invented in Greece. St. Jerome mentions one with twelve pairs of bellows, which might be heard at a distance of a thousand paces, or a mile; and another at Jerusalem, which might be heard at the Mount of Olives. The first seen in France was sent from Constantinople in 707, and was a present from the Emperor Constantine Copronymus VI. to King Pepin. According to Bellarmine, this noble instrument began to be used in churches about 660; Aimonius says in the time of Louis the Pious, after 820. Others have disputed these dates, but both Mabillon and Muratori affirm that organs became common in Italy, Germany, and England during the tenth century.—*Catholic Universe*.

WE think less of the injuries we do than of those we suffer.

STUDY not so much to show knowledge as to acquire it.

HE that can not bear a jest should not make one.



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The Turquoise Chaplet

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

Sweet, blessed Beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart.

—Father Ryan.

Thomas, Lord Ercildoun, the proudest and bravest of the Galway Ercildouns of Norman baronial fame, bore as crest a white sea-gull; it should have been a chaplet of turquoise beads on a silver chain, so constantly was such chaplet in his hands.—*Legends of Irish Barons.*

BLUE as Italia's skies, pale, pearl-tinted as the depths of a gentian's heart, a chaplet of turquoise and white onyx lies before me. A simple rosary; but sentient with associations, memories veiled in holiest reverence.

Death has folded the pure, priestly hands of him who once owned this chaplet, and told its heaven-blue beads; but a mystery of prayer lingers about them still—the heavenly blue of promise, the opaline hue of hope.

In one of the green valleys of Western Ireland, where the waves of Galway Bay rush up its rocky coast,—where the perfume of Irish moss floats on the sea-breezes to the hedges around shamrock-bordered pastures,—stands a stone tower, once the seat of those gay yet brave and bold Lords

of Ercildoun, whose records are written in the royal archives of Spain and the monastic orders of imperial Austria's most Catholic realm. One alone is lost; the waves of the Atlantic or the primeval forests of this Western land have placed the seal of silence on that life history.

Centuries have passed since its last lord left his native soil for service at a foreign court,—a compelled expatriation for that memorable treaty,

“broken . . .

Ere yet the ink wherewith 'twas writ was dry.”*

With him our story has little to do, but of the turquoise and silver chaplet he wore upon his breast, we would trace the strange, eventful heritage.

In the corridors of an old palace cloister in the mountains of Austria hang the pictures of its abbots, from that of its founder, dated 1050, to the space left for that of its present head. In their pale, calm faces are heart histories innumerable. One, a handsome, dark-haired man, in monastic habit, but grasping a sword raised as if to strike, has had the name and inscription painted out in black; but on a coroneted card fastened to the frame is the simple name, “Gottfried.”†

Truly the peace that here “passeth understanding” fills that face. The life of that man has been stormy: dark passions have shadowed the early manhood of the warrior knight; but the mantle of the mo-

* Treaty of Limerick.

† God's peace.

nastic habit has quelled all pulsing of earthly care, and the golden crucifix which hangs upon his breast lays the seal of silence on earthly pain.

One bright October afternoon, when russet-brown and golden-leaved trees filled the landscape and mountain valleys of Lower Austria, a party of young nobles drew rein before the gates of the old Dominican Convent and Abbey of Altenberg. With the cavalcade was a young Irish gentlewoman, the Lady Sheela, then on a visit to the baronial estate of a distant relative in the neighborhood. It was her first visit to this celebrated abbey; she had heard much of its wealth and treasures of art, but more, perhaps, of a portrait hanging among the pictures of its abbots,—a portrait said to resemble her ancestors, whose home had been on the banks of the Shannon and Galway's rocky coast.

Many were the rooms into which the good Brothers led their guests before taking them to the portrait corridor; but the splendor of oaken carving and stucco of purest Italian *renaissance* was almost unnoticed by the young girl, so great was her eagerness to see the celebrated "Gottfried." At last she stood before it.

"Yes, yes," she murmured to herself; "how like, how very like Bernard of Ercildoun, the old, old Baron, in his hunting dress,—the picture of the 'lost Lord of Ercildoun' which hangs in the corridor at home! Then, too, it recalls the face of"—a rosy blush suffused her brow and burned like crimson roses in her cheeks,—“yes, it looks as he would look in that dress. But he will never wear it,—oh! no; that habit is for less joyous natures. And yet—”

She bent forward; the party had gone to an adjoining corridor, and she was left alone. Kneeling down on the stone pavement, she drew a turquoise rosary from her bosom, and began telling its beads.

An old lay-Brother, who had followed her unobserved, stepped beside her as she arose from kneeling.

"Let me see those beads, my child," he said. "Where did you obtain them?"

"They came from my godmother," she replied; "they are old—so very old I dare not use them often. I am to have them remade at the convent where my godmother is buried, and where I may enter some day, unless—"

She paused suddenly, glanced at the portrait of Gottfried, and blushed again.

"But these beads," said the Brother, detaining her;—"once and only once have I seen such a chaplet. It is now seventy years since I came here a boy. My first memory is of the treasures kept in the sacristy, and among them was just such a rosary of turquoise beads. They had belonged to one of the abbots, but for some reason they were given to an old priest from St. Gall, who was appointed to return them to an Irish shrine. It is like a dream seeing these beads again; they seem the very same."

"An Irish shrine!" exclaimed Lady Sheela. "But why did your abbot give them up; did they belong to another convent's treasure?"

"I know nothing; I only tell you these beads recall those others I saw in my boyhood."

Twenty years have passed away, and another picture rises before us. A lake, in which are mirrored the mountains of the Austrian Tyrol, is beating up against the foundation rocks of an old Carmelite Convent. Low voices chaunting the *Requiem* blend with minor cadences of waves; and from the portals of the convent chapel come the Sisters, in their habits of rough brown, their snowy veils hiding their angel-like faces bowed in prayer. Slowly they wend their way to the Sisters' last resting place—the veriest "God's acre" of the Austrian land,—where, under myrtles, lilies, and myosotis, white and blue as Our Lady's robe and mantle in Murillo's *Immaculata*, the Sisters are laid to rest, beneath the carolling birds of the sunshine and the silver stars of Austria's purple nights.

The Lady Sheela, in religion Sister Bernadina, has gone from their midst, laid to rest in her Carmelite garb. All that re-

mained to remind her Sisters of her gentle presence were a few little books of devotion, and a turquoise chaplet, which she had been specially permitted to hold in her fair hands until death stilled the trembling fingers, while angel voices echoed the last "Hail Mary" her lips had intoned on earth.

In their community room, so bare, so comfortless, save for the mass of white May-bells and starry narcissus heaped on the table, the Mother Superior summons the Sisters to her side. They glance down at the pure white blossoms; upon them rests the turquoise chaplet, its silver crucifix sunken deep in the heart of a white calla lily.

"It was Sister Bernadina's wish, dear Sisters, that this chaplet should be sent to one she had known in youth. It is an heirloom in her family; they have every right to dispose of it. True, it was brought to Austria by a warrior knight, who centuries ago found a cloister home in our land; but the family to whom it belonged traced it years ago, and by right of heritage it came into Sister Bernadina's possession. She, the last of her race in the Old World, sends it to one across the sea. This very day our confessor will bear it to Vienna, and speed it on its way over the broad Atlantic. Let us look upon it for the last time."

Tenderly she lifted the lily on which it lay, and passed it from Sister to Sister, whose pure lips reverently kissed the silver crucifix, their tear-drops falling on its flower throne. Then, softly folded in linen and lace, flower and beads were laid in an ebony casket, and given to the keeping of the convent chaplain.

In a garden of roses, with a hedge of white tea-olives, beside a grove of magnolias, in the land of orange and myrtle, a gray-haired priest rests under a palm. The *Angelus* is ringing from the old parish church, and the priest kneels, his head bowed upon his clasped hands. As the tones die away in the softly perfumed air, he rises from the ground, and turns to his work once more.

On the table before him are many letters, many books, and many flower sprays, and

in their midst a chain of turquoise beads,—a rosary strung on a silver chain, to which is attached a strange, antique crucifix. It is the table of a busy priest, with a poet's brain and an artist's apprehension of the symbolism of beauty. A letter is brought him. He reads it slowly again and again, then raises the flowers nearest him—purple pansies—to his flushed brow, as if to calm its pain. Again he reads the letter, then takes up the turquoise chaplet. Tears course down his furrowed cheeks as he kisses the crucifix of those sweet, blessed beads, and murmurs the dear "Hail Mary." But half the decades have glided between his fingers before his brow is cleared, and into the faithful gray eyes has come a heavenly peace, the assurance of promise, the gleam of hope and trust, the mother's voice which stills all pain, all fear.

"Poor little Sister!" he softly murmurs; "is life sometimes drear even to you, sweet child-woman? What can I do but pray for you? These shall be yours some day, even as they were hers whom you so much resemble."—He gazed long and lovingly upon the chaplet as he continued speaking to himself.—"Ah! how many a story you might tell, little chaplet, of that 'dreariness' from which we who have told you here have never asked 'full repose'! Yes, centuries of prayer enfold these beads; saintly fingers have well-nigh worn their tear-drop form away; but centuries of prayer will hover o'er them yet. Ah! whose 'need' will they comfort when I am no more? Let me pray for him even now."

On a small ebony easel, half hidden by a Montpensier rose and sprays of blessed palms, the shadow of a cross falling upon it, is the picture of a young man—a handsome, dark-haired youth, with chin and mouth of womanly *contour*, but with lines of strength denoting manly firmness and resolution. The hair is brushed back, making soft dark rings above a broad white forehead; and exquisitely traced eyebrows arch above deep-set black eyes, full of a sadness and pathos strange indeed in a face so young. It is the

face of a man whose boyhood has rarely known merriment and joy,—a strange, watching, waiting look, as if the mysteries of life were defying him, circumstances urging his passionate Southern nature into rebellious thoughts, which his conscience told him were unworthy a nobleman and a Catholic.

A Sister, in the white habit of the Benedictines, bends over the beautiful face, and smiles down into the boyish, questioning eyes, as she talks in her own loving way to the picture.

"Ah, my own loved brother! when will those dear eyes look calm and steadily to the source of all true light and peace? The questions to which that busy young brain seeks answer will never find answer here. What can I do to teach you faith, love, and the way to life eternal?"

Unconsciously her fingers seek her beads, and as she lifts them her eyes turn towards the lovely face of a *Mater Dolorosa*, which seems looking down on a vase of white lilies, beneath which, twined about an ivory cross, a chaplet of turquoise and silver is lying.

"My beads—his beads!" exclaims the young Sister. "Ah! how can I part with them! And yet for his sake—for my brother's—can I not trust them to fulfil their appointed mission of comforting in sorrow, solacing in loss, whispering of hope, faith, and love in trial and disappointment? Yes, Bernard shall have them. They belonged to the Sister Bernadina before ever they came to me; they were hers before my guide, my friend, my counsellor, had them; and now they shall be my Bernard's. He will prize them for my sake, he will learn to love and use them for his own."

Untwining them from the ivory cross, where they had lain since the death of her confessor, she wrapped them in the folds of her habit, and went to the convent parlor to receive her brother.

Easter morning has dawned. Cathedral bells, bells of churches, and bells of chapel ring out in joyous symphony. Bernard, far from his home and heritage, sojourner in

a strange land, kneels before Our Lady's shrine beside the cathedral altar. His eyes are raised to the face, so beautiful, so full of a mother's pleading love; his hands clasp a chaplet of turquoise; bending lower, his lips rest upon the old silver crucifix. Again he seems to hear the words of absolution, and tears of joy fall on the beads. The prayers he has said over them, the knightly love he has pledged to Our Lady, have led him back to the blessed peace and joy of Easter-tide.

All is bright, all is sunshine in his heart now; for noble resolves have been formed there, and vows registered in Heaven. "*Non sum dignus*," his lips murmur as the priest approaches with the Blessed Eucharist. "*Domine, non sum dignus*." But the Father who seeth in secret knows His child; the peace of God has entered the young knight's very soul; for unto him Our Lord has risen indeed.

Mary's Lesson.

BY MARION MUIR.

HOW could She turn, the matchless Maiden,
Back to the world whence Christ was gone:
He, the Redeemer, no longer laden,
But Israel's crowned and mighty One!

Had She no thought for endless spaces
Arching above the Syrian blue,
Where hosts of radiant, seraphic faces
Waited to yield Her welcome too?

Ah! my friend of the troubled spirit,
Wisdom lies there for such as we;
From that patient life we may inherit
A lesson deep as charity.

Great are the joys of that fair city,
More than are told by tongue or pen;
But greater the burdens Christian pity
Can lift among the homes of men.

Not as a dream or vision holy,
But clad in vesture worn as theirs,
Walked She beside Her people, who slowly
Learned that a Mother cheered their cares.

Worse than death is the strain of duty,
 Chaining life to desolate years;
 But, ere we know it, divinest beauty
 Out of the strife and shade appears.

Stretch not your hands to stars far-shining,
 While furrows wait for seed below,
 Lest only weeds of vain repining
 Are found where harvest ears should grow.

The Mother of God.

(CONTINUED.)

THUS the end sends us back again to the beginning—Mary's coronation as Queen of All Saints* to the graces received at Her conception. The wonderful beginning of Her life no longer causes our admiration, because Her maternity and virginity—because the birth of Her divine Son, whom by the power of God She gave to the world whilst remaining a virgin—because Her whole life was a miracle of grace. For, let us ask, could the Eternal Father free Her from the curse under which the whole sex lay, of bringing forth in pain, and not from that which brought about this curse—namely, sin? Rightly, therefore, does Sophronius† say: "Thou hast surpassed all the orders of the Angels, obscured the brilliancy of the Archangels; the Thrones are beneath Thee; Thou art raised above the Dominations, Thou precededest the Principalities; Thou art mightier than the Powers, stronger than the Virtues; Thou standest above the Cherubim, Thou hast preceded the Seraphim." "She is greater than the heavens," says Peter Chrysologus, "stronger than the earth, broader than the world; for God, whom the world does not contain, was contained by Her alone. She carried Him who carries the world, bore Her Genitor, nourished Him who feeds all the living."

Thus stands Mary in the midst of time, on the boundary lines of the Old and the New Testament; the former She explains,

the latter She foretells and founds. She conceived the greatest blessing bestowed by God in the Old Testament—the blessing of maternity in the flesh; with Her and through Her enters the still greater blessing of the New Testament—the *charisma* of virginity, the spiritual maternity, the most fruitful Mother and the purest Virgin, "from whom henceforth as from an immortal root, the virginal branches spring. She is the last Prophetess, and the Queen of Prophets; for the word of the Lord not only came to Her, but She conceives and bears in Her womb the Incarnate Word." Therefore She exclaims in the spirit of prophecy, "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call Me blessed." And with the million voices of the bells, and from the hearts of millions of the faithful, and for hundreds of thousands of days, thrice a day, in fulfilment, ascend to Her the words "*Ave Maria!*" Thus She is the only witness, the only possible witness, of the mystery of the Incarnation, from whose lips the Apostles learned it and proclaimed it.

She is the High Priestess, anointed by the Holy Ghost Himself, in whom all the priestly vocations of the Old Law culminated; a living Holy of Holies, a tabernacle made by the hands of God, adorned by the Spirit of God, in which dwells the Most Holy Sacrament of the Body of Christ, "the mystery hidden from eternity."* She bears the great, eternal Lamb of sacrifice on Her arm, and enters with Him into the sanctuary, lays Him down on the altar on that great, only, eternal day of reconciliation on Calvary. And with His Blood, with which the world was thence besprinkled, redemption came to the world. "Hail to Thee, Thou holy throne of God, Thou treasure-chamber of heaven, Thou house of glory, Thou expiatory altar of the world!" exclaims Germanus. She is the Mother and Queen of the New Covenant; for so Her divine Son designates Her in His last hour.†

If the life of the Church is only the con-

* *Kyria kai panton kreismaton despotissa.*

—Joan. Damasc.

† Patriarch of Constantinople in the 7th century.

* Col., i., 26.

† Behold thy Mother. (John, xix., 27.) Go, tell My brethren. (Matt., xxviii., 10.)

tinued Incarnation of the Lord* in the mystical union of the faithful with Him, through whom and in whom we all become one body, then with Him we should all look up as brothers of the First Begotten to the Mother—His Mother and our Mother. She is the Mother of the Head of the Church, and therefore Mother of all the members; the rock set up by God over the redeemed, the new Eve, the Mother of Life and of the living.† The Blood that flowed from His wounded side established the New Covenant, and is our drink in the Blessed Sacrament; and this Blood and this pierced Body were taken from Mary. "The Flesh of Christ," says Augustine, "is the flesh of the Virgin." She is Mother of the real Body of Christ, therefore Mother of His mystical body, the Church, which is growing from century to century; a large, holy family, under Her guardianship and protection, which is ever stretching its tents wider and wider, is ever winning new sons. "All the wonders of grace that have been operated and that still continue to be performed since the Word was made Flesh, God has done to Mary; they are Her maternal pride, Her maternal joys, as they are the acquisition of Her maternal pains, which she endured before and after the birth [of Christ]."‡

Thus we see the justification of the title of Mediator§ which the faithful, looking up with gratitude, give Her. It is true that the God-Man is the only Mediator through whom man entered the sanctuary of the Divinity, through whom the Divinity condescended to the lowliness of man; but this miracle of the Incarnation was accomplished only by the operation of the Holy Ghost on the one hand, the co-operation of Mary on the other. Thus She stands in the closest, most intimate proximity to the

Deity, raised nearer to God than all the saints; and Her share in the work of Redemption is altogether Her own, is immediate, being surpassed only by the work of the Redeemer Himself. "It is true," says Euthymus, "that in the counsels of the Eternal the Redemption had been decided upon, but until the appearance of the Virgin Mary no human instrument had been found commensurate thereto." "Mary," says Irenæus, "was the cause of salvation to the entire race."

The beginning, the foundation, and the root of Her mediation was, above all things, Her faith. "Blessed art Thou that hast believed."* Greater than Hers was the faith of no creature; for She believed on the word of the Father, by angel's lips announced, that the unheard-of would take place in Her; She believed, whilst all nature looked on in wonder.† And in faith She conceived of the Holy Ghost. "By faith in the angel's message," the holy Fathers tell us, "She won back what the incredulity of the first woman had lost for us; She brought life to those to whom the first woman once gave death." Obeying in faith, She uttered that great *fiat*, "Be it done unto Me according to thy word," with which, as the first *fiat* called this visible world into existence, a second and higher world, the Redemption, was connected. For "the work of the Incarnation, expected by heaven and earth for centuries, is not to be accomplished till the Virgin gives Her consent."‡

This *fiat* is the termination of the old world, the beginning of the new, the fulfilment of the prophecies, the turning-point of time, the first ray of the Morning Star that precedes the rising of the "Sun of Justice," which, as far as human will possessed this power, formed that wonderful and mysterious band which drew heaven down to earth and raised man up to God; it named the moment when the cry rang

* Athanas., De Incarnat., c. 21.

† The wound that Mary closed, Eve opened first, Who sits so beautiful at Mary's feet.

—Dante, *Paradise*, xxxii., 2.

‡ Dietlein.

§ Μεσιτεύουσα θεῷ καὶ ἀνθρώποις.

—Basil. *Seleuc.*, p. 360.

* Luke, i., 45.

† Tu quæ genuisti,

Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem.

—*Hymn of the Church.*

‡ Bossuet, I. Sermon on the Nativity of the B. V. M.

through heaven and through all the worlds of spirits, "The Word is made Flesh!"

And as Mary's vocation began, so was it continued, so was it perfected, in faith. Her eye looks upon a weeping Child in the manger, but She believes that He it was who built the heavens; a naked Child, but She believes that to Him belong the world and the riches of life everlasting; She sees a weak Child, with whom She flies from the Roman *satraps*: but She believes in Him whose nod the angels obey; a silent, speechless Child, and She adores in Him the treasures of Eternal Wisdom; therefore She "kept all these [His] words in Her heart." * Therefore She says at the beginning of His public life: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." † She looks upon Him dying on the cross, and She believes in Him, the Redeemer of the world, who by His death conquers Death, and by His resurrection brings us back life. Who ever believed as did She, the Queen of Confessors?

In faith She became a mother; ‡ and as Her motherhood was singular and elevated above all earthly maternity, so also was Her love free from all concupiscence. The Spirit was the principle and active power of Her love; for only in Him and through Him could She worthily love a God-Man. And, through this love being mystically made one with Him, She voluntarily shared in His humiliations, sufferings, death; She co-operated most effectually in the work of Redemption. The lance that pierced Her Son's side pierced Her soul. § She suffered with Him and in Him for the salvation of the world; thus She became the Queen of Martyrs. In order to commemorate worthily the Compassion of Mary and the Passion of the Lord, the Church celebrates the Festival of the Sorrows of Mary on the Friday preceding the commemoration of the Death of Her Son; for the sufferings and death of the Son can never be separated

from the compassion and mystical death of the Mother.

Thus the significance of Mary and Her central place in the Christian economy of salvation are unfolded to us. As in Adam and Eve the natural order of our race was founded, and was with them included under sin, so the supernatural order, the order of redemption and grace, rests upon Jesus and Mary. Her greatness is the reflection of the greatness of Jesus Christ, Her beauty is a participation in the beauty of Jesus Christ. Her dignity arises from the dignity of Her Son, is inseparably connected with it—flows from Him who clothes Her with the garment of His glory. When we praise Her, we praise Her Son; when we glorify Her, we glorify His grace. "There is no doubt," says St. Bernard, "that whatsoever we utter to the praise of the Virgin redounds to the Son; and that, on the other hand, when we honor the Son, we can not withhold our praise from the Mother."

Therefore, it is with the best of reasons that the Church bestows on Her a special worship, corresponding to the mysterious greatness of the Virgin, who is raised far above the holiness of the other saints. But at the same time how we subordinate the Virgin to Christ has not been better expressed than by a preacher of the Middle Ages, the Franciscan Berthold von Regensburg. "Were it possible," he says, "that Our Blessed Lady, Holy Mary, Mother of God, were out yonder in the meadow, and that I were worthy to look upon this heavenly being—and you know that I would wish with immense gladness to see Her,—and I were on my way to see Our Blessed Lady, and a priest should come towards me carrying Our Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar, on his way to a sick person, I would rather turn back with the priest, and would rather fall on my knees before him than before Our Blessed Lady and all the heavenly host. However gladly I would see Her, and although I had never seen Her before, I would show more honor to Our Lord, although I see Him every day here on earth. Small is the portion of sunshine that can go

* Luke, ii., 51.

† John, ii., 5.

‡ Beata cœli nuntio,
Fœcunda Sancto Spiritu.

—Hymn of the Church.

§ Luke, ii., 35.

through the eye of a needle compared to all the sunshine that the sun gives over all the world; and even so small is the holiness of all the heavenly hosts, and of the Virgin superadded, compared to the holiness of God Himself."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUT it was not to be long deferred—that decisive struggle which Marion clearly foresaw, and from which she shrank, notwithstanding Mr. Singleton's confident assurance of her victory. It was a day or two later that Earle said to her:

"Since I am going away soon, Marion, it will be well that we shall settle all details of our future. Can you not make an effort and go with me? What need is there, in our case, for long waiting, or for submitting to a separation which would be very painful?"

The confident assurance of his tone—as if dealing with a point settled beyond all need of argument—made Marion's heart sink a little, but she nerved herself to the necessary degree of resolution, and answered, quietly:

"There will be no need for long waiting or for separation either, if you will only consent to do what your uncle asks—to remain with him, and fulfil the duty which most plainly lies before you." She paused a moment, then added, in a softer tone, "You have refused to yield to his request, will you not yield to *mine*?"

Earle looked at her with eyes full of pained surprise. "*Et tu, Brute!*" he said, with a faint smile. "I thought you, at least, understood how firmly my mind is made up on that subject—how impossible it is for me to resign all my cherished plans of life for the sake of inheriting my uncle's fortune."

"But what is to prevent your painting as many pictures as you like and still gratifying him?" she asked.

"Because no man can serve two masters, in temporal any more than in spiritual things. If I am to serve Art, I must do so with all my strength, not in a half-hearted, *dilettante* manner—but I am weary of saying these things. I hoped that by this time everyone understood them."

"I understand them perfectly," replied Marion; "but I do not think you are right. I think that, because you have never known the need or want of money, you are throwing away a fortune for a mere caprice, and you are condemning others as well as yourself to lifelong poverty."

"Not to poverty," he observed; "though certainly to narrower means than those my uncle possesses. It is for you to say whether or not you care to accept the life which I offer. I can not change it—I do not believe that even for you it would be best that I should."

"You are very kind to settle what would be best for me so entirely in accordance with your own tastes and will," she said, with her old tone of mockery. "May I ask why you are led to such a belief?"

"It is easily told," he answered, "and I will be perfectly frank in the telling. We all have some one point where temptation assails us with more force than at any other. With you, Marion, that point is an undue value of wealth and of all the things of the world that wealth commands,—things, for the most part, of great danger to one who does value them unduly. The possession of wealth, therefore, would be dangerous to you—more dangerous from the very strength of the passion with which you desire it. Forgive me if this sounds odiously like preaching, but it is true. I can not, then, change the whole intention and meaning of my life—give up my study of art and sink into a mere idle amateur—when by so doing I should gain nothing of value to myself, while working harm rather than good to you. Tell me that you believe I follow my conscience in this, and that you will be content with what I offer you?"

He held out his hand with a pleading gesture, but Marion would not see it. What

he had said angered her more deeply than if he had let his refusal remain based solely on his own wishes. That he should recognize *hers*, yet coolly put them aside, reading her the while a moral lecture on their dangerous nature, filled her with a sense of passionate resentment.

"I might be content with what you offer," she said, "if it were not that you could so easily offer more—you could so easily gratify me, whom you profess to love, as well as the old man who loves you so well. But you will not yield in the least degree to either of us. You follow your own wishes, and declare mine to be mercenary and dangerous. The difference between us is that I have known something of the poverty you regard so lightly; and, while I might risk enduring it with a man who had no alternative of escape from it, I do not think my prospect of happiness would be great with a man who condemned me to it for the gratification of his own selfishness."

"Is that how the matter appears to you?" asked Earle. He paused for a minute and seemed to consider. "You may be right," he said, presently; "I may be acting selfishly—what man can be absolutely certain of his own motives?—but, to the best of my judgment, I am doing what I believe to be right. I can not yield to my uncle in this matter—not even though he has secured you as his advocate. I am sure that if I did yield, it would be the worse for all of us. No, Marion; forgive me if I seem hard, but you must take me as I am, or not at all. You must consent to share my life as I have ordered it, or it is best that you should not share it at all."

She bent her head with the air of one who accepts a final decision. "It is very good of you to put it so plainly," she said. "Your candor makes my decision very easy. The matter to me stands simply thus: you decline absolutely to make the least concession to my wishes, you sacrifice my happiness relentlessly to your own caprice, and yet you expect me to believe in the sincerity of your regard. I do not believe in it. I believe, indeed, that you have some kind of

a fancy for me; but you think that, because I bring you nothing beside myself, you can make your own terms and order my life as it pleases you—"

"Marion!" cried Earle, shocked and startled. But she went steadily on:

"That, however, is a mistake. If I bring nothing, I have in myself the power to win all things. I might give up all things for a man who truly loved me, and who was poor by no fault of his own. But for a man who loves me so little that he would condemn me uselessly to a sordid, narrow life—for that man I have only one word: go!"

She rose with a gesture, as if putting him from her; but Earle caught her extended hand.

"Marion," he said, earnestly, "stop and think! You accuse me of selfishness, but is there no selfishness in your own conduct? In asking you to share my life as it is settled, I do not ask you to share poverty: I only do not promise you wealth. Do you care nothing for me without that wealth? Consider that I can only think you weigh me in the scale with my uncle's fortune, and without that fortune hold me of no account."

"You must think what you please," returned Marion. "I have told you how the matter appears to me. If you care for me, you will accept your uncle's generous offer. That is my last word."

"Then we can only part," said Earle, dropping her hand. "It is evident that the love of money is more deeply rooted in you than love of me. God forgive you, Marion, and God bring you to some sense of the relative value of things! I have the presumption to think that what I give you is worth a little more than the fortune which you rate so highly. Some day you may learn how little money can really buy of what is best worth having in human life. In that day you may remember this choice."

"I shall never regret it," she answered, proudly.

"I hope from my heart that you may not, but I shall long regret it. For I believe that you have a noble nature, to which you are doing violence. And I hoped that in the

life to which I would have taken you, that nobler nature would have conquered the one which finds so much attraction in mercenary things."

The nobler nature of which he spoke struggled a little to assert itself, but was overborne by the lower and stronger nature—by anger, disappointment, and wounded pride. What! she, who had expected to sway and dominate all with whom she came in contact, to yield to this man—to give up the strongest wish, the most earnest resolve of her life? From her early youth, embittered by adversity and galled by poverty, she had said to herself, "Some day I will be rich!" And now the opportunity to possess riches, and with riches the power for which she longed, was placed within her reach, and yet was held back by the selfish obstinacy of a man, who made his refusal worse by condemning her wishes. At this moment she felt that anything was more possible than to yield to him.

"You are wasting words," she observed, coldly. "My attraction for mercenary things concerns you no longer. Our folly is at an end. It *was* folly, I see; for you have no trust in me, nor any inclination to please me; and where these things do not exist, love does not exist either."

She gave him no opportunity to reply had he intended to do so, for she left the room abruptly with the last words.

And there was no deliberation about her next step. She went at once to Mr. Singleton. "I have come to tell you that your confidence in my power over your nephew is misplaced," she said. "I have failed entirely to influence him. He is going away."

The old man, who was leaning back in his deep velvet chair, his face against its soft richness, looking more than ever like a piece of fine ivory carving, did not appear very much surprised by this intelligence. He remained for a minute without speaking, regarding intently the girl before him. Her beauty was truly imperial; for excitement gave it a brilliance—a light to her eyes, a color to her cheeks—which was almost dazzling.

"What a splendid creature!" he said to himself; then he remarked aloud, very quietly:

"And you are going with him?"

"No," she answered. "Since he has no regard for my wishes in a matter so important to me as well as to himself, I have declined to have anything further to do with him."

"Good!" said Mr. Singleton. His tone expressed not only approval, but intense satisfaction. "I am glad that some way to punish him has been found. But what is he made of that he can look at you and refuse to do what you ask! Has he gone mad with obstinacy, or is he a man of ice?"

"I do not know," she replied. "He cares only for himself and the gratification of his own whims, I suppose. He does not deserve that either you or I should think of him any more. And I," she added, more sternly, "am determined that I will *not* think of him again. He has gone out of my life forever. There only remains for me now to go out of this house, with the most grateful memory, dear Mr. Singleton, of your kindness."

"No," said Mr. Singleton. He extended his hand and laid it on her arm, as if he would detain her by force. "It is not for you to go, but for him. And he shall go at once."

"Not on my account," she said, haughtily. "*He* has a right here, I have none."

"You have the right that I ask you to stay," observed Mr. Singleton. "He has no other than my invitation, and that will be withdrawn as soon as I see him. Like yourself, I am done with him now forever. I have borne much from him and hoped much from him; but I see that the first was useless, and the last without any rational ground. This offence—his conduct to you—I will never forgive. But I hope, my dear, that you will suffer me to make what atonement for it I can. I consider you as much my adopted daughter as if this marriage on which I set my heart had taken place."

"You are very good," replied Marion. A vision passed before her as she spoke of all

that this might mean; but she felt strangely dead toward it, as if already the fortune she coveted had been robbed of half its lustre.

"Stay with me, then," said Mr. Singleton. "I can not part with you, if Brian can. I want your society while I live, and I will provide for you liberally when I die. Will you stay?—is that agreed upon?"

"Yes," she answered. "If you care for me, I will stay. Nobody else does care."

Then suddenly her proud composure gave way. She burst into tears, and made her escape from the room.

Perhaps those tears hardened Mr. Singleton's resolve, or perhaps it needed no hardening. After a few minutes he rang his bell, and sent the servant who answered it to summon Brian Earle to him.

The latter was on the point of leaving the house when he received the message, but he immediately obeyed it, saying to himself as he laid down his hat, "As well now as later." For he knew perfectly what was before him, and Mr. Singleton's icy manner was no surprise to him when he entered the room where Marion had brought her story so short a time before.

"I am informed by Miss Lynde," said Mr. Singleton, severely, "that your engagement to her is at an end, for the reason that you refuse to yield your wishes to hers as well as to mine, and she very wisely declines to countenance your folly and selfishness by sacrificing her life to it. Is this true?"

"Perfectly true," replied the young man, calmly. "Miss Lynde thinks me not worth accepting without your fortune. I regret to say that this, to my mind, betrays a nature so mercenary that I am not sorry a conclusive test should have arisen, and ended an arrangement which certainly would not be for the happiness of either of us."

"That is how it appears to you, is it?" said Mr. Singleton. "Well, let me tell you that, to me, your conduct is so utterly without reason or excuse, so shameful in its selfish disregard of everyone's wishes but your own, that I finally cast off all regard for you. Go your way, study the art to which you have sacrificed not only me but the

woman to whom you pledged your faith; but remember that you have lost your last chance with me. Not a sixpence of my money will ever go to you."

"I have never wanted it," said Brian, proudly.

"No," answered his uncle. "But in the days to come, when your need for money increases, and you find that fame and fortune are not so easily won as you imagine now, you *will* want it; you will curse your folly then when it is too late; and you will think, perhaps, of the old man who offered you so much for so little, and to whom you refused that little."

Angry as the speaker was, something in the tone of his last words almost shook Brian's resolution. For a moment he asked himself if, after all, he might not be the victim of a self-willed delusion; if his uncle might not be right, and if it might not be his duty to yield. But this was only for a moment. He had the faculty of seeing clearly and deciding firmly once for all. He had long before this weighed every aspect of a question which so importantly concerned his life, and his final decision was based on many strong grounds. Those grounds he saw no reason to reconsider now.

"I am very sorry," he said, gravely, "for all that has happened,—most sorry for any disappointment or pain I have caused you or another. But there are many reasons why I can not comply with your wishes; and, since further discussion of the subject is useless, I will beg your permission to leave you."

"Leave me and leave my house!" said Mr. Singleton, emphatically. "It is my duty to guard Miss Lynde from any possible annoyance, and to meet you could only be an annoyance to her now. You will, therefore, be good enough to go at once."

"I will do so," replied Brian, rising. "God bless you, sir, and believe that I am very grateful for all your kindness to me. I wish that I could have repaid you better."

Then, before his uncle could answer, he went away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Priestly Dignity.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ST. MARTIN OF TOURS.

TO the stately imperial palace,
 To the Emperor's sumptuous feast,
 Came Martin, the model of bishops,
 With a single attendant priest.
 But the place of the Saint at the banquet
 Was next to the Emperor's own;
 For dear was the prelate, meek-hearted,
 To the lord of that mightiest throne.
 And when, as quaint custom demanded,
 The wine, clear as amber, was poured
 In the great golden tankard, to circle
 From lip unto lip round the board,
 The page to the monarch first proffered
 The draught, upon lowly bent knee;
 But the King passed it on to the Bishop,
 Saying, "Bless thou the wine cup for me."
 The Saint took the glittering goblet
 And moistened his lip at the brim,
 Then turned to his priestly companion,
 And offered it next unto him.
 But black grew the brows of the courtiers,
 And lightning flashed out from their eyes,
 While rose, like the gathering tempest,
 Their murmurs of wrathful surprise:
 "Will the Emperor suffer this insult?
 Lo! the privileged place at his feast
 He gave to this Bishop, who scorns him,
 Preferring a lowly born priest."
 "Nay!" the Saint said, "I offer no scorning
 To him whom as master I own;
 But he is a temporal ruler,
 And reigns from a limited throne.
 But the priest of your Faith representeth
 The Monarch all monarchs above;
 His voice brings a God, and his hand gives
 That God in the Banquet of Love"
 Then the Emperor stepped from his dais,
 And, kneeling in homage before
 The Saint and his priestly attendant,
 He bent his proud head to the floor,
 And cried: "Thou art right, holy Bishop!
 Earth's greatest (tho' sprung from her least)
 Is the being whose brow is encircled
 With the mystical crown of the priest.
 I hold but a limited sceptre,
 He sways with an infinite rod;
 I rule o'er a temporal kingdom,
 He reigns from the Throne of his God."

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE (*Marie*).

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIV.—THE FAITH OF FLORENCE.

STROLLING one evening among the winding ways of Florence, I paused to listen; for my ear had caught a sound like "the murmur of innumerable bees." The next moment there issued from a dark archway close at hand a procession of robed figures chanting the Litany for the Dead. Upon the shoulders of some were borne a litter and a shrouded body. No one paid heed to this extraordinary spectacle, beyond raising the hat as the funeral passed—for it is common enough in Florence,—though the dozen couples that walked with sandaled feet were clad in black, with huge rosaries at their girdles, and on each rosary a carven ivory skull. The head of each was entirely masked in a kind of hangman's hood—a cloth sack with two small openings in the front, through which the eyes alone were visible.

These were the Brothers of the Misericordia, a pious order in which the prince and the pauper walk side by side, each under a vow of inviolable *incognito*. The members live at their several homes, and may be men of family, in any occupation, and of any degree in life. At a given signal they are summoned in turn. Some one has applied at headquarters for assistance: perhaps it is a sudden death in the street, or an accident, or the afflicted poor have asked for relief at the bedside of the sick and dying.

Two or more are sent at once, but these are unknown to each other. In the world they may be the direst foes, or bosom friends, or brothers; here they go at the call of Christian charity; and, verily, they follow the Scriptural injunction, for they let not their right hand know what their left hand doeth. Thus the sick are nourished, the dead buried, without money and without price; and when the end cometh, the Brothers of the Misericordia go their ways, and

no man is the wiser. This is one of the fairest fruits of the faith of Florence.

SANTA CROCE.—Most Italian cities have what the guide-books call a Westminster Abbey. Nearly all the great monuments are gathered here for the inspection and admiration of the multitude. Santa Croce is the monument church of Florence. Under its lofty aisles are reared imposing memorials over the remains of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Galileo, Leonardo Bruno, and Alfieri. There is a fine monument sacred to the memory of Dante, who was banished from Florence, and is buried at Ravenna. The monument is much finer than that which marks his resting place; but the people of Ravenna no doubt think that it is not necessary to commemorate in marble a name that Genius has made immortal.

The Florentines, by an imposing bit of sculpture, wherein Poetry personified weeps over the death of the author of the "Divine Comedy," seem to shadow forth their own contrition at the loss of his precious dust. He sleeps well in the quiet, the dusty sunshine of drowsy old Ravenna; and, as for Florence, his name is forever associated with her changeful and checkered history.

There are artists sketching in the remote corners of Santa Croce—one can not escape them in the land of art. They invariably prefer the interiors to the exteriors of the Florentine sacred edifices, and I don't wonder at it: Santa Croce has a façade done in black and white marble—a kind of fancy bed-quilt pattern,—that is not only tasteless and expressionless, but disagreeable to the eye.

The churches of Florence are by no means to be compared with the churches of most Italian cities. Even the Duomo is a disappointment, though Dante used to sit upon the pavement and contemplate it; a properly inscribed stone marks the spot to this hour. Superb stained-glass windows fail to relieve the general blankness of the interior; they are too narrow and too far aloft to be effective. The dome is higher than the cross on St. Peter's at Rome; to look into it from below is like looking through a skylight

into a cloudy sky: one sees nothing; he is conscious of space and darkness—that is all.

GIOTTO'S TOWER.—It is like a shaft of crystal, through which particolored flames are playing. From its turrets I looked over the roofs of Florence; how mean they seemed! The streets, three hundred feet below, were mere paths, wherein the multitude crept to and fro like ants. What a pedestal is this for a mere human being to stand upon—the exquisiteness of proportion, of color, of lightness and delicacy; the statues, the reliefs, the glorious, great windows that seem to make a kind of heaven of the three airy stories at the top!

It is a dizzy climb up the winding stairway in one corner of the tower. I was glad that I was not permitted to ascend alone—no one ever is,—for I had the impulse that seizes most people at one time or another,—the impulse to clasp my hands above me and dive headlong into horribly fascinating space.

SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.—A famous Madonna by Cimabue hangs here, and it hangs in a side chapel, and in a very bad light. It is a dingy, molasses-colored painting, set in a frame of medallions. It was the first of the sacred pictures that had any touch of nature—of human nature—in them. It was once borne through the streets of Florence, followed by throngs who were shouting and singing its praises. King Charles of Anjou was in the city, on his way to take the throne of Naples. The picture was just completed; the hour was propitious; the people were in every way more fervent than they now are; and therefore, as the masterpiece was borne from the studio of the artist to the chapel it has ever since occupied, the populace came forth to greet it with pæans and applause—but all this happened six hundred years ago.

THE MONASTERY OF SAN MARCO.—Once upon a time this great religious house was full of busy but silent friars; like all silent workers, they had more effect upon the world than if they had been babblers. But they have had their day, and it has come to an end, notwithstanding.

We were welcomed at the door of the great cloister—which opens directly upon the street—by Government officials, who demanded an admission fee of one franc. The monastery is, of course, suppressed; but the Government is making what it can out of it as a side-show—Sunday alone being a day when the populace may enter at will.

The quiet cloisters, with rose gardens in the centre, seem as if they had been deserted but yesterday. A few frescos still remain over the several doors that open into the refectory and other apartments. In one of these rooms is a large fresco representing the Crucifixion, with a life-size group of twenty saints; below it are medallion portraits of seventeen Dominicans—all from the hand of Fra Angelico. The whole monastery is illuminated in the same manner; it is like one of those old missals wherein every letter is a picture wrought by pious hands. Nor is this all of interest here. Fra Angelico lived and labored within these consecrated walls, among the monks, who moved their lips in prayer only, and who communed with one another through the divine medium of art.

On the floor above are two long rows of cells, each containing a crucifix, or a sacred picture from the exquisite brush of Fra Angelico or some one of his pupils—is this not getting pretty near to the ideal life? Yet they were not all sweet-spirited and mild-tempered men that dwelt under this roof. In one of the narrow cells—where the small window has a wooden shutter with a little square hole in the centre of it, admitting just light enough for good eyes to read by—Savonarola dreamed his fiery dream, and he was dragged forth to fiery death in consequence of his vain efforts to realize it.

Here I saw his autograph, his breviary, his desk, his shirt of hair. His portrait, by Fra Bartolomi, is here also—a severe, heavy, iron-featured face, with more determination than wisdom in it, it seemed to me;—a face that one might fear and respect, but never love. The flower-like angels of Fra Angelico must have seemed to him foolish trifles; it is hardly possible that he could have been

in sympathy with anything so delicate and *spirituelle*.

Notwithstanding the aggressive and painful incongruity of the uniformed official in such a place, the serene atmosphere of the cloister still hangs about it. One feels like sitting down there and dreaming away the hours before those sacred pictures; or like walking up and down among the rose-trees in the garden, and waiting for the twilight to steal in among the arches before turning back into the city, the tumult and confusion of which are for the time being forgotten.

FIESOLE.—Florence sprang into existence in the valley of the Arno as naturally as a bed of daffodils bursts into bloom. One realizes this when he gets away from her, and looks back with a kind of fond regret. Everything, even in the midst of the abominable Italian winter, seems full of the promise of spring, as one quits the heavily-arched and ponderous city gates, that have been battered in their day by besieging enemies. The road to Fiesole winds down between the walls of suburban villas; at the angles of these walls one comes constantly upon niches with terra-cotta medallions set in them; the pale faces of Madonnas look down from a secure height, and in the wall above or below them is this legend, rudely graven in Italian, "Here say one *Ave Maria*."

Fiesole is a little, unpretending town set upon a high hill, but much of it seems to have spilled down the slopes, and to have caught among the rocks that strew the way. With its 12,000 souls, its paved square, wherein men and beasts strive to warm themselves in the thin winter sunshine, its straw-plaiters, and its plentiful lack of interest, it is almost a wonder that any care to make the toilsome ascent of the heights. Truly, it comes down to us from the Etruscan period, but I am at a loss to see what is gained by this distinction.

There is a venerable cathedral, with antique, possibly prehistoric columns, and some fragments of good sculpture. Farther up the hill—indeed this is quite a moun-

tain—stands a monastery, and thither we bent our steps. We left our animals, quite fagged, in the piazza, to bask in the feeble warmth that had attracted many idlers to the sunny side of the cathedral. The road grows steeper and steeper, and is hard to climb; for the cobbles are ever so big and round. On each side of it are kennel-like houses, where the straw-plaiters live, and whence they came forth to greet us. Their clamor was deafening; if we had purchased a tenth part of the pretty wares they pressed upon us, our carriage must have toppled over on our way back to the city.

We were glad to pause a moment, and rest upon a stone settle, erected by a gallant Englishman, and inscribed to his fellow-countrymen. The seat is well placed: Florence lies at your feet, gleaming whitely in the midst of a green valley, through which the swift and silvery Arno rushes onward toward Pisa and the sea. The great dome of the cathedral, like a big, black balloon—you expect it to ascend at any moment,—Giotto's Campanile, that shimmering shaft of ivory; and the slender towers of the old palace and the Podestà—what can be more beautiful than these when viewed from the heights of Fiesole!

Higher still we climbed, till we came to a door under an arch, where we pulled the bell-rope and awaited a reply. Presently an old Franciscan friar thrust forth his tonsured head, and, seeing we were men only, admitted us with the pleasantest smile. He left us entirely to ourselves—for nothing has been suffered to remain in the despoiled monastery worth calling attention to. The friar went quietly about his business; we passed through the silent cloister into a garden sown with cabbages and artichokes, and then down a steep incline onto a meadow, or lawn, or park, where the glorious trees grew just as they pleased, and the grass and weeds had it all their own way. Little paths wound hither and thither, but all of them led sooner or later to the foot of a great, brown, weather-stained cross of wood. There were many crosses set in various parts of the grove, and stone seats placed

in the prettiest and cosiest corners. Here the friars take their recreation; here they walk to and fro, visiting in turn each and all of the crosses, resting here and there, where the view is almost heavenly, and meditating, no doubt, on the Heaven of heavens.

This was the ancient Acropolis of Fiesole. Below us, on one hand, we saw the ruins of an amphitheatre; the circular seats, supported by heavy arches, are now grass-grown and falling to decay. On the other hand, the marble mountains of Carrara loom in the distance, and seem quarried out of cloud.

The air was bracing but very cold, and soon drove us from the monastic fields, where a death-like silence reigns forever. We turned back into the cloister; drank at the well, drawing the water with a bucket and a very long chain. The friar heard us, and hastened to bring us a cup—one of several turned over on a low wall, together with heaps of spoons and shallow earthen dishes; these were for the use of the poor, who are fed daily at the gate of the monastery. The starving poor are always fed at these religious houses, and gratuitously, even though the friars belong to a mendicant order, as do the Franciscans.

When we reached the street we met one of the friars returning—the dear old fellows always come home at twilight. Over his shoulder was a large bag, heavy with provision which he had begged from door to door, and which he and his pious brother were to share with the poor of the parish on the day following. Many Italian families give regularly to the friars whatever is left from their tables; and these, in turn, distribute it among those who are too feeble to beg, or who would most likely be turned rudely away if they were to ask bread of any save the Begging Friars, at the monastery gate.

SAN MINIATO.—The Church of San Miniato, upon a hill in the edge of Florence, is literally overflowing with the dust of the dead. As one might expect, after a sight of the Florentine frescos that seem to have gone mad, the cemetery—San Miniato

is a mortuary chapel—is quite extraordinary. You enter the burial-ground through a fort designed by Michael Angelo, and which for eleven months defended the city against the assaults of the imperial troops.

The fort is a fine old ruin, and answers very well as a wall for the city of the dead—that is, a city such as this; nothing could be more absurdly out of keeping in most cases.

One can not but admire the antique columns of the church, the beautiful sculpture, and the windows of the choir, which are filled with semi-transparent slabs of alabaster. But imagine a burial-place where the memorial stones, placed flat upon the ground, lie so close together that a blade of grass would choke to death were it to try to creep between them.

There are names on all, or nearly all, of these slabs; and a multitude of iron crosses are set in marble stands, so that they can be slid about from grave to grave in the most familiar and convenient fashion. Vases of artificial flowers are very numerous; wreaths of *immortelle* and elaborate specimens of bead-work are seen in profusion. Nor is this all. Since there is literally no room for a shrub to strike root, great trees of wire, with cambric or paper leaves, rattle noisily in the winds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Princess' First Communion.

BY H. B. C.

ALTHOUGH Marie Antoinette superintended, herself, the education of her daughter, who was under the direction of the Baroness de Mackan, one period, nevertheless, seemed to the King to merit his special attention. It was the time of her First Communion. When the tempest of revolution threatened to engulf everything about him, he believed he could not do enough to save from shipwreck the faith of his fathers and strengthen it in the hearts of his children. After the Princess was considered sufficiently instructed as to the

truths of religion, and exercised in the practice of the virtues proper to her age, he thought fit to have her go through the ecclesiastical examination to which all children are subjected before being admitted to the most solemn of Sacraments. It was not until after that examination, which lasted through several public sessions, that the King set the day for his daughter's First Communion.

It was formerly the custom at the court of France for the king to present the princesses at their First Communion with diamonds, which were destined to serve, later, as ornaments on grand occasions. This custom seemed to Louis XVI. to be contrary to the spirit of the Faith, and he decided to discontinue it. One day he caused the young Princess to be summoned to the apartments of the Queen, and said to her:

"Perhaps you have been told, my daughter, of a certain casket usually given as a First Communion present; but I believe you too sensible at the moment when you should be exclusively occupied with the ornamenting of your heart, and the making of it a sanctuary worthy of the Divinity, to attach a very great importance to personal adornments. I might, my child, let that explanation suffice to you. But I add a second reason: the poverty of the people is extreme, and I know that you would rather do without jewels than feel that the poor are in want of bread."

The First Communion of Madame Royale took place at Versailles, and was accompanied by very touching incidents. It occurred on the 8th of April, 1790. The pious Princess was surrounded by children of the people, who also accomplished this duty for the first time. The example of equality before God created a great sensation.

On the morning of that solemn day, the Queen having led her daughter to the King's apartment, said to her: "My daughter, kneel at your father's feet, and ask his blessing." The young girl obeyed, and the King, much moved, extended his hands and said a few words to her, so touching that it is impossible to read the record of them

without emotion. The heart of the monarch seems revealed, and one would think that the son of St. Louis was inspired by the sublime words of our Divine Saviour, addressed to His Apostles on the night preceding His crucifixion.

"I bless you from the bottom of my heart, my daughter, begging that God may grant you the grace to appreciate the great action you are about to perform. Your heart is pure and innocent in His sight: your prayers must, then, be agreeable to Him. Offer them up for your mother and for me. Ask Him to grant me the necessary graces to render happy those over whom He has given me control, and whom I must consider as my children. Beg Him to preserve in this kingdom the purity of the Faith. Consider, my daughter, that our holy religion is the source of happiness, and our support in the adversities of life. Never think that you will be shielded from them; you are very young, but you have already seen your father in affliction. You know not, my child, for what Providence designs you—whether you will remain in this country, or whether you will go to live in another. But in whatever spot the hand of God places you, remember that you must edify by your example, and do good whenever you have the opportunity. But, above all, relieve the unfortunate whenever it is in your power. God has caused us to be born in the rank we hold only that we may work for the happiness of the people, and console them in their troubles. Go to the altar, where you are expected, and implore the God of Mercy never to let you forget your father's advice."

We know by what an example of piety and heroic resignation the good King sanctioned these words. All know, too, the unheard-of misfortunes suffered courageously by his daughter unto old age. Having seen her father, mother, and her cherished aunt perish on the scaffold, and her dearly loved brother in torments of the most cruel agony, she was three times exiled, and died far from the land which she loved, and for which she had only pardon and benedictions.

Catholic Notes.

A Sister of Charity in Italy recently found that a relic of the heart of St. Vincent de Paul had become detached from its covering in the reliquary which she wore. A priest of the archdiocese broke the seal, in order that it might be made more secure. The relic was allowed to fall on a clean sheet of white paper, and, as it was too small to be taken up with the fingers, a needle was used. The moment the needle pierced the relic, a blood-red liquid flowed therefrom and colored the paper. The incident was related to the archbishop, who immediately ordered the sheet of paper to be preserved with care and respect, and sent a report to the Holy Father.

A noble charity in Dublin is known by the pathetic name of the Hospice for the Dying. Not long ago two ladies visited the ward where men of all ages lie waiting for the coming of the consoler. There is sometimes a long period of waiting, and the poor fellows are glad to see a cheerful visitor who brings a little sunshine. One of the ladies had a guitar, and was playing for the patients, when a strange gentleman was ushered into the ward. He appeared to be much attracted by the scene, and presently volunteered to sing. And sing he did, to the delight of his audience. The singer was Mr. Santley, who, on the same night, held all the musical world of Dublin spell-bound by his sublime interpretation of "Elijah." Many of our readers may not be aware that he is a devout convert.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union is to be held in New York on the 25th and 26th inst. This Union is one of the most excellent associations in our land, and, owing to the good management and untiring zeal of its president and the other officers, its members have increased and multiplied. It is a union of all the Catholic societies of the youth of America, one in faith and heart, and nobly fulfils its high mission.

One of the historical heresies most prevalent among certain sects in America, is that America is a Protestant country. According to consular reports, the population of Spanish-

American countries south of the Rio Grande, by the last census, is 45,545,000. Those people are, of course, all Catholics. The estimated population of the United States at the present time is 58,000,000, and that of Canada close on to 5,000,000. There are, at the lowest computation, 10 000 000 Catholics in the United States, and in Canada a total of 2,000,000. The population of the two Americas should therefore, in round numbers, be 108,000,000. Deducting from this the total aggregate of Catholic population, it would leave a majority of 6,000,000 Catholics on that side of the Atlantic over all sects.

A certain number of French philosophers, alarmed at the progress of atheism and its concomitant, political anarchism, have founded a "League against Atheism." One of the leaders of the movement is M. Franck, who lately delivered a remarkable address on the subject. After tracing the history of atheism from the earliest times—even those of the Old Testament,—he pointed out that whilst the atheism of the ancient world was merely speculative, modern atheism had become practical and aggressive. "I do not know whether all atheists are anarchists, but I can confidently assert that all anarchists are atheists." Replying to those who pretend that the belief in God is opposed to the scientific spirit, he quoted the names of Descartes, Leibnitz, and Newton, and recalled all they had done both for science and for spiritualistic philosophy. M. Franck thinks that the intolerance of atheism ought to cure us of the spirit of intolerance, and lead to a common defensible union of "all the Churches." We suspect that, in the long run, M. Franck will find that the best and only practical "League against Atheism" is that which has existed these nineteen centuries—the Catholic Church.—*London Tablet.*

The late Very Rev. Father Grignon, Vicar-General of the See of Natchez, was a priest in that diocese for nearly forty years, and had endeared himself to all who were brought in contact with him by his remarkable kindness of heart and amiability of character. His death was not unexpected, but it proved a severe shock to his devoted children in Christ. For thirty-seven years he toiled in the Master's vineyard, sowed the good seed, and broke and softened the obdurate soil of human hearts to

receive it. Before the end of his life he was permitted to see the growth and fruit of that seed springing up to eternal life. Few dioceses have ever possessed a more efficient and zealous priest. When incapacitated from labor by the attack of disease from which he was never to recover, he bore his sufferings with heroic patience and resignation. His indomitable energy never left him, even when he was so helpless that he could scarcely move. For everyone who came to visit him during his illness he had a kind word and smile, and often forgot his own distress in listening to the troubles of others. His last end was worthy of his life: it was the peaceful and serene death of Christ's faithful soldier and servant, who went to receive his eternal crown. May he rest in peace!

Most of the work-house hospitals in Ireland are now under the care of the Sisters of Mercy. This is a real boon to the poor inmates, the greater number of whom have spent lives of suffering and poverty. When no longer able to toil or beg, they consent at last to go to the work-house. The van is sent for; and, though the parting with friends and familiar places is painful, especially to old age, it is a great consolation to know that kindly voices will greet them on their arrival at the hospital, and that, for the short time they have to live, every care both spiritual and temporal will be bestowed on them.

On Sunday, the 1st inst., the Rt. Rev. P. J. Ludden, the first Bishop of Syracuse, New York—the seat of the diocese recently created by the division of the Diocese of Albany,—was solemnly consecrated in the Church of the Assumption in the new episcopal see. The consecrating prelate was the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop McNeirny, of Albany. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton. The other prelates present were: the Most Rev. Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, and the Rt. Rev. Bishops O'Reilly, McMahon, Bradley, Conroy, O'Hara, McQuaid, Ryan (Buffalo), Gilmour, and Wigger. An immense concourse of local and visiting clergy, together with the civic authorities, societies and members of the congregation, filled the spacious edifice, and made

the occasion one long to be remembered by the faithful of Syracuse. Bishop Ludden is no stranger in the district entrusted to his care, having been Vicar-General of the Diocese of Albany for a number of years, during which he displayed the rare qualities of mind and heart with which he is gifted, and endeared himself to the clergy and people. In union with his devoted flock, we cordially wish him *ad multos annos*.

Many, especially among new friends of THE "AVE MARIA," may not be aware that, besides the exceptional blessing of his Holiness Leo XIII. bestowed upon all who as subscribers or in any other way promote the interests of Our Lady's messenger, they are sharers in a perpetual daily Mass. Although, in deference to a decree of the recent Plenary Council of Baltimore, the inducement of this great spiritual advantage is no longer published, the proprietors of THE "AVE MARIA" have had no thought of withdrawing it. When the Mass was founded the subscribers of THE "AVE MARIA," present and future, were promised a share in its inestimable benefit, and that promise will always hold good. It may furthermore interest our readers to learn that the Mass in question is offered at this season of the year at 5.30 o'clock; in winter it is said at six.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Miss Celia Lanigan, a devout Child of Mary, who died a most edifying death on the 18th ult.

Mr. Edward McDonnell, an old friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in Salix, Ioa., who piously breathed his last on the 15th of April.

Mr. Thomas J. Fleming, whose holy death, the reward of a well-spent life, occurred in San Francisco, on the 23d ult.

Michael M. O'Connor, who departed this life on Good Friday, after a long and painful illness.

Mrs. Margaret O'Donnell, of Lowell, Mass., who was called to a better world on the 11th ult. Her life was an edification to all who knew her.

Mrs. Laurena Matthews, of Camden, N. J., who passed away on the 23d of last month, fortified by the last Sacraments.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



A May Hymn.

GLORIOUS Mother! from high heaven
Down upon Thy children gaze,
Gathered in Thy own loved season,
Thee to bless and Thee to praise.

Chorus—See sweet Mary, on Thy altars
Bloom the fairest buds of May,
Oh, may we, earth's sons and daughters,
Grow by grace as pure as they!

Raise Thy voice for us to Jesus,
In this blessed month of Thine;
Raise Thy pure hands up to bless us,
As we linger round Thy shrine.

Chorus.—See, sweet Mary, etc.

Bless, oh! bless us now and ever,
Thou who once the dark earth trod;
Bear, in death's dark hour, our spirit
To the bosom of our God.

Chorus.—See, sweet Mary, etc.

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

X.

The cold snap broke up a day or two later in a furious storm of sleet, rain, and wind; and when the sun shone the next morning, although it was still blowing, the two tramps went out for a run. As Mémé had told them not to go far, they scampered up past the north fronts of the Treasury, the White House, and the State Department, then turned down 17th Street, and started back by way of the White Lot. Half-way across they took it into their heads to skirt along the shores of Babcock Lake, which is toward the Monument. The skating was all over, of course, but the lake was still frozen—although the ice was of very

unequal thickness, much of it being mere skin and rotten snow-ice,—and a few rough boys were sliding about.

These latter, however, swore so disgustingly, and were so boisterous, that the tramps turned to leave; but the hoodlums, scenting game in the nicely dressed little lads and their collie, surrounded them with rude gestures and mocking questions. From these they went on to pinching, hair-tweaking, and hustling. But the tramps were plucky, and the boys not really vicious enough to do them personal harm; so, after snatching Laurie's toboggan-cap and Phil's neckerchief, they pretended to be much struck by Waggy's appearance. He had barked most furiously at them, and they declared he was going mad, and that the only cure for hydrophobia was to drown him. And the ring-leader said, with an immense appearance of interest:

"We couldn't, we reelly couldn't leave two such nice young ge'men with a mad-dog to bite 'em, 'specially after we've got so int'mate that this 'here one"—with a pull at Phil's ear that made him wince—"has guv me his handk'chief, and this here one"—with a rap on Laurie's head that made him see stars—"wouldn't take no refusal wotever 'bout this here cap; so before we go we'll chuck the mad-dog inter the worter, and send 'em home to their mar."

And he seized Waggy by a clever, flank movement, and held him aloft, struggling frantically.

Ah! *then* the tramps pleaded and raged. But the rough laughed until the tears stood in his small, sly eyes; and he would have prolonged the sport indefinitely, had not Waggy nipped his finger so sharply that he tossed him far out on the lake, where he fell with a crash and disappeared.

With a loud cry, Laurie ran toward the spot, and Phil struggled to follow; but one of the boys caught him by the arm and held him, calling out, "Stop that young un, some of you fellows! That ice ain't none too strong. You hadn't orter chucked the dorg in, Jim," he added, reproachfully, turning to his friend.

"Shut up! Served him right," said Jim, nursing his bitten finger, and uncomfortably remembering all the stories of hydrophobia he had ever heard; "let him drown."

But just then came three sounds—a faint yap as Waggy rose to the surface, a crash as the rotten ice gave way under Laurie, and a cry from Phil that touched even the not very sensitive hearts of these boys. They made an anxious movement, but somebody called "Coppers!" and several of the crowd ran; for a policeman turned into the Lot, and they had reason to fear any officer of the law. Two of them, however, stayed—the boy that first spoke, and a wiry, undersized youngster, who had not done or said anything for or against the teasing.

"Run, Blizzard," the former shouted,—
"run fur all you're wuth to the Monymt, and git a plank fum the workmen. I'll stand by the youngsters. Now, don't you go fur to holler," he said not unkindly to Phil, as the "Blizzard" went tearing across the Lot at a rate that explained his name. "And don't, fur any sake, come on the ice. It's a awful rotten piece, and mebbe it won't hold even me."

As he spoke he had lain flat, and was worming his way over the creaking surface, that swayed under him, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on a little blue hand that gripped the edge of the ice nearest him, and the back of a yellow head that was strangely low in the water.

"My gosh!" he said, "ef that there ice gives way, the young un'll drown sure. Wonder why his head ain't up?"

As if in answer, up came two heads—the boy's and the dog's. But Laurie, under the impulse of rising, must have borne on the ice too heavily; for with a snap it did give way! Then Bill Judson "made a long arm," and gripped his hand, holding on like grim death.

"Drop the dorg!" he wheezed; for Laurie's other hand clutched Waggy's collar.

"Oh, no!" chattered the little blue lips; "I couldn't—indeed I couldn't."

"He kin scramble—whew!" said Jud-

son; for the ice under his breast cracked, and every minute he expected it to go. The sweat broke out on him as if it were July, and he began to be sure the Blizzard had dropped in a fit, or, as he elegantly thought it, "bu'st his b'iler this time."

But Waggy did good service; he beat the water with his paws—as if he were a small but energetic thrashing-machine, that had a heavy contract to fill, and very little time in which to do it,—and, as Laurie was too numb to struggle, doubtless helped to keep his head up, and play enough weight off Judson to let *him* stay—"outside the family circle." Then the Blizzard came racing along with a rope and a short plank, and, taking in the situation at a glance, he crawled out, with the plank broadside onto the hole; then stood on it, and cleverly lassoed the group.* Then he crawled back and hauled home.

And it was mighty lucky he had thought of it; for at the first effort Judson made to get Laurie out, everything gave way, and he just had to break his way through with the plank, and big boy, little boy, and collie came out a dripping bunch.

By this time the policeman walked leisurely on the scene, attracted by the performances, I suppose; for, after Judson laid out to his work, Phil had not uttered a sound, but had dropped on his knees in the slush, and prayed with an agony of entreaty that must have made Our Lady's mother-heart yearn over him. The "copper" surveyed them for a few minutes, asked several judicial questions, wrapped Laurie up in Phil's overcoat, rushed the Blizzard off to Naylor's for a cab, and finally told Judson kindly but vaguely he had better be off.

The wind was bitter, the wetting thorough, and Judson went, but Laurie feebly croaked:

"Come—come—tell him, Phil."

* "Buffalo Bill" and his "Wild West" have been in Washington several times, and such is the enthusiasm excited by the performances that a number of our *gamins* have become very expert in the use of the lasso, although they do not often put it to such good use as above named.

"Come to the Ebbitt House to-night," said Phil, who had now taken off his jacket and wrapped Waggy in it, and had him under one arm, while with the other hand he clutched Laurie tightly. "Mémé and papa'll want to see you. You're a *nawful* good boy, and bold as a—as a lion, and I love you for saving them," he added energetically, to Mr. Judson's no small amazement; for he had never been considered a lovable youth, and had grown up in an incongenial atmosphere of kicks, cuffs, and things "shied" at him to enforce staying or going, as the case might be.

Then they were bundled into the cab, and Phil saw the policeman give (yes, this is so!) a nickél to Judson, and heard him mumble something about "hot coffee"; and then he jumped in with them, and they drove to the hotel.

Mémé meantime was sitting in the little parlor adjoining the boys' rooms, and was beginning to wonder what had become of them, when the bell-boy knocked and brought her a card—

"LIEUT. J. D. WENTWORTH,
U. S. ARMY."

And just as she reached the reception room, and Wentworth's figure rose to greet her, another bell-boy rushed up and gasped:

"O Miss! a p'liceman's down-stairs, and the two young gent'men's been out and tumbled into the lake—"

But he got no further; for Wentworth seized him by the shoulder and spirited him off somehow, as he said, "I'll be back immediately. Stay here, Miss Hastings, and trust me to tell you the truth, whether good or bad."

It seemed hours to her as she sat there waiting, and her Beads slipped fast through her trembling fingers; but when she heard the muffled tread of heavy feet, and a rough voice asking "In here, sir?" and Wentworth answering "Yes," that was even worse; and as the young officer came in with Laurie in his arms, and the policeman followed with Phil, the room began to wheel about her as if it were on a pivot. But the steady voice she trusted instinctively came

across the whirl, and chairs and divans slowed their dizzy round.

"It's all right so far, Miss Hastings; but they'd better be put to bed; for Laurie's been in, and Phil's chilled through."

Then the tension relaxed, and she held out her arms to Laurie with a "Thank God and Our Lady" that was a hymn of praise in itself;—to Laurie, because Phil, although his teeth rattled like castanets, had managed to jerk out, "I'm all right, Mémé. It's Laurie and Wag-wag."

Laurie was quite past speech, and almost past movement. However, he made an effort to come to her, as—taking the officer's number, and asking him to return later,—she offered to carry him up-stairs; but Wentworth tightened his hold on the drenched bundle of boy, and said, in his decisive way:

"You must let me; and if Phil can't manage, I'll come back for him."

But Phil, shaking like a marionette, said: "Go ahead, please. I must hunt Waggy, Mémé dearest; then I'll come right away. You see, he's the baddest wet of all of us. He went in first, and sneezed all the way home harder'n me and Laurie."

And by the time the news got about, and maids and people began to come down passage-ways and ask questions, they were going up-stairs in this fashion: Mémé first; Wentworth with Laurie; and, toiling far behind, Phil with the draggled, shivering Waggy. Such a wretched little dog! His tail moved in a water-logged, mechanical sort of way, like a flag at half-mast on a weather-beaten wreck.

Wentworth laid Laurie on the little sofa, and said to Mémé:

"I am going to send up the housekeeper and some whiskey to rub them, and I'm going for the doctor. I'll be back in a half hour at the utmost, and am at your service entirely."

And off he went.

Hot mustard baths; whiskey rubbed in with hot red flannels; hot flaxseed tea, mixed with lemonade and dashed with whiskey, that made the tramps choke and gag; hot bottles to their feet; and oh! such

agonizing pains all over poor little Laurie's body, a stitch in his side, and a feeling in his head as if a big wheel were humming and buzzing; and poor Phil with his legs aching as if they had been beaten, and a throat that felt as big as his arm and "sorer than blisters"! My! there is no doubt about it, they certainly did have a bad time of it. And when a knock came, they felt it a relief to be let alone for a few minutes, while Mémé went to the door, and the housekeeper wrung out fresh cloths.

Wentworth stood there with another gentleman.

"Miss Hastings, this is Doctor O'Reilley. I went for him because we think he's one of the best of surgeons, and I know he's the best doctor in town."

"After which, Miss Hastings," said the Doctor, with an amused smile, "I shall hardly dare show my face."

"Oh, thank you!" said Mémé to Wentworth; and then to the Doctor: "Will you come in to them now, please? I am so afraid I haven't done all I ought to do, and you can't think what a horror we have of pneumonia."

He was a slender, clean-built man, of medium height, with fine, keen blue eyes, a young face, hair silvering fast and prematurely, a full brown mustache paling under the same fate, a well-rounded chin, hands that would be too beautiful for a man were they not such serviceable hands, and so full of the good works of his profession; and he was dressed with scrupulous neatness in the very latest fashion of the day.

His first words won the tramps out and out.

"Why, I've got *three* patients instead of two!"

"There, Laurie!" snuffled Phil; "I told you he would. Do you think, sir," he asked, anxiously, "that it'll hurt him much? I wrapped him up as soon as ever I could, and Laurie didn't let his head go under after that second time." And he looked affectionately at Waggy, whom the kind-hearted housekeeper had wrapped in an afghan and then in a blanket, and put be-

tween the tramps, where he lay with his nose dejectedly in the air, having swallowed altogether too much water for pleasure.

The Doctor took the question *au sérieux*, and answered in the same spirit:

"No, I don't now; but tell me about it, and then I'll know better what to think."

So Phil told him. And when he heard how Laurie had been nearly drowned, and how Phil had been in the wind, with wet legs and feet, and a bare throat, and without overcoat or jacket, he thought a great deal, left a prescription, eased Mémé's heart by telling her she had done just right, and said he would call again in the evening, adding, "It may make you more comfortable," and *not* adding that he was afraid the tramps were in for a siege.

Then he got up to go, but Phil said: "Will Waggy take the medicine too?"

"No," he answered, successfully smothering a smile; "*he* had better be sewed in a band of flannel, and encouraged to run around the room—to get his blood in circulation, you know." And he might have explained that damp dogs and sick little boys are better apart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Tiny Girl's Tiny Offering.

BY A. M. P.

In a city of the far North, many miles from the place where THE "AVE MARIA" is printed, the congregation of a Catholic cathedral were called upon to make the sacrifice of their much beloved senior curate. A country mission had become vacant, and the young pastor of the cathedral, being first on the list for promotion, was named to fill the vacancy. When the news of his intended departure became known, the grief of the congregation was general; hundreds flocked to the Bishop's palace to bid him good-bye and wish him God-speed, and many were the handsome and costly offerings brought for his acceptance. With the sweetness and humility that always charac-

terize him, the young priest, received these gifts, as well as flattering addresses, and a purse of gold. He was grateful for all, but one offering in especial touched his gentle heart, one he prizes for its sweet simplicity.

The children of an academy, in which he took a deep interest, were full of grief at losing their dear pastor, who was also the confessor of many of them. They held council, and determined to subscribe among themselves, and present him with a handsome piece of furniture. The article was purchased, and the day before the priest left the city, he was invited to the convent, and the presentation was made.

Among the children was a little tot of six, who did not quite understand the proceedings of the past few days. All that she knew was that her little sisters had asked mamma for some money for Father ——'s present, and she determined not to be behind in the matter. So, after the address and the Father's speech, she trotted up to him, her little fist tightly clinched, and, signing him to hold out his hand, she solemnly deposited therein her offering of *six cents*.

The priest, who had received so many costly gifts, was overcome at the loving simplicity of his little lamb, and could not hide his emotion. Standing in the midst of the display of glittering silver and glass, and delicate china and bric-a-brac, he related the anecdote to the writer. "And," said he, looking round at his gifts, "much as I value all these beautiful things; and appreciate the kindness and generosity of the donors, I value equally the tiny offering of that dear child, and while I live I will never part with that five-cent piece and cent."

Looked at intrinsically, the little one's gift was humble; but, children, only think of what it meant to her! Six sticks of candy, six one-cent dolls, some beads, a slice of cake, a fresh orange, or many other delights she cheerfully relinquished, and gave her hoarded treasure with as much good-will and as loving a heart as could be found anywhere. Think of her the next time you are ashamed to offer a small contribution, and profit by her example.

Paganini's Wooden Shoe.

In the autumn of 1832 Paganini, the great violinist, was residing at a villa near Paris. He was an invalid, and took little notice of any occupant of the house. The only one for whom he appeared to care was Nicette, a young and pretty waitress who attended him.

One morning Nicette, tray in hand, entered the apartment of the famous *mæstro*, who sat at a table carving a handle for a knife out of a piece of ivory. Instead of her usual merry look, she was sad and dejected, and her blue eyes showed signs of weeping. Paganini, who had taken an honest liking to the poor girl, was not long in learning the cause of her grief. The conscription had just been drawn, a bad number had fallen to the lot of her future husband, "and," said she, "poor Adolphe must go off for a soldier, and I shall never see him again!"

"But why don't you find him a substitute?" asked Paganini.

"Monsieur is joking," was the sobbing reply. "They say there is to be a war, and 1,500 francs is the price for a substitute."

Fifteen hundred francs were not much to Paganini, but no man ever loved money more than he did, and to give such a sum away never entered his mind. So he said nothing, but made a memorandum in his book—"See what I can do for Nicette."

A few weeks passed, and Christmas was at hand. In France it is the custom to place a wooden shoe on the hearth, just as we hang up a stocking. Late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas, Nicette entered the saloon where the musician was seated, the centre of a large group; she said that a huge parcel had just been received for Signor Paganini. He could not imagine what it was, but ordered it up. Wrapper after wrapper was opened before the curious spectators, and finally there appeared a huge wooden shoe, almost large enough for an infant's cradle.

The bystanders laughed. Some hinted that it was sent by some one who meant to insinuate that the great violinist was more fond of receiving presents than of making them. This was probably the case, and more than possible there were those in the room who knew a good deal more than they pretended about the sending of the shoe. Paganini suspected as

much, and a sudden idea seemed to strike him. "Well, well, my friends, we shall see if this shoe does not prove of value to somebody."

For three days little was seen of him, and it was reported that he was busy in his workshop, into which none were ever permitted to enter. Then it was announced that on New Year's eve the great *mæstro* would give a unique concert, in the course of which he would execute five pieces on a violin and five on a wooden shoe. The price of admission was to be twenty francs, and only one hundred tickets were to be sold. Of course they were disposed of at once.

When the evening came Paganini made his appearance in unusual spirits. The violin came first on the programme, and everyone declared the great *mæstro* fairly excelled himself, and there was no end of applause. He retired for a moment, and then appeared with the veritable wooden shoe under his arm. But in his three days of seclusion he had cut and carved it into a rude imitation of a violin, to which he had deftly fitted three strings. Upon this curious instrument he began to improvise one of those strange fantasias which many say were the highest inspirations of his wonderful genius. It needed no words to tell that the theme was the life of a conscript and a soldier. There was the suspense of drawing lots for the conscription, the rejoicings of those whose friends had got clear, the wailing of those not so fortunate, the departure of the conscripts, the noise and bustle of camp, the war and tumult of battle, the shouts of victory, the return of the conscripts, now heroes, to their homes; all closing with the pealings of marriage bells.

Poor Nicette, whose lover was to be marched off in a few days, stood behind the scenes weeping. Scarcely had the tumultuous applause ceased, when Paganini bade her approach. "Here," said he, "are the 2,000 francs which the old shoe has brought. This is more by 500 francs than is needed to buy Adolphe off. Keep the rest to begin house-keeping with. Here, too, is the old wooden shoe. Maybe somebody will give you a few francs for it."

There was great competition as to who should have the wonderful shoe-violin. It was finally put up at auction, and sold to a rich Englishman for 6,000 francs. Meantime Adolphe and his faithful Nicette were happily married.—*Le Conteulx Leader*.



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Ave Maria.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE fairest month of all the year,
 When bright with beauty is the earth,
 And over meadowland and mere
 The winds are soft with love and mirth,
 Is Thine, Madonna; and for Thee
 Their sweetest charms the flowers display,
 That all the world may know and see
 They hail Thee thus the Queen of May,
Ave Maria!

For Thee, at morn, the little birds,
 The balmy air melodious make;
 The babbling brooks their tenderest words
 Lisp as they run for Thy dear sake;
 Their loveliest hues the sunlit skies
 Assume to make Thy month more fair,
 And, when the daylight's splendor dies,
 The stars their softest glances wear,
Ave Maria!

And in these days, which all are Thine
 From sunlit morns to starry eves,
 Love into garlands for Thy shrine
 The fairest flowers that blossom weaves;
 While Faith, before their bright array,
 Anear the altar bending low,
 Prays in the everlasting May
 It may be hers to greet Thee so,
Ave Maria!

ON earth we obtain nothing without
 effort; how, without virtue, shall we attain
 glory in heaven?—*Abbé Roux.*

Stories of the Old Basilicas.

GALLA PLACIDIA.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.



MAY morning in Rome, and we
 are on our way to St. Paul out-
 side the Walls—*San Paolo fuori le*
mura. Those who fly from Rome with the
 first budding daisy and purple anemone—
 the very tint of the imperial mantle,—as if
 Roman fever came with sunshine instead of
 stagnant damps, will never know how beau-
 tiful this drive across the Campagna can
 be. All the tints which ravish the eye in
 summer, in autumn, even in winter, are
 fresher, more wonderful in May; and we
 turn from the Campagna to see every crevice
 in every ruin, in every broken wall—throw-
 ing out tiny pennons, flowering grasses, and
 mustard sprays,—and every cane-hedge gay
 with roses, while the air has that delicious
 cool which never chills.

Nor are we chilled as we enter the tran-
 sept of the church standing close on the
 Ostian Way, with its rich mosaics, its mar-
 bles of varied tints; it is only when we enter
 by the grand portals of the façade, and pass
 along its majestic nave between those giant
 columns of Simplon granite, that a remem-
 brance of wintry grey atmosphere comes
 suddenly upon us; but only for a moment.
 Directly before us, like a burst of sunshine,
 is that Arch of Triumph, with its gold

dimmed by centuries, but perhaps all the more beautiful to the eye, and giving a background not only to adoring angels, and the four and twenty elders with their crowns in hand, but to that awe-inspiring representation of Our Lord which looked down upon the Christians of the year 450. Within a circle fifteen feet in diameter, raying forth beams of light, is the head of Our Lord. The grandeur of the brow, on each side of which falls the hair in heavy waves of chestnut brown to the shoulders; of the straight eyebrows, the inmost-seeing eyes, the almost stern mouth, is softened by a wonderful pathos, as one hand is raised to bless, while the other holds the sceptre of universal sovereignty. The thin folds of the purple mantle, the pallium resting on the shoulders, harmonize, in their tints, with the majestically compassionate Face looking down upon us from the arch; and we realize that no fac-simile, even, could ever touch us as this Face itself does, when we approach it through the nave of the Basilica, of which it is the choicest treasure.

When the awe which comes over one as this divine Face first catches the eye, no matter how often seen, had passed from the hearts of our young companions, they could admire not only the angels supporting the vast medallion which encloses the sacred Head, and the four and twenty elders ready to cast their crowns before it, but that inscription which has come down from the fifth century, telling how Galla Placidia, assisted by Leo the Great, erected this arch, which connects the fifth century of faith with the nineteenth.

"The work of a woman as well as of an empress," said the staunch little defender of all womanly honors at our side. "See, too, how even that grand Pope Leo, whose presence so wrought upon the pagan Attila as to turn his steps from Rome, allows his name to follow that of Galla Placidia! Is it not a rebuke to those who would date all womanly honors to some century within our own history?"

It was such a natural outburst of womanly pride—just and honest pride,—that we all

echoed her exclamation; when a sigh from the Professor, who had joined our party that morning, caught our ears. "Poor Galla Placidia!" was the sequence of the sigh.

"But why, Professor, do you say *poor* Galla Placidia? A woman who has been called one of the grandest figures in history, whose name comes down to us associated with that of Leo the Great, the preserver of Rome, and comes down thus by a still grander association with the Basilica of St. Paul, Apostle to the Gentiles, and with the story of the Church itself in one of its most imposing periods,—how can she claim our pity? How can you sigh, 'Poor Galla Placidia'?"

"Which only proves that my young friend Miss Mabel has not had time to read the whole story of this renowned Christian Empress and grand Christian woman; for the grandeur of her character was equalled by her sufferings; and, since trial is the alembic into which God's providence throws His most precious jewels, the trial is, we may say, in proportion to their very preciousness."

"Then tell us this story," pleaded, in one breath, this eager party of listeners; "and tell us as we stand here before her arch in San Paolo."

"The story, as you call it, and very properly, of this daughter of the great Theodosius, begins when she was twenty-one years old; for at this time she was living in the palace of the Cæsars at Rome; and at this time, also, Alaric, besieging the capitol of the world, conquered and sacked the city, carrying the young Galla Placidia as a prisoner of war to Calabria. Somewhat later she was compelled to marry, in the city of Narbonne, Ataulf, the successor of Alaric. She now followed her Germanic husband to Spain. In this beautiful country, in the midst of a life not altogether unhappy, as we can understand, for one so young, her husband, Ataulf, was cruelly murdered by a Gothic general named Singerich. We can believe, too, that the death of her young son, named by her Theodosius, out of love and veneration for her father, was caused by the same inhuman monster; for we find her,

very soon after, ejected from her palace by Sigerich, and sent to her brother, Honorius, at Ravenna; under circumstances, too, which he intended to make ignominious; since, after loading her with chains, this brutal Sigerich compelled her to walk twelve miles before him as he rode in his chariot.

"Arrived in Ravenna, and under the protection, as might be supposed, of her brother Honorius, she was again compelled to marry; this time the General Constantius, to whom she bore two children, Valentinian and Honoria. After the death of Constantius, Placidia was banished from Ravenna, by her own brother, to Byzantium; but, after the death of Honorius, she returned with a Greek fleet, in order to place her son, Valentinian III., on the throne of the Western Empire; herself, during the boy's minority, acting as Empress Regent.

"Very soon after the erection of this Arch of Triumph before which we stand," continued the Professor, "and which has kept her name at least in mind even when her story is unknown, our Galla Placidia closed her agitated and eventful life in the palace of her son, Valentinian, in Rome, the 27th of November, 450. Only five years after, Valentinian III. was murdered in this same city, and the imperial race of Theodosius the Great became extinct. Thus the story of Galla Placidia and the fall of the family of Theodosius is, at the same time, the story of the fall of the Roman Empire; and the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, one of the most remarkable in the world, may be regarded as the mausoleum of the Roman Empire. The traveller steps into that small, gloomy, sepulchral space, adorned with mosaics, with a sort of historical devotion, or piety,—a strange, inexplicable feeling that is not, to the same degree, aroused even by the mausoleum of Augustus or of Hadrian.

"The much-tried, long-suffering Galla Placidia wished to be buried in the city of Ravenna, which she loved and had adorned with a number of fine churches, rather than in Rome, where, even in the bloom of her youth, she had been a witness to the fall of

the city, and to such horrible scenes and catastrophes as had not failed to darken her own life. With this thought and wish in mind, she had caused a memorial chapel to be built for herself at Ravenna, and had it consecrated to the Saints Nazarius and Celsus. It is not far from the renowned Church of St. Vitale, and near Santa Maria Maggiore of Ravenna, in a very poor neighborhood at present. At the time Placidia built this mausoleum, however, her own palace was most probably situated in this quarter of the town.

"If we compare this tomb of the last imperial dynasty of Rome with the grand mausoleums of preceding Roman emperors, or even with those of plain, old senatorial families, we shall see, in the modest dimensions and general character of the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, indications of the change in the times. The little memorial chapel seems to be pervaded by the genuine Christian spirit of the fifth century. It is in the form of a Latin cross, only fifty-five Roman palms long* and forty-four palms wide. Overhead there is a small dome, covered all around with mosaics, and so are also the niches and the arches. A soft twilight breaks through the small window openings. Five sarcophagi are still standing within this mausoleum. Of these, two rather small ones are wedged into the wall of entrance; and three other large ones, of Greek marble, but unwieldy and almost shapeless in point of form, fill up the three niches left by the arms of the Latin cross on which the chapel is built. The largest urn, or sarcophagus, about seven feet high, stands in the niche opposite the entrance. It is very simple, without any sacred representation in relief.

"There is not the least doubt that in this largest urn were deposited the mortal remains of Galla Placidia. As records tell us, within this large sarcophagus the daughter of Theodosius the Great, the Empress Regent of Valentinian III., was seated on a

* The Roman palm is eight and one-half inches; *i. e.*, the length of the hand, as its name indicates.

throne of cypress wood, clothed in imperial robes, and remained in this position for more than a thousand years, when, as late as 1577, so later Ravenna historians assure us, this singular sepulchre figure of Galla Placidia was literally incinerated. Certain children, from curiosity, pushed a burning candle into the opening of the sarcophagus; the vestments took fire, and nothing was left but a handful of ashes.

"The other two larger sarcophagi contain, probably, the remains of Constantius, Placidia's second husband, and of their daughter, the unhappy Honoria. The Emperor Honorius was not entombed here. Dying in Rome, he was buried in the imperial mausoleum near St. Peter's, where was found, later, the sarcophagus of his wife, Maria, a daughter of the renowned General Stilicho, who was murdered in Ravenna. The mosaics of the Placidia mausoleum are very remarkable by reason of their high antiquity; they belong, in fact, to the oldest Christian mosaics, antedating our Triumphal Arch. Besides admirably composed arabesque ornaments, these mosaics represent independent figures of Prophets and Evangelists, and the figure of the Redeemer is given twice. As in other Ravenna mosaics, Our Lord is represented entirely beardless, and of a very youthful expression of countenance, like the ideal Christ of the Catacombs.

"The many churches founded in Ravenna by our Galla Placidia are proofs of her deep religious feeling; perhaps, also, disclose the sadness and loneliness of her soul. She had experienced such treatment from the hands of men, it was no wonder that she sought her only friends in heaven, and in the grand old Pope Leo I."

With this last sentence, the Professor's voice showed his sympathy with that woman of sorrows and acquainted with grief, of the fifth century, whose grand soul had been nourished on the bread of exile even in her youth; schooled, too, in fortitude and the practise of every heroic Christian virtue by adversities which would have crushed a nature less noble, would have ex-

tinguished a faith less exalted. While our Mabel—? With her eyes fixed on the face of her revered and learned friend, she had listened to his story in perfect silence; only, when his pathetic voice ceased, she half whispered: "Poor, poor Galla Placidia! And yet"—her voice regaining its own ringing tone—"how noble to suffer thus, and by the very impulse of her suffering to soar; known to all succeeding ages as a true daughter of the King of Heaven, a lover of His Church; worthy to have her name come down to us not only on the pages of history, but on the Arch of Triumph of one of Rome's noblest basilicas, one of the most cherished shrines of Christian faith; and as the companion, in this work of religion, of Leo the Great himself! Surely this Arch of Triumph is the triumph, also, of Galla Placidia as the Christian woman, whether of the fifth century or of the nineteenth."

The Mother of God.

(CONCLUSION.)

WE have seen that, in the fullest and proper sense of the word, Mary is Mediatrix through Jesus, Her Son, to whom from Her virginal womb She gave flesh and blood, the price of our redemption. But the history of the Lord is an eternal history, lasting forever: even till the end, His mediatorship is eternal.* Consequently Our Lady also forever exercises Her mediatorship with Her Son,—exercises it unceasingly; at all times does She, through the grace of the Spirit, bring forth new sons to the Church, which is the body of Christ; forever does She continue to bring forth Christ anew in the hearts of men. What She did once is a never-ending act, a constantly recurring form and symbol of Her activity in the Church. In all times, as long as there are those that need redemption, She utters that *fiat* on which the redemption of the world once hung; as long as sin, sorrow, and death abide in the world, She hastens to raise the

* Heb., vii., 25.

fallen ones; as long as the flesh and blood of Her Son rest on our altars, Her motherly love ceases not to knock at Her Son's Heart to petition for richest treasures of grace, so that His Blood may not have been poured forth in vain. Her Son heard Her petition when She asked for wine: what will He not grant Her when She prays in our behalf for His holy love, which will fill our hearts with heavenly delights and strengthen our souls?

If it is no reprehensible exaggeration for the Apostle to call Christ our Brother, for Cyril of Jerusalem to speak of us as His relations by blood, neither is it any exaggeration to call Mary our Mother, and to consider Her efficiency as an enlightened, hearty, powerful, tender, motherly, and never-tiring and never-ending love. She is the Mother of Grace, because Mother of the Lord of grace. She is the Refuge of sinners, because She stands nearest to the source of salvation, which flows from Her Son's wounds. "Thou turnest all evils aside from us," says Germanus, Patriarch of Constantinople; "for Thou hast the might of a mother's heart over Thy Son; through Thee we escape the punishment of damnation, so dearly dost Thou love the people who bear the name of Thy Son."

If all the saints in heaven and on earth work on the building up of the Church, the body of Christ; if one breath inspires them all, one heart beats in every bosom, one life-current flows through them all, and from this communion none departs, all being bound to it by eternal bonds; if when one member suffers, all suffer; if all the gifts of the Spirit are bestowed for this sole end of building up; if the purer the love of the blessed is, and the more perfect their enjoyment of the bliss of heaven, which in Christ they have come to share, they are so much the more drawn to us by love; if their virtues and merits form a common treasure on which all draw: how much more does this hold good in regard to Mary!—in how special a manner does She work for the salvation of those who belong to Her, as Her special, peculiar position requires, raised as it is above all others!

Yes, if Mary and the saints shall judge the world, shall they not now pray for it? And if in consideration of Abraham's prayers the Lord promised to pardon the guilty cities,—if for Paul's sake all the companions of his voyage were saved from shipwreck,* shall She be powerless when souls are hovering on the brink of perdition? "Most Holy Virgin!" exclaims Basil of Seleucia, "whatsoever I may say in Thy praise will always fall short of what Thou deservest. Look down graciously from heaven on us, that through Thee we may fearlessly advance before the throne of Thy Son."

"It is proper," says Suarez, "that we sometimes address ourselves directly to the Son, but it is at the same time pleasing to Him that we sometimes turn to the Virgin. And this to penetrate us the more deeply with respectful fear of God's majesty; likewise to show our reverence for the Mother, asking Her to plead for us with Her Son, that our unworthiness may thus be supplied by Her; not that we doubt of God's mercy, but because we are penetrated with a deep shame and fear of our own unworthiness. And She then, in Her turn, only asks of the Son, and through the Son of the Father, what is pleasing to Him and will redound to His honor." And thus it is quite in keeping with the teachings of faith, and is by no means an exaggeration, to say, with many of the saints of the Church, that it was the will of the Lord to grant us His graces by means of Mary, as it was His will to give Himself to the world through Her.†

Germanus says: "No one receives wisdom from God except through Thee, Thou most holy One; no one is saved but by Thee, no one is freed from danger but by Thee." God having once determined to give us Christ through Mary, says Bossuet, He never changes this determination, and we always receive the Son through the Mother; through Her mediation the application of His graces is made to the various conditions

* Genesis, xviii., 20; Acts, xxvii., 24.

† Compare the "Glories of Mary," by St. Alphonsus Liguori, I., 5.

of the Christian life. The purer the heart from which prayer ascends, the more surely will it be heard. And therefore we turn to Her—the purest, the holiest, the nearest to God, the sinless One,—that Her prayers may support our petitions to Her Son. Hence our confidence in Her intercession.

Mary is therefore in truth, as Cyril of Alexandria calls Her, “the Sceptre of the orthodox faith.” Her prerogative as Mother of God and Virgin Mother is the impregnable fortress* raised by the Church against every attack on the mystery of the Incarnation,—which guards against every alteration, misrepresentation, detraction from, or evasion of this fundamental and central dogma. Yea, we must say that through Her the mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished, and through Her faith in it was first proclaimed; “he that believeth not in Mary, believeth not in the Son.” Every word of praise uttered in honor of Mary is a loud confession of our faith in the God-Man; every *Ave* offered to Her with confidence can not fail to raise the thoughts of the petitioner to Him who, dwelling from eternity in the bosom of the Father, for our salvation did not despise the womb of the Virgin. If Christ the God-Man is the great alms bestowed by Heaven on a wretched world, Mary is the almoner whose hand presents this alms to the suppliant race.†

“And a great sign appeared in heaven: A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under Her feet, and on Her head a crown of twelve stars. . . . And there was seen another sign in heaven: and behold a great red dragon having seven heads. . . . And the dragon stood before the woman, who was ready to be delivered; that, when she should be delivered, he might devour her son. And she brought forth a man-child. . . . And there was a great battle in heaven: Michael and his angels fought with the dragon. . . . And that great dragon was cast out,—that old serpent. . . . who seduceth the whole world. . . . And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he per-

secuted the woman who brought forth the man-child. . . . And the dragon was angry against the woman, and went to make war with the rest of her seed, who keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.”*

Through the maternity of Mary the power of Satan is broken; therefore every attack on Christ and His kingdom is necessarily an attack on Mary; therefore the endeavors of unbelief to lower the Woman who brought forth for us the source and perfecter of our faith. The Ebionites, Docetæ, and Gnostic-Manichean sects, Jovinian and Helvidius in the early Church, the Kathari and Albigenses of the Middle Ages, down to Wyckliffe and Huss, the Reformers, Jansenists, and Rationalists of our days, form a continued chain of witnesses to this fact. The Anglican, W. Perceval Ward,† says: “Our people have been zealously urged to treat the Blessed Virgin with disrespect; but it is morally impossible for any person to worship the Son and at the same time to think and speak of the Mother without respect. . . . That contempt is an insuperable obstacle to all true worship of Christ. It is impossible that disrespectful thoughts of Her should be accompanied by adoring thoughts of Him.” This writer sees in this circumstance a proof that the belief in the Incarnation is not a living faith.

Penetrated with the deepest conviction that with the downfall of the Mother of God the mystery of the Incarnation—the heart wherein pulsates all Christian faith and life—and Christianity itself would fall, all the great and holy ones of the Church from the beginning treated Her with the heartiest, tenderest, most trusting devotion and respect. We have already quoted Irenæus; Ephrem says to Her: “Immaculate, pure Queen of all, hope of the despairing, our most glorious Lady! Safest port of the

* *Turris Davidica*.

† Cyril Alex. Hom. Divers. xi.

* Apoc., xii. Just as the dragon is no imaginary being, neither is the woman on whom and on her son he makes war. Here is the *Ave Maria* of John to the Mother given him by the Lord.

† Essays on the Reunion of Christendom. F. G. Lee, London. 1867. P. 88.

shipwrecked, comfort of the world, salvation of all! Beneath the wings of Thy love and mercy shield and protect us!"

"Hail Mary, Mother of God, treasury of the whole world, inextinguishable lamp, sceptre of the orthodox faith!" exclaims Cyril of Alexandria before the Fathers of Ephesus. In like manner Epiphanius, Germanus, Sophronius, John Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, Leo the Great, Ennodius, Gregory the Great, Vincentius Fortunatus, John Damascene, not to mention the later Fathers, never tire of proclaiming the praises of the Virgin. It ought to be thus, and could not be otherwise; for heaven and earth shall pass away, but not the word of the Lord. As long as the generations of men continue to traverse this earth, they will continue to fulfil what the Virgin prophetically declared—"Behold from henceforth all generations shall call Me blessed!" And every morning Her praises recommence in millions of hearts: millions of tongues over the face of the globe proclaim Her blessed. As Mary was in the midst of the infant Church in Jerusalem,* thus She is, thus She will be for all time.

It remains for us now to cast a passing glance at the significance and efficacy of the cultus of Mary on the lives of individuals.

Two ideas, introduced into the world by Christianity, are embodied in Mary: the idea of the God-Man and of the Virgin Mother; the former, the greatest, noblest, mightiest; the latter, the tenderest, most touching, most human, even though none the less mysterious—the love of the mother united by a wonderful bond with the purity of the virgin. These two ideas overturned all the unclean worship of the myths, and by this very means raised woman out of her degradation. The worship of Venus and of Ashtaroth and the worship of the ever-Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God, overwhelmed in an ocean of sorrow, but glorified by the very torments of the sacrifice; and Niobe in

her stiff, cold, hopeless sorrow—more was not needed to show all the immensity of the distance between the ancient and the modern world. Not in vain has the Church contended for these two ideas from the beginning; for they are the two distinguishing features in the picture of the Blessed One, without which this picture would no longer be to us what it is—a picture so idealistic, so surrounded by sweetness, grace, and loveliness, that the eye can not look up to it without touching the tenderest chords of our nature, and without awaking the deepest and noblest sentiments.

Religion and ethics derive from the worship of Mary the most powerful motives; poesy and art from the earliest days enjoyed their most solid triumphs in the representation of this ideal; for all is contained in it that the earth has of noble and divine, of amiable and gentle. Penetrating into all the walks of life and all the degrees of refinement and spheres of activity, from the mighty basilica whose towers reach the clouds, to the picture of the Madonna in the poor cottage and in the solitary forest-tree; from the noblest blossoms of poesy wound around Her altars, from the ancient, essentially Christian and deeply psychological form of prayer of the litanies to the *Ave Maria* lisped by infant lips—who can measure the power with which this devotion to Mary raised the people from the depths of sensual, worldly, earthly life, and of a rough materialism, and ennobled, inspired, and civilized them!

In Her, die minnigliche Maid,* as our Walter von Vogelweide calls Her, there is set before the soul's eye a picture so pure, so spiritual, so superior to anything of this earth, that all other beauty pales before it. It is the beauty of holiness, the charm of virginity, the gentleness of motherhood, which breathe humility, sympathy, and love, penetrated by that inexpressible majesty that becomes the Mother of Our Redeemer—a heavenly and yet a thoroughly earthly picture, for which history furnishes

* Acts, i., 14.

* The lovely Maiden.

no parallel, to describe which language supplies no words. Who can say to Her even once, "Pray for us," without seeing the humility of the Virgin, without feeling confidence awake within him; without being moved to resignation to the will of God at the thought of Her sacrifice; without having his eye purified by the sight of Her, the Virgin of virgins; without having his heart filled with holy love by the thought of Her purity, as the lily becomes bright and pure and white in the light of the sun, to which this charming flower looks up every morning?

And how the young do strive after the ideal! And how void the heart remains, and how disconsolately it wanders through this transitory world of graves, through this vale of tears and woe—where on all that shines and glitters lies the shadow of death, and the odor of decay pervades all,—seeking an ideal that is lasting and fades not away,—that is deserving of our first, best, lasting love! Here is the ideal which is real and historical; which has appeared in time, but has not passed away with time; a picture whose significance is most real, and not woven by fancy and poesy. Not beyond us does it lie, in a transcendental world, in the kingdom of the superhuman; She is human, entirely human, only human; "flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone," but glorified in the brilliancy of the richest graces of God that were ever bestowed upon a mortal,—a visible image of the invisible beauty of God. And therefore She is so truly human and so near to us, not parted from us by an impassable gulf; beckoning to us confidently as the "Mother of fair love," whose love of us is surpassed only by the love of God for men, who in Her would give the world the visible proof of what His grace can make of the child of dust and ashes. Thus She is the Morning Star at the dawn of the day of grace, which leads to Christ; and the Evening Star when the day is passing away,—that day which is followed by eternal night. Thus She shines with the gentle beams of the moon in the dark, chilly night of this earthly life; but She Herself

receives Her light from Him who is the Sun of Justice.

"Thou fearest, O man!" exclaims St. Bernard, "to approach the Father; when thou didst hear His voice thou didst hide thyself; behold, He has given thee Christ as Mediator. What can not such a Son obtain from the Father? He is thy Brother, thy flesh; in all things tried, sin only excepted, that He may have compassion on us. But in this thy Brother thou mayest fear the majesty of God; for, though He became man, He remains God. Wilt thou have an intercessor with Him? Hasten to Mary. She is human, only human, however wonderful Her privileges may be. Fear not: the Son will hear His Mother. The Son hears the Mother, and the Father hears the Son. This is the ladder by which the sinner mounts to God; on it I place my trust, on it rests all my hope."

This is the sum of Catholic teaching in regard to Mary, the Mother of God; She is the crown with which the poet of Catholicity ends his divine song:

O Virgin Mother, daughter of Thy Son!
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the eternal counsel preordained;
Ennobler of Thy nature, so advanced
In Thee that its great Maker did not scorn
To make Himself His own creation;
For in Thy womb rekindling shone the love
Revealed, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace.
Here Thou to us, of charity and love,
Art as the noonday torch; and art, beneath
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
So mighty art Thou, Lady, and so great,
That he who grace desireth, and comes not
To Thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Not only him who asks,
Thy bounty succors; but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatsoe'er may be
Of excellence in creature—pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combined in Thee.*

* Paradise, xxxiii.

ALL human affection soon crumbles, if God, invoked as the cause, as the reason, as the end, does not strengthen and consecrate it.—*Abbé Roux.*

Fairly Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XX.

BRIAN EARLE had not been gone more than two or three weeks when the report suddenly spread through Scarborough that Mr. Singleton was very ill. And for once report was true. One among the many chronic maladies from which he suffered took a turn for the worse, and the doctors shook their heads, saying the case was very critical.

Indeed it was more than critical. Those about the sick man knew that his recovery—even his partial recovery—was impossible. Close to him now was the dread Presence which care and skill had kept at bay so long, and no one was more thoroughly aware of the fact than himself. He met it with a grim philosophy, which is the only possible substitute for Christian resignation. Of religious belief he had very little, never having troubled himself to formulate the vague ideas which he had received from a much attenuated Protestantism. But, such as they were, they did not inspire him with terror. God would, no doubt, be merciful to a man who was conscious of never having done anything dishonorable in his life. This consciousness helped to support his philosophy, but it is not likely that he gave it much thought. A subject which has not occupied a place of importance in a man's consideration during life will hardly do so even in the face of death.

Mr. Singleton was more interested in arranging his worldly affairs than in preparing for the great change from time to eternity. His lawyer was summoned, and a final and complete revision made of the important document which would fulfil or blast the hopes of many people. Concerning this document Mrs. Singleton was wild with curiosity; but she could learn nothing, and her husband declined even to speculate concerning their chances. "We shall know soon enough—perhaps too soon," he said,

with his usual philosophy, a little tinged by despondency.

Another person who felt some curiosity, mingled with an indifference which surprised herself, was Marion Lynde. Who would take in the will that place which Brian Earle had forfeited? And what would the latter think now of the fact that he had thrown away a fortune rather than give a promise, the fulfilment of which, as it now chanced, would never have been exacted? "He would have had the money and his freedom beside," she thought. "Does he recognize his folly now? Will he recognize it when he hears the news that must soon be told him?"

Of her own interest in this crisis, Marion did not take a great deal of thought. She had no doubt that some legacy for herself would find a place in Mr. Singleton's will, and no doubt also that in the time to come she would be grateful for it. But she regarded the probability just now with a dull indifference, which was the reaction from a great disappointment. She had not only lost the only man who had ever touched her heart, but also the fortune that might have been hers in its entirety. And, after that great loss, could she rejoice over the prospect of obtaining a small share of this fortune?

No: to rejoice was impossible; but she felt that whatever the old man's generosity gave would be welcome, since it would mean emancipation from absolute dependence on relations for whom she had no cordiality of feeling. No doubt the time would come when she would be very glad of this, but just now it was difficult—in fact, impossible—to be glad of anything.

In this way the days, weighted with much pain for one and much uncertainty of hope and fear for others, dragged their slow hours away and the end came at last. Marion was still in the house—Mrs. Singleton, who felt that her presence could no longer do any harm, had begged her not to leave,—and she felt a thrill of awe and regret when the words came from the sick chamber, "He is dying."

So the old man who had showed nothing but kindness to her was passing away—and how? Without a single heart near him that throbbed with affection, without a Sacrament or a word of prayer! Marion had associated too much with Catholics not to feel the horror of this, but she also knew too much of Protestants to expect anything different. Yet she could not help saying to Mrs. Singleton, "Has no clergyman been sent for?"

That lady looked surprised. "No," she answered. "Why should one be sent for? No one would take the liberty of doing such a thing while Mr. Singleton was conscious, and after unconsciousness had set in where would be the good? Mr. Eustace would come and read prayers, no doubt, if we asked him to do so; but what would be gained by it?"

"Nothing, I suppose," said Marion. She had heard those prayers—which are all that Protestantism offers,—and shuddered at the recollection. Yet for the dying man to go forth into eternity without a word of appeal in his behalf, seemed to her so terrible that she stole away to her own room, opened a prayer-book which had been given her at the convent, and, kneeling down, said for the first time in her life the prayers for the dying which she found therein.

And while she was saying them—those tender and infinitely touching petitions, which call upon the Most High in solemn supplication for the soul in its agony,—the soul for which she prayed passed away, and was done with the things of earth forever.

A day or two followed, of that strange, hushed quietness, yet of much coming and going,—of the sense of a suspension of ordinary life, which prevails in a house where Death has for the time taken possession. The living are generally impatient of this time, and shorten it as far as possible, especially where no deep sense of real grief is felt. But Mr. Singleton in death as in life was too important a person for every due propriety not to be observed. There were arrangements to be made, friends to be summoned, and details of funeral and burial to

be settled. These things required time, and when it was finally settled that the funeral would take place in Scarborough, but the body would be carried for burial to the home of the dead man, there was a sense of relief in the minds of all concerned.

Marion accompanied Mrs. Singleton to the funeral in the Episcopal church, which had so much pleased her taste on her first arrival in Scarborough. It was as pretty as ever; but how little correct architecture, stained glass or rich organ tones could give life to the mockery of death which is called a burial-service, and which contains no reference to the individual dead person whose body lies—one wonders why—before a so-called "altar," where no sacrifice is offered, from which no blessing is given! Even the glorious promises of St. Paul, which the preacher reads with studied effect, fall on the ear like something infinitely distant; the heart instinctively longs for one word of personal application, one cry for mercy and pardon on behalf of the poor soul that, in mute helplessness, can no longer cry for itself. But one listens in vain. There is not even an allusion to that soul. The general hope of immortality—which can be applied in any way that suits the listener—having been set forth, a hymn is sung, and, save for a few formal prayers at the grave, all is over.

Perhaps it was because she had so little religious sentiment to supply for herself what was lacking that, as Marion listened, she felt her heart grow sick with pity and disgust. "What is the possible good of this!" she exclaimed mentally, with indignation. "If no prayer is to be said for the soul, no blessing given to the body, why is it brought here? What meaning is there in such empty formalism? It is a mockery, nothing less; and if one can not have what the Catholics give, I, like the materialists, who are the only logical Protestants, would have nothing."

After the service, which impressed at least one observer in this manner, the body was at once taken away. Mr. Singleton, of course, accompanied it, but his wife remained behind; and it was understood that

immediately on his return the will would be read.

Eagerness on this score no doubt kept Mr. Singleton from the delay with regard to his return in which he might else have indulged, being a man who had a constitutional objection to haste. But for once he accomplished a very quick journey. On the third day after the funeral he returned, and the will was opened by the lawyer who had drawn it up according to the dead man's last instructions.

There was a strain of intense curiosity and anxiety regarding this will in the minds of all concerned. It was by this time generally known that, toward the last, Brian Earle had fallen hopelessly out of his uncle's favor; but no one felt able to conjecture with any certainty who would take his place in the will, although every one cherished a secret hope that it might be himself. There were several of these would-be heirs—cousins more or less removed—of the dead man; but Tom Singleton was, in the absence of Earle, the nearest relative, being the son of a half-brother, while Earle was the son of Mr. Singleton's only sister. The former, with all his easy-going quietness, felt that it would be an outrage if he were not the heir; although, knowing his uncle better than any one else, he knew also that he should not be surprised by whatever grim caprice the will revealed.

And such a caprice it did reveal, to the amazement and rage of everyone concerned. Mr. Singleton remembered with a legacy everyone whom it was proper that he should remember—the largest of these legacies being fifty thousand dollars to Tom Singleton,—and then he bequeathed the remainder of his fortune to his "adopted daughter," Marion Lynde.

The disappointed heirs looked at one another with expressions that baffle description. What! half a million to a girl who had no claim upon it whatever, whose relationship to the old man was of the most vague and distant description—they could hardly believe that he had really been guilty of anything so infamous. They would have

felt it less an injury if he had endowed a college or a hospital.

But one reflection seemed to occur to all; for, after the expressive pause which said more than any words, almost every voice spoke simultaneously, "The will won't stand! His mind was weak when he made it. It's evidently a case of undue influence."

The lawyer shook his head. "No, gentlemen," he said; "don't make a mistake. This will can not be broken. My client took care of that, and I took care also. As for his mind being weak, Mr. Singleton here knows that up to the day of his death his mind was as clear and vigorous as it ever had been."

Tom Singleton, thus directly appealed to, bent his head. He had not been one of the speakers, and, but for the fact that he had grown very pale, showed little sign of emotion.

"And, foreseeing of course that this disposition of his fortune would cause disappointment," the lawyer went on, "Mr. Singleton was careful to explain to me why he selected Miss Lynde for his heir. It seems that she was for a time engaged to Mr. Brian Earle, whose name occupied in a preceding will exactly the place which hers does here. The engagement was broken in a manner which caused Mr. Singleton to blame his nephew exceedingly, and the young lady not at all. So, as he told me, he determined that she should lose nothing. The fortune which would have been hers had she married Earle, should be hers in any event. This was what he intended; and your disappointment, gentlemen, may be less if you will remember that Mr. Brian Earle is the only person whom this bequest to Miss Lynde deprives of anything."

But, naturally, this was not much comfort to the disappointed heirs. Each one felt that *he* should by right have taken Brian Earle's place, and that a broken engagement hardly gave Marion Lynde a claim to the fortune which had been bequeathed to her. There were many more angry murmurs, and numerous threats of contesting the will; but the smile with

which the lawyer heard these was not very encouraging, nor yet his calm assurance that they could find no better means of throwing away the money which had been left to them.

Finally they all dispersed, and Tom Singleton slowly took his way to the house, where his wife and the fortunate heiress were awaiting him. Never had he been called upon before to perform a duty from which he shrank so greatly. He dreaded the violence of his wife's disappointment, and he felt a repugnance to the task of informing Miss Lynde of her inheritance. The lawyer had asked him to do so, and as one of the executors of the will he could not refuse; but it was a task which did not please him. If this girl, this stranger, had not come into their lives, would not he be in Earle's vacated place? He could not but feel that it was most probable.

It would require a volume to do justice to the feelings which Mrs. Singleton expressed when she heard the terrible news. She had not only lost the fortune—that might have been borne,—but it had gone to Marion Lynde, the girl whom she had discovered and brought to the notice of the infatuated old man who was dead! This was the insupportable sting, and its effect was all that her husband had feared. He had prepared himself for the storm, however, and he bore its outburst with what philosophy he could, until Mrs. Singleton declared her intention of going to upbraid Marion with her great iniquity. Here he firmly interposed.

"You will do nothing of the kind," he said. "Miss Lynde is not to blame at all, and you will only make yourself ridiculous by charging her with offences of which she is not guilty. If she has schemed for this, she concealed the scheming so successfully that it is too late now to attempt to prove it. There is nothing to be done but to make the best of a bad matter, and bear ourselves with dignity. I beg that you will not see her until you feel able to do this. As for me, I must see her at once."

And, in spite of his wife's protests, he

did so. When a servant came to Marion with the announcement that Mr. Singleton desired to see her in the drawing-room, she went down without any thrill of excitement whatever. It was as she had imagined, then: the old man had left her a legacy. This was what she said to herself. And vaguely, half-formed in her mind, were the words, "Perhaps ten thousand dollars." She had never dreamed of more than this, and would not have thought of so much had not Mr. Singleton been of a princely habit of giving.

Was it wonderful, then, that the shock of hearing what she had inherited stunned her for a time? She could only gaze at the speaker with eyes dilated by an amazement that proved her innocence of any schemes for or expectations of this end. "Mr. Singleton," she gasped, "it is impossible! There must be some great mistake."

Mr. Singleton faintly smiled. "There is no room for mistake, Miss Lynde," he said. "My uncle has left his fortune to you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rome.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CERVANTES.

HAIL, mother of our souls! imperial Rome!
All-mighty and all-holy! unto thee
A lowly pilgrim from a far-off home
I come with kindling thoughts and bending
knee.

O beautiful beyond all praise thou art!
What transports thrill thy children, joys
divine,
When with unsandaled foot and loving heart
They fall adoring at thy hallowed shrine!

The relics of a world lie in thy dust;
Thy soil is with the blood of martyrs
drenched;
A holy breath pervades each spot; here must
The heaven-born soul's insatiate thirst be
quenched,—
Thou image outlined on our earthly sod
Of the celestial dwelling-place of God.

CONSTANTINA BROOKS, IN THE *Home Journal*.

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XV.—LA CERTOSA.

THE sky was fair; all the hills about Florence seemed ready to burst into flower at a moment's notice. I almost forgot for the time being that it was winter, that the nights were stinging cold, the fountains frozen, and that we might expect more snow in the future—albeit they call this "Sunny Italy."

A carriage awaited us; we were bound for La Certosa, a monastery that, for a wonder, has not been suppressed. Probably the fact that the venerable monks of this famous monastery are skilled in the making of that delicious liquor, *Chartreuse*, that it is for sale on the premises, and that this is one of the chief sources of supply, has saved them. There is nothing better than a thimbleful of *Chartreuse* after a hearty dinner. The Italian reformers know this. If you can not touch their hearts, it is easy enough to touch their stomachs; according to their philosophy, take care of the stomach, and the soul will take care of itself. They have spared Certosa, and will doubtless spare it so long as there is a monk left who is skilled in the mysteries of that golden wine, finer than honey, softer than oil, sweeter than milk, and breathing forth a fragrance of flowers, the very names of which are known only to the non-communicative Sphinx and the dumb Carthusian.

THE VAL D'EMA.—Beyond the suburban hills of Florence lies the Val d'Ema. We follow the winding road between villas, chapels, and suppressed convents—now visited by the bats only,—and come presently into the little village of Saluzzo. There is nothing here worth mentioning, save one rather narrow and crooked street lined with a double row of barn-like houses. Women are spinning in the door-ways; but it is cold work, and they have little earthen pots of coals which they hold in their laps, now and again blowing them up with a long-

drawn breath, and toasting their fingers over them.

There are beggars in all stages of decay awaiting us, each with his or her *scaldino*; for even they are not so poor but they may claim the small consolation of a pot of cinders. They can buy a hand *scaldino* for three or four *soldi*—so many cents,—and they may borrow or buy a few live coals. Poor souls! why should they not be suffered to bury their fingers in white ashes for comfort when their toes are blue with frost?

Over many of the doors, as we rattle onward through the village, tufts of curled shavings or green boughs are swinging; this we know to be a sign that wine is on sale within—but we are saving our palates for *Chartreuse*; moreover, we recall the Italian proverb—"Good wine needs no bush." When we see a bush over a wine-shop, we steer clear of it, unless we are perishing of thirst; for in one way or another the best wine is soon to be heard of.

THE TOWER OF GALILEO.—A little way off, on the crown of one of the hills, we saw the gray Tower of Galileo. This particular tower is a little more interesting than the majority that are said to have been used by the great astronomer for purposes of observation. It was here, when an old man, he dozed through the drowsy day, and awoke at night to hold communion with the stars. Here Milton, a learned and poetic youth, fresh from his studies, and ere yet he knew how sad a thing it is to be unhappily wed, and how deadly a thing is blindness,—here John Milton visited old Galileo, and it is not unlikely that they went up onto the battlements together, and scoured the heavens in mutual ecstasy till dawn. Over the hills and far away they saw the woods that wave above Vallombrosa. The hills are white with snow now; the brooks are stiff with ice, and the autumnal leaves, that thickly strew them in their season of decay, are wasted to skeletons.

CERTOSA.—Winding among the hills, we dropped at last into the sweet Val d'Ema. We were but three miles from Florence,

yet we seemed to be in quite a distant part of the world. Out of this happy valley, even in the centre of it, a beautiful hill rises like an island; the little Ema, a brawling brook, skirts it, and the broad shoulders of the hill are covered with the walls and towers of the great monastery we went forth to see. La Certosa looks like a small fortified city; there are cities in Italy no larger. As we approach it, we count the peaked roofs and the tall chimneys of many houses that tower above the outer walls; these are the separate habitations of the monks.

We halt at a stone arch in the wall, down by the main road, which is surmounted by a statue of San Lorenzo. There are nine malformed beggars waiting to receive us; each of the nine makes a desperate effort to reach the bell-rope before his rival, and the consequence is that the bell is nearly pulled down from its diminutive tower. A gardener answers the peremptory summons, drives off the swarm of beggars as if they were so many enormous flies, and, at his invitation, we begin ascending the hill within the wall. The monastery is still a quarter of a mile distant. The road we just left is the road to Rome; we may drive to Naples on it if we choose, and will find it in excellent condition all the way.

How delightful is this monastic life! The garden about us is the nursery of the monastery, and the air is heavy with the aromatic breath of innumerable herbs and flowers. Farther up the hill there is another gate to enter, and beyond it a great paved court, where we alight, and find ourselves in the embrace of a respectful and unobtrusive guide. He belongs to the establishment; without his aid we could hardly find our way into any part of the building, for there are other bolts and bars and gates to pass before we have seen even one half of the wonderful old place.

A MONASTIC INTERIOR.—We thread long corridors; enter one court after another; pass through chapels and chambers, and emerge, on the other side, in cloisters that are silent though they are not deserted; for

the monks who are moving about in them pass one another with a meek obeisance, but without other greeting.

La Certosa was erected in 1341. From time to time it has been enriched by the handiwork of some of the greatest masters of their day. In the crypt there are monuments by Donatello:—a young warrior reclining in full armor, and a Cardinal who seems to be peacefully sleeping, with his head sunk in a downy pillow, and his face the image of repose. The chapels are numerous and edifying; you are led from one to another, then down into a third, and out by a distant passage, so that you are thoroughly confused by the time you have made the complete circuit.

If you have ever been in an ancient family mansion that has been added to from time to time—a wing here, an alcove there, an extension yonder,—to accommodate an ever-increasing family from generation to generation; if these additions have been made without following any definite plan, but have been fitted on wherever it was most convenient; and if you will imagine each of these many chambers, of all sizes and shapes, to be a little church or chapel complete in itself, with altars, choirs, pictures, and decorations, you will comprehend just how odd and how surprising are the ancient monastic churches of Italy.

The cloisters are always a distinguishing feature of each monastery,—an open square, larger or smaller according to the dimensions of the building, surrounded by a corridor with arches between the supporting columns. A low wall, or banister, about the height of the knee, extends from column to column, and usually has an opening on each side of the cloister, admitting one to the grass-plot, the fountain, or the well in the square within the corridor. Here the monks walk to and fro, reading their offices, meditating with bowed heads, or taking a solemn constitutional.

It would be quite impossible to exaggerate the richness and beauty of the chapels of this monastery. To the unaccustomed eye such splendor seems unreal; one does

not stop to consider the value, the priceless value, of the magnificent ornamentation. Pavements, that delight you with a subdued harmony of color and a singular grace of pattern, are wrought of porphyry, jasper, and verd-antique; the carved columns are of alabaster; the altars are one mass of jewels and precious stones—even diamonds twinkled there like dewy and refulgent stars. The candelabra, hanging lamps, and other ornaments are of beaten gold or silver or bronze, and are richly decked with jewels. The choir seats are of carved wood, the work of artists who have spent years of labor upon them.

At Certosa, in the great chapel, we saw three of the monks at prayer; they were very old, nigh onto ninety years. There are but twelve of them left, though the monastery is capable of accommodating four or five times as many. These venerable Carthusians rock to and fro on their sandaled feet as they wander among the cloisters. They are clad in white robes, and most of them have long, white-flowing, patriarchal beards; they seem to fit into the cloister niches like so many serene statues. The place would be quite dreary without them, and with them it has just enough of life, of the semblance of life, to make it all seem like a dream. Here they ponder, while the fountain splashes lazily in the green hollow of the cloister garden, with the graves of departed monks on the one hand, and a bed of thriving artichokes on the other. The effect is odd enough, and yet one never feels exactly like smiling in that peaceful spot.

We were shown through a suit of rooms once occupied by Pope Pius VI., when banished from Rome by the French. We wandered into the refectory, where we saw the long table, with twelve plates set out on it, a good distance apart. By each plate were a dish of salt, a cruet of oil and one of vinegar, and a small bottle of wine. Here, on Sundays, the monks meet one another, and break bread together.

There is a long row of small doors opening out of the great cloister; each door is

numbered, and each is the entrance to a little house—every monk has his own, and now there are houses to spare. Let us enter the cosy front room of one of these cloister homes. There is a cubby-hole in the outer wall, through which, by means of a sliding shutter, food and drink are passed to the monks when they have retired to the seclusion of their cells. The food is deposited in this wall-cupboard, and the attendant silently withdraws; then the monk slides back a shutter on his side of the wall, and places his frugal repast on a table that lets down from the wall on hinges and is supported by two legs. He has his chair, and in a locker over the table are such extra dishes as he may need in the course of his repast.

There are a few pious pictures in this room—the chief room of the house,—and there are two inner doors, one opening upon a narrow balcony overhanging a little garden, and commanding an extensive view of the Valley of Ema; the other connects with a small sleeping room, wherein there is nothing visible save a narrow, hard cot, a crucifix, and more pious pictures. Every monk takes care of his house and his garden; sees no one and is seen of no one, so long as he remains at home; even his garden, open to the sun and the wind and the rain, is shut in by the blank wall of the house of his fellow-monk; and as it is upon the edge of a high terrace on the brow of the hill, who shall look in upon him though he were to sun himself t^here the whole day long? Nor is there any necessity of the monks ever leaving their solitary habitation (save for Mass and Vespers) or of communicating with any one in this life—so long as their locker is regularly supplied with bread and salt and wine.

When we were left to ourselves for a time we played at being monks: handed invisible provision in to each other through the little hole in the wall; went down into the green garden where pots of thyme and scented herbs were set in the angles of the paths. There were plenty of gillyflowers and not a few weeds growing in the garden

that we were admitted to; for the monk who lived there once now lies in the cloister with the artichokes. He passed out of this sombre life years and years ago, and entered a life which, I trust, is more restful than even the solitude of La Certosa.

THE SPEZERIA.—Down on the lower floor, the basement, a little off from the edge of the hill, is the sale-room of the monastery. As we approached this portion of the extensive building our nostrils were saluted by a combination of perfumes that was almost intoxicating. The innumerable jars and bottles, the customers awaiting their turn at the counter—where a clerk was kept busy putting up prescriptions and dealing out the dainties peculiar to the place,—reminded me of a flourishing drug-store, and that is what it is in reality. Any one may enter the *Spezeria* by a side door, and there obtain such medicines as his case requires, and doubtless only the best and purest of their kind are kept in stock.

As we entered we were at once served with a small glass of *Chartreuse*, and then the curios of the place were temptingly displayed. Curiously shaped flagons were nested in wicker-work; some were divided in the centre, and looked like a pear that has been cut down through the middle, the two halves having separate long necks curling outward. A different liquor was in each half of this double flagon, and the flagons are often used at table for holding oil and vinegar. There were bottles of all sizes and all shapes: some in the form of crosses, some like turtles, lizards, flowers, Cinderella-slippers, and of fifty other patterns.

There were little bundles of sweet-smelling twigs, bound together with wisps of straw, and having bits of moss still clinging to them. These were miniature reproductions of the fagots brought in by the peasants from the forest and hawked about the city streets; the wee bundles open at one end, and within is stored a bottle of choice perfume swathed in cotton and hidden away as snugly as possible.

Photographs of the monastery, the cloisters with groups of monks lounging among

the columns, and of the rarer works of art that are treasured in the various chapels, are always on sale at Certosa. One might easily empty his pockets there; for the heart warms toward the grand and dignified old monks, whose skill and taste have made a kind of paradise of La Certosa.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Favors of Our Queen.

A CURE BY THE WATER OF LOURDES.

A DEVOUT child of Mary, residing in New York, sends the following account of a remarkable cure to the Rev. Director of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Lourdes:

"I have been very slow in making known an extraordinary favor obtained through the powerful intercession of our Holy Mother. The subject of this favor is a member of our family—a brother-in-law of mine and a non-Catholic. Some years ago he contracted a grave nervous disorder, brought on by excessive indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks. Insomnia—that dire affliction so often the concomitant of nervous troubles—set in so severely in his case that the unhappy man would pace the streets at night for hours, with a view to bring on sleep. It was all to no purpose, however. The best physicians, too, were consulted in vain: their prescriptions proved utterly useless.

"The unfortunate sufferer was soon reduced to such a condition that, at times, he became delirious, and would attempt the lives of those around him. On one particular night however, after passing nine sleepless ones, he tapped at our door between one and two o'clock in the morning. My husband and myself rose to receive him. On entering, he clasped his head between his hands, and said that it racked with pain. He paced the floor nervously, sat in the rocking-chair, rose again shortly to walk about—his eyes, during the time, glaring and as if ready to burst from their sockets. Indeed, he was reduced to such an extremity that you will not be surprised to learn that I was thoroughly scared, and hardly knew what to do.

"But I thought of the holy water. I went to the bureau, where a statuette of the Immaculate Conception stands, that has been in the family for the past twenty-three years, to procure some. I stood there some time, trembling in every nerve, and in great fear for my brother-in-law's situation. I addressed a fervent prayer to our Blessed Mother in his behalf, and promised that if She would relieve him I would say five '*Paters*' and '*Aves*' in Her honor for a week, for the conversion of sinners. I then poured a small quantity of holy water into a glass and handed it to the sufferer, bidding him at the same time to drink it. He asked what it was, adding that he knew well I would not give him anything that might hurt him. After drinking the holy water he exclaimed, 'Something has broken in my head! I am cured! I feel well!'

"He then rose, and I told him that it was the Water of Lourdes I had given him. His face and eyes now resumed their natural expression, and he sat quietly in a rocking-chair. Shortly afterwards he retired to bed, and was soon fast asleep—for the first time in nine consecutive days and as many nights. My husband remained up, as I did also, not knowing what might happen. He slept until seven o'clock, then rose, and, after taking a drink of hot sage tea, he walked quietly to his own home. His wife, on seeing her husband, who was but lately so severely afflicted, was surprised and delighted at the sudden and happy change that had come over him. Breakfast was soon ready, after which he went to work, for the first time in several weeks.

"Strange to say, Rev. and dear Father, this gentleman, who has been the recipient of so great a favor, still remains outside of the true Fold, although he promised to become a Catholic. My most fervent desire is to see the whole family faithful children of our Holy Mother, and this intention I now earnestly recommend to the prayers of the members of Our Lady's Confraternity."

I ALWAYS notice that people who believe in nothing, or in very little, talk more about religion than people who have faith. They are restless and uneasy, and religion, which they despise, haunts them like a nightmare. On the other hand, Christians have a creed which gives them peace, and needs no discussion.—*"The Life of a Prig."*

Catholic Notes.

The Rev. Father Perry, S. J., of Stonyhurst College, England, is a member of the international congress of astronomers now holding sessions in Paris. This congress promises great results in the direction of perfecting a chart of the heavens, which is to be minute and exact to a degree beyond anything yet accomplished by science. Father Perry was lately elected a member of the Accademia, an astronomical society in Rome, which is the oldest in existence, the membership of which is limited to thirty.

Dr. Windthorst having declined to receive any personal gifts in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday, the German Catholics have decided to commemorate the anniversary by erecting a church in Hanover, to be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The great leader has expressed the heartiest approval of this project, particularly as another church is much needed there.

During a stay last month at Aix, Queen Victoria, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and her suite, paid a visit to the Grande Chartreuse, the mother-house of the venerable Carthusian Order. Special permission for the visit was obtained from Rome, and it is said that Queen Victoria is the first Protestant lady, while the Empress Eugenie is the only Catholic one, who has ever set foot within the famous monastery.

A ceremony took place on the first day of Our Lady's month, in San Francisco, which will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to be present at it,—a ceremony which has gladdened the hearts of all the Catholics in the State of California,—a State which, possessing already every advantage that can contribute to material prosperity, is destined to become, ere long, one of the most fruitful corners in the vineyard of the Church. The ceremony to which we allude was that of the laying, by Archbishop Riordan, of the corner-stone of the new St. Mary's Cathedral in San Francisco. This magnificent and imposing structure, with a seating capacity of nearly four thousand, will indeed be a lasting monument to the progress of Catholicity

on the Pacific coast. The ceremonies connected with the laying of the corner-stone were of the most impressive character, and there was probably no spectator in all that immense throng whose heart did not thrill with emotion when he saw the noble and beloved Archbishop raise the emblematic trowel and sign the corner-stone with the Sign of the Cross, repeating at the same time, in low but distinct tones, "This is no other than the house of God and the gate of heaven." A revised report of the admirable sermon preached by the Rev. Father Sasia, S. J., will be published in our next issue.

The excellent article, "Intemperance an Enemy to Labor," from the pen of the Rev. Father Conaty, the esteemed Vice-President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which appeared in a recent number of the *Catholic World*, has been reprinted in pamphlet form. It is a most timely contribution to the great controversy now raging on the question of labor and capital. Father Conaty shows that, beyond any doubt, one of the principal causes which militate against the welfare of the laborer is intemperance. "Let the workmen of this country," says Father Conaty, "ask themselves, each one, the question, 'Can I afford to drink?' Let them open their eyes, protect their labor, and save their earning. Labor has too noble a mission to be allowed to become a handmaid of intemperance."

The remains of the composer Rossini, who died in 1868, were interred at Père-la-Chaise. They have lately been disinterred and taken to Florence for reburial.

The general treasurer of the Brownson Memorial Fund announces that the project of erecting a monument to the illustrious Dr. Brownson is meeting with great encouragement. Over \$1,300 have already been subscribed.

A faithful and zealous servant of God has been called to his reward. Father John Waldron—a name familiar as a household word in Chicago, not only among Catholics, but also among Protestants,—after the longest continuous service of any clergyman in that city, died of dropsy on the 9th inst. A devoted parish priest, he was wrapped up in his flock,

and persistently refused to accept any position of advancement, or to take any rest. His loss will be deeply felt by all who knew him, and they were many in number, especially among the poor. *R. I. P.*

A new church, dedicated to the Apostle of Ireland, is in course of erection in South Bend, Ind., which promises to be one of the largest and finest in the State, and an architectural ornament to that prosperous little city. The corner-stone was laid on the 8th inst. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, who also preached an eloquent sermon to perhaps the largest audience ever assembled in South Bend. The weather was delightful, and nothing occurred to lessen the impressiveness of the ceremonies. All the Catholic societies of the city, and others from Mishawaka and Valparaiso, were present in regalia. The imposing appearance of the procession, and the perfect order that prevailed in spite of the immense throng, were subjects of general remark. Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., the Rev. President of the University, and other priests from Notre Dame, also the local clergy, were in attendance. The zealous rector of St. Patrick's, the Rev. Denis J. Hagerty, C. S. C., hopes to have the new church finished within a year.

Typographical errors are so unavoidable, and as a rule of so little importance, that it has become an almost general custom with editors to pay no heed to those that may be discovered and made known by their lynx-eyed readers. However, there is an error in our issue of the 7th inst., at page 434, seventh line, first column, which, though a mistake of only one letter, altogether changes the writer's meaning. Instead of *ὁμοούσιος*—"similar in substance,"—which is susceptible of a heterodox interpretation, the word *ὁμοούσιος*—"of the same substance," or "consubstantial,"—should have been used.

We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions for the sufferers from the recent earthquakes in Italy. The sums previously received were duly forwarded to the Italian Consul in New York, who has expressed his gratitude to our readers in flattering terms:

Joseph C. Cassidy, \$2.50; J. McF., \$1, "in honor of St. Joseph"; A devoted friend of THE "AVE MARIA," \$1.



To Our May-Queen.

BLESSED Mother! we hail Thee Queen
Of all that's fair and bright in heav'n;
This glorious name has never been
To any other mortal given.

Thou art the fairest, brightest flow'r
That e'er came from the hand of God;
Oh, blessed from Thy earliest hour!
Oh, blessed every step Thou trod!

Thou reignest now in heav'n above,
To watch, protect, and guide us here;
Oh! look on us with smiles of love,
And let us be Thy children dear.

Around us spread Thy mantle bright,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart;
Our darkest day shall know no night
If sheltered in Thy loving Heart.

Then, Mother, bless the little band,
Who title of Thy servants bear;
Help us to reach the happy land,
That we may sing Thy praises there.

Pete's Charm.

BY S. L. B.

A little boy walked slowly up and down a city street one bright spring day. It was a pleasant street, and the houses that lined it on either side looked cheerful and home-like. To be sure they were city houses, and these never can be quite so pleasant as a good old country farm-house; but, still, they were attractive, and each had a little garden in front. The wistaria and woodbine clambered over the windows, tiny spears of grass were shooting up over the lawns, and the beds were gay with pretty crocus blossoms, while here and there beautiful snowdrops nodded their white heads in the sunshine

Poor little Pete looked sadly out of place as he walked slowly up one side of the street, and down the other, admiring the springing grass, the swelling buds, and bright flowers, but lingering longest where the snowdrops grew. He was an odd-looking little figure. His ragged coat was too small, and his torn trousers too large. One of his boots had quarrelled with the "sole," and turned up defiantly, regardless of the poor stockingless toes it should have covered; and the other boot had lost its heel. His tangled yellow hair stuck out of a rent in the crown of his hat, while the brim flapped over his face. And such a face! One could see that the eyes were bright and blue, but as to the rest, it was hard to trace any beauty under such a dirty surface.

By and by he stopped in front of a garden where the snowdrops grew thickest, and, leaning against a tree, began to think over his prospects. It was evidently not a very cheerful meditation. If he had been in any ordinary trouble he might have whistled it away; but he had eaten no dinner, supper-time was fast coming, and then night, and where should he find food and lodging? He surely could not whistle under such circumstances. If he only had a few pennies to rattle, it would have cheered him up wonderfully; but his pockets were quite empty.

People went up and down the walk—men hurrying to dinner; women, who had done no harder work than shopping or visiting, now going home to rest in soft easy-chairs; merry young girls laughing and chattering, and rosy children jolly and noisy. But no one noticed poor Pete; no one asked him if he was tired or hungry or sad. He was only a ragged little boy, and there were so many to be seen every day.

Pete looked wistfully at them all as they passed, and wondered how it would feel to be so well dressed and so well fed, and to live in one of those nice houses. Then two ladies drew near, and, opening the gate of the garden, stood for a moment looking at the flowers.

"Aren't they pretty, Mary?" said the elder lady. "I don't believe even you can

boast finer snowdrops at the old home-
stead."

"No, auntie," was the answer; "but, then, we have so many other flowers—oh! do you see that boy, auntie? I don't believe he ever had a flower in his life. His eyes look hungry for one; and I think, too, that his mouth is just as hungry for a piece of bread and butter. I'm going to take him both."

"Now, Mary," remonstrated Mrs. Colby, impatiently, "if you lived here, you would know better than to break your heart over every beggar and ragged little vagabond you chanced to meet. Be sensible, and come into the house."

"But," persisted Mary, "the boy isn't a beggar—he hasn't asked for anything. And you know, auntie dear, that when we feed the hungry and comfort the sorrowful for Our Lord's sake, we do it unto Him."

She then ran into the house, and soon appeared with a large slice of bread and butter, and, wonder of wonders to Pete, spread thickly with something dark and rich-looking! She handed it to the boy, saying kindly,

"There, my hungry little man. When you have eaten the last crumb, you shall have a flower."

As Pete ate the bread, his face brightened, and the natural jolly look came back. Mary smiled as she watched him, and asked:

"What is your name?"

"Pete," he answered, with his mouth full.

"Pete! You mean Peter, don't you?"

"Well, it may 'a been Peter at first, but it's got wore down to Pete. Names don't last forever no more'n boots," and he looked ruefully towards his feet. "I 'most wish I'd been called Methusalum—I knowed a dog once named Methusalum,—there'd been some chance of its lasting me through. I hate to come down to 'nitals so soon."

There was a sympathetic twinkle in Mary's eyes as she asked:

"Where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere. I'm just what they call a vagabones," answered Pete, with an air of solemn conviction. Mrs. Colby was

not the first who had called him a vagabond, and the boy accepted the name in good faith. He had small conception of the place a "vagabones" might be expected to fill in the economy of nature; but, then, his ignorance was as dense on almost everything else; and of course the word must be right, or well dressed men and women would not say so.

"But where will you stay to-night?" persisted Mary. "Come, tell me all about it while you eat. I'd like to hear. Where are your father and mother? What do you do? How do you live?"

Mary's brown eyes, and bright smile, and sweet, cordial voice had turned older and wiser heads than Pete's. The true-hearted love of a boy is a love well worth having, and Pete was being rapidly reduced to a condition of abject slavery.

"There isn't much to tell," he said. "I sell papers. I don't know nothing about my father. I had a mother once—a long time ago. We lived in a room together, and had a bed, and a table, and two chairs—real comfortable. She used to sew all the time, and cough and cough. I don't remember much about her, only how she used to sing, before we went to bed, something about 'Star of the Sea,'—such a pretty song! Sometimes it seems as if I could whistle it. I can hear her sing so plain if I shut my eyes and think, but I can't never quite fetch it. And then it was summer, and awful hot, and I was sick, and I don't remember anything more, until I was in the hospital, and they said my mother was dead, and I'd have to go to the poor-house. I wouldn't believe 'em, and ran away. It was the fever, they said, and lots died. There was a man used to come and see us. Mother and most everybody called him Father. I wanted to find him, but he was dead too. He give me a charm once. Lots of the boys have charms; one carries a potato in his pocket to keep off the rheumatis', and one's got a horse-shoe he found; but mine's better'n all. I don't never show it to any of 'em, but I'd like to have *you* see it."

He fumbled under his ragged coat, and

rew out a tiny medal of the Immaculate Conception, hung around his neck by a bit of twine, the tarnished silver showing through the dirt that encrusted it.

"You have to say somethin' with it," Pete went on, confidentially; "'Without sin, pray for us.' I always say it night and morning, and when I get in a tight place, —'Without sin, pray for us,' over and over, and it all comes right. Now, to-night I was so hungry! Tom—one of the boys—got run over; they took him to the hospital, and we all chipped in somethin' for him. I didn't have much, so I only kept ten cents to buy papers to-day, and I lost it. I didn't have any dinner, and I was just saying it over and over—'Without sin, pray for us'—when you come out with that bread."

Mary had listened quietly, but she was deeply touched. It was almost her first vision of real poverty. She could easily fill out the outlines of Pete's simple story. The husband and father dying, leaving his wife and child to the bitter struggle with want; the toil and privation that wore the poor mother's life away—stitch, stitch, stitch, all day and half the night, to keep a shelter for herself and her boy; the failing strength, the cough and the sharp pain; the agony of prayer, as she thought of her child left all alone; then the dreadful pestilence, which found easy prey in the reeking, crowded tenement house; the good priest, her last friend, facing deadly disease as bravely as his fellow-Christians had faced the wild beasts in the arena—dying at last with his people. And this poor little waif, how had he drifted to her?—what star had guided him? "*Ave Maris Stella*," she thought, with tender love and pity; and half-formed plans rose up in her mind as Pete restored his medal to the safe-keeping of his rags and tatters. "Poor little sailor, you are adrift on a wide ocean indeed, and only one little spar of a half-remembered hymn and prayer to cling to!"

Just then Pete finished the last crumb.

"That's good!" he said, heartily; "specially the sweet stuff on top. Thank you, ma'am."

"Where will you stay to-night?" Mary asked.

"Oh! I'll curl up som'ers; it ain't very cold," was the answer, with a brave smile, but a little sigh and shiver.

"Come with me," said Mary, feeling herself grow more determined with every passing moment.

And so wondering Pete went before her, through the pretty garden, down the basement steps, past the open dining-room door—where the gas was already lighted and the table laid for dinner,—and into the kitchen, where Nora, most despotic of cooks, reigned supreme. Warm-hearted, but, alas! equally warm-tempered, with a horror of beggars and dirt that would have done credit to New England, she greeted poor little Pete with,

"Saints above! ye vagabond, how'd ye get in here? If ye don't make tracks, I'll—bless yer sweet face, Miss Mary! is it yerself that's got the bye? And are his feet clane, and what'll I be after doing with him?"—

All in the same breath, and with a ludicrous change of tone; for Mary had been the darling of her heart ever since she sent a little Christmas gift to the old father and mother in far-away Erin.

"Give him a chair by the fire, and a chicken leg, or something good to eat. I'll be back in a minute."

And Mary flew up-stairs, and into the room where her aunt was sitting, with her five boys around her.

"Auntie!" she exclaimed, "I'm going to keep Pete."

"Keep *what*?" asked her aunt, excitedly; while the boys, from tall Frank to fat little Billy, all stared in amazement.

"Why, Pete—that poor boy we saw at the gate; don't you remember, auntie?"

And Mary, laughing at the six puzzled faces, sat down, with Billy in her lap, and told Pete's simple story, adding at the close:

"Now, I'll take him home with me to-morrow, and I'd like to get some of the boys' things for him to wear."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

XI.

As Mémé went to the door of the sitting-room with the doctor, Wentworth, who had been pacing the corridor waiting his verdict, came forward and said:

"Miss Hastings, I'm going up to the Capitol to tell your father. He might be seriously alarmed if he heard any such version as that confound—I mean that excitable bell-boy gave of the accident."

"O Mr. Wentworth!" said Mémé, both her hands outstretched, with the pretty pink palms upturned—a simple but eloquent gesture,—“how shall I thank you for your constant kindness? What can I say to let you know my appreciation of it? Words are such shabby things when you want them to really express what you feel!”

"Oh! as to that," said the young artillery man, "don't try, please. And I'm in the same box; for I only wish *I* could tell *you* how glad I am I can do something."

And he bowed himself off, accompanied by a distractingly pretty vision of a slight, graceful figure, half buried in a great crash apron, the pockets of which were filled with red flannels; whose golden hair was ruffled into a nimbus of light; whose eyes were almost black with excitement and anxiety; whose cheeks were as pink as roses, and whose little hand had left a curious sensation on his hilt-and-bridle worn palm; for Mémé was swathed in one of the house-keeper's aprons, had rubbed the tramps with *yards* of flannel, and in her unconsciousness of self had never thought to lay aside her odd rig when its use was interrupted.

Arrived at the Capitol, the officer lounged into the Supreme Court and sat down at the right of the entrance. Mr. Hastings' opponent was speaking very earnestly, and although the former was surprised to see Wentworth there, he attached no significance to his appearance, thinking it was

either accidental, or perhaps due to a passing interest in the case, which idea was encouraged by Wentworth's manner; for he made no special effort to catch his eye, but bowed pleasantly, and then sat looking quietly about him, with an interest that was genuine enough.

There were the six justices flanking, by threes, the chief-justice; and he noted the huge frame and fresh coloring of Grey; the keen, thoughtful face of Miller; the broad, honest phiz of Matthews; the compact, precise features of Blatchford; the burly form and kindly face of Harlan; the broad brow and sagacious countenance of Field; and then the rugged, powerful head of the chief-justice, with its shock of iron-gray hair, its overhanging brow, its deep-set eyes, and its mouth and jaw of iron.

The court was silent, except for the voice of the pleader; the greatest dignity was maintained; the few spectators spoke in whispers, or not at all; and the only quick-moving thing was the clock that hung pendent from the claws of a gilded eagle opposite the seat of the chief-justice, as if to remind him of the time he must account for when he himself would stand a pleader before a higher court than the one over which he presides. A reminder, too, to the lawyers to make good their pleas; for the minutes ticked off by that clock are the last in which earthly appeal can be made for their clients: this being the highest tribunal in the country, and these men the most powerful body in the land. They make or unmake our laws, and their decisions are irrevocable. For if they declare any measure illegal or unconstitutional, it becomes a dead letter, although it has passed both houses of Congress, and bears the Executive seal and signature.

Then Wentworth's eyes wandered to the "pudding-stone" columns—ugly but exceedingly rare in the world,—and he traced out a dozen fantastic pictures done in tinted stones by the clever old mosaic-worker, Nature; then he examined such portraits of the chief-justices as were within eye-reach, among whom is Taney, the only Catholic

ever so honored; then—but the argument was over for the day. The justices laid aside their black silk robes, the lawyers gathered up their briefs and put them in their green baize bags, and Mr. Hastings joined Wentworth, inviting him to go back with him to the Ebbitt to dine.

"I've just come from there," said the officer; "but I would gladly return if I were not on duty this evening."

"I am sorry," replied Mr. Hastings, with the frank simplicity that made him so attractive; "and I know the children will be too. The tramps have quite appropriated you. It's 'Wentworth and the army' with them."

"They're a great pair of boys," said Wentworth, feeling he had his chance now; "and they gave us a good scare this afternoon." (The "us" tripped off his tongue as naturally as if it had always been there.) "It only amounted to a pretty thorough wetting, though. Laurie fell into the lake at the White Lot—"

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Hastings. "How did it happen?"

"I didn't hear exactly, for I went off for the doctor."

"Wentworth," said Mr. Hastings, "is he—is he *dead*? Speak out!"

"No indeed, sir," answered the young man, feeling he had not done much better than the bell-boy, after all. And he added: "On my honor," as the father's eyes still held his own with a piercing question.

"Thank God!" he sighed, in deep relief, wiping his forehead;—"thank God and Our Lady!"

"Now," thought Wentworth, "that's just what she said; and, come to think of it, they both said it the day we first met—'God and Our Lady.' I've always heard Romanists worshipped the Virgin, but I don't believe this man, with his level, legal head, and that sensible—"

But Mr. Hastings was speaking.

"And my little Phil?"

"He's all right, except a cold. He took off his coat and jacket—"

"This bitter day! What for?"

"To wrap up Laurie and the dog, I believe."

"Oh!" said Mr. Hastings, with a half smile, "I might have known Waggy was in it."

"I hope," observed Wentworth, "you do not think I took a liberty in calling in a doctor, Mr. Hastings. I thought it might save the youngsters some trouble."

"My dear fellow, I thank you with all my heart. Whom did you call?"

"O'Reilley, sir,—Doctor Norris' successor."

"What! Basil Norris?"

"The same. He got his step, you know—is a colonel now,—and has been made Medical Director of the Military Division of the Pacific. You knew him?"

"Not personally, but I 'assisted' at an occasion where our Senate conferred an honor on him which he most richly deserved."

"Ah, indeed!" said Wentworth, looking a dozen questions; for in the army honor to one is credit to all; or, as the old proverb has it, "give one a pinch of snuff, and all the rest sneeze."

"Yes. Jump in with me, and I'll tell you about it as we drive along to the Ebbitt; then the cabby will take you down to the Arsenal," said Mr. Hastings; for by this time they were on the curb, with a Hansom stretching its wide black doors to receive them. And as they trundled down Capitol Hill he began:

"I was in the Legislature in '82, and on the 23d of March we heard the Senate was going to pass certain resolutions, a vote of thanks, etc., to the man that saved ex-Secretary Seward's life. Well, you know Barnes, the surgeon general, always had the credit of it; and when we learned it was altogether another fellow, whose modesty and silence had cut him out of his due praise, we made up our minds to do it thoroughly, and we did. Nelson made the motion, and a set of resolutions were offered, which were passed unanimously. A letter from Mr. Seward to Doctor Norris was read

and incorporated in the proceedings, * and there was a more than usual interest excited by the whole affair."

"I'm glad it was done," said Wentworth.

"I've met Doctor Norris a few times, and like him very much. He talks well, and you feel sure he's telling things as they happened. He speaks deliberately, chooses his words carefully, sticks to facts, and knows more about his profession than most physicians. I had heard he was here at the time of the assassination, and asked him some questions concerning it one day; and, do you know, he told me a queer thing about that attempt on Mr. Seward's life. The old Secretary had been pitched out of his carriage a little while before, and was so injured that erysipelas set in about his head and face. He was in an awfully bad way, his cheek being so swollen that the doctors put a wire screen over it to keep the bedding from touching it; and that very April morning they had met in consultation as to whether it would kill or cure him to have the place lanced. They were very uneasy, for the chances were about ten to two against it, and they agreed to wait another day.

"That night Payne walked into the house, and when challenged by Frederick

* Copied from the proceedings of the New York Senate, March 23, 1882:

AUBURN, July 14, 1870.

DR. BASIL NORRIS, Surgeon U. S. A.

MY DEAR SIR:—I can not doubt that I have long since made you understand in our pleasant social intercourse how highly I appreciate the surgical skill and care with which you treated me in the year 1865, when I fell under the blows of an assassin, inflicted while I was lying helpless in my bed in my own house at Washington. A season of rest, however, which I long desired and needed, has come to me at last, and I am improving it as well as I can by performing personal, domestic and social duties, which were neglected when I was engaged in the public service. It seems to me to be an important duty of this kind to record, in a manner that may be lasting, my acknowledgments of the appreciation which I have mentioned, of the gratitude I owe you as a savior of my life, of my profound respect, and of my sincere and affectionate esteem.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Seward, crushed in his skull; then went into the Secretary's room, sprang on him, and thrust full at him. The dagger glanced on the wire screen, entered his cheek, cut a deep gash, and might have been driven into his heart by a second stroke, but the old fellow rolled himself over between the bed and the wall, where he lay bleeding profusely. Then when the doctors came they found their work anticipated, and his life actually saved by the man that tried to kill him. But Norris never said a word about the long pull to recover Mr. Seward from the shock, the blow—'rude surgery, with a vengeance,'—the undue loss of blood, and the illness itself; and now it seems it was there he won his spurs. Well, it's just like him. He had seen too much service at the front to lose his head easily, and I suppose he was steady as a clock while everybody else went wild. Ah, here we are! And now I'll—oh! by the way, I don't believe I told you O'Reilley is the President's physician."

"Why, how's that?"

"He is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, you know, and can call on any medical officer he chooses in either corps. But this is a case of personal liking. O'Reilley's as fine an officer as he is a surgeon, and it was his war and frontier record that brought him to Washington, then his pleasant ways and skill did the rest. He's a member of your Church, too—no, thanks: I won't take the cab; I've forgotten something I wanted to see to."

And that evening a basket of Florida oranges came up for the tramps, but I do not think the breast-knot of violets with them was meant either for Waggy or his masters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed.



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Our Mother.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, PASSIONIST.

"WOMAN, Mine hour is not yet come," He said
 At Cana's marriage-feast; beholding there
 His own espousals with the Bride "all fair,"*
 And what red dower the Mystic Vine must shed
 For Eucharistic banquet ere they wed:
 Yet granted the anticipating prayer,
 To show what advocate beyond compare
 Should one day stand us in a mother's stead.
 But when has come that hour again He calls
 Her Woman—Second Eve. "Woman, behold
 Thy Son," He says—My Church: the child no
 less
 Of Thy Heart than of Mine. Creative falls
 That word. Henceforth Her bosom can enfold
 Us all with true maternal tenderness.

Catholicism the Embodiment of Christianity.†

IT is a most consoling fact to know that the faithful of this country can lay particular claims to the patronage of the Virgin Mary on their behalf. America may truly be called the land of Mary; for it was discovered by the enterprise of Catholic genius under Her auspices, under Her banner, and under Her guidance. *Santa Maria*—Holy Mary—was the name of the ship that brought the immortal Christopher Columbus to the shores of the New World; and as the first land described

* Cant., iv, 7. Of course, by the "Bride" I mean the Church.

and touched by the intrepid Catholic navigator was named after the Divine Saviour, the island of San Salvador, so the next on which he set his foot was styled after Mary,

SANTA MARIA DE LA CONCEPCION.

The earliest shrines in this new Continent were reared under Her invocation; bays and rivers, plains and mountains, valleys and hills resounded with Her hallowed name. The first city on the mainland that became a bishop's see was St. Mary's, and now on this day the whole expanse of the Western Continent—from the icy regions of Arctic snows to the sands of Patagonia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Missouri, along the banks of the Amazon, the Plata, and the Orinoco,—this Continent, I say, is studded with cathedrals, temples, shrines and altars, around which daily and hourly assemble millions of Her devoted children to chant the praises of Her who, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, sang in prophetic strain: "All generations shall call Me blessed." (Luke, i, 48.) And it is certainly a cause of great joy for us to be able at no distant time, we hope, to join our voice to this mighty chorus of hymns and praises to the Virgin Immacu-

† A sermon preached by the Rev. Joseph Sasia, S. J., at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, on the 1st inst. After alluding to the feelings of joy aroused in the hearts of the assembled multitude by the imposing ceremony which had just been performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, the speaker continued, in words of eloquence and power, as above.

late under the vault of the new St. Mary's Cathedral, erected on the shores of the Western sea, in the great city of San Francisco, the Queen of the Golden Gate.

We rejoice in the second place because the erection of every new Catholic church in our midst furnishes additional evidence of the progress of Catholicity in this great country. In this country, I say, where, thanks to the Giver of all good, there is civil liberty without persecution, law without tyranny; where the Church, untrammelled by any interference of secular power, can display all her vitality, appear before men in all the splendor of her truth and beauty, exhibit before their eyes her claims to submission in all their brightness, and steadily advance in the peaceful conquest of human souls created to the image of God, redeemed by the Precious Blood of the Incarnate Son, and destined in the next life to the enjoyment of a happiness perfect in its object, boundless in its extent, and eternal in its duration.

The annals of the New World, from the very dawn of its discovery even to the present day, bear testimony to the paramount influence of the Catholic Church in the

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION OF AMERICA.

Her sons were the first discoverers of the new Continent upon which we stand, and her missionaries from every part of Christian Europe were the first to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the savage tribes that roamed through these trackless regions. The beautiful names given to our harbors, cities, towns, and hamlets, speak to us of the deeply religious sentiments that animated the Spanish missionaries that first discovered and settled the fair portions of Southern and Northern California. The impartial historian, overwhelmed by an array of evidence that no honest man can gainsay or resist, is forced to acknowledge the truth of this honorable, noble fact, and to point to the proud record of commercial enterprise, educational influence, missionary zeal, and Christian heroism displayed by the children of the Church of Rome.

As we glance over the vast domain of

this great Republic, from its northern boundaries in Canada to its southern limits in the Gulf of Mexico, from the Pacific to the Atlantic States, and contemplate the existence, organization, and ever-increasing development of sixty-seven dioceses and eight vicariates, with seventy-five bishops and nearly 5,000 priests ministering to the spiritual welfare of more than 7,000,000 of Catholics, our heart expands, and a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the Supreme Benefactor and Author of all good spontaneously bursts forth from our grateful lips. And in this respect the ceremony performed to-day in the Archdiocese or Metropolitan See of San Francisco is one of overwhelming significance; for it tells us by the language of facts, more eloquent than that of words, that

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CALIFORNIA

is by no means backward in the race, but keeps abreast of her sister cities in the triumphant march and peaceful conquest of truth over error, of religious faith over cold indifference and arrogant unbelief; in a word, of Christian civilization over ignorance and materialism.

To accomplish her mission of saving souls by diffusing her life and light on all around her, the Catholic Church asks no favors from her opponents. She seeks no patronage at the hand of civil rulers. She only expects fair dealing and impartial right and justice. She only demands to be let alone and free in the exercise of her ministry; for, conscious as she is of possessing within her bosom the principle of vitality, she anticipates even now the certainty of final success, guaranteed to her by the assistance of the Divine Spirit, who abides with her now as truly as He did in the past, and shall in the future, even to the end of time. If the world outside the pale of the Church would only allow her to enjoy the liberty and civil rights to which the unswerving obedience of her children to the powers that be, justly entitles her, she would never fail to make good her claims in spite of opposition. She would prove to her enemies that Catholicism is not a vain or empty

word without meaning—something which can change with time. She would show that CATHOLICISM IS THE ONLY EMBODIMENT OF CHRISTIANITY,

with which it is completely identified; that Catholicism means those immutable, eternal principles which Christ taught, which the Church founded by Him has proclaimed, which the saints have believed, which an unbroken succession of pastors have defined, which thousands of writers have defended with their pen, and millions of martyrs have sealed with their blood.

Yes, the Catholic Church has a mighty work to do, and she shall do it; it is the conversion of nations to the religion of Jesus Christ. She has never as yet flinched from the task, and she never will. God speed the day when the divisions of Christendom shall end, when the chaotic structures built by human hands and propped by human agencies shall topple and fall to the ground, and the wild and dreary waste caused by religious dissensions shall bloom and glow with the beauty of order and the charms of peace, a foretaste of the unalloyed, ever-enduring joys that await the just beyond the tomb.

In the third place we rejoice, and all men that have their eternal welfare at heart rejoice with us on this eventful day; because the erection of a new church, and most especially of a cathedral church, means the establishment in our midst of

A CHAIR OF DIVINE TRUTH,

conveying to us in God's name and by His authority the heavenly message once delivered to His ambassadors in the city of Jerusalem,—the message which is the exclusive inheritance, gift and possession of that Church whose chief pastor, Leo XIII., rules in the Vatican, whose magisterial voice, wafted on the wings of the electric current, reaches to the utmost boundaries of the earth,—of that religious society and spiritual kingdom which the Apostle St. Paul calls the "Church of the living God, the ground and pillar of the truth."

I am fully aware that to assert on this

solemn occasion and in this public place that from the chair of every Catholic bishop in communion with the Holy See, from the lips of every Catholic priest in communion with his bishop, is announced to-day, as in the eighteen centuries already passed, the word of eternal truth—the same identical message delivered eighteen hundred years ago by Incarnate Wisdom to the astonished multitudes of Judea and of Galilee,—though a fact assented to by Catholic hearers throughout Christendom, may appear to outsiders a bold and unwarrantable assumption. For, to state the case plainly, it comes to this: if religious truth—

THE ECHO OF DIVINE VOICE,

teaching men God's will in their regard, pointing out their duties in this life, their destiny in the next, and the means to secure it,—can yet be found upon earth, it must be looked for in the Catholic Church, and in her alone. Now, I think Catholics can make this claim good, and I, for one, willingly submit the argument and proof to the judgment of every fair, impartial, reasonable man. It is clear that here our issue is only with Christian believers, irrespective of all difference of creed; for the case of the enemies of Christianity can be easily disposed of on other grounds, in which all Christians worthy of the name must make a common cause with us, and unite in a common defence on the broad principles of Christian revelation. I, then, reason thus: All Christian believers are agreed on the fundamental, historical fact that the Redeemer of the world constituted and appointed a body of teachers, whom He authorized, commissioned and charged to convey the Gospel to all future generations, thus to extend and apply to all men the fruits of redemption, which was wrought for the salvation of the whole human race.

THE DIVINE CHARTER

investing the apostolic body and their lawful successors with the divine commission is contained in those solemn terms uttered by Our Lord Jesus Christ: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye,

therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt., xxviii, 18-20.)

Now, this body of teachers, wherever they may be found, having been divinely commissioned to teach, must at the same time have received from God the guarantee of always being able to teach the truth; in other words, they must be infallible in their teaching, for an error in matters of religion may lead to eternal ruin. As the eminent Dr. Brownson remarks, the divine commission to teach necessarily carries with it the divine pledge of infallibility in teaching; for it is repugnant to reason and common sense to suppose that Almighty God can authorize a church to teach without rendering her competent to do so. But a fallible church, liable to deceive or be deceived, is not competent to teach.

Moreover, unless we suppose that God is indifferent as to what we believe or do in matters of religious worship, and that truth and error are equally acceptable in His sight, we must say that the command to teach implies the obligation of obedience; for authority and submission are correlative terms. Therefore, all nations and individuals are bound to believe and obey the teachers that are divinely commissioned, and the penalty of disobedience is equal to the punishment to be meted out to wilful idolaters and dishonest publicans; for Jesus Christ says in the Gospel: "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." (Matt., xviii, 17). But, again, it is repugnant to reason to say that God imposes on man, under pain of sin and damnation, the duty to believe a fallible teacher—one who may both deceive and be deceived; for then we should be obliged to believe falsehood on pain of disbelieving God; and God, who is truth itself, would make belief in falsehood essential to salvation—a supposition not less impious than absurd.

Therefore, when we assert that God authorized the Church to teach, we only say in other words that He holds Himself responsible for what she teaches. He vouches for the truth of her testimony, and if she could err, mistake or misrepresent the truth, God would become responsible for error, and authorize and sanction the teachers of falsehood, which is blasphemous to suppose; for, mark well, in matters of religious faith it is a question not of an exterior submission only, but also of an interior assent. I know full well that the divine law and the principle of order compel me to submit even to an unjust sentence of a civil tribunal, if it can not be evaded by any lawful means, even though I may be certain that the judge was deceived by perjured witnesses; but no law, human or divine, commands me to believe that the verdict was right and the sentence just. Whilst, in point of dogmatical teaching, from

HIS COMMISSIONED MESSENGERS

God enjoins a full conviction and interior belief of the truth of the doctrine they teach; hence if God has founded a church, and authorized her to teach, she must be able to teach infallibly if she is to teach at all. In this light we can appreciate the full significance of those words of Jesus Christ addressed to His Apostles after He had commissioned them to teach: "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me. And he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." (Luke, x, 16.) Therefore, the question of infallibility, which is wont to provoke so much animosity, is a very simple thing, after all. It is reduced to the question of the divine commission to teach. That fact once established, immunity from error in authorized teachers follows as a necessary consequence, which no unbiassed, reasoning mind can deny.

These two facts, then, being firmly established—viz., the fact of the divine commission, and the guarantee of infallibility in executing it even to the consummation of ages,—we have next to face the paramount question, which is the final, decisive test of all religious discussions among Christian

believers, and that is this: Where shall we look in the broad world for that body of teachers divinely commissioned to teach, and to teach infallibly? The answer, though a momentous one, thank God, is not far to seek. For when it is a question of identifying the ministers of God's Church authorized to teach infallibly, we Catholics raise a controversy in which we have no opponent; we vindicate a privilege in which we find no rival claimants. For it is a well-known fact that all dissenting sects, no matter how much they may conflict with one another, are perfectly and unanimously agreed on this point of disclaiming infallibility in their teachers, and they make it one of their chief charges against the Catholic Church that she claims immunity from error in matters of faith and morals. By so doing they evidently commit a suicidal act, and cut the ground from under their own feet; for they thereby renounce all claim to

A DIVINE COMMISSION TO PREACH THE
GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

For it stands to reason to say that teachers who, by their own confession, are fallible—may lead to error, and teach falsehood,—can not be supposed to have been divinely commissioned, authorized and sent by God to teach men the truth. To such teachers are applied the words of the Lord in the twenty-third chapter of Jeremiah: "I did not send them, yet they ran; I did not speak to them, yet they prophesied." Hence St. Paul writes: "Faith cometh by hearing; how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach unless they be sent?" (Romans, x, 14, 15.) Therefore, all so-called ministers and teachers of the Gospel that are confessedly fallible have not the divine assistance preserving them from error, and are, consequently, by their own admission, blind guides; and, as you know, Our Blessed Lord has said somewhere in His Gospel that "if the blind lead the blind, they shall both fall into the ditch." In this question, then, of

THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE CHURCH,
the free and spontaneous concession of our

adversaries dispenses us from all further proof; they themselves surrender the point at the very outset, and it is superfluous to endeavor to prove what is already granted. And whoever knows anything of the religious dissensions, contradictory teachings, and endless doctrinal changes that have taken place during the last three centuries outside the pale of the Catholic Church, will at once understand how the prudence of the serpent induced our adversaries to disclaim infallibility. "Truth is one," said Bossuet, addressing the heretics, "eternal and immutable; you change, therefore you err."

To sum up my argument in brief, there exists upon earth a body of teachers divinely commissioned; teachers divinely commissioned must be infallible; all Christian sects disclaim infallibility, and consequently the divine commission; therefore the Catholic Church alone is in possession of such gift; therefore she alone has the right to teach; therefore she is truly the

PILLAR AND GROUND OF TRUTH.

Catholics, then, maintain, first, that in the Church of Christ there is a teaching authority divinely established; second, that this authority is infallible within the sphere of all matters concerning faith and morals; third, that this infallibility resides both in the whole teaching body of the Church, the bishops presided over by the Pope, and in the Pope alone whenever he speaks *ex cathedra*—that is, as teacher of the Universal Church, defining doctrines to be held by all Catholics as divinely revealed. And so long as each individual, bishop, priest or layman, teaches and believes what is taught and believed by the Church and the chief pastor, his doctrine and belief partake of the very infallibility of the Church herself, and of the Supreme Pontiff, the seat and centre of Catholic truth. Many of our keen adversaries have felt the cogency of this reasoning; hence if you pay attention you will see that all their efforts are invariably directed to this point, viz., to detect if possible one single error, one falsehood or contradiction in the teaching of the Church; for

this would be sufficient to disprove her claim to speak in the name of God, and to brand her authority as tyranny and her infallibility as an imposture.

The enemy of the Catholic Church knows full well that one contradiction in her doctrine, one dogmatic decision opposed to another, one definition inconsistent with reason, clearly and plainly established, and the castle of Rome would fall to the ground and crumble into dust. But the Almighty has spoken, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her" (Matt., xvi, 18); and the divine assistance, which has baffled, till now, the impotent attacks of all the enemies of the Catholic Church, shall continue even to the end of time to foil their impious attempts. Hence she, conscious as she is of her divine mission, and of her immunity from error in everything that concerns eternal salvation and falls within the sphere of moral teaching and dogmatic belief, addresses to all men the words of Jesus Christ, her founder, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." (John, viii, 32.) Free, indeed, with the freedom of the children of God; for her unerring voice teaches men their eternal happy destiny, and the means to attain it.

Neither can it be said that if we believe in the Church's teaching there is an end to all legitimate freedom and independence of thought; for if the Catholic Church could teach anything but the truth, the objection might have some weight; but she can teach only divine revelation, therefore only to enlighten. Now, the teacher who enlightens by removing doubt does not take away independence, but secures freedom; since error is as truly a slavery of the mind as sin is of the will. Shall it be said that we cease to be independent when we are delivered from

THE TYRANNY OF ERROR?

or that we cease to be free when we are liberated from the yoke of crime? It has been truly said: *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*,—"Truth is mighty, and in the end it shall prevail." Yes, truth must finally triumph over falsehood. Like the Divine

Saviour who first proclaimed it, it may be hated, insulted, mocked, spit upon, crucified between two thieves, and buried in the tomb; but, nevertheless, it must, from the very force of its inherent divinity, burst the chains of death, crush its foes beneath its feet, rise again victorious, and rule supreme. Yes, the Catholic Church may be robbed, persecuted, trampled upon, but the truth, which is always with her, must sooner or later render her a conqueror over all her enemies. As the poet well said: "Truth crushed to the earth shall rise again; the eternal years of God are hers." . . .

May God Almighty, through the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, and of Her blessed spouse, the glorious St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church, grant to us the grace that we may soon see this great work carried to a successful termination, and that we may all live and die worthy members and children of that Church in which alone truth, peace and salvation are to be found!

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXI.

IT was at first almost impossible for Marion to realize that the desire of her life was gratified in a manner so strange and so unexpected. She seemed to be existing in a dream, which would presently dissolve away after the manner of all dreams, and leave her in her old state of poverty and longing. That Brian Earle had lost his fortune, and that the old man now dead had not cared sufficiently for any of his other heirs to leave it to them,—that this fortune was hers—hers absolutely and alone,—was something that struck her as too wonderful, and, in a certain sense, too awful, to be true. There flashed across her mind a recollection of "being crushed beneath the weight of a granted prayer." Was she to be crushed beneath the weight of this prayer of hers so singularly granted?

Certainly she felt herself in an isolation which was chilling to the heart. The man she loved was gone—had parted from her in contempt; and she felt sharply how much that contempt would be increased when he heard that she possessed his inheritance. As for friends, where would she turn to find them? For her uncle and his family she had never cared; Helen was estranged—if not in heart, at least in fact; for intercourse between them could not now be pleasant to either; and it seemed a desecration of the name of friend to apply the term to Mrs. Singleton. Yet it was to Mrs. Singleton, after all, that she had to turn for social support and countenance at this crisis of her fortunes. And it was the good sense and philosophy of Mr. Singleton which induced his wife to see that she would gain nothing by following her declared intention of having nothing more to do with the heiress.

"People will only think that you are disappointed and envious," he said; "and since the world never, under any circumstances, turns its back on a rising sun, you will merely put yourself in a foolish and awkward position. The thing to do is, as I have said before, to make the best of a bad matter. And for us it might be a great deal worse. Of course we have missed the fortune, but I don't really think we ever had a chance of it; and we are not paupers, you know. Now, it will be a graceful thing for you to take up this girl. She will appreciate it, I think, and it will prevent any undesirable gossip about her or about us."

"All that may be very true, Tom," Mrs. Singleton replied. "But I do not see how I *can* force myself to have anything more to do with her. I so despise her duplicity!"

"Duplicity is a thing to be despised," observed Mr. Singleton, quietly; "but I am not sure that Miss Lynde has been guilty of it. Let us give her the benefit of a doubt. If, as you believe, she schemed for this result, she most certainly did not expect it. I never saw any one show greater surprise than she did when she heard the news."

"She is a consummate actress. She might have affected that."

"Not even the most consummate actress could have affected what she exhibited. Her surprise amounted to incredulity. But, whether you believe this or not, believe that it will be best for you not to throw her off. There is nothing to be gained by that, and there may be a good deal to lose."

This view of the matter, together with her husband's unusual seriousness, impressed Mrs. Singleton so much that she finally consented to form an alliance, for purposes of mutual convenience, with Marion. The latter received her overtures with a certain sense of gratitude. She knew that they were interested, but she also knew that without Mrs. Singleton she would be placed in a very difficult position—would, in fact, appear in the eyes of the world as an adventuress who had secured a fortune at the expense of the rightful heirs. The countenance of those heirs was, therefore, very essential to her.

But this hollow compact for mutual convenience—how different was it from associations in which affection or sympathy forms the tie! Marion had fancied herself made in a mould strong enough to disregard such feelings, but she now found her mistake. Her heart ached for the affections she had lost—for Brian's strong love, and Helen's gentle tenderness. She had sacrificed both, and by sacrificing them won the fortune for which she had longed; but already she began to realize that she had lost in the exchange more than she had gained. Already the shining gold which had dazzled her was transforming itself into the dry and withered leaves of the fairy legend.

Her plans were formed to leave Scarborough. The associations of the place were hateful to her, and it was decided that she should go with Mrs. Singleton to the home of the latter, and then form arrangements for her mode of life. But, since she was still a minor, these plans were subject to her uncle's modifications, and his consent was necessary for them. This caused a delay which detained her in Scarborough for some time, and brought to her knowledge a fact which was destined to influence her future.

This was the fact that Rathborne in his threat of enmity had uttered no idle words. A few days after the contents of the will had become known, while public interest respecting it was at its height, he met Tom Singleton and said a few significant words:

"So Miss Lynde has won the fortune from you all! That is rather hard, isn't it?"

Mr. Singleton shrugged his shoulders. "Every one knew that my uncle was a man of caprices. His will was certain to be a surprise, in one way or another; and for myself, I have no right to complain. He remembered me handsomely."

"And is there no intention of contesting the will on the part of the heirs?"

"I hardly think so. Brian Earle and myself are the people most nearly concerned, and we do not think of it."

"You are sure about Earle?"

"Perfectly sure," said Mr. Singleton. "Why should a man go into a lawsuit to gain what he might have had for a word?"

"There might be several reasons," returned Rathborne. "I can imagine one of great strength. But if you do not think of contesting the will, another heir may come forward to do it."

"No other heir would have a chance. If the will were set aside, Earle and myself would inherit."

"Not if the man's son should chance to be living."

Singleton opened his eyes. "But the son is dead," he replied.

"Is he?" said Rathborne, dryly. "Who knows it?—who can prove it? But, of course, I spoke only of a probability."

He moved away then, while his companion looked after him with rather a blank and puzzled expression. "Now, what on earth can he know about it?" he thought. "And what does he mean? Of course there never has been any proof of George's death, that I know of; and if he *should* be living—well, Miss Lynde might look out for storms then. But nothing could be more improbable. My uncle evidently did not think it a matter to be even considered. *He* must have had some certainty about it."

Nevertheless, he mentioned to his wife what Rathborne had said, and she with malicious intent repeated it to Marion. "It is the first suggestion that has been made about George," she observed. "But if he should chance to be living, I am afraid you would lose everything."

"How could that be," said the young girl, "when he is not mentioned in the will?"

"Because, of course, he would contest it on the ground that his father believed him dead when he made it, and also that a man has no right to disinherit his son in favor of a stranger. I hope it may never come to such a contest, for many disagreeable things would be said about *you*."

"It would certainly never come to it, as far as I am concerned," replied Marion, haughtily. "For if Mr. George Singleton appeared, I should yield his inheritance to him without any contest at all."

"Would you indeed?" asked Mrs. Singleton. She looked at her for a moment with her head on one side, as if contemplating the possibility of what it might mean for herself. "I don't think there is the least danger that he will appear," she said, presently: "and I had really rather you had it than he. I always detested George."

"Thanks for the implied compliment," said Marion, smiling faintly.

She said no more on the subject, but, naturally enough, she thought much. It was a new and startling suggestion, and seemed to derive added force from the fact that Rathborne had made it. For she had never lost the sense of his hostile influence—of the realization that she had made an enemy of one who had the strength as well as the will to be dangerous. And now she felt sure that if George Singleton were on the earth this man would find him. "That is what he intends to do," she said to herself; "and this is his way of letting me know it—of making me understand that I hold my fortune on an uncertain tenure. Well, let him do his worst. If I lose the fortune, nothing will be left me at all; and that, no doubt, is what I deserve."

This was a new conclusion for Marion,

and showed how far she had already travelled on the road of self-knowledge. Even now she began to ask herself what there was which the money she had so eagerly desired could purchase for her of enduring interest? Now that everything was within her reach, she felt that she hardly cared to stretch out her hands to grasp any object of which she had dreamed. Admiration, pleasure, power,—all seemed to her like the toys which a sick child regards with eyes of indifference. Was it the wakening of her heart or the rousing of her soul which made them seem of so small account? She did not ask herself; she only felt that Brian Earle's influence had for a time lifted her into a region where she had breathed a higher air, and gained a knowledge of ideals which made her own now seem false, petty and unsatisfying.

Would these ideals have attracted Marion had they been presented by another person? That is difficult to say. Her nature had in it much essential nobleness—Earle had been right in thinking it more warped than really wrong,—and it might have responded in some degree to any influence of the kind. But surely it is not without grave reason that we are bidden to keep the heart with all diligence, since "out of it are the issues of life." It had been necessary that Marion's heart should be roused out of its cold indifference to all affection, before she could grasp the meaning of the higher things of life—those things which have their root and their end in eternity.

It was one evening about this time that she chanced to be driving late through the streets of Scarborough, and saw the Catholic church open, and several persons entering. A sudden impulse made her bid the coachman stop. She was alone, having just left Mrs. Singleton at the house of a friend; and she felt that before leaving Scarborough finally—as it was her intention to do in a few days—she would like to enter once more the sanctuary where she had felt herself drawn very near to God. Since then the world had rushed in and overwhelmed her, and she had no longer any intention of

embracing the true Faith. But an attraction which could not be resisted drew her just now within the threshold of the door to which Earle had last led her.

She descended from her carriage, to the astonishment of a few loiterers around the church gate, and in the rich twilight walked up the path which led to the door. Music came from within, and as she pushed it open a vision of celestial yet familiar brightness burst on her. The altar was a mass of lights and flowers, and in the midst rose the ostensorium on its golden throne. The priest, with his attendants, knelt motionless before it, while from the organ-loft came the strains of the "*O Salutaris Hostia*." Marion had been at the convent too long not to know all that it meant. She knelt at once, as a Catholic might have done; and indeed in her mind at that moment there was no sense of doubt. From the uplifted Presence on the altar faith seemed suddenly infused into her soul. Not only did all thought of questioning leave her, but all memory of ever having questioned. She knelt like a child, simply, humbly, involuntarily; and, with the same confidence as those around her, breathed a petition for the things of which she had begun to feel herself in need—for light on a path which was by no means clear, and for some better guide than her own erring will.

After Benediction she was one of the first to leave the church, with a sense of peace which astonished her. "Why do I feel differently now from what I did when I entered?" she said to herself as she drove home in the soft dusk. "What power has touched me, and given me the first repose of spirit that I have known in a long time? It is surely strange, and impossible not to believe."

But there it ended. Not yet had come the time when she would feel the necessity of taking some practical step toward making this all-powerful help her own; not yet had the proud spirit bent itself to acknowledging its own inability to order its life. The very reason which not long before had drawn her toward the Church—the fact

that Earle belonged to it—now repelled as strongly as it had attracted. The hour had not yet struck when such earthly considerations would fall away before the urgent demand of the soul, the need of the weak and the human for the strong and the eternal.

"The cedars must fall round us ere we see the light behind";

and not all of Marion's cedars had fallen yet.

The next day a surprise, which was yet not altogether a surprise, awaited her. She was quietly sitting in the room which had been Mr. Singleton's—that small, pretty apartment behind the large drawing-room, which still seemed full of the suggestion of his presence,—when she heard a visitor ushered into the adjoining room, and a minute later a servant appeared, bringing her a card. She took it and read the name of Paul Rathborne.

It was a shock rather than an astonishment. She said to herself that she had looked for this: she had known that he would come as the bearer of ill news, if ill news were to be brought to her. For a moment she remained silent, looking at the bit of pasteboard which said so much. Should she refuse to see him, should she deny him the pleasure of triumphing over her, and force him to send through another channel whatever news he brought? She was strongly tempted to this, but pride in the first place—the pride of not wishing to let him imagine that he had any power to move her,—rejected the idea; and in the second place she felt that she must know at once whatever he had to tell. If she refused to see him, he would be capable of making her suffer suspense for an indefinite length of time. Steadying her voice to quiet indifference, therefore, she said to the servant: "Show Mr. Rathborne in here."

A minute later the curtains between the two rooms were drawn back, and Rathborne entered. She rose and bowed slightly, looking more princess-like than ever in her beauty and stateliness, and in the midst of the luxury which surrounded her. No detail of her appearance or her manner was lost upon the man who had come with his

heart full of bitterness toward her. And if an additional touch to this bitterness had been needed, her haughtiness, and her air of calmly possessing a place where she belonged, would have given it. The recollection of some words of his was fresh in the minds of both as they looked at each other. "I promise you that in the hour when your schemes are nearest success, you will find them defeated by me." These had been his last words to her. Was he come now to tell her that they were fulfilled? This was the thought in her mind, but there was no sign of it in her manner or her glance. She stood, composedly waiting for him to explain the object of his visit, and it was he who had to speak first.

"I have ventured to ask the honor of this interview, Miss Lynde," he said—and under its outward respect, she keenly felt the mockery of his tone,—“in order to make a communication of importance to you. It is true, I might have made it to your lawyer, but I thought it best that I should be myself the bearer of such news to you."

"I fully appreciate your motives," she replied, in her clear, flute-like tones. "Pray spare yourself and me any apologies, and let me know what possible news of importance can have fallen to you to bring me."

As she understood the underlying mockery in his voice, so he heard and felt the scorn of hers. Her clear, brilliant glance said to him: "I know that you have come here because you hope to humble me, but I shall only show you how despicable I consider you." It stung him as she had always had the faculty of stinging him, and roused his determination to make his tidings as bitter to her as possible.

"The news which I bring you," he said, "is most important to your interest, since it is the intelligence that I am directed to bring suit at once to set aside Mr. Singleton's will made in your favor, in order that the estate may devolve to the natural heir."

"Indeed!" she said, quietly, with admirable self-control. "And may I beg to know who is the natural heir who proposes to enter into this contest?"

"An heir against whose claim you will find it impossible to fight," he answered, with a ring of triumph in his voice;—"one who has been supposed to be dead, but who has been roused, by the news that his inheritance has been alienated from him, to prove that he is living. In other words, my client is Mr. Singleton's only son, George Singleton."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sancta Maria, Dei Genitrix.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

DIRECT my thoughts and guide my pen,
For I would write of Thee,
O Thou who art the hope of men,
The home of charity!

Enraptured with Thy matchless charms,
The Eternal Son of God
Left heaven to rest within Thine arms,
Ere yet life's ways He trod.

Fair House of Gold, whose pearly door
Flew open at His call,
Then closed, to open never more
Save unto Him, Thy all.

The very Gate of Heaven Thou art,
For souls find entrance there,
Who choose on earth the better part,
And seek Thine aid in prayer.

Bright Morning Star, that ushered in
The Sun of Righteousness,
And shone upon a world of sin,
To succor and to bless.

Great co-Redemptress of mankind!
The saints have named Thee well:
Thy lowly *fiat* undermined
The battlements of hell.

Sweet Mother of my God, and mine,
O'erflowing fount of grace,
Refuge of Sinners, Mercy's Shrine,
I fly to Thy embrace.

Then rule my heart and guide my pen,
Teach me to write of Thee,
Mary, the hope, the joy of men,
The soul of charity.

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XVI.—SIENA.

JUST at nightfall our train switched off from the main track, and began slowly climbing a long hill that loomed like a great sea-wave before us; the gray walls of the old city, asleep on the crest of it, glimmered like foam in the gathering darkness.

Siena has a strange history; my comrade and I talked it over as we toiled up the grade. Founded by the Gauls, somewhere within a few pages of the preface to ancient history, she became a Roman colony under Augustus, but did not reach her climax until after the beginning of the twelfth century. Having become a free state, she expelled the nobles, united with the Ghibellines, and routed the Guelphs on a mountain height about six miles from town. There was nothing for her to do after that but sit in the shadow of her laurels and wax fat.

A little later she numbered 200,000 inhabitants. In her wealth and love of art she rivalled Florence; but her star paled. She was devastated by fire and sword; in 1348 the plague swept off 80,000 of her people. Poor little Siena! she now numbers but 23,000 souls, and in some of her quiet streets the pavement is carpeted with moss, and the goats wag their beards composedly over the thresholds of their languishing masters.

LE DONZELLE —My comrade and I footed it up from the station. It was dark; it was cold; it was quite immaterial to us where we lodged; by footing it we could explore at our leisure, and discover a house that suited us. We were still without the city walls—the station is some way down the hill; the roofs of the town loomed far above us; we could just distinguish them—a shadowy *silhouette* dimly outlined against the stars. Beneath us were deep ravines, and rugged and rocky hillocks thinly planted with olives.

We followed a straggling procession of

travellers that wound through the great gate of the city, and were shortly tangled in a web of streets, out of which it is quite difficult to extricate oneself by daylight; at night we trudged on, without concern, and as if we were quite used to that sort of thing—and so we were. Thus we came unexpectedly upon a swinging sign, across which a dull lantern threw a feeble and uncertain light. It was *Le Donzelle*.

A portly landlord showed us to a good chamber; a great double bed nearly filled it; but the bed was so white and plump it looked quite like a gigantic frosted cake—and we were happy. Having settled our minds, and ordered every possible precaution against the biting cold of the Italian winter night, we adjourned to a wine-shop a few doors up the street, and there, in an atmosphere of steaming lemonade and cigarettes, we ordered what every one in the crowded room was ordering, and which proved to be a delicious punch of coffee and Jamaica rum. Be sure to ask for it when you reach Siena, for it is a feature of the place.

Getting back to our chamber in a most wholesome frame of mind, we found an extraordinary invention tucked away under the bed-quilt; the bed looked not unlike a miniature ship, done in plaster. Upon turning back the sheets we disclosed a wooden cage quite large enough for a brood of turkeys; in the centre of it hung an earthen pot of coals, and these coals, which were still glowing, had heated the bed finely. This was an Italian warming-pan; akin to it is the little silver or copper globe, filled with hot water, which the Italian ladies carry about with them in winter to keep their hands warm. They hold the globe while they entertain you in their drawing-rooms, and send it out to be refilled when the water has grown cool.

ST. CATHARINE.—Siena has had her famous Saint. Of humble parentage, self-dedicated to a religious life from her eighth year, she envied St. Catharine of Alexandria the mystical marriage that has inspired so many artists, from Titian downward.

Meucke's picture is, perhaps, the best known; in it the reclining figure of the ecstatic Saint is borne through the air in the arms of four angels. But St. Catharine of Siena led a far different life from that of the devout Egyptian Queen. She toiled; she suffered every sort of insult at the hands of those who did not at first know of her sanctity. She had, indeed, visions, and her peculiar fame at last spread from the Alps to Etna. It was she who was chosen mediator between Pope Gregory XI. and the Florentines; and so successful was she that the Pope, at her earnest desire, returned from Avignon to the Lateran, greatly to the joy of his people.

And yet St. Catharine seemed to me not very popular in Siena—saints and prophets too often share dishonor in their own land. Her tomb in the dreary Church of San Domenico was feebly lighted; it was quite impossible to get a fair view of the interesting frescos, by Sodoma, representing scenes, in the life of the Saint. A crippled old woman—apparently the sole survivor on the premises—when I asked for medals of St. Catharine, or photographs of her tomb, or a memento of some sort or *any* sort, hunted all over the place in a vain attempt to gratify me.

The house of the Saint was pointed out by a woman who lives opposite. Others, of whom we had inquired the way, knew of her chapel, but seemed to have no knowledge of her house; the truth is, the house has been converted into a chapel, and in the upper story you are shown her miraculous crucifix and other relics. Within the chapel are a multitude of banners bearing the escutcheons of the noble families that have made pilgrimages thither. A novice was busying himself about the chapel when we entered; he took no notice whatever of our intrusion, but brought out great monuments of artificial flowers, and buried the altar under a mass of inharmonious color that was positively hideous; but, then, what would your frost-bitten Italy do in winter if she did not keep a large stock of millinery on hand?

THE WATER WOMEN.—Wandering down one of the narrow streets, we came upon a long low roof supported by heavy columns. It looked like a mill-house; for a stream, small but lively, dashed in at one end of the building and out at the other, in a very business-like way. When we came to it, and looked under the roof, we were noisily saluted by twenty buxom women, who stood in a row along the side of a stone cistern extending the whole length of the shed; the running stream kept it full of fresh water. Every woman had a heap of linen at her feet, and a garment in her hand, which she was cleansing in the ice-cold water.

This was one of the public laundries. The matrons and the maids gather in them to do their washing, and to learn the news of the week.—Just fancy the gossip that flows from those busy tongues in the course of a single Monday!—They paused for a moment to exchange a word of greeting, and then resumed business with the utmost unconcern.

THE CATHEDRAL.—Are you tired of described cathedrals? Perhaps by this time you have lost interest in details concerning exteriors and interiors, just as every traveller grows weary of looking long or closely at anything; but the façade of the Cathedral of Siena is very brilliant and effective; the blocks of black and white marble are used to much better advantage than in the Cathedral of Florence. It is, moreover, profusely ornamented with figures of lions, wolves, winged creatures, and long-necked gargoyles. There are numberless marble saints and angels perched about in the midst of elaborate carvings; and there is just enough of rose-tinted marble mingled with the whole to give it warmth and color—a noticeable lack in the Florentine edifice.

The black and white marbles are repeated within, but the repetition becomes monotonous. Even the terra-cotta busts of all the Popes down to Alexander III. (1150) do not succeed in enlivening it. The pavement is wonderfully beautiful—a grayish marble

inlaid on white and shaded with black lines; of these three tints of marble the most exquisite pictures are wrought. There are biblical scenes, with figures nearly life-size, drawn and shaded with all the delicate detail of a masterpiece, and these cover the pavement of the nave, transept, and aisles. The custodian, who seems really to appreciate the artistic merit of the work, rubbed some of the faces on the pavement with a damp cloth, and they stood out with the fineness of an engraving or etching on stone. Very many of them have been defaced, and most of them are now covered with planks, which are removed during the inspection of visitors. It is a pity that one can not see these designs at a distance sufficient to give some knowledge of the general effect; as it is, one must content himself with as much of the picture as lies close to his feet; for the lines have grown faint, and they are soon lost in the dust and the distance. Duccio, Beccafumi, and others—the artists who designed the pictures,—left careful studies, and the pavement is now being slowly restored from these.

The cathedral of the eleventh century stands on the site of an older church, which superseded an ancient temple of Minerva. It is ever thus in Italy: with a hop, skip and jump you pass from to-day into the shadowy past, whereof there is nothing left to us but dust and tradition. At the high altar we looked through a small grating, and saw the baptistery, with its superb bronze font, directly under our feet; the entrance to it is on another street, but the hills of Siena are so steep that you can build one church upon another without inconveniencing any one.

Siena is rather dull, now that we have seen it all. Dinner is over; we have smoked out our cigarettes, and talked up to the highest pitch about the day's adventures; about the Town Hall, with its fine chapel, richly frescoed, and its tall, graceful tower, at the foot of which is an altar in the open air, facing the great square, and there Mass is sometimes said to thousands upon thousands of people; about the narrow, winding

streets, with heavy stone arches over them, so that they look almost like tunnels; we talked of the many features of a life that is purely Italian, but is nearly the same all over Italy, and perhaps I am writing too much of it.

We wend our way to Pisa by early train to-morrow. To-night we have nothing in the world to do but to fill up our notes, take the pot of coals out of the bed, and turn in at discretion. We are to sleep in a city which is the mother of eight Popes and thirty-nine Cardinals—there's something to dream of!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Lady of Health *

THE night draws nigh, the twilight dies,
Like a vibrant chord of harmonies,
And the echoes vast of this world's pain
Float up to Thine ears in sad refrain,—
Our Lady of Healing, hear, oh! hear.

On the moonlit clouds about Thy seat,
St. Joseph bends with his lily sweet,
*And he whose prayer like a shadow lies
On the aching lids of sleepless eyes,—
Our Lady of Healing, hear, oh! hear.

Clasping Thy Child, this lost world's Light,
Gaze down, bright Star, through the gloom of
night;
Gaze down and shed through the silent air
The pitying miracle of Thy prayer,—
Our Lady of Healing, hear, oh! hear.

Tortured, in pain, wan, hollow-eyed,
Close they creep to Thy loving side,
And the halt, "maimed," sick, and weak,
Stretch out pale hands for the boon they seek;
Our Lady of Healing, hear, oh! hear.

Lo! the murmurs of deep thanksgiving rise
From the realm of pain through the darkened
skies,
While Thine angels white, with sacred stealth,
On sorrow's pain pour the balm of health,—
Our Lady of Healing, hear, oh! hear.

—*The Month.*

* St. Camillus.

Favors of Our Queen.

THE DEVOTION OF THE FIFTEEN SATURDAYS.

A SUBSCRIBER of THE "AVE MARIA," living in one of our large cities, has sent us an account of two favors recently obtained by practising the Devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays; adding, "I write to express my gratitude to Our Blessed Mother, and to encourage others similarly distressed to have recourse to Her powerful patronage." The devotion consists in receiving Holy Communion on fifteen consecutive Saturdays in honor of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Holy Rosary, and meditating each time on the mystery in honor of which the Holy Communion has been offered. It is usual also on each of the Saturdays to perform some special penance or work of mercy, to offer an alms, and to pray for the particular virtue taught by the mystery under consideration.

"I once read a short article in your valued magazine explaining the Devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays and recounting favors obtained through its practice. I spoke of the devotion to a friend who was in great need of help from on High. Her husband, who was inclined to dissipation, was out of work. She began the Fifteen Communions, and before they were finished he obtained a situation, and has since entirely reformed.

"Encouraged by this evident answer to prayer, and being myself in great trouble, caused by the conduct of one very dear to me, I began the Fifteen Saturdays. A few days after I had made the last one, he for whom I had offered them again fell a victim to the terrible vice of intemperance, which gained power over him this time in an unusual manner. My first feeling was one of discouragement, that just as I had finished the devotion this affliction should come, and the clouds seemed darker and heavier than ever. However, the thought finally occurred to me that perhaps God permitted this fall, to give him a lesson which would be the means of his cure. And so it proved.

"He went to confession and Holy Communion of his own accord the following Saturday,

took the pledge, and has since frequented the Sacraments. He has kept his good resolution, and realizes that it was the loss of his former piety which caused his downfall. Moreover, he has since obtained a temporal favor in the shape of very desirable employment."

Catholic Notes.

What would have been the feelings of John Wesley if he had been told that his followers would one day be found invoking the intercession of the Blessed Virgin! And yet this was exactly what the Methodists of Leavenworth, Kansas, did only the week before last. The *Stabat Mater* was sung in their church by a "select choir"; and what prayer could they have selected that more beautifully implores the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God than the last two verses of Her own hymn?—

"Be to me, O Virgin! nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die. . .
Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence."

Our loving and tender Mother spurns the prayers of no one; and if the hymn was sung on this occasion in a religious spirit—as we would fain believe it was,—we are led to hope that, through that powerful intercession for which, perhaps unconsciously, they prayed, many of our separated brethren may be brought back to the True Fold.

A vacation of an extremely unusual kind has been enjoyed in La Vendée, France. The tribunal of assizes has not sat this last period, the reason being that there were no criminals to try. After all, this is not so much to be wondered at, when one remembers that in this part of France the ancient Christian Faith has been preserved intact during all the revolutions that have disturbed the country.

Some one has suggested that a printing-press would be a particularly appropriate offering to the Holy Father in honor of his Jubilee, because the machines in use at the Vatican Press are not of the best manufacture, and, because Pope Leo XIII. is the most literary of modern Pontiffs. "This title," as the London *Tablet* remarks, "belongs to him, not so much by reason of a facility in making Latin

verses, as for the frequent most elegant expression which he has given in prose to a lifelong love of letters. . . . Whatever 'progress' may have been denounced by the modern Popes, the activity of the pen and of the press has not been blamed."

The Holy Father, in a brief recently addressed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, heartily welcomes and approves the resolution of the Catholic hierarchy of America to found a University. His Holiness says that the institution must be forever under the care of all the Catholic Bishops of America, and he leaves the choice of the seat of the University to their decision. Pope Leo points out—what can not be too strongly emphasized in these days, when people are still to be found foolish enough to talk of a conflict between religion and science,—that it has ever been the glory of the Bishops of the Church, and especially of the Sovereign Pontiffs, to encourage true science. His Holiness goes on to say:

"An excessive liberty of thinking and writing, arising in Europe and in your country from a wrong, widely-spread way of conceiving things human and divine, is the principle and source of the wildest theories. Driving religion from almost every school, wicked men, cloaking their designs with a false philosophy, audaciously seek to destroy the faith in the souls of the young, and to light in its stead the torch of impiety. Wherefore it is more than ever necessary to nourish youth with sound doctrine, and chiefly to furnish those destined to the service of the Church with all the weapons needed to defend victoriously Catholic truth. We therefore welcomed and approved most heartily the resolution, inspired by your zeal for the common good, and your anxiety for the welfare of the great Republic of the United States, to found a University."

The Mexicans are almost as devout to the Blessed Virgin as the Spaniards themselves. On entering a house their first salutation is always, "*Ave Maria!*" and the answer is expected—" *En gratia concebida!*"

Thirty thousand children, deserted by their parents, are annually rescued, baptized, and reared up in conventual institutions in China.

The Faith has been making wondrous progress in Australia, and the *Acta et Decreta* of the First Plenary Council of Sydney, recently approved, will doubtless tend to propagate

and strengthen it still more. The Pope has just created three new ecclesiastical provinces in Australasia, raising to the dignity of archbishoprics the sees of Brisbane (Queensland), Adelaide (South Australia), and Wellington (New Zealand); also five new episcopal sees—Grafton, Wilcannia, Sale, Port Augusta, and Christchurch (New Zealand); and two Vicariates Apostolic for the districts of Kimberley and Queensland.

The Abbé Louis Monnier, writing from Nazareth to the editor of *La Croix*, gives an account of an interesting discovery that has lately been made at Nazareth of what is supposed, with good reason, to be the site of the house where the Holy Family lived after their return from Egypt. St. Jerome and other early Christian writers mention two churches as existing in their time at Nazareth; one on the site of the Annunciation and another built over the site of the house where Our Lord was brought up—*ubi erat nutritus*. Arculph, a pilgrim, who visited Palestine in 670, gives a minute account of this latter church. He says it was built between two small elevations in the middle of the town, and that it rested on two tombs that were separated by arcades; and that between the tombs a clear stream flowed, from which the people used to draw water through a well in the church above. The Dames de Nazareth, in building their new convent, have had lately to make some excavations, and, in removing the heaps of rubbish accumulated after centuries of devastation and neglect, have come upon what appears to be the foundation of a large church; and, in clearing out the subterranean grottos and vaults, have further discovered two ancient tombs, over which can still be traced two ruined arches of an aqueduct, which would seem to prove that this lost and venerated sanctuary has been found again, and happily it is in the hands of the Latins.—*London Tablet*.

The indefatigable zeal and rare discrimination of Professor J. F. Edwards, of the University of Notre Dame, have preserved from destruction or irretrievable loss innumerable precious mementos and relics of all the Bishops and Archbishops who have held dioceses within the present limits of the United States. These *souvenirs* have been collected and tastefully arranged in the Bishops' Memorial Hall

and Historical Department of the University, and form a unique monument to the American hierarchy. The collection, said to be the only one of the kind in the world, includes portraits (many of them originals and very rare), busts, miniatures in ivory, autograph MSS., bound books, and pamphlets, together with mitres, crosiers, pectoral crosses, and other insignia of the pastoral office.

Professor Edwards, whose interest in Catholic history amounts to a passion, has taken care to verify any detail that can possibly throw light on subjects of Catholic historical research. Some day not far distant his collection will attract visitors from all parts of the country. Nowhere else in the United States can so many interesting objects, some of them fragrant of sanctity, be found; for instance, the mitre worn by Bishop Neumann, of holy memory; a chalice used by Archbishop Carroll, the proto-prelate of the Union; the sandals of the venerated Bishop Flaget; the stick of Prince Gallitzin, of Loreto, Pa.; a Bible used by Mother Seton and the saintly Bishop Bruté; a lock of the hair of Cardinal Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston; sandals of the sainted Bishop Timon; the chalice of Father de Seille, whom John Gilmary Shea calls "a confessor of the faith"; *souvenirs* of Father Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States; of the learned and pious Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore; of Father de Smet, Bishop Baraga, etc.

Mementos and relics of this kind are every year becoming fewer. No doubt there are many among the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" possessed of such objects, valued by them, but liable to meet with the vicissitudes likely to beset individual collections. They could not do a better service to the cause of Catholic history than by sending these articles to Professor Edwards, to form part of his great collection, which is thoroughly impersonal, and yet personal enough to be the property of every Catholic in the land.

A missionary priest in the far Northwest, in a communication to the *Monitor*, states that he lately had the happiness of receiving into the true Church six adult Protestants. On Easter Sunday the same zealous missionary gave Holy Communion to 400 Indians. "These lowly children of Nature are so devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus as to communicate

on the first Friday of every month, which they distinguish from other Fridays by calling it 'the great Friday.'"

Great festivities have been held at Florence in celebration of the completion of the façade of the Cathedral begun by Cambio six hundred years ago. The celebration commenced with the unveiling of a bust of Donatello, the first of the great sculptors of the *Renaissance*, the fifth centenary of whose birth occurred at the same time.

We learn that unusually large congregations have been attending the May devotions this year in the Paris churches.

Among the many *ex-votos* deposited at the feet of Our Lady of Lourdes by Her grateful clients during the past year were 178 crowns, 328 hearts, 19 decorations, 3 swords, 9 banners, 5 carpets, 270 marble inscriptions, precious jewels, and a certain number of sacred vessels and church ornaments.

The *Porvenir*, of Trujillo, Peru, mentions that the Lodge *Virtud y Union* No. 3., in extra session, conceded and placed on the breasts of the Brothers Galvez, Lec, and Deza a gold medal in acknowledgment of their meritorious services in the war of Masonry against the Jesuits in the Chamber of Deputies. Comments are hardly necessary. We knew long ago, as did our readers, that between Freemasonry and the Jesuits there can be no peace.

New Publications.

DANTE'S "DIVINA COMMEDIA." Its Scope and Value. From the German of Franz Hettlinger, D.D. Edited by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

When the author of the *Divina Commedia* is greeted in the *Inferno* by the shade of Farinata with the question, "*Chi fur gli maggior tui?*" we have no record of his reply; but if we regard the inquiry as referring not to his family but to his teachers, the great Tuscan poet has volunteered some information on this point in the opening book of the *Inferno*. "Thou art my master," he says, apostrophizing Virgil; "thou alone art he from whom I derive the beautiful style which has brought

me honor." This is true, and the fame of the great Mantuan is inseparably linked with that of the greater Florentine—*divinus magister cum discipulo diviniore*. But when we come to ask where did Dante get what is of greater importance and value than his beautiful style and graceful language—viz., the ideas which form the framework of his majestic triad of poems—the answer must be, "Not from Virgil, but from Catholicity." Yes, Dante is a truly Catholic poet, and the greatest of Catholic poets. "By every title of genius," says Cardinal Manning, "and by the intensity of his whole heart and soul, Dante is the master-poet of the Catholic Faith." And then the Cardinal points out the strange and, at first sight, almost startling fact that, with the exception of Ozanam, no Catholic of our time has published a translation of or a comment on Dante. Into the reasons which may be given in explanation of this, we need not now enter; all that is necessary is to give our readers a very brief notice of Father Bowden's book on Dante.

Father Bowden has, we think, rendered a very valuable service to every Catholic who has any taste for literature and any love for the beautiful in poetry. He has given in one elegant volume all that any reader who is not familiar with Italian would want to know about Dante's *Divina Commedia*. He tells the whole tale of the poem, with a full explanation of its difficulties; he points out its beauties, and intersperses his comments with exquisite bits of translation taken from the version of Cary, of which Macaulay says, "It is difficult to determine whether the author deserves most praise for his intimacy with the language of Dante, or his extraordinary mastery over his own." We can not thank Father Bowden too heartily for a work that does equal honor to his head and heart, and which, better than any other in the language, enables us to summon up before our mind's eye the sublime vision of the Tuscan wandering through the realms of gloom.

THE SECRET OF SANCTITY REVEALED. By De Montfort. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1887.

This is an abridgment of the well-known and highly-prized treatise on "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," by Blessed Grignon de Montfort. It was a happy thought of one of the Dominican Fathers in the United States

to prepare this abstract as a manual for the Month of Mary. We can not speak in terms too high of these admirable pages. No one can read them without being deeply stirred and greatly edified. The book is neatly got up, and has an appropriate frontispiece, representing Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. We hope it will have an extensive circulation among the clients of the Blessed Virgin.

MANUAL OF THE GLORIES OF MARY. New York: Sullivan & Schaefer.

The compiler of this little book deserves great praise for the care and discrimination with which he has performed his task. It contains numerous prayers and practices of devotion in honor of Our Lady, together with notices of various pious confraternities of the Children of Mary. There are also prayers for Mass, Holy Communion, Benediction, etc.; in fact, it is a complete prayer-book. Well printed and bound, and of portable form, it deserves to rank among standard manuals of devotion. Still another point in its favor: it is published with episcopal sanction.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Mrs. John Bulger, who departed this life on the 11th of May, at Albany, N. Y.

Miss Katherine C. Duffy, of Baltimore, who died a most edifying death on the 4th inst.

Mr. Patrick A. Milligan, whose happy death, after a long and painful illness, occurred in Allegheny, Pa., on the 8th of May.

Mrs. M. O'Grady, of Troy, N. Y., who passed away on the 3d inst., in the eighty-ninth year of her age, fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. William Corry, of Madison, Wis.; Mrs. Catherine Darragh, St. Paul; Mrs. Ogden Fall River, Mass.; Thomas Colin MacGinley, Ireland; Miss Margaret Hannan, Michael Sullivan, and Daniel Kehoe,—all of New Haven, Conn.; William Donohue, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. Rosanna Troddon, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Rose McMahon, Benicia, Cal.; Miss Mary O'Reilly, Chicago; Mr. John Butler, St. Louis; Miss Mary F. Meehan, Lowell, Mass.; William Lynch, Pittsburg; Edward Kennar, Boston; Ellen Cloke, James C. Flanigan, John Buckley, Maurice Ronan, and Thomas B. McMahon.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



Pete's Charm.

BY S. L. B.

(CONCLUSION.)

Mrs. Colby caught her breath at the announcement, but eighteen years of life with her husband had taught her how hopeless was the effort to turn aside one of the family from what he or she thought to be the right. "When the Colbys draw their mouths straight, people may just as well give up," she always said, with a sigh. And Mary's mouth was very straight now. So she ventured only to remark:

"But, Mary, what will your father and mother and Aunt Maria say? Haven't you many objects of charity at home, and what can you do with that little waif?"

Mary laughed. "It's never safe to guess what grandfather *will* say to a boy," she answered, with a sly look at Frank, whose ears felt uncomfortably hot. "But grandmother will set him up a stocking in less than ten minutes, and Aunt Maria will begin on a shirt and a chapter of the Catechism, and he'll be as much at home before dark as if he'd lived there always. And as to Father O'Brien, he has an uneasy hankering after cannibals; it's a mercy he hasn't run off to Patagonia or Central Africa, and been eaten up long ago. Now, a real live heathen—and that is just about what poor Pete is—will be a joy forever to him, and may, perhaps, keep him with us. And as to objects of charity, Colbyville is a prosperous place, and hasn't a miserable object to its name. And if there were a dozen, Aunt Maria wouldn't give me a chance. Oh! yes, I know," she went on, in answer to her aunt's look; "of course I can give as much money as I wish to societies and institutions; but, then, I want to *do* something.

The old house is big enough to hold twenty boys. I believe it would be a good idea to start an orphan asylum of my own. I like boys " And she beamed on the five around her, until every one of them would have been glad to robe Pete in cloth of gold, if it had been her pleasure.

Mrs. Colby sighed resignedly. "There is that grey suit of Jack's," she said. "He's always grumbling about it, and it is rather small; but that boy is slim, and can wear it well enough. Go and get it, Jack."

Jack started with a jubilant whoop that made everything rattle. The mother of five healthy, happy boys is used to a racket that would drive some people to the verge of desperation; and Mrs. Colby only laughed when Jack, in his headlong rush, ran against his father, and, after nearly overthrowing that portly gentleman, hit his hard little head against the side of the door with a resounding thump. He gave one expressive and emphatic "Ouch!" and the next moment they heard him clattering up the stairs.

The other boys, dragging Mary forward, all tried to explain at once; but Billy, by virtue of a strong voice, and his position as youngest, took the floor, and told the story in his own way, the others interrupting every minute with offers of all possible things a boy could wear or use or play with, from new shoes to marbles. And when Mrs. Colby, carried away with the general enthusiasm, came to the front with a promise of a prayer-book and a pretty chain for Pete's "charm," they all, led by Mr. Colby, gave her three cheers, Jack coming back in time to swing the grey suit over his head, and join in lustily.

Very tenderly Mr. Colby kissed the only child of his dead twin sister, while poor Billy roared with mingled grief and indignation because his contribution—his best shoes and new straw turban—was laughed at. He refused all comfort until allowed to compromise on a big sugar cat, with pink and blue stripes, and the marks of little candy-loving teeth on her head and paws. That being settled, he promptly ate up her

other ear and an inch of her tail, and peace reigned.

The next day Mary and Pete went home. Such a changed Pete, with bright, clean face, smooth hair, and the hungry, anxious look gone from his face forever!

What grandfather said to him was: "Here, you boy; what do you know about chickens?"

And Pete, frightened at the big spectacles and gruff voice, answered, in faltering tones: "Nothing. I—I don't know much about anything; but I'll try awful hard to learn, if you'll teach me."

"Humph!" said grandfather, his voice still gruff, but pleased wrinkles gathering about his eyes; "a boy nowadays that doesn't know more than his parents before he is out of jackets, would be lost in a little district like Colbyville. What do you think of the old place, anyway? Is it like the city? You'll get lonesome and want to go back soon, eh?"

"Like the city!" Pete fairly gasped at the comparison. This beautiful country home, that had taken him in and sheltered him, like those stony, desolate streets! His fingers sought his charm. "Without sin, pray for us!" he muttered in an agony of supplication.

"Oh " he cried, with the courage of desperation, "I don't *never* want to go back, —never! I'll do anything if you'll just let me stay here forever and ever."

That settled it. It had been a bitter disappointment to the old man to see all his sons leave the paternal roof to make homes for themselves; but here was a boy after his own heart. He lifted the little fellow on his knee—to Pete's great delight and unbounded amazement,—and, rocking back and forth, gave himself up to a comfortable dream of the time when, no longer able to attend to his business, he could shift the burden of responsibility to strong young shoulders, and enjoy the peace and rest to which his long life of industry and good works had entitled him.

Grandmother, as Mary had predicted, counted the stitches on a stocking for Pete,

and Aunt Maria was equally interested in preparing a comfortable outfit for him; while Mary sat at the piano and sang the favorite songs of each one, closing with the *Ave Maris Stella*, smiling brightly the while at Pete's startled, happy eyes.

That was six years ago. Pete is now a tall boy, fifteen years old; wise beyond his years in all farming lore, as well as head of his classes in school; and, if we may trust grandfather, "the best lad in all the country around." Tom (the boy who was "run over"), sadly crippled, but still, as he says, "pretty well patched up considering," has a safe corner in the old farm-house, and is grandmother's chief assistant; while Aunt Maria, to the infinite content of Father O'Brien, has found homes near by for a half-dozen or more of Pete's old comrades.

Grandfather, in the pleasant evening of life, often rocks to and fro, as of old, and dreams happy dreams of the future.

"I'm only seventy-two, and my father lived to be ninety," he says contentedly to grandmother. "In ten years, at most, Pete will be a man. He's a born farmer; no danger that he'll want to run off to the city. When he marries and brings his wife here, I'll build an addition to the south wing."

Grandfather's father, and *his* father before him, had built a wing or an extension to the original stone house when a son married and came home, and an ungratified ambition to do likewise had always troubled the old man. When Mary married and went away, he feared Pete would go with her; but, although the boy's loyal heart was sorely tried, every room in the old house, every acre around it, had grown dear to him; and he felt, even while he wondered that it should be so, that grandfather wanted and needed him, and no son ever gave more dutiful, loving service than does this child of adoption.

The last two or three years have been especially happy ones; for Billy, grown old enough to decide for himself as to how he might pass his vacations, has chosen to spend his summers on the farm.

"Talk about your seashores and moun-

tains and springs!" he says, with fine scorn, as the family discuss summer resorts. "I'd rather have a piece of grandpa's creek than a whole ocean, and I like hills that don't take all day to climb, and springs that taste good when one is thirsty, as grandpa's do."

So he burns his broad, jolly face to a fine copper color, works and plays, and is noisy and happy to his heart's content, the summer through. He makes friends with every animal on the place, from the downy chickens and goslings, young turkeys and little squealling pigs, to the steady old cows and farm horses; and goes home to talk learnedly of pasture grasses and mangel-wurzels, fallow lands, and rotation of crops, etc. By gift and barter he has come into possession of considerable live stock. At the present moment Aunt Maria has on hand two tops and a mouth-organ taken in exchange for a lame pig and a muffle-shop chicken. Sometimes grandfather has a wild vision of *two* new wings to the house, with "Pete and Billy settled down together," before he is called to go home.

Last summer Mary brought her baby to the farm. Tall boy as he is, Pete laughed and cried together, as the baby, Mary Stella—named by him, with the consent and approbation of all concerned—held out her fat arms and called him Uncle Pete; and he saw glittering on her neck his baptismal gift—a gold chain and a medal of the Immaculate Conception.

He whispered the beautiful prayer with a heart full of love and gratitude. "My dear old charm!" he said, looking up at Mary with wet eyes; but the tears were chased away by a bright smile as she bent to kiss him; while Billy, racing through the pasture, his arms full of water-lilies, a legion of squealling pigs and wildly excited calves at his heels, shouted with what breath he had left: "Hold on! I'm coming!"

What the future holds for Pete we can not know, but we may well be content to leave him with the holy mother-love that watched over his desolate childhood, and brought him to the haven of a Christian home.

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

XII.

After Dr. O'Reilly had gone, that same evening, Mémé and her father had two interviews—one with the policeman, who honestly said he had done nothing except bring the young gentlemen home, and pay for the cab; and one with Mr. William Judson, who came sidling in, looking very uncomfortable, grinding his fur cap—which seemed to have had a bad attack of mange, there was so little hair left on it—in his grimy hands, and apparently searching for Mémé and Mr. Hastings under the chairs and tables; for his eyes roved about the floor, and he seemed quite unable to lift them at first, except in quick flashes. He was red and miserable while they thanked him, and told him how grateful they were; and he mumbled, "All right!" "Oh! that wa'n't nothin'," and "Don't think I'd orter take no sich lot of money for *that*," till he hardly knew himself what he was saying.

When Mr. Hastings began to question him, he was more at ease.

"Where do you live?"

"Most anywheres. The fellows always take me in if I'm out of 'tin,' or I sleep in some old loft or shed."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Well, sometimes I draw a cart when I'm hard up, or work round the car-stables. One year I shipped aboard a' oyster boat, but—well, so help me Davy, I'll never be such a' almighty fool again! Sometimes I work around the wharves. But most of all I don't do nothin'."

"Have you no home or family?"

"No; the old woman is dead. She was a tearer when she was mad; but when she wasn't, she was real good to me; and—yes, I did feel pretty bad when they took her out feet first, and I wish sometimes she was back again."

"But," said Mémé, who had talked it all

over with her father—she had a wise head, this girl of twenty,—“wouldn't you like to settle down in a good home, where you could learn to be a gardener, or farmer, or something of the sort? Or wouldn't you like to learn a trade?”

He shuffled about as if he were standing on a hot stone; his face got redder than before; he even nibbled at his cap in the excess of his discomfort; then he made a great effort, looked squarely at her, and bolted out:

"No, miss, I wouldn't."

"Oh!" she said, taken flat aback. Then, while her father pulled at his moustache to hide an amused smile, she returned to the charge: "But think, Judson, if you go on this way, you will grow up to be nothing and nobody; you'll be living from hand to mouth, wasting your chances, and maybe drifting into bad company. Don't you think," she added, persuasively, "you *could* like it if you tried?"

Judson looked at her as she stood there so in earnest, her beautiful eyes fixed on him with a look he had never seen in any eyes before, and an anxious interest that "rattled him all to nothin'." But he answered, stoutly:

"No, miss, I don't think I could. But if you say so, I'd be willin' to *try*."

"Very good, Judson," said Mr. Hastings; "you shall have the chance." And he mentally noted: "He has told the truth, and seems willing to do what he doesn't like—two points in his favor." Then he added aloud:

"Give this money to the boy that ran for help—"

"That's the Blizzard, sir."

"Oh it is, eh? What does *he* do?"

"Oh, him? He's doin' prime; he sells 'dailies'—N' York papers in the mornin', *Star* and *Critic* of evenin's,—and goes to night-school nights."

"Well, in that case, he'll do, I think. Now, for yourself. Come here to-morrow at nine o'clock sharp, if you want to start right in. Or would you rather have a few days to say good-bye to your friends, for

I'm going to send you to my place in New York? Are you willing to go in the country?"

"If there's horses and cows. I like critters," he said eagerly, forgetting to be bashful in his surprise.

"There are plenty to keep your hands full. I'll send you with a letter to my gardener, who is also my manager; he'll try you in the stables and the garden, and I'll tell him whichever work you do best you may continue with. You'll have a room in the carriage-house, and I'll order him to get you a suit of clothes. The wages will be small at first—"

"Goin' to pay me too?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then," said Judson, with some excitement, "I reckon, if it's all the same, I'll go to-morrow; for if I get to layin'-out with the fellows 'bout it I'd celebrate, and—and—miss there might think I wasn't playin' fair and square like."

"What is 'celebrating'?" asked Mémé.

"Gittin' drunk, miss."

"O Judson!" she exclaimed, in dismay, "you don't drink?"

"Not reg'lar, miss; sometimes, though, the fellows get at it, and it's lonesome standin' off. Will I have to take the pledge, miss, if I go?"

"No," she said. "I think you can leave off without that; for I believe if you promised me, you'd keep your word."

"You bet!" said Mr. Judson, with vigor. "Do you mind tobacco, miss?"

"No," answered Mémé, conscious of her father's suppressed laughter at the position she was being forced into of mentor to the strange gamin.

"All right!" he said, with a thump of his fist on his knee; "I don't mind givin' up the tangle-foot—never did like it much nohow; but it would 'a burst me if you'd choked off my tobacco. Tell you what it is, miss, I ain't never stole, 'cept when I was hungry; then I only cheesed enough to eat, so I ain't got nothin' again me there." (Mr. Judson's moral standard was not *quite* up to the mark.) "I ain't never been in jail,

and I ain't never gone back on my word; and I give that there word now to stick to tryin' till I can't stick no more; and there's my fist on it."

It was a very dirty fist, but there had been such a ring of triumph in the boy's voice as he named these (to him) convincing proofs of good character—and indeed, under the circumstances of his life, they were probably heroic virtues,—that she held out her pretty hand, and the oddly matched pair met in a grasp that was the beginning of a new life for the gamin.

A few minutes later he was shambling down the street, and as he went he soliloquized:

"The kids is nice; the gal's like a—a—" (he did not know anything about angels, so he was stuck)—"one of them beauties in the theatre, that's so soft-spoke and sweet, and get's rescued, and marries the lords and dukes, while the villin's a-dyin' in chains and dungeons. And the father's a clipper, but he looks kind about the eyes; and I suppose it's all good fur me, but, by Golly, I *won't* like it, that's flat!"

For all that, he turned up on time the next morning, to Mémé's relief; for her father had teased her greatly about "her ward, Mr. William Judson," and had declared she would never lay eyes on him again. The tramps saw him a minute, and croaked "Good-bye," and poor little Phil wheezed out again:

"We're much 'bliged, me and Laurie," and repeated his conviction that he was "a nice, brave boy"; and then Mr. Hastings saw him off on the train, provided with a ticket, a lunch, and the letter to Joslyn, instructing him about the bearer, and telling him to write at intervals how he got on—if he remained.

After this the tramps put in an exceedingly bad fortnight, for it was nip and tuck between them and the cold and fever, and several times the last two got ahead in spite of Mémé's nursing, the doctor's constant care, their father's vigilance, and Wentworth's kindness; for that young man was most faithful in his attentions; and when

they began to pull up, he developed a sudden and unexpected knack for amusing sick little boys, and nothing charmed Phil and Laurie so much in those tiresome days of convalescence as having their beloved Lieutenant with them. He could draw soldiers that were "fierce as lizards"—a comparison picked up from Joslyn,—and horses that almost trotted off the paper, and battles so terrific that the smoke of them left nothing visible of the troops engaged; and he did Waggy's portrait in a way that filled them with glee. But, best of all, he drew them a map of the Western country over which their papa had fought with Rosecrans and Thomas, and marked the battle-fields by long pins with tiny flags on them—the Stars and Stripes right-side up for our victories, and reversed and at half-mast for our defeats. And such stories as he told them!

Then it was he who wheedled the doctor and Mémé into letting him take them over to the National Museum for a little while one day, when the weather was so warm you could almost hear the grass grow, and could quite see the leaves opening;—a day in which the public squares were on fire with splendid bloom—hyacinths and tulips below; and above, the white and pink clouds of the flowering peach, pear, and cherry trees; while in the grass burned the crimson blossoms of the Japanese Japonica, and the mournful Judas-tree covered its distorted branches with purple flowers. The magnolias were out, the "golden rain" fluttered on a hundred bushes, the bluebirds sang like flutes, the robins bounced about in the vivacious way peculiar to them, and over all was a sky so dazzlingly blue you could not look straight into it.

But, for all that, the tramps were buttoned into their ulsters, and they looked very *toddly* indeed; for they were much in the fix of "Miss Jenny Wren"—"weak in the back and queer in the legs"—as Wentworth whisked them into a hansom, and off they went, while Mémé took her first and much-needed rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Preparation for Holy Communion.

In preparing to entertain in one's home a distinguished visitor, we are sure the youngest of our readers could rightly answer that the first thing to be done is to put the house in the best possible order. If you could not have things grand for the occasion, you would be careful to have them clean, at all events. Now, this rule exactly applies to your preparation for the divine Guest Communion day brings you. You will, then, use all diligence to have the abiding place to which you invite Him, first of all, in the cleanliest possible condition.

A sacrilegious Communion is a horror too frightful even to discuss. It is a mystery of crime the comprehension can not fathom. We can study and describe the motive and action of the demoniacal Jews dragging the sacred Victim to sacrifice, but not the more appalling indignity offered Him by the unworthy communicant. This is a crime which the demon himself is impotent to perpetrate. To assume it is the act of a child in its First Communion would, it seems to us, be a hideous freak of vagrant imagination. When, therefore, we say, have at least a clean heart for the reception of your Blessed Lord in the Holy Sacrament, we do not merely refer to purification from mortal sin, which would render you absolutely unfit to approach the Holy Table: we ask you to endeavor to rid yourself as much as possible from prominent or deliberate venial thoughts.

For example, you impetuous, headstrong little folks, who are so ready to get into a "tantrum" whenever your wayward will is crossed or held to uncomfortable subjection, just try to curb this disposition now, so as to preserve the good order we have alluded to for your expected Guest. You careless children, negligent about home and school duties, give your every task the best attention, to this same end. You who are inclined to be ill-natured and spiteful to your companions, who are addicted to making unkind speeches of others, endeavor to be amiable and charitable, knowing that He so loves a meek and gentle heart. Thus you add many pleasing embellishments to the, however humble, guest-chamber you are making ready for your Lord's First Communion visit. Then how abundantly He will bless your efforts when the happy hour of His coming arrives!—*Colorado Catholic*.

Sweet Heart of Mary, My Refuge Be!

Music by P. Comire.

Solo — Bass or Alto.

p Sweet Heart of Ma - ry, my ref - uge

Chorus

p Sweet Heart of Ma - ry my refuge

Organ

p

Ped

Solo — Tenor or Soprano.

m.f.

Sweet Heart of Ma - ry, my refuge, my refuge be.

be. *mf* Sweet Heart of Ma - ry, my refuge, my refuge be.

refuge be; Sweet Heart of Mary my refuge be.

refuge be. Sweet Heart of Mary refuge refuge be.

Solo — Bass or Alto.

Solo — Tenor or Soprano.

Bass or Alto.

Sweet Heart, Sweet Heart of Mary, my ref - uge, my ref - uge be. Sweet

p

Tenor or Soprano.

rit.

My ref - uge, my ref - uge be.

Bass or Alto.

rit.

Heart, sweet Heart of Ma - ry, my ref uge, my ref - uge be.

f

rit.



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Advocata Nostra

BY E. A. C

VIRGIN Mother of our gracious Lord!
Thou at whose shrine all kings, all nations
bend;

Mother of Mercies! who Thine aid dost lend
To lips that hail Thee with the heart's accord;
Solace of sinners, helper ever nigh,
Whose saintly feet the serpent sin have
crushed;

How much I love, when all rude winds are
hushed,

And silvery moonbeams light the motley sky
Beneath high heaven's blue-vaulted canopy,
In hallowed stillness to invoke Thy aid,
And feel my cares released, my sorrows fly!
For but to hail Thee once, O spotless Maid!
Seems a bright ray of Hope in realms on high,
Where pain dissolves in joys that never fade.

A Monstrous Evil.—Where the Remedies are to be Found.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, LL. D.

IN an able article on "Marriage Laws," in the current number of *The Forum*, Judge Bennett discusses the question of divorce, its causes and its remedies. What could be more alarming for the future of society, or condemnatory of the principles of the Reformation on this point, than the facts and figures with which he begins his paper? He says:

"The steady increase in the number of divorces throughout the entire country is admitted and deplored by every right-minded person who has given attention to the subject. Within the last twenty-five years it has become alarming. If statistics are reliable, the State of Connecticut, which, prior to 1860, never averaged over 100 cases a year, has for many la'er years had more than 400 a year. In Massachusetts, which in 1860 reported only 243 cases, the number rose to 655 in 1883. Vermont advanced from 94 in the year 1860 to 197 in 1878. New Hampshire is reported as having only 107 cases in 1860 while in 1880 the number was 339. Maine had 587 cases in the same year, and Rhode Island's quota was in about the same ratio. True, the population in some of these States had considerably increased during the period under consideration; but in others, notably Vermont and New Hampshire, it had remained nearly stationary. If we look beyond New England, we shall be still more surprised at the result; the increase in some parts of the country having reached the amazing ratio of one divorce to every five marriages,—twenty per cent. of those whom God hath joined together 'till death them do part' put asunder in a few years by human permission! And when we remember that a large part of the married people never resort to a divorce court under any circumstances—viz., the Roman Catholics,—the proportion of divorces to marriages in the other classes is still greater."

Never in the annals of the human race

was a greater error committed, or one more fatal to the happiness of the individual or the stability of society, than that of the first reformers in robbing matrimony of its sacred character of a sacrament, and reducing it to the level of a mere contract, the care of which, as of all other contracts, was relinquished to the civil authority. But other contracts are not permitted to be disregarded with such impunity or rescinded with such facility. Martin Luther, the father of the Reformation, permitted divorce, adultery, and bigamy. As to the first, "he admits divorce, not merely on the ground of adultery or prolonged absence of one of the parties, but for the mere caprices of the woman. And here his language is as strange as his sentiments; not merely his words, but his imagination becomes more and more unblushing," says M. Audin, speaking of the famous sermon which Luther preached in 1522, and which none of his most ardent admirers has ever dared to translate into English. Of the second, it is clearly proven from the same sermon, although he requires the previous sanction of the community.

As to bigamy, Luther says in a letter to Chancellor Brück, dated January, 1524: "I confess that I can not forbid a person to marry several wives, nor is it contrary to the Holy Scriptures." And in the document permitting Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, to marry a second wife during the life-time of the first, and which was signed by seven other leaders of the new religion, as well as himself, he says: "What was allowed in the Law of Moses concerning marriage, the Gospel does not revoke or forbid. . . . Your Highness has, therefore, not only the decision [*testimonium*] of us all in case of necessity, but also our foregoing considerations"; that is, they permitted the marriage.*

* Audin's "Life of Luther," Vol. II., p. 17 *et seq.*, and p. 400 *et seq.*; "Luther's own Statements Concerning his Teaching and its Results," by the Rev. Henry O'Connor, S. J., pp. 29-32. Both these writers give extracts from the best editions of the arch-reformer's writings.

Calvin, another leader of the Reformation, teaches that "the state of marriage is no otherwise good and holy than that of the farmer, the mason, the shoemaker, and the barber, which states are not sacraments." * What Henry VIII. and his pliant tools thought of divorce is too well known. And the Blue Laws of Connecticut (Barber's Collection), with the radicalism characteristic of the Puritans, decreed that "no Gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrates only shall join people in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's Church." These good legislators went so far as even to question the validity of marriage performed on Sunday. Why, then, should our learned Judge wonder at the prevalence of divorce in a land where marriage, which St. Paul calls "a great Sacrament in Christ and in the Church," was regarded as a scandal to Christ's Church?

Contrast with these scandalous principles, so subversive of the family and society, the words of Sacred Scripture: "What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder." (St. Matthew, xix., 6.) And, "The woman that hath a husband, whilst her husband liveth, is bound to the law. But if her husband is dead she is loosed from the law of her husband. Therefore, whilst her husband liveth she shall be called an adulteress if she be with another man; but if her husband be dead she is delivered from the law of her husband, so that she is not an adulteress if she be with another man. (Romans, vii., 2, 3.) Contrast also the uniform conduct of the Church in all times, and that of the Pope in the time of Luther, who was willing to lose all England to the faith that the sanctity of marriage might be maintained, and society be left to rest on the firm basis upon which its divine Founder had re-established it.

While the Church continues to have this new enemy to contend with, the followers of those to whom the world owes it are becoming alarmed, as well they may, at the magnitude of the evil. Anti-divorce organizations

* "Institutes," Book IV.

are being established, and the pulpit, the press, and the halls of legislature are being earnestly appealed to, but to little purpose. The only effectual remedy must be sought in the Church, which begins by regarding matrimony as a Sacrament, the custody of which is placed by God in the keeping of the spiritual, not of the temporal order;—a Sacrament which binds man and woman indissolubly for life; which supplies the worthy recipient with supernatural assistance to bear the burden and discharge the duties of his state of life; and which holds the sanction of the divine vengeance over him who dares violate the ordinances of the Church, which has received from on High the plenitude of jurisdiction over the whole Christian commonwealth.

As to arresting the causes of divorce, Judge Bennet says truly enough: "Were legal divorce less easy to obtain, such frequent separations would not take place; but the laws themselves, however lax, are not properly the *cause* of so many divorces; we must look deeper to find the real sources of so much domestic alienation. . . . The divorce statutes are only the embodiment and outgrowth of the increasing popular demand for a more easy separation; the laws only reflect the public sentiment on the subject"—the purely Protestant, not the Catholic "public sentiment." The cause of "this increased desire for a liberal system of divorce springs out of the unhappiness and wretchedness of modern married life. The primary and efficient cause of the multitude of divorces is the many hasty, indiscreet and improvident unions entered into under the sanction of the present existing marriage laws. . . . Another prolific cause of the frequency of divorces is the fact that many a young couple nowadays marry without any reliable and sufficient means of supporting a family." Might not the writer have added with equal truth that not a few of these hasty marriages are contracted the more thoughtlessly from the very fact that the parties are aware of the facility with which they may afterwards effect a separation?

The remedies which the learned Judge suggests are precisely those which the Church in her wisdom enacted centuries ago, and which were never disregarded under the pretext of reforming religion, till the dawn of the Reformation; yet, with strange inconsistency, he fails to recognize this fact; or, perceiving it, has not the courage to acknowledge it. Doubtless Catholics sometimes disregarded these enactments, but they looked upon themselves as guilty of disobedience to a lawful authority; while the Protestants who did the same felt that they were walking in the footsteps of the founders of their several sects.

After enlarging on the unhappiness of those who are "married but not mated," the writer proceeds to point out what he believes to be the remedies for the evil which he so pathetically laments. He says: "The first reform we recommend is to raise the lawful age of marriage." Here the Church is far in advance; for, while she recognizes the validity of a marriage contracted at as early an age as that legalized by the State, she urgently dissuades young persons from it, and has sanctions and safeguards to prevent precipitation, which the State has not and can not have. Hence this phase of the evil would be more effectually cured by obedience to the laws of the Church than by having recourse to State legislation.

"Another preventative of clandestine and foolish marriages," says Mr. Bennett, "would be to require a previous announcement, publication, or at least public registry of intentions to marry, so long before the event that real publicity would be secured, and the friends and relatives of either party enabled to intervene if all were not right. The law has on this subject much changed for the worse in modern times." And it was Protestantism that changed it much for the worse, and not Catholicity, which has adhered to the same law on this point since the dawn of the Reformation, at least. The end here sought is admirably provided for in the law of the Church requiring the publication of the bans for three consecutive Sundays or feasts of obligation, at the prin-

cial Mass; and, in case the contracting parties live in different congregations, requiring the bans to be published in both churches. But, inasmuch as parents or relatives might interfere unjustly or without sufficient reason, the Church has left with her bishops the power of dispensing with this law for grave reasons.

This rule requiring the publication of the bans has a twofold effect; for, besides demanding time for the publication, and for the detection of an impediment, should any exist, it also causes the contracting parties to take time to reflect before giving in their names for publication. Persons who might be tempted to contract an inconsiderate marriage on the spur of the moment, will hesitate if the fact of their contemplated union is previously to be made known to the community in which they reside. The wisdom of this law is attested by the Protestants themselves, as the writer in *The Forum* acknowledges. "At the late session of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held in Chicago in October last, the Joint Committee on Marriage and Divorce, consisting of three bishops, three presbyters, and three laymen, reported in favor of the general publication of the bans whenever the parties were members of the congregation."

"Still a third precaution would be that all marriages should be solemnized in the presence of witnesses, before some minister or civil magistrate, who should keep a record of the same, signed by the parties, the witnesses, and himself." Again the most superficial reader will perceive that the Church is at least three centuries in advance; for by the law of the Council of Trent she requires the presence of the pastor, or his canonical representative, and at least two witnesses; and, moreover, recommends and urges her children to be publicly married in the church, with the Nuptial Mass. She keeps, besides, a record of the ceremony, with the date and the names of the witnesses, so that the event may be verified at any time. Even in this country, young as it is, in Florida and in Canada, such records are now extant,

dating back more than two hundred years.

"The fourth suggestion we have to make is that the laws regulating the marriage ceremony be made peremptory; that all marriages otherwise entered into be declared null and void, and the parties be held liable to criminal prosecution for illicit cohabitation." Here, too, our reformer is several centuries behind the Church, which decreed in the Fourth Council of Lateran, held in 1215, and again in the Council of Trent, that no marriage would thereafter be valid unless entered into in presence of the parish priest, or his canonical representative, and two witnesses. If this law is not enforced in certain missionary countries it is due, in a great measure, to the fact that the lax spirit introduced by the Reformation renders its enforcement too difficult. The penalties, too, enacted by the Church to sanction her laws with regard to matrimony are more effectual than a criminal prosecution could be, as they are spiritual, which are more dreaded by those who believe than fines or imprisonment.

That many divorces are due to persons contracting marriage without any reliable and sufficient means of support, is unquestionably true. But where can a better remedy be devised than that proposed by the Church in the publication of the bans, unless an unjust restraint is placed upon human liberty? The publication of the bans, as we have already observed, gives time for reflection, causes those contemplating marriage to think before giving in their names for publication, affords an opportunity to friends to advise or remonstrate with them, and, if any impediment be discovered, to prevent the marriage altogether, or at least delay it until such impediment be removed. This also forestalls the writer's further provision, in so far as it relates to deriment impediments, or such as would nullify the marriage; but in so far as it relates to impeding impediments, or such as would render the marriage unlawful but not invalid, it must be remembered that the essence of the contract consists in the mutual consent of the parties themselves, and their liberty

must not be unduly infringed upon. They have rights which demand respect, and can not be ignored. The Church, too, and not the State, has the regulation of these things, as marriage is a Sacrament, and not merely a contract. Hence there must be a limit to the application of the following: "All precautions will be ineffectual unless there be a right in the relatives and friends of either party to file a *caveat*, or protest, in the proper quarter, which shall operate to postpone the marriage until the alleged objections can be heard and determined by some proper tribunal."

Here, with proper restrictions, we have simply a demand for the restoration of the Church's discipline, which approved itself to the world till the Reformation abolished it. And so strict is the law of the Church with regard to impediments, that if, on the publication of the bans, any one knows of the existence either of a deriment or of an impeding impediment, he is bound under pain of sin to reveal it to the priest who is to perform the ceremony; and if he can not do so directly, he must do it indirectly, if that be at all possible. Then, if it is a deriment impediment that can be dispensed from, the dispensation may be asked; if not, the marriage can not take place. If it be only an impeding impediment, a dispensation can also be obtained, but the contracting parties must await it. And, further, should an impediment be only reasonably suspected, but not known with certainty to exist, the Church can require the contracting parties to wait till opportunity is afforded for further investigation.

Such a law as that asked for above is in existence, we are informed, in "Rhode Island, Maine, and perhaps other States." Yet we are not told of its success, although this would be the proper place to speak of it, as an illustration of the reform that might be effected. But, so far from there being anything of this kind, we read at the threshold of Mr. Bennett's article that there is a "steady increase in the number of divorces throughout the entire country." On the other hand, he admits that the laws of the

Church are a sufficient safeguard, and better than the laws he proposes; while, notwithstanding them, there is a constant increase in divorces everywhere; yet "a large part of the married people never resort to a divorce court under any circumstances—viz., the Roman Catholics."

The laws of the Church, then, answer all purposes. Restore those laws to the entire country, and there is no need of this further precaution: "May it not be safely assumed that one of the surest means of reducing the number of divorces, and the many social evils attending upon them, is to strike at the root of the evil, and throw additional safeguards around the entrance to the marital relation?" The Church erected these, and found them sufficient; but Protestantism was scarcely ushered into the world when it tore them down, and it now comes with a bad grace from it to lament the desolation of the once fair field of human society. To this is due the lamentable fact that now "persons are allowed by law to enter this most solemn and important relation of marriage, the very foundation and life of the State, without any formalities, without any safeguards, without any assurance of their qualifications for its duties, or their fitness for each other."

The perusal of this paper should convince any fair-minded non-Catholic that the salvation of society, as far as it relates to marriage and the family, can only be secured by an observance of the laws so wisely enacted by the Church, and so ruthlessly trampled upon by her enemies. And Catholics contemplating marriage should be very slow to blame the Church, as many do, for requiring the observance of rules that have done more to raise woman from the degradation in which she was found at the dawn of the Christian era than anything else ever did or could have done, and which especially throw so desirable a safeguard around the weaker party. You stand in your own light, young man or woman, when you criticise the Church. Look here, and see that even her bitter enemies bear witness to the wisdom of her legislation, and

declare that the salvation of society is to be sought in the means which she adopted centuries ago. Love the Church, for she is guided by divine wisdom, and never ask her to set aside any of her laws to comply with your wishes or whims; you may have reason to repent of it; others have had, when it was too late.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT does not always follow that a thing is not a shock because one has in a manner expected it. Marion suffered a severe shock when she found her worst anticipations realized; for, although she had in a degree anticipated it, knowing that Rathborne was not likely to have spoken without some ground when he alluded to such a possibility, there had still been the contrary assurance that Mr. Singleton had evidently believed in his son's death, since there was not even an allusion to him in the will. The intelligence just conveyed was, therefore, a hard blow mercilessly struck; but she preserved her self-possession, notwithstanding, in a remarkable manner.

"This is a very extraordinary piece of news," she said. "I have been under the impression that Mr. George Singleton was dead."

Rathborne smiled. "Most people have been under that impression, especially those who had very good reason for desiring that it should be so," he answered. "But, so far from being dead, he has been living in South America, and prospering fairly."

"Living in South America, and yet he has already heard of his father's death and the disposition of his father's property!—how has that happened?"

Despite himself, Paul Rathborne colored slightly, but his glance met hers fully as he answered, "It has not happened by chance. Some time ago a friend of mine who had been in South America mentioned meeting

a man there who, from his description, I felt sure must be Mr. Singleton's missing son. The matter was then no interest or concern of mine; for it was to be supposed that the father and son knew their own affairs best. So I paid no attention to it. But a short time ago it began to occur to me that it was rather hard that, while the son was still living, strangers should be fighting for his inheritance. Therefore I wrote to my friend (who had returned to South America) to let Singleton know the state of affairs here. The latter immediately wrote to me, saying that he would return to his father as soon as possible, and meanwhile asking me to inform Mr. Singleton of his (the son's) existence and well-being. This letter reached me just at the time of Mr. Singleton's death. I immediately communicated this fact to Mr. George Singleton—as also the facts with regard to the estate,—and I have just heard from him, authorizing me to contest the will at once."

There was a brief pause, during which Marion asked herself what was her best course of action; and out of the confusion into which her mind was thrown, she could grasp only one clear idea—that she must be careful how she committed herself to this man, who had come with the desire to injure and triumph over her. Consequently, when she spoke it was to say, quite calmly:

"I think that you have made a mistake in coming to me with this story instead of going to my lawyer. I understand very well *why* you have come; but now that you have accomplished the end you had in view, I beg to refer you to him. For, of course, in a matter so important as this I shall not think of acting without advice."

"I am acquainted with your prudence," he said, with the mockery of his tone somewhat more pronounced, "and am not, therefore, surprised to find you so cautious. But I think it only right to warn you that your caution will avail very little. No will which ignores a son in favor of an absolute stranger can possibly stand."

"That is a point which I do not care to discuss with you," she replied. "But you

will allow me to inquire if Mr. Singleton is in this country, or on his way here?"

"Not yet. He will come if it is necessary; but I am at present authorized to act for him."

"You seem to have inspired him with a remarkable degree of confidence, considering that you are an entire stranger to him."

It was merely a chance shot, but something in the expression of Rathborne's face gave her an idea like a flash of lightning.

"It is to be supposed," she went on before he could speak, "that you are convinced of the identity of this stranger with Mr. Singleton's son?"

"Do you imagine that if I were not—"

"I imagine nothing," she interposed; "and as a lawyer you can not need a reminder from me that it will be necessary for this person whom you represent, to fully prove his identity with the son whom Mr. Singleton believed to be dead."

It was perfectly true, and Rathborne knew it; but he was none the less astonished that she should have so clearly and immediately perceived it.

"I always knew that she was shrewd as the devil," he said to himself, while he observed aloud:

"Do not flatter yourself with any hope that it is an impostor who is about to claim the fortune you have inherited. Nothing can be more certain than that it is Mr. Singleton himself. To attempt to deny his identity will only be to make yourself ridiculous, and to damage your cause more than the plain facts have damaged it already. Your lawyer, I am sure, will advise you better."

"Let me again refer you to that lawyer, if this is all you have to say to me," she answered, rising from her seat.

He rose also, and as they stood for a moment face to face, it proved impossible for him to restrain some words which rose to his lips, brought there in double bitterness by the sight of her proud, calm countenance.

"I shall go to your lawyer," he said, "and I shall not rest until my client has all

his rights—the rights of which he would not have heard for many a day but for me. When he is in full possession of them, I will ask you to be good enough to remember a pledge that I gave you once, and which I shall then have fully redeemed. I always endeavor to pay my debts, and, as you are well aware, I owe you a very heavy debt at present. I hope to repay it very soon—with interest."

"I am well aware that you are a malicious and a dishonorable man," she replied, calmly. "Because your treachery with regard to Helen recoiled on yourself, you have determined to injure me. Do your worst. Nothing that you could do would make you more despicable in my eyes than you are at present. This is all that need be said between us. Will you go now, or shall I be forced to leave you?"

"I shall go at once," he answered; "but you will permit me to offer you a little parting advice. Enjoy as much as possible the fortune which you hold now, for your possession of it will be very short."

With this last sting he went out from her presence, and she, sinking into Mr. Singleton's deep chair, clasped her hands over her painfully-beating heart, and looked with troubled eyes over the soft landscape before her, of which she hardly perceived a feature.

And so she was, after all, to lose the fortune for which she had sacrificed everything else! It had by no means brought her the satisfaction or happiness she had imagined, but it was all that remained to her—the one good which she still grasped out of the wreck she had already made of her life, and her life's best hopes. To lose it now, to sink back again into poverty and dependence after one brief taste of power and independence, that would be a bitter retribution for the choice she had made when she sent Brian Earle away,—a bitter retribution for the selfish vanity which had made Rathborne her enemy. She shuddered a little at the recollection of that enmity. Bravely as she had borne herself before him, it was a dismaying thought that such a power and such a will to injure menaced

her. She thought of her proud self-confidence when from the quiet convent she had stepped into the world—her belief in her own ability to mould life, events, and people to her wishes. And now with what absolute failure she was threatened!—with what complete and hopeless loss of all that she desired!

The next day her lawyer came with a grave face, and greeted her with an air which was not lost upon her. "He thinks that it is all over with me!" she said to herself; but, though her heart sank a little lower at this proof of the weakness of her cause, she smiled on him brightly and bravely enough.

"I suppose," she began, "that you have seen Mr. Rathborne, who was so kind as to pay me a visit yesterday in order to give me some interesting intelligence?"

"Yes, I have seen Mr. Rathborne," he answered; "and the news he brought me was very unexpected and very serious."

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

The lawyer looked at her with surprise. The coolness of her tone and the composure of her manner seemed to indicate that she by no means appreciated the gravity of the danger which threatened her.

"I think," he replied, "that such a contest will be ruinous to you. No court will be likely to sustain a will which entirely disinherits a man's own son. Candidly, my advice to you is to compromise at once."

Marion did not say, "Advice should be asked before it is offered," but her curling lip said so for her, and so did the manner in which she ignored his suggestion.

"Before taking up a contest over the will," she said, "would it not be well to be quite sure that the person who proposes to contest it is indeed Mr. Singleton's son?"

Again the lawyer stared at her. Was it possible that he had not thought of this?

"Of course," he replied, "that is most essential, but it is very easily done. Mr. George Singleton has but to show himself. There are numbers of people who will recognize him."

"Why does he not show himself, then?—

why is he content with merely writing to Mr. Rathborne instead of coming to look after his inheritance himself?"

"Because it is all that is essential at present—to give us warning and take the necessary legal steps. He will, of course, appear later."

"Let us demand that he appear at once," she said, with a decision of tone and manner which more than astonished the lawyer. "I, for one, distrust Mr. Rathborne utterly, and refuse most positively to transact any business with him. If you can get the address of this reputed Mr. Singleton, I beg that you will write to him, and say that we decline to recognize his claim in any manner whatever until he shows himself and establishes his identity. Then there will be time enough to talk of contest or compromise. Am I not right in this?"

"Perfectly right," responded the stupefied man of business. Never (as he afterwards affirmed) had he been so surprised as by these energetic instructions. He had come himself prepared to instruct, to find perhaps unreasoning opposition, or hysterical complaining, which it would be necessary to quiet and bring to some practical view of the case. But to be met instead with this cool self-possession, these clear ideas and precise directions, was little less than a shock to him. His own ideas seemed to desert him as he sat and stared at the beautiful, resolute face which confronted him.

"Certainly you are right," he said again, after a moment. "The identity of the claimant is the first thing to be established; but—I confess that I am a little surprised by your thinking of this point. Why should it occur to you to doubt whether the person claiming to be Mr. George Singleton is really himself?"

"Because," she answered, "in the first place I am sure (and you, no doubt, are sure also) that his father believed him dead, else certainly he would not have omitted his name entirely from his will. And he must have had some reason for this belief. Again, as I have already told you, I distrust Mr. Rathborne entirely. He would be perfectly

capable of bringing forward a false claimant."

"My dear young lady, that is a very serious, a very shocking charge. Mr. Rathborne is a—well, a sharp practitioner, perhaps; but I have no reason to suspect that he would be guilty of a criminal act. Indeed I have every reason to believe that he would *not*."

"Your knowledge of Mr. Rathborne differs from mine, then," said Marion, coldly. "I am certain that he would be guilty of any act which would serve his purposes. And he has a motive for this which renders distrust necessary. Therefore, I insist upon the appearance of Mr. Singleton and the establishment of his identity before I will take any step whatever toward noticing his claim."

"It is only a measure of precaution," said the lawyer, "and very well thought of. You have an uncommonly clear head for business for a young lady. I will, then, write at once to George Singleton; but I do not advise you to build any hope on the probability of his proving a false claimant. This conduct is altogether characteristic of him, and I, for one, had always a suspicion that he was not dead."

"His father, however, must have had reason for believing him so."

"Perhaps—and perhaps not. Mr. Singleton was a man of the strongest passions, and his son had outraged him in every particular. When, after a long course of disregarding and defying his father's wishes, the young man left home with the avowed intention of never returning, I know that Mr. Singleton declared that he should be as one dead to him. He only kept his word when he made his will."

"But do you not think that in such a case as that he would have mentioned him, if only to declare that he disinherited him for good cause?"

"It was not necessary, and he might not have desired to do so. He was a singular man and a very reticent one. Even I, who knew him so long and so well, have no idea whether he had any knowledge of his son's

fate or not. And this fact makes me believe that it is more than likely that George Singleton is alive and ready to claim his inheritance."

"Let him come and do it, then," said Marion. "That is all."

And in this decision she was sustained by those who as well as herself were interested in upholding the will. Mr. Tom Singleton shook his head, and agreed with the lawyer that such a course of conduct was very characteristic of George Singleton; but he also declared that it would be folly to run any risk of playing into the hands of a false claimant. "And when a man has disappeared for ten or fifteen years from the sight and knowledge of every one who knew him, there is reason to fear that, with a fortune at stake, he might be personated by some one else," he said. "Such things have happened time and again. You are quite right to insist that he shall show himself. If he is George Singleton, I shall know him in half a minute, and then we can decide what to do."

"It will prove to be George Singleton, I am sure," said his wife. "He was always a malicious wretch, don't you know? And this is just like him. But the puzzle to me is, how did he find out how things were in such a short time?"

"He had a self-constituted informant here," said Marion. "Mr. Rathborne took pains to discover his whereabouts, and to let him know the news of his father's death, and the contents of his father's will, as soon as possible."

"Mr. Rathborne—oh, I understand!" said the lady. "Dear me, how many malicious people there are in the world! And this is how he revenges himself for your little flirtation with him, and for the loss of your cousin's fortune! Well, my dear, I must say that you are likely to pay heavily for what could not have been a *very* great amusement."

Hot tears of mortification suddenly gathered in Marion's eyes. Surely this was humiliation, to see her conduct as it looked in the eyes of this shallow woman, and to

be pitied (conscious that in the pity there was a strain of exultation) for the downfall that awaited her from Rathborne's revenge. If Helen knew, she might hold herself well avenged; but, then, in Helen's gentle soul there was no room for any revengeful sentiment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XVII.—PISA.

PISA, that was once a seaport, though she is now six miles inland, and for the most part as dry as a chip, seems to live chiefly upon the pockets of the foreign element drawn hither by the fame of her leaning tower. It is pleasant for the long-exiled traveller to see so many English and American faces in the streets, and to hear a familiar tongue spoken on all sides; but one catches queer bits of gossip, and is treated to domestic revelations of a startling character almost every hour. A man abroad is apt to forget that he is not the sole representative of his race, and therefore says many things in an audible voice that he would blush to think of if he were conscious that his neighbor was an unwilling listener. The din of the native tongue predominates, and, as this is unintelligible to the majority of tourists, the majority discuss with appalling freedom the state of the family health, wealth, happiness, or misery, as the case may be. I think I stumbled across more unexpected skeletons in the *cafés* of Pisa than anywhere else in Europe.

THE LEANING TOWER.—Don't I remember just how it looked on the cover of an old school atlas, where it was prominent in a group of world-wonders: St. Peter's, the Pyramids, and other extraordinary architectural leviathans! It seemed to me then that the tower must be at least half a mile high, and that from its summit St. Peter's and the Pyramids were plainly visible. I thought it probable, also, that the man who

made the atlas was the only one who had ventured to ascend it.

Bright and early one morning my comrade and I set out for the leaning tower. The cathedral, the baptistery, the Campo Santo, and the tower are a remarkable family group; they are situated in the very edge of the town, and have broad green lawns about them; it is very silent there; the city of 50,000 souls troubles them not, for they are far enough removed to escape all the dust and tumult, while they appear in admirable perspective.

My comrade had been there before me; he is an artist; he knows something of artistic effect, and he wished to spring the tower upon me just at the right angle, so that I should be duly impressed. He succeeded. Pausing suddenly in one of the highly interesting streets of Pisa, he whirled me about on my heels, and there, over the roof of a low house before me, I saw the tower trying its best to look down into a hollow court in the next block. It *does* lean! It is one hundred and eighty feet in height, and *thirteen* feet out of the perpendicular. But you get used to these leaning towers in Italy; think of Bologna! In all Venice—I might almost say in all Italy—there is not a tower but tilts a little, and some of them are decidedly off plumb.

Coming into the green fields beyond the city, we saw at a glance the wondrous galaxy of buildings. Each is so perfect in its way that it would have a fame of its own were it situated elsewhere; but they seem necessary to one another's complete happiness. Even as it is, they have as much as they can do to keep from looking lonesome; I am sure they feel so, for the life has gone out of them, and they are now mere shows for the entertainment of the curious.

THE CATHEDRAL.—As you face the façade of the cathedral, the tower is on your left, about a hundred yards removed, and directly in front of the transept. It leans away from the cathedral, toward the town. Just beyond the cathedral, a hundred yards in the rear, is the baptistery; on the right, parallel with cathedral and baptistery, and

about an equal distance from them, is the Campo Santo. The shop-windows of Pisa are filled with small alabaster models of the buildings as they stand, with an imitation of their light and graceful architecture—the numberless slender columns, arches, windows, and ornamental cornices; very dainty are the proportions of these pretty toys.

The interior of the cathedral is even more elaborate than the exterior, though this is quite unnecessary; surely five tiers of columns set against a background of white marble—the whole elaborately decorated with black and colored marbles—should be sufficient to satisfy if not satiate the eye; yet within, added to this, there are paintings, mosaics, splendid marble altars, and numberless statues; the eye finds no rest there—the objects do not seem to focus. The great bronze chandelier that swings in the centre of the nave is a most elaborate affair, wherein angels clamber among hoops from which are suspended six wreaths of lovely lamps; the slow vibration of this superb cluster of lights first suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum.

THE BAPTISTERY.—It is richly ornamented without, but severely plain within; brilliantly stained window-glass does not relieve the coldness of an interior that seems modelled after an inverted tea-cup. Neither does the marble cistern in the centre—where, it is said, infants are, or have been, immersed—possess much interest. The pulpit is as chaste and beautiful as a pyramid of frozen lilies; but the feature of the baptistery to-day is the echo—the echo of that hollow, white and chilly temple is like a celestial chorus. The custodian, who has evidently been appointed to office in consideration of his admirable voice, proposed to exhibit the echo on payment of an extra fee. We were sight-seeing and sound-hearing enthusiasts, and we desired him to introduce his echo as speedily as possible.

He threw back his head, inflated his lungs, and struck a note as clear and as hard as a crystal; it shot into the white hollow of the dome, and there rang long and

loud. Meanwhile the voice had dropped to another note, which was at once caught up by the echo and combined with the first; a third and fourth were added at intervals, and when the chord was completed, and the custodian had resumed his normal position, the four notes were still throbbing—angelic voices born, as it were, of the air, floating round and round the dome in wave-like undulations, and holding us entranced. A new chord followed, and still another, while each seemed more delicious, more ravishing than the last. The master of this angelic choir had well won his fee, and we paid him with a willingness that made him smile. At this moment somebody sneezed; permit me to add that a robust and well-developed sneeze under the dome of the baptistery at Pisa falls but little short of a convulsion of nature.

UP A TOWER.—To the very last moment I feared that something would prevent our ascending the leaning tower. It seemed to me that the ascent must be more or less dangerous, and I had been assured that the sight-seer was always in charge of a guide, who acted as keeper, life-preserver, or something of that sort—so many people contemplate suicide, for a moment at least, when they find themselves alone upon giddy heights or abysmal brinks.

We were welcomed at the basement door by the keeper of the tower, who cheerfully invited us to ascend, and left us to our fate at the foot of the long spiral staircase. The tower is double; there is an inner vertical cylinder, where nothing is visible but the bare walls that rise from the basement to the roof; enclosing this is the outer marble wall, with its seven galleries supported by pillars and arches; the staircase winds between the inner and the outer walls, lighted by a doorway opening on each gallery, and by an occasional small window in the inner wall. We went out upon the galleries and glanced about us, but not without some hesitancy; for there was no railing between the pillars, no guard or protection of any kind—only a little shelf thrust slant-wise in the air, and as ticklish a perch as human

foot was ever set upon. We might easily have walked off into space—or have rolled off, for that matter,—and I have since sometimes wondered that we came down by the stairs; not that either of us was world-weary, or had suffered any hopeless grief, or been crossed in love, or had good reason for taking to the air instead of coming down the winding steps like Christians; but the tower affects one strangely.

You begin the ascent well enough. You see that the stairs are steeper in some places than in others; that at times the inner wall crowds down upon you, while the outer wall bulges out in an unpleasant fashion. You feel, almost, as if you were in the cabin of a ship at sea; you realize a kind of undulating motion without having the visible cause of it before your eyes, or within sound of your ears. A slight vertigo seized me when we were half-way up the tower; we stopped to rest, looking down through a little window into the deep shaft that seemed to have been sunk diagonally through the tower; the angle was disagreeably suggestive, and we instinctively turned away.

Then we trudged on and on, and looked again; it seemed as if the tower were beginning to sway from side to side; we both saw it and felt it—or imagined we did. The walls by this time sagged very much; it was with difficulty that we kept from slipping out of the door on the gallery level with the stairs, when the tower swung over on our side. I wonder that we had the courage to complete the ascent, since towers have fallen before now, and leaning towers are not expected to stand any longer than they choose—indeed there is hardly an excuse for their standing as long as they do.

The earth has settled about the base of the Pisa tower, so that now you descend several steps in order to reach the door on the ground-floor. We were near the top; the roofs of the city lay far below us; we caught giddy glimpses of the world from the openings in the wall—the tempting doors that invited us to step into eternity without awaiting our turn. We were stumbling like drunken men by the time we

reached the chamber at the top, where hangs a chime of bells.

Here we breathed more freely. The big bell, weighing six tons, is on the upper side of the tower—"to windward," as it were; the smaller bells take their chances on the down grade—this discovery relieved us somewhat, for we were still affected by the undulations of the long spiral stair-way. While we were viewing the country from the turrets above the bell chamber, lo! all the bells began ringing right under our feet. Oh! then the tower reeled in very truth, and seemed as if it were about to be shaken to pieces; every stone trembled perceptibly, as the agitated air whistled about our ears. One man was the cause of it all; one bell-ringer, who might have been the archetype of Victor Hugo's "*Quasimodo*"—but that he was born too late; from a trap-door in the roof we watched this sprite among the bells. He sprang like a monkey upon one of them and set it swinging; then leaped gaily upon another; then back again, and to and fro; and finally, with accelerated speed, as if flying from a spring-board, he caught the big bell to windward, and got its thick black tongue in motion; so he dashed from one to another in a kind of frenzy, that was inspired by the melodious thunder of the bells, while with almost superhuman agility he dogged the roaring monsters as they wheeled and whirled about him.

Escape was impossible while this concert was in progress; we had only to bide our time, meanwhile trying to get interested in the landscape. Green hills were about us on the inland side, but the country was as flat as a floor from Pisa to the sea,—a marshy floor, before which the sea has receded, leaving Leghorn as a port of entry in place of the retired Pisa. Away off by the shore lay Leghorn. Should we not go to Leghorn, when it lies but an hour distant by rail? We thought it best, and as soon as the bells were quieted, though they were still trembling and moaning; we hastened down the cork-screw stair-way, and reappeared in capital trim.

I had thought to receive the finishing touch on my way down, but no! You see, we had become wound up to the highest pitch in ascending, and during the descent we had merely to unwind and emerge precisely in the state in which we entered. The tower is really one of the wonders of the world; but I wish I could think of it just as I used to think of it when I saw it on the atlas cover, hobnobbing with St. Peter's and the Pyramids.

THE CAMPO SANTO.—There was nothing in Leghorn worth mentioning here. It is very modern and proportionately commonplace. What puzzled me then and there, and what always will puzzle me, is how English-speaking people manage to make *Leghorn* out of the name of a city that is invariably known in its own country and among its own people as *Levorno*.

Back we rushed to Pisa. It was in the afternoon, when the sun of Italy begins to lend to the landscape that evanescent beauty which is its chief charm. Again we sought the consecrated corner of the city, where the silence is seldom broken save by the delirious clang of bells in the airy chamber of the leaning tower. The gate of the Campo Santo was closed, but we were admitted by a custodian, who answered our pull at the bell-rope with an appropriately slow step.

The Campo Santo of Pisa is an oblong, open court, surrounded by a colonnade. The centre of the court is filled with earth brought from Mount Calvary—fifty-three ship-loads having been imported for that purpose by order of Archbishop Ubaldo, after the Christians lost the Holy Land. The court is now grass-grown, and a few pale roses shed their petals upon the dust that was once instinct with life; doubtless the ashes of the dead are as thickly strewn within this burial-ground as is the sacred soil that was brought so far to hallow it.

Within the colonnades are strangely interesting frescos by painters of the earliest Tuscan school of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; below them are groups of marbles, ancient, mediæval and modern. Every stone under foot marks a grave. On

the wall are pictured mingled phases of life and death, the one dissolving unexpectedly into the other—as when a company of gay cavaliers come suddenly upon a tomb, that is burst open, exposing a hideous spectacle of corruption.

The waning light streamed in through the beautiful tracery of the unglazed windows that separate the court from the colonnade, and fell upon the panoramic frescos of the solid outer walls. A bird fluttered down into the green quadrangle, and balanced on the bough of a rose-tree. How very still the place was! Even the sound of our footsteps startled us—and no wonder. The great open window-frames—sixty-two of them in all—set close together, with a single column to divide them, make the colonnade of the Campo Santo seem like a cloister sacred to the Brotherhood of the Dead.

For six centuries the Order has been growing; one by one the ghostly Brothers have put off their fleshly robes, and lain down in their narrow cells. No one who enters that cloister wearing the badge of the Brotherhood ever returns from it; their vow is irrevocable and eternal—but would they, if they could, return into a world of worry and quit this peaceful spot? The sun seems fast asleep in the summer of the Campo Santo, and the rain falls never so softly there. The domed chapel is unspeakably pale in the moonlight; the scroll-work of each window spreads branches filled with shadow-foliage and flower-like stars. It is like one of those pictures that can never be painted, or those poems that can never be sung—and yet how very close we get to them, sometimes, under the guidance of a rarely-inspired soul!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As soon as a man receives into his heart the full light of the Incarnation, two self-evident truths arise upon his reason: the one, the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; the other, the love and veneration of His Blessed Mother. They follow by the necessity of consequence.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Hail Mary.

HAIL MARY! lo, it rings
Through ages on;
Hail Mary! it shall sound
Till time is done.

Hail Mary! infant lips
Lisp it to-day;
Hail Mary! with faint smile
The dying say.

Hail Mary! many a heart
Broken with grief,
In that angelic prayer
Has found relief.

Hail Mary! Queen of Heaven!
Let us repeat,
And place our snowdrop wreath
Here at Her feet.
—*Little Messenger of the S. Heart.*

The Origin of Peter's Pence

A LITTLE stream that keeps on growing till it has become a mighty river is a fitting symbol of the works that spring from the ever-fertile field of Catholic charity. The Peter's Pence, destined by the piety of the faithful of the whole world to support the successor of the Prince of the Apostles, who has been despoiled of his possessions by the plots of sacrilegious robbers, is one of those grand works which we admire in our days. It was the year 1859, when a horde of marauders worse than were ever Goths, Ostrogoths, or Vandals, invaded the States of the Church; the Lord, for His own wise reasons, permitted this impious attack on the most sacred of rights to be successful, and that His Vicar in Rome should be held prisoner, in order that all might see that the powers of darkness, even when they seemed to have succeeded in their wicked designs, could not in reality prevail against the Supreme See of His Church.

In that same year a poor religious, who had been driven from his holy retreat by the revolutionary tempest, presented him-

self before the editor of *La Unità Cattolica*, and begged him to send an offering of one hundred francs, as "Peter's Pence," to the immortal Pius IX. The religious was the superior of the Carthusians near Turin. Whilst the editor was filled with admiration at this act of generosity and filial devotion, another priest called on a similar errand, giving eight hundred francs for the same object. At that time there lived in Turin a lady of one of the most ancient and honorable families of France—the Duchess Laval de Montmorency, daughter of the celebrated Catholic apologist, Count Joseph de Maistre, —who, hearing of the pious project, gave two thousand francs towards it, and became a most zealous promoter of Peter's Pence throughout the world.

In this manner the institution went on spreading amongst all classes of people, from the richest to the poorest. Finally, at the beginning of this year the Carthusians of Grenoble in France, learning that Leo XIII. was desirous of extending a College of Trades and Arts, which had been founded for the poor by Pius IX. shortly before his death, offered for this purpose half a million of francs, and a piece of ground near the Vatican. The foundation stone of the new edifice was solemnly blessed last March, on the Festival of St. Joseph.

Eucharistic Flowers.

THE Festival of the Eucharist comes in the season of roses. Let us be generous, and use for God, freely, some of the gifts which He lavishes on us. Let us strip our gardens to ornament the altar and the places where He passes in procession. Let us gather the blossoms over which He has passed.

"St. Jane Frances de Chantal was very careful," writes one of her religious, "that there should always be beautiful flowers in the garden, and that they should be kept especially for the altar. On all Sundays and festivals the Sisters who had charge of the flowers were in the habit of giving

her a bouquet to carry in her hand, thinking it would be a little refreshment and diversion for her. But she always called the sacristan, and had the flowers placed in a vase on the altar; and if they gave her another, she sent the second bouquet to the altar, and had them bring back the first one, which she kept in her cell at the foot of the crucifix; and when it was quite withered she had it burned, for fear it might be thrown in some unfitting place. She was never without these bouquets which had withered before the Blessed Sacrament. A Sister made bold to ask her one day why she preserved them so carefully. The holy woman replied: 'My ideas are not worth telling.' The Sister pressed her again. 'Daughter,' she then said, 'color and perfume are the life of flowers. I send them before the Blessed Sacrament, where presently they fade,—they wither, yet remain. I would be like them, and pray that my life, which is fading by degrees, may finish before God in honoring the mystery of Holy Church.'

'Another time that same Sister being tormented by interior suffering, our venerable Mother gave her half of the withered bouquet which had just been brought her from the altar, and said: 'Daughter, wrap that up in paper, and put it on your heart in reverence for the Blessed Sacrament; I have sometimes been much relieved by this remedy.'''

The Italian Lacordaire.

St. James's Gazette.

DAY after day, through the greater part of Lent and down to Easter Tuesday, the Duomo of Florence has presented a striking spectacle. The great veil of dark green silk spread over the nave, a few feet higher than the sounding-board of the pulpit, has thrown the nave into mysterious gloom. From seven o'clock in the morning till eleven, men and women have sat on chairs and benches to keep a place. Long before eleven the whole dark area has been crowded

thick with human beings, and the crowd has swelled and spread till it has filled the aisles and all the westward parts of the vast building. At eleven o'clock men carrying a sedan-chair have made their way to the pulpit steps; their living freight has passed with an effort into the pulpit, to pour forth for a whole hour a torrent of impassioned words,—words addressed to the working classes by a preacher who has stirred them as no one has since Fra Girolamo—Padre Agostino da Monte'eltro. It is computed that an audience of 7,000, chiefly of the working classes, has steadily attended his course of thirty-two sermons. The phenomenon is so remarkable that it seems worth while to give a *précis* of one of these addresses—the thirty-first, preached last Easter Monday, one day after the anniversary of the last sermon ever preached by Savonarola, his sad farewell to San Marco four hundred and ten years ago. This is something of what Padre Agostino said:

There is a class of men which has gone through remarkable phases—now held in esteem, now despised; now regarded with affection, now hated; at one time the pledge of safety to their country, at another time a grave peril; a principle of life and an element of disorganization. It is a class whose wants, tendencies, aspirations, preoccupation at the present moment the attention of the economist, the philosopher, the politician, and of all true lovers of their country and of human society.

Thank Heaven, the working-man has generous hearts to love him now, to make noble efforts to place him in his true position of dignity. But he has enemies too, some of whom seek to oppress him, others to cajole him, all to make of him a victim for their own purposes. The one portion, instead of seeing in him a brother a creature made for the glory of God, see in him only an instrument of production, a machine in flesh and blood for enriching them; the other seduce and flatter him with talk of liberty, fraternity, equality,—pretend to see in him a king, that they may manage his civil list, and have command of his little treasury. The only true friend of the working-man is he who reveals to him his true dignity, gives him real consolation. Man must have a sense of dignity; that alone supports

him. Without that he does not live. Who gives the working-man this sense of dignity? Who gives him true consolation? Does the man of letters, the economist, the philosopher, the politician?

Look to the man of letters. Hear Bernardin de St. Pierre. He comes to the working-man and says: "Workman, you are miserable because from morning to evening you must work to earn your bread. Listen to me. On the earth are mountains and valleys; the mountains from which come the waters that fertilize the soil—the rivers that carry to all parts riches and life. In human society some must be mountains, some valleys. You are the valleys. Be consoled; that is your mission in creation." The working-man opens his great eyes, he listens; but the tears in his eyes are not dried.

Look to the economist. Hear Thiers. He comes to the working-man and says: "We have made progress. We have seen labor freed from many a clog, illumined by science, become more fruitful and active. We have seen the interest on capital reduced from six per cent. to four. We have seen the price of the necessities of life fall, the pay of the working-man rise. We have seen the working-man realize the value of economy." The working-man draws himself up with dignity, and turns from the economist as he turned from the man of letters. What revelation of dignity, of consolation, has the economist for him?

Look to the philosopher. Hear Jules Simon. He comes to the working-man and says, "Your lot is hard. I sympathize with you. But what would you have? No one can alter your lot. When you were little you were told to look to prayer, to God, for comfort. But this is all a mistake. God is too far off. He can not hear you. And if He could, He could do nothing. The general laws which govern the universe are such that they can not be disturbed without introducing disorder." The working-man makes answer: "What consolation is there for us here?"

Look to the politician. He says: "We are occupied with the working classes. We have various projects for laws in their interests. At some time more or less distant we shall begin to put them in execution." The working-man replies: "It is always so: we must wait. You do not wait yourselves: you go on with your own advancement; you make yourselves more rich; we remain always poor."—"You are un-

just," the politician replies; "we have given you the right to cast your billet into the urn." And that is all he can say: you have a vote!

Then come those whom I will not name, who say: "Workman, you seek consolation, you seek dignity. You have it in yourself, in your force. You are the king of the age. Look at the power of your arm. You have only to move to make the earth tremble; you have only to organize to overthrow the usurpers, your employers; you have but to hurl yourself upon society to reduce it to powder." You answer: "What! all this progress only to lead to a state of savagery! The force that is most fair to our eyes is not that which oppresses and crushes, but that which lets itself be bound by love. I have read that the most beautiful ideal of the king of the forest is not the savage lion, but the lion that recognizes its benefactor. To rule by sympathy is better than to rule by force. Leave me! I will have none of that insolent greatness that you offer me."

Others come to you and say: "You alone are necessary in a country; all else are parasites, usurpers. Is it not you who make the plough that tills the soil, the ship that sails the seas, the engine that runs from city to city? Society is a great workshop with innumerable wheels. You give the motive power. You need not use force: you have only to stay away; they will soon find that they can not do without you." This doctrine smiles on the working-men who begin to play with it. But they soon come to give ear to a certain apologue—the apologue of the belly and the members. They ask, "Am I really sufficient for myself?"

No, working-man, you are not sufficient for yourself. You must live the life of the body, and so you need a doctor. You must live the life of the soul, and so you need a priest. You must enjoy in peace the fruit of your labors, and so you need some one to exercise justice. For all these three you must, in the end, have classes other than the working classes. You say, perhaps, "How often has a working-man used the knife of the surgeon, held the scales of justice, offered the Sacrifice to the Lord?" This is so, but only as exceptions. As a general rule, you must have men trained carefully if they are to play a worthy part in these careers. And the study of the laws of nature perfects the processes of labor, renders them

more fruitful; for your own sakes you must have men whose instruments are not the hammer and the saw, but the pen and the compasses.

The working-man begins to see that this is true. But he turns upon me and says: "Where is my consolation, my dignity?" And I reply: You have seen the working-man curse his lot—the working-man without religion. Your consolation, your dignity, is in and from religion. Religion comes to you and says: "Working-man, you are great. And this is why you are great: because God hath given to no other class of men to resemble Him as closely as you do." If you doubt what religion says, look at the work of God—first in creation and then in redemption. Was not God a workman when He spread forth the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth, and sowed the soil with seed, and took clay to form the body of man? That is the beginning of your dignity. You have but to raise your eyes from your work to the heavens, and there you see your prototype; you are a workman, like God. And not only a workman like God, but a workman with God. He has left it to you to work with Him, to complete His work. God has placed in the earth the germ of life; it is left to you to bring it to perfection in the fruits of the earth. He has buried the metals deep; it is left to you to bring them forth and melt them and mould them. He has laid the seams of coal; it is left to you to draw them out, to kindle them to further your industries. The working-man may hear, if he will, the voice divine: "Thou art a fellow-worker with Me. I create, thou transformest; I begin, thou completest."

Or look at God in redemption. You curse your lot that you are born to labor. How did the Redeemer begin the work of redemption? By a life of labor for thirty years. And when He would enter upon His special work, how did He equip Himself? His first worshippers had been shepherds; His first associates in the work of redemption were working-men. Those are the sources of your dignity. And ask yourselves, What was labor before Christianity? It was slavery, it was dishonor. There were cases where, for special reasons, its dignity was recognized; witness Cincinnatus and his plough. But Plato called it illiberal, Aristotle called it illiberal; Cicero called working-men barbarians. What is labor without

Christianity? The Brahmin would consider himself contaminated if he labored; the North American Indian despises labor—leaves it to his women, whom he treats as slaves. Religion, then, is your true friend; for it reveals to you your dignity.

But what, then, you ask, gives consolation? Again, religion. Religion comes to you and says: "You may so labor for the meat that perishes as to gain that which lasts forever." You sit at night counting your few pence, the fruit of your hard labor. Religion comes to you and tells you: "Those few pence are your wages; they are small and few, but remember, beyond and above them, you are gaining heaven." There is your true consolation. Religion, then, reveals to you your dignity, and shows to you your consolation. Religion, therefore, is your true friend. . . . How often has the working-man raised his banner, inscribed with the one word "Labor"! Labor is not enough. Man must have fellowship, must have something that is not for his body only, but for his heart. Add therefore on your banner the word "Union." But that is not enough. Man must have some solid base on which he may safely rest everything. Add, then, on your banner the word "Religion." When the working-man goes forth under that banner, "Labor, Union, Religion," he will not indeed become a rich man, but he will never again be a miserable wretch.

There the sermon ends. Amid applause which sounds strange to an English ear, but is full of that self-restrained emphasis which saves it from being irreverential, the preacher is placed in his sedan-chair and carried forth. Then the thousands disperse sadly; for the next day's sermon is the last of the course, and it is said that the preacher is dying.

ALL true science begins in the love, not in the dissection, of your fellow-creatures; and it ends in the love, not the analysis, of God.—*Ruskin*.

WHEN John Newton's memory was nearly gone, he used to say that, forget what he might, there were two things he never could forget. They were: (1) That he was a great sinner. (2) That Jesus Christ was a great Saviour.

Catholic Notes.

When a Catholic lifts his eyes in the great Church of St. Peter in Rome, and sees blazoned on it in letters that will never be obliterated, *Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam*, he feels as if there needed no further proof of the truth of the Catholic Faith than that all-convincing inscription. For where Peter is, there is the Church. But let a Protestant in Rome lift up his eyes to it—it is impossible for any one to ignore it,—and what meaning does it convey to him? Here are some of the impressions it produced on the mind of a great English author, whose innate prejudice could not entirely blind his perception of God's truth:

"There must be moments in Rome especially," observes Thackeray, "when every man of friendly heart, who writes himself English and Protestant, must feel a pang on thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. Of the beautiful parts of the great Mother Church I believe many people among us have no idea. We think of lazy friars; of pining cloistered virgins; of ignorant peasants, worshipping wood and stones; bought and sold indulgences; absolutions, and the like commonplaces of Protestant satire. But lo! yonder inscription which blazes around the temple, so great and glorious, it looks like heaven almost, and as if the words were written in stars; it proclaims to all the world that this is Peter, and on this rock shall be built the Church, against which hell shall not prevail."

The fifteenth centenary of the conversion of St. Augustine was celebrated with great splendor in Rome. The celebration consisted of a solemn *triduum*, which began on May 3d. The Cardinal Vicar preached an eloquent panegyric of the illustrious Doctor of Hippo on the closing day. Four medals were struck to commemorate the occasion. The Church of S. Agostino, in which the *triduum* was held, possesses the well-known Madonna del Parto, to which the Romans have such a great devotion.

Our foreign exchanges announce the death at Turin, on the 6th ult., of the veteran Catholic journalist, Don Giacomo Margotti, foun-

der of the *Unità Cattolica*, of which paper he was the editor for more than thirty years. He was as much esteemed for Christian and sacerdotal virtues as he was admired for brilliant talents. A devoted and able champion of the rights of the Holy See, a valiant opponent of secret societies, his death is a great loss to the Church in Italy. *R. I. P.*

St. Joseph's Church, Mishawaka, Ind., of which the Rev. A. B. Oechtering is the devoted pastor, was lately the scene of a most impressive ceremony. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 22d ult. it was crowded to its utmost capacity by members of the congregation and their friends, an announcement having been made that on this day the Sodality of Christian Mothers would be established in the parish. The excellent object of the association, its statutes, and the indulgences granted to it, had been previously explained, and a goodly number of Christian mothers had expressed their desire to be admitted; but it must have been a joyful surprise to the worthy rector of St. Joseph's to see how many were present to put their good resolution into immediate practice. Mass was sung, during which appropriate sermons were delivered in German and English; and when Holy Communion had been administered, the candidates, numbering 162, received a medal of Our Lady, and were enrolled in the Archconfraternity. Kneeling at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, the celebrant then read the beautiful act of consecration, in which the members all joined. The ceremony closed with a grand *Te Deum*, sung by the whole congregation.

The Archconfraternity of Christian Mothers, though of very recent foundation, has already made gratifying progress in the United States, and we feel certain it has only to become known to meet with favor everywhere. It can clash with no other pious association, the conditions of membership being simple, and the obligations of easy fulfilment. The sodality is a pious association of mothers, joined together, under the especial blessing of the Holy Father, for the purpose of fulfilling more completely and more successfully their duties as Christian mothers. It is evident that the careful religious training of children from their very infancy would be a source of inestimable benefit to society and the Church; nor can it

be denied that few mothers nowadays have a proper appreciation of the responsibility of their office. Hence the excellence and usefulness of the Archconfraternity of Christian Mothers. It remains to be stated that it is canonically established in St. Augustine's Church, Pittsburg, Pa., which is served by the Capuchin Fathers; all regularly established branches must be aggregated there. The director is the Rev. Father Pius, O. M. Cap., whose address is Summit, Herman P. O., Butler Co., Pa.

A stone altar, with massive Celtic cross in concrete, is being built on the summit of Knocknadobar (the mountain of wells), Kerry, Ireland. At its base, near Counana Harbor, is a Holy Well of great antiquity and celebrity. There are authentic records to the present day of numerous cures wrought there.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has approved of a proper Office and Mass, as well as the insertion in the Martyrology, of Blessed John Cardinal Fisher, Thomas More, and the other English martyrs, the devotion to whom recently received the confirmation of the Holy See.

The scientific world has sustained a severe loss by the death of Padre Cecchi, which occurred in Florence on the 1st of May. He was the director of the Ximenian Observatory in that city, and was considered an authority in meteorology, etc. The invention of valuable astronomical instruments increased his fame. He was a member of the Order of Clerks Regular of Pious Schools, founded by St. Joseph Calasanctius. *R. I. P.*

Although the name of the Rev. Father Lambing is sufficient guarantee for the excellence and interest of any article to which it is prefixed, we beg to call special attention to one we have the pleasure of publishing this week on the all-important subject of marriage. The evil of divorce has grown to such monstrous proportions that the attention of non-Catholics of every shade of religious belief is thoroughly roused, and leading minds among them are searching for a remedy. Those suggested by Judge Bennett are the very safeguards with which the Church in her wisdom surrounds the marriage tie, and Father Lambing, after proving that the evil in question began with

the Reformation, shows that only these can effectually counteract it. The article has a lesson for young people, which we trust will not go unheeded.

The number of members of the Accademia dei Nuovi Lincei, the oldest astronomical society in the world, has been increased from thirty to forty, at the suggestion of Leo XIII., who has also abolished the rule which obliged the members to reside in Rome. Canon Carnoy, the distinguished professor of Biology at the University of Louvain, and Father Perry, S. J., the eminent English astronomer, are among recently elected members.

Queen Victoria lately sent an offering of £50 to the Sisters in charge of one of the hospitals in London.

Cardinal Moran recently visited the Catholic aboriginal mission at New Norcia, Western Australia. It is under the charge of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Salvador, who has been there over forty years. The Cardinal found the blacks happy, industrious and contented, and surprisingly well-instructed in the Faith, which they fervently profess and piously practise. They have been thoroughly civilized in the fullest sense of the term, and many of them are able not only to read and write, but show a brightness and keenness of intellect which would put many a white man to the blush. At the aboriginal mission there is a splendid band, all the players having been taught by the Bishop (who is a most accomplished musician) and one of the missionaries; and it was a novel and delightful experience to the Cardinal to hear and see the black musicians playing a welcome march on his arrival.—*Church News.*

By the death of the venerable Joseph A. Gallagher, whose month's-mind was celebrated on the 5th ult., the Archdiocese of San Francisco lost one of its most efficient and devoted priests. He was a brother of the late lamented pastor of St. Joseph's Church in that city. Together they shared the trials and labors of the priestly office in Pennsylvania and California, where numerous schools, churches, etc., attest their zeal and self-sacrifice. Both were warm friends of THE "AVE MARIA," and we bespeak the prayers of its readers in their behalf. May they rest in peace!

New Publications.

THE THRONE OF THE FISHERMAN; Built by the Carpenter's Son, the Root, the Bond, and the Crown of Christendom. By Thomas W. Allies, K. C. S. G. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society. Pp. 555. 1887.

The author of this admirable work needs no introduction to the public. His devoted labors in the domain of Catholic literature have made his name familiar both in Europe and America. From his gifted pen have already appeared the useful and meritorious works entitled, "The Formation of Christendom"; "Church and State as seen in the Formation of Christendom"; "A Life's Decision"; "Per Crucem ad Lucem, the Result of a Life"; "Journal in France and Letters from Italy." The latest of his works, "The Throne of the Fisherman," he thus gracefully and appropriately inscribes to our Holy Father:

"To His Holiness Leo XIII., on whom now lies the charge of Our Lord to St. Peter, is humbly dedicated the effort to trace its outcome from the beginning to the time of St. Leo the Great."

And ably, clearly and learnedly does he trace it. Skilfully and convincingly he develops and establishes the purpose in view. Fully and satisfactorily he effects the object of the effort he proposes to himself in the dedicatory lines. His style is direct and forcible; his language, clear and simple; his treatment of the subject, original and masterly.

By way of illustration, let us quote a paragraph from the opening chapter:

"At this moment a power exists in the world which goes back in undisputed succession for eighteen centuries and a half. Its origin was in this wise: A Man was walking, attended by twelve other men, in that mountain region under Hermon and Lebanon, which looks down upon the land of Judea. The men were disciples of One who called Himself by the mysterious title 'Son of Man,' and He asked His disciples, 'Whom do men say that the Son of Man is?' They answered, 'Some say that He is John the Baptist, others that He is Elias, others that He is Jeremias or one of the prophets.' Then the Man said to His disciples, 'But whom say you that I am?' And one of the disciples thereupon answering said, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' Then the Man, turning to him who had answered His question, not only for himself, but for the whole company of twelve, said to him: 'Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood have not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven.

And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven.'"

A mere glance at the titles of the books already written by Mr. Allies affords sufficient assurance that he is fully conversant with the history of the Church, and peculiarly qualified to undertake the labor of preparing a work of this kind. Although comparatively small in compass for a subject so extensive, yet this instructive and interesting book admirably succeeds, through the author's happy faculty for stating his facts with clearness and brevity, in giving a lucid and accurate outline of the history of the Church and the influence of "The Throne of the Fisherman" upon the world for fourteen hundred years. It sheds bright light upon a period obscure even to many historians, and shows how undeviatingly, consistently and faithfully the Church, guided by the Spirit of Truth, has pursued from the beginning the course indicated by her Divine Founder, bringing peace to the world and salvation to mankind.

The work is deserving of generous patronage, and it is to be hoped that its claims to a place in private, as well as in society and public libraries, may not be overlooked.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

— 2 MACH., xii., 46.

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sister M. of St. Aloysius, a religious of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, who was lately called to the reward of her self-sacrificing life.

Sister Honorine, whose holy life was crowned with a precious death on the 21st ult., at the Academy of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Sag Harbor, N. Y.

Mr. Joseph P. Farrelly, whose death, fortified by the last Sacraments, took place on the 21st of April, at Morrison, N. J.

Mr. Edward Cawley, of Trenton, N. J., who died suddenly, some weeks ago, in New York.

Mr. Denis Singleton, of Boston, Mass., who passed away on the 23d of April. He was a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin.

Miss Margaret Lucey, who closed her well-spent life last month at Hyde Park, Mass.

May they rest in peace!



To Our Lady.

BY ADELAIDE C. SPAFFORD.

IN faith I turn to Thee,
 Wilt Thou not stoop to me,
 O Mother mild?
 In hope I call on Thee,
 Turn but Thine ear to me,
 Thy sinful child.

I would live near to Thee,—
 Hold out Thy hand to me,
 Mother of love!
 I would be dear to Thee,
 Wilt Thou send help to me
 Down from above?

While thus I call to Thee,
 Words that occur to me
 Tell but in part,—
 All that I feel for Thee
 Lies but too deep for me,
 Down in my heart.

Mary, I give to Thee,
 What seems but small to me,
 A heart of love;
 It pleads to-day to Thee,
 Take it in love from me,
 Bear it above.

A Baby Martyr.

BY M. A. E.

Konieth, a town of Asiatic Turkey, about three hundred miles from Constantinople, contains more than a hundred beautiful mosques, one of which is especially remarkable for the exquisite delicacy of its tracery, fretwork, and mouldings, and its minaret reaching to the stars. It was here, in this town of 40 000 inhabitants, the burial place of the founder of the whirling dervishes, that St. Cyr was born, in 301,—St. Cyr, the

baby martyr, the patron of Nevers and of many churches and monasteries in France. Three years later the child was put to death at Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul, because he said: "I am a Christian."

During the last and most cruel of the ten bloody persecutions from which the early Christians suffered, Julitta, a noble lady of Iconium (as Konieth was then called), fled from that place with her little son Cyr, only three years old, and two maids. She went to Seleucia—a town on the Mediterranean Sea—in order to escape the fury of Domitian, the Governor of Iconium, who executed with great cruelty the edicts of the Emperor Diocletian against the Christians. But it was like passing from Scylla into Charybdis Alexander, the Governor of Seleucia, was also a persecutor of the Christians; so Julitta set out again, with her little son and the two maids, taking with her only the necessities of life, though she possessed great wealth. At last she arrived at Tarsus, having travelled more than two hundred miles—in those days a long and toilsome journey.

But even here she was not safe. Alexander, happening to enter the city at the same time with Julitta, ordered her to be arrested and brought before him. She appeared, holding her child in her arms. The maids fled and hid themselves. When asked who she was, this woman of royal blood, the granddaughter of an illustrious king, said only: "I am a Christian." The governor ordered her to be tortured, while he held the child on his knee, and tried to quiet him.

Little Cyr had clung to his mother, and was with much difficulty torn from her. He now stretched out his tiny hands towards her, trying to get back to her, and he resented the caresses of the governor. Hearing his mother declare amidst her torments that she was a Christian, he called out as loud as he could: "I am a Christian." The governor, in great rage, threw the child from his high seat, and the little martyr's brains were dashed out on the pavement beneath, and the place around was sprinkled with his blood. Truly "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Julitta rejoiced at the happy martyrdom of her son, and gave thanks to God.

After increasing her torments, the governor said to her: "Julitta, take pity on thyself, and sacrifice to the gods, lest thou come to a like unfortunate end with thy son." She answered: "I do not sacrifice to devils or to deaf and dumb idols, but I worship Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, by whom the Father hath made all things." Then she was led to the place of execution and beheaded. The maids came in secret and buried the mother and son together.

When peace was restored to the Church by Constantine, a few years later, one of the maids revealed the place of burial, and all the faithful sought to procure some relic of the holy martyrs. They are named together in the Roman Martyrology on the 16th of June.

The Two Tramps.

XIII.

"My!" said Phil, as they drove toward the Museum, "doesn't the air smell flagrant?"—he thought he had the right word, and felt very elegant and grown-up indeed.

"It smells *tingly*," said Laurie.

"What's that?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Why, don't you know? It goes up your nose and prickles like in winter, only it ain't cold; and it smells sweet like flowers, only it ain't flowers; and—what'll we see?" he asked, with an abrupt turn of thought.

"What do you want to see first?"

"What's there?"

"A little of everything:—stuffed birds and bears and tigers; monkeys—"

"Live ones?" asked the tramps, eagerly.

"There are two live marmosets, but the big apes and gorillas are stuffed."

"Gorillas!" they sighed jointly. "Oh, my! What else?"

"Whales and elephants and statues, and some of the things Sir John Franklin had with him in the Arctic regions; and—but the Smithsonian and the National Museum buildings are full from top to bottom. Now, which shall we go to first?"

"What would you, Laurie?" asked Phil just as Laurie put in, "Whichever Phil says," and then he lay back with his head on the arm of his dear Lieutenant, a look of placid content on his pale little face. So Phil said the stuffed things and the monkeys, and the cabby drew up before the door of the Museum, and the three entered.

The old janitor clicked the register three times—for a record is kept of the number of visitors each day,—took the officer's walking-stick, checked it, gave him the little tag, which he was putting in his pocket when he felt a tug at his coat, and looked around to see the tramps, with their eyes as big as taws, and fixed on a stalwart figure some ten or fifteen feet above the floor of the room opposite.

"What's he doing there?" asked Phil, while Laurie seconded the question by nodding like a mandarin.

And, really, if you had seen him you would have wondered too; for he was a sturdy, broad-shouldered man, dressed in bell-trousers and pea-coat, a glazed hat on his head, a tangle of grey beard about his face, with weather-beaten features, and a pair of heavy grey brows drawn over keen eyes. He stood in the bow of a boat—a stout whale-boat that seemed to have just thrust her nose through the wall,—with something like a javelin, with a wicked, gleaming point, poised high in his right hand.

"Oh! yes," said Wentworth, "let's go in. That's the Harpooner, and there's the Lookout at the mast-head."

And as the little fellows followed him, they saw another sailor-figure, sturdy and weather-beaten too, standing hard by in a "foretop" (where the foremast and foretop-mast join just above the point at which the first set of shrouds end).

"Those represent whalers. That first fellow is standing, ready to throw his harpoon into the whale as soon as the boat comes within striking distance; the other one shows how the sailors keep watch for the whale. Sometimes they stay up there for hours, even days, without seeing anything; then suddenly they see a black back

rise, and there will come a sound like the crack of a far-off rifle; then a spurt of water will go up like a fountain, and fly away in spray; then the fellow sings out: 'There she blows—she blows!' And the captain will shout back: 'Where away?' And the Lookout will answer: 'On the starboard beam, or 'the port bow,' or wherever it is. And the boats will be lowered away, and off they'll race, and—'

"Do they catch 'em?" said the tramps.

"Generally. But sometimes the shoe's on the other foot, and the whale turns-to, and whacks with his tail at the boats."

"Like the torpedo and the whale," said Phil, appreciatively.

"Like what?" asked Wentworth.

"Don't you know," said Laurie, "the whale that was a bully, and—and—went swaggering up to a little strange fish that came into his bay one time, and—and—hit him with his tail to make him go 'way?—Go on, Phil."

"Yes," said Phil; "for he didn't know—

The fish was indeed, oh,
A Woolwich torpedo;
And so being loaded,
It straightway exploded.'

and blew the whale into *tinsey* pieces; and served him right, Mémé says; for hitting a fellow smaller than himself. Then what happens to the boats when the whale hits 'em?"

"Sometimes they are broken to pieces and sunk," answered Wentworth; "and the men get crushed and drowned; and there are some sorts of whales that will run right at the nearest boat, and bite it in half. I'll show you that kind by and by."

"I thought," said Laurie, "that they were real men."

"Well, so do a great many people. Henley made them, and all the others you see in here, and sometimes it's very hard to guess that his work isn't alive. This is part of the Fish Commission's exhibit, and they have all sorts of fishermen."

And he showed them the cod-fisherman in his oil-skins; the Chinese fisherman with his nets and creel, and a hat like a fish-tray;

the seal fisherman in his furs, sitting huddled over a "breathing-hole" in the ice, waiting for a "rise"; the salmon-dresser in his rubbers; the mackerel skipper with a face so keen and shrewd that he might be trusted singly to keep his weather-eye on Halifax; and finally, up over the door, "the fisherman of the Chesapeake"—a darky boy, with such a pleasant, bright face that the tramps grinned back in a feeble way, till the great "devil-fish" hanging from the centre of the ceiling like a new high-art chandelier, set them to wondering. Its long arms stretch out in eight different directions (those eight arms get him his name of *octopus*), and are covered with cups, or suckers, from root to tip, so whatever he fastens on can never get loose unless the arm is cut clean away from the pear-shaped, sack-like body. The eyes are large, round, and fierce, and he is altogether a terror.

"I don't think," said Laurie, slowly, "I like him. Can we see the monkeys instead, please?"

And off they went to the Rotunda, where the tall palm-trees raise their fan-leaves to the roof, a fountain plays all day, and from which the various galleries run in a way not unlike the arms of the fish Laurie didn't like.

There in a cage were the tiny marmosets—the prettiest monkeys that ever skipped or scuffled in the woods. Their little faces, white and clean of hair, had very good features; their eyes had lids and lashes, which they managed quite as we do, and not in the cap-and-snap style of monkeys in general; and they were washing their white little paws very neatly after eating. To be sure they used their tongues for wash-rags, but that was a trifle, and they neither pinched nor scratched nor bit one another. Occasionally they wrapped their tails round the perch,—tails that looked like lamp-shade brushes, and were longer than the monkeys themselves,—and hung heels-over-head with great apparent enjoyment; and all the while they kept their eyes on the tramps in an upside-down style, that made them feel quite giddy and confused.

After the little fellows had refreshed

themselves by the rest and the look, they went down the aisle where the wonderful stuffed menagerie is arranged.

Such animals! A grizzly bear that makes shivers play "tag" up and down your back—his wicked claws like blue steel points on his legs; a cinnamon bear; a puma crouching on a limb, like a cruel cat about to pounce; a tigress with a yell frozen in her mouth—such a beautiful tigress, with topaz eyes; a whole family of seals—the mother and the babies on a cake of ice, the father seal crawling out of the water, and a young bull seal sunning himself near by,—all with the different colors of fur by which the hunters tell their ages and gage their values; a great polar bear—the so-called "white" bear, which really, though, is a pale primrose yellow,*—standing on an ice-flœ, his neck outstretched, and a hungry snarl on his muzzle; a kangaroo skipping off, with a family of youngsters tucked away in her pouch, and looking as if they were enjoying their ride; a hyena apparently in convulsions of laughter; a baby bear—such a soft wad of fur, and the image of Mark Twain's "Baby Sylvester"; the baby (save the mark!) elephant, with one great ear-flap turned back, showing *on the outside of its head* a well-defined ear, over which the other dangles like a curtain; and very useful it must be in keeping out mosquitos and insects generally; and—the two tramps fairly jumped, then how they laughed!

And Wentworth laughed with them; for in a case as large as an ordinary room there is set a tropical scene on which appear five actors. To the left two enormous orang-outangs (full-grown males) have met in bitter conflict; one has gripped the other's wrist, and is biting off his finger with savage glee; the blood is streaming, and the bitten one is yelling so that every tooth shows. Up a tree, on a rude platform built of branches and covered with twigs, etc., is a young monkey about two years old. He has been roused from his nap, and is peering over

the edge of his nest with as keen an interest in the row as if he were a small boy. His hair is *red*, and is about six inches long, which makes him ornamental, to say the least of it. But from the next tree comes a figure which, if seen by that stalwart biter, would make him "stand from under"; it is the mate of the worsted orang-outang, who has heard the yell (not being dead or stone-deaf, she couldn't well help it), and is hurrying to his relief. A little eight-months old monkey is gripping her round the body, hanging on tooth and nail; for she is swinging along hand-over-hand, while her hind-paws claw the air, as if aching for the fray.

But after the laugh was over, the little chaps were very tired, and Wentworth would not show them another thing, except the whale-model, which is as long as a frigate, and covered on one side with a mask simulating the skin, fins, and flukes; but on the other side is hollow, showing the vast bones, and giving a fine view of the great fringe of whalebone in the jaws. And even this he hurried them away from, into the cab, and back to Mémé, consoling them, however, by the promise to take them back every day he could get off till they had seen every solitary thing in the place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Golden Deed

Last recreation day two of our little Minims gave an example of charity which certainly deserves to be recorded, though we may not mention their names. They had just received their weekly allowance of pocket-money—twenty-five cents each,—and were on their way to "invest" it at the store when they met a poor old man who had wandered on the College grounds in search of help. Moved by his distress, and acting on the impulses of their generous hearts, they immediately gave him their little "pile," and, in the pleasure afforded by their good deed, they thought nothing of the sacrifice they had made. The circumstances make such an act one of great merit, and bespeak a happy future for these children.—*Notre Dame Scholastic*

* I am told by Gen. Greeley, U. S. A., that none of the Arctic animals are pure white.



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[Copyright — Rev. D. E. HUNSON, C. S. C.]

The Story of a Conversion.

PERHAPS no conversion of our own day has created so great a sensation as that of the noted French infidel, Leo Taxil. For years he figured before the world as the great leader of what is called modern free thought; and suddenly, while in the sober maturity of the fulness of manhood, when his intellectual powers enjoy their greatest vigor, and his physical strength is best possessed, he deliberately goes counter to the utterances hitherto put forth, and illustrates in his own conduct the truth of the great fact that thought must rest upon some stable foundation supplied from outside the human mind,—that there must needs be an infallible support upon which reason must rest whilst pursuing its investigations. In such a change of life there is certainly presented something, which to the eye of faith may perhaps appear not unusual, but which to those influenced by the prevailing erroneous notions of liberty—who are therefore incapable of realizing the power and influence of divine grace,—appears as something extraordinary, and calculated to attract attention and reflection.

So great a commotion was caused by the conversion of Leo Taxil, that he deemed it necessary to publish a book, in order to lay before the world the truth of the happy event, and the causes which led to its accomplishment. He issued a large volume

of some 400 pages, entitled *Confessions d'un ex-Libre-Penseur* (Confessions of an ex-Freethinker), and every page furnishes most convincing proofs of the sincerity of this most remarkable change of life. In the lines that follow we present a condensed translation of the last chapter of M. Taxil's work, and we have no doubt that it will be perused with interest by our readers, for whom it may contain not a little that will be found instructive and edifying.

* * *

"Whilst I was multiplying my scandals," writes M. Taxil, "and employing all my efforts to lead souls away from the Church, there was one who prayed fervently for me. Josephine Jogand, my father's sister, who had held me over the baptismal font, ever thought of me with all a mother's love and care. Through all the follies and blasphemies that marked my unhappy career, her thoughts were all centred upon her godchild. But I went too far even for her.

"One day a calumnious attack, of which I was the chief instigator, was publicly made against the venerated memory of Pope Pius IX. Not content with my own falsehoods, I deliberately caused others to invent new charges, and then, carried away by an extravagant rage, I organized a *coterie* of new accomplices, and pledged them to direct all their efforts against the Papacy.

"My godmother then formed a heroic resolution. 'Since my prayers do not suffice,' she said, 'I shall make a complete sacrifice to God of all that I have.' She was

the only one in our family that possessed property, and it was all the result of her own industry and economy. Her income enabled her to satisfy the benevolence and love for the poor for which she was so well known, and daily give succor and aid to those in misery and want. Now she deprived herself of everything. She distributed all her goods to the poor with the stoicism of a Christian who denies himself in order to do violence to Divine Mercy. Without reserving anything for herself, she abandoned the world and entered religion. She vowed herself to prayer, to the last moment of life, in the Convent of Notre-Dame de la Réparation, at Lyons, where she was thenceforth known as Sister Mary of the Seven Dolors. Oh! blessed a thousand times be thou who didst offer thyself a holocaust to the Lord in reparation for my crimes! The good God, whom I had defied, could not remain deaf to such a sublime appeal.

"Of the great sacrifice which had thus been made in my behalf I knew nothing. For a long time I had had no communication with my relatives, and my dear godmother never addressed me the slightest reproach. Silently and alone she prayed for me, without ever giving the least intimation of the devotion in which she was engaged. It was only after my conversion that I learned of all that she had done. I continued on my unhappy course, sowing tares everywhere in the vineyard of the Lord, daily and hourly instilling the hatred of Christ, and bidding defiance to the patience of God."

M. Taxil then goes on to narrate the circumstances attending the carrying out of a project he had formed to dishonor the memory of the sainted heroine of France, Jeanne d'Arc. He undertook the composition of a work upon the life and times of this noble woman, with the fixed and avowed intention of making his effort the most venomous attack upon religion that could possibly be made. To this end he had his agents diligently searching libraries and archives throughout Europe, with, however,

little or no result for the purposes he had in view. As may be imagined, this was a great disappointment to him; but the issue may be best expressed in his own words.

"On the 23d of April I wrote an article, in which I swore that nothing should ever make me give up my fight against religion. After sending the pages to the printer, I again betook myself to the history of Jeanne d'Arc. All those repulses and contradictions to my abandoned reason made themselves felt more intensely than ever, and all at once I experienced a singular helplessness throughout my whole being. I seemed to hear a voice within me, saying, 'Fool that you are! can you not realize that Jeanne really had those visions of which she spoke? Wretched man! can you not bring yourself to think of a human being accomplishing a supernatural mission? In spite of your impious skepticism and incredulity, can you not understand that the Supernatural exists?'

"For some moments I was unconscious. Then, as I came to myself, it seemed as though my whole past life was clearly portrayed before me. I thought of my first good Communion and my first sacrilegious Communion; I saw my father, my mother, my good godmother; I went through the happy days of my childhood, and the long bitter hours of my anti-clerical life; I thought of the sincere friendships of those from whom I had separated myself, and the implacable hatred of the sectaries with whom I had become allied; I recalled my falsehoods, my injuries, my follies. These thoughts, rushing through my mind, overcame me, and I burst into tears.

"'Forgive me, O my God!' I cried; 'forgive me my blasphemies. Forgive me for all the evil of which I have made myself guilty.' I locked myself in my room, and for the first time in seventeen years I knelt and prayed.

"When evening came I said nothing to my wife about the change that had taken place. I could partake of nothing at dinner, but the want of appetite caused no surprise,

as it had been of frequent occurrence through work and preoccupation. I had formed a resolution to profit by the earliest opportunity to secure absolution for my offences.

"Next morning, at eight o'clock, I went to the Church of St. Martin, and called for a priest, 'no matter what one,' I said. The curate was at leisure then, and came to the confessional. I knelt and thought to make my confession without letting him know who I was; but it was not long before the good priest found that he had no ordinary penitent to deal with. He gently interrupted me, and begged me to come again at another time, as mine was a 'reserved case.' Thus, notwithstanding my own good determination, my confession was not then heard. However, as my resolution had been firmly taken, and wishing to relieve my conscience, I called on the curate at the pastoral residence, where I introduced myself to him, and for a long time we conversed together, not as a confessor and his penitent, but like two intimate friends. I need not say what was the surprise of the good priest when he learned who I was."

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

On Corpus Christi

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

"FLOWERS? Are they for a bride?" he said,
And wondered if that graceful head
Now bent to catch the soft perfume,
Was soon to wear their tender bloom;
But when she raised her innocent eyes
To answer him, in half surprise,
"No: they are for Our Lord," he smiled,
And thought, "This is indeed a child."

"Give me the loveliest," she said,—
"Delicate white and rosy red,
And heliotrope and mignonette—
All that you know and I forget;
And heap those crimson roses, so—
Yes, they are costly, that I know;
But what can be too fair or sweet
To strew beneath His Sacred Feet?"

The light was fading; broken flowers
Lay scattered through the aisles in showers,
For all their fragrant wealth that day
Had marked the Master's glorious way;
And now before the altar-rail
A girl knelt, motionless and pale.

A line of sunlight touched her hair,
Her slender hands were clasped in prayer;
In silent bliss the moments passed,
For she had lingered to the last,
Unconscious, in that holy spot,
Of eyes that watched and wearied not.

"How beautiful!" the whispered thought.
All human, all of earth, she caught;
And reading what that thought expressed
By the one key-note in her breast,
Uplifting her adoring head,
"Is He not beautiful?" she said.

A thrill of awe, a flush of shame,—
He knelt and named his Saviour's name;
Softly she glided from the place,
He looked no more upon her face;
Low bent to earth his suppliant head,
"O Lord! make *me* a child," he said.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IT was soon apparent that no one except Marion herself had any doubt but that George Singleton was alive, and that it was himself, and no impostor, who was claiming his inheritance. "The whole thing is so exactly like him!" said Mrs. Singleton. "If it were not malicious, it would not be characteristic of George. He wants to give as much trouble and disappoint as many people as possible."

"He must possess an amiable and attractive character," said Marion, faintly smiling. But as she smiled she said to herself that it was very evident the arrangement she had entered into with Mrs. Singleton could not stand. If the latter believed that it was only a question of time till Mr. Singleton's son should appear, what further

need was there for her to conciliate and endure the girl, who would soon have no power to return her good offices? Instinctively Marion knew that she was asking herself this question, and that it was best it should be answered at once.

"I have been thinking," she observed, aloud, "that, since there seems so much doubt about the result of this matter, it will not be well for me to make any change in my life at present. Our arrangements had better be deferred indefinitely; and meanwhile I will stay here until Mr. Singleton arrives."

Although Mrs. Singleton possessed considerable power of self control, she could not prevent her face from showing the relief she felt at these words.

"I suppose it will really be best," she said. "It would be very awkward for us, as well as for you, if we took up your cause, and, as it were, identified ourselves with it, and then—"

"And then I relapsed back into my original insignificance," said Marion. "Yes, I perceive. And, believe me, I have no desire to sail for a time under false colors, or receive any attention which would be paid only to Mr. Singleton's heiress. Moreover, if the business ends as you evidently expect, I should have no power to return the obligation under which you would have placed me. We will, therefore, say no more about our plans, and I will quietly remain here."

"But you can not remain alone, and I *must* get back home—"

"Do not let me detain you a day," said Marion, haughtily. "I am not rich in friends, but I can find some one to stay with me, so long as I need a companion; and it is only a question of money."

"Oh! yes, mere companions can be found in sufficient number—people who will be delighted to come. But you ought to have some social protection, some proper chaperon—"

"If all were settled as we thought, that would be necessary," Marion interposed; "but since I may very likely soon be deprived of the consequence that Mr. Sin-

gleton's money gives me, and since social protection and proper chaperonage are altogether superfluous for a girl without fortune, I need not trouble myself about them in this short interval of waiting."

Mrs. Singleton said no more, but she confided to her husband her opinion that Marion had given up all hope of being able to retain the fortune. "And it has made her dreadfully bitter," she added. "You know she always had a very cynical way of talking, for such a young girl, but now that is more pronounced than ever. Disappointment is going very hard with her. I am almost sorry for her, although, of course, she has no right to the money at all."

"She has the right that its owner chose to give it to her," said philosophical Mr. Singleton.

But, although Marion put a bold front on the matter to Mrs. Singleton, her heart really sank at the desolateness of her position. So long as the fortune was still hers, she could buy a companion, as she could buy anything else; but she saw in the eyes of everyone around her the settled conviction that the fortune would be no longer hers. And then—?

Meanwhile, however, it was necessary to make some arrangement, since Mrs. Singleton was eager to be gone; and, turning over in her mind the list of her few acquaintances in Scarborough—for friends she had none,—Marion was asking herself rather blankly to which one she could appeal for advice and assistance in her dilemma, when a servant entered with the announcement that a lady desired to see her.

"A lady!" she repeated. "Who is she? Did she give no name or card?"

The servant replied that the lady had given neither, but that, in his opinion, she was a genuine visitor—not an agent for patent soap or anything else of the kind.

"I suppose I had better see her," said Marion, reluctantly; "but she can not be a person of any importance, or she would have sent her name."

She went down stairs, slowly, indifferently, with a sense of mental lassitude alto-

gether new to her, entered the drawing-room, and found herself face to face with Helen. She uttered a cry as the sweet, affectionate face she knew so well turned toward her, and the next moment they were in each other's arms.

"O Marion! I am so glad that you are glad to see me!" were Helen's first words. "I was afraid that you might not be."

"Afraid that I might not be glad to see you!" said Marion. "How could that be?—what reason could I have? But, O Helen, dear Helen! how good it is of you to be glad to see me!"

"I know no reason why I should not be," replied Helen. "But I feared that there might be some disagreeable recollection—something to make you shrink from seeing me; so I thought I would spare you the shrinking—I would let you have the shock at once. But it is no shock, after all. The moment I saw your eyes, I saw you were glad."

"Oh! my dear, how kind you are!" cried Marion. "Glad! What should I be made of if I were not glad to see you—the most generous heart in all the world! But when did you get back to Scarborough?"

"Last night; and I would not write or let you know, because I wanted to see you myself, without any warning. And so, Marion, your great desire is accomplished—you have become rich since I went away!"

"And am on the point of becoming poor again," said Marion, with a smile. "Have you not heard that?"

"No: I have heard nothing—but how can that be?—how can you become poor again, unless you lose Mr. Singleton's fortune?"

"That is just what is going to occur—at least everyone thinks so. It is said that Mr. Singleton's son is alive, and that if he chooses to contest the will, it can not stand."

"O Marion! how sorry I am!"—the eloquent eyes said so indeed.—"To think that you should have obtained what you wanted so much, only to lose it at once! That is worse than if you had never possessed it."

"And do you see no retribution in it,

Helen?" asked Marion, very gravely. "Did not you, too, want something very much—the happiness that had been promised you all your life,—and did you not lose it through my fault? Believe me, I have thought of this, and, thinking of it, I can make no complaint."

"I am sorry," said Helen, while a shade fell over her face, "that you should speak again of *that*. I do not look at it quite as you do. Happiness ought not to be our end in life.—I am not very wise, but I know that, because I have faith to tell me so.—No doubt I thought of it too much; but even when I felt most about losing it, I was sure that God must know best, and I did not really desire anything which was not according to His will. How could one be so foolish as to do that? For it certainly would not be happiness if it did not have God's blessing on it."

"O Helen! Helen!" exclaimed Marion. It was a cry of mingled wonder and self-scorn. Somehow the simple words touched her more than the most eloquent appeal of any preacher could have done. For it was Helen who spoke,—Helen, who had just learned her wisdom in the hard school of practical experience, and who spoke thus to the person against whom her heart might have been most bitter. "My dear," she went on after a minute, "you are so good that you make me ashamed. I have learned lately—yes, even I—what you lost, and how much you must have suffered in the loss. It was through my own fault and by my own choice that I lost my happiness; but you were blameless as an angel, and yet you talk like an angel about it—"

"No, no," said Helen, quickly; "only like the most ordinary Catholic. And that not without a struggle, Marion. Don't fancy me better than I am."

"I don't fancy: I know you to be like something angelic, compared to me," returned Marion, with a sigh. "Do you think that I ever asked myself anything about the will of God? I never even thought of Him in connection with my desires."

"O Marion!"

"It is true. Don't expect me to say anything else; for, with all my faults, I was never a hypocrite, you know. I thought nothing of Him, I asked nothing of Him, and now I have nothing to fall back upon. My happiness, like yours, is gone—with the difference that *I* was not worthy of it, whereas you were saved from a man who was not worthy of *you*. And now the money for which I was ready to do anything and sacrifice anything is in jeopardy, and no doubt will soon be gone."

"Has it brought you satisfaction since you have had it, Marion?"

"Do not ask me?" she said, sharply. "What is there in the world that does bring satisfaction? But when I give it up, I shall have nothing, absolutely nothing, left."

"You will have God's providence," answered Helen, gently. "Trust a little to that, and tell me something—all if you will—about yourself,—about what has happened since we parted, and what your plans for the future are."

In past time, though Marion had always loved Helen, she had rather despised her as a counsellor; but now she felt it a relief beyond the power of words to express to open her heart, to tell her difficulties, to even ask advice from one of whose affection and interest she was so secure. For had she not lately learned how dreary life can be when it holds not a single friend, not one heart on which it is possible to rely for disinterested aid or counsel? She told the story of her brief engagement to Brian Earle, and did not resent the condemnation which she read in Helen's eyes. Then a harder task was before her—to speak of Rathborne's part in the appearance of George Singleton. She touched on this as lightly as possible, but Helen quickly seized the fact.

"And so it was Paul who found him!" she said. "I am sorry for that,—sorry, I mean, that he should have taken such a part in what did not concern him, from the motive which I fear actuated him."

"He took pains to leave me in no doubt whatever about his motive," observed Mar-

ion. "I have seen him only once, and then I bade him do his worst—produce his client without loss of time. When he is produced, if he is properly identified, my dream of riches will be over; for I shall give up the estate without a contest. But I will not give it up until I am certain that I shall not be resigning it to a false claimant."

"You do not think that Paul Rathborne would be guilty of fraud?" said Helen quickly, in a pained tone; for the loyal heart was slow to resign any one for whom it had ever cherished an affection or a trust.

"You forget," said Marion, waiving the question whether or not she believed Rathborne capable of fraud, "that this man is in South America, and no one here has seen him. Mr. Rathborne has only communicated with him by letters. Now, what would be easier than for some unscrupulous man to write in George Singleton's name, if the latter were dead? Such things are of common occurrence. But it would be difficult to personate him so as to deceive the many people who have known him, and that is why I will take no step, nor even consider the matter, until *he has been produced*."

"I suppose that is best," answered Helen. "And meanwhile what are you going to do?"

"I am going to stay here, with what patience I may. How I am to live alone, I do not exactly see—for Mrs. Singleton is going away; but now that I have you again, I have taken heart. You will recommend some one to stay with me."

"I will do better than that: I will take you home with me."

"Oh, no!" said Marion, shrinking a little; "that can not be. It is like you, dear Helen, to propose it; but I do not think my aunt would like it—stop! I know she would be kind, and try not to show what she felt; but I should be aware of it—aware that she has no respect for me in her heart, and I should be more ill at ease there than here. This is my home for the present; it may not be so long, and I may never have another. So let me keep it while I may. Find me some good, quiet woman—you know everyone in

Scarborough—to stay with me; and come yourself whenever you can, and I shall be content.”

“There will be no difficulty in finding such a person as you want,” said Helen. “But I think my plan is best.”

Marion shook her head. “No,” she insisted. “I abused your hospitality once. I can never forget that; and I do not think that, kind and good as she is, my aunt will ever forget it; so do not let us talk of my going to you. Some day, perhaps, if I have no other refuge in the world, I may come and ask you for a shelter, but not now.”

She was immovable in this, even when Mrs. Dalton seconded Helen’s invitation; and so they did what she asked—found a pleasant, quiet, elderly lady to stay with her, and let her have her own way.

It was a strange time, the period of waiting which followed—a kind of interlude, a breathing space, as it were, between the rush of events which had reached this conclusion, and other events which were to follow and change life yet again, in what degree no one could say. It seemed to Marion that she could hardly be said to live during these weeks. She merely existed—in a state partly of expectation, partly of that lassitude which follows a high degree of mental as well as physical tension. She had passed rapidly through many experiences, many intense emotions; and now, menaced by others of which she could not see the end, she suddenly sank down to rest, like a soldier on the field of battle.

She had but two sources of pleasure during this time; one was Helen’s companionship, which she had never before valued or appreciated; the other, the services of the Catholic Church. The plain little chapel, which had at first repelled her, began to seem to her like a true home of the soul; religious influences sank more and more deeply into her heart; and dimly, as new ideas shape and present themselves, there began to dawn on her the meaning of Helen’s simple words. “It certainly would not be happiness if it did not have God’s blessing on it,” Helen had said. Was it because no blessing

of God had been on *her* happiness that, in every form, it had so quickly eluded her grasp? She asked herself this question, and when a soul has once asked it, the answer is not long in coming. But whether or not it will be heeded when it comes, is too often a matter of doubt. Impressions pass quickly, the sway of the world is hard to break, and who can tell how far the poor soul may be swept into storm and darkness before it is brought safe into port at last?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XVIII.—GENOA.

THE frost was so thick on the car windows the morning we approached Genoa, I gathered a spoonful of it with my thumbnail, but the glass was almost immediately clouded again. We had come by way of Pistoja, Parma, Piacenza, and Alessandria; had paused to explore each and all of these cities, but I will not at present trouble you with any notes I gathered among them.

As we drew near the Mediterranean coast, the mountains began to pile up against the horizon, powdered with snow. Great icicles hung everywhere; the waterfalls looked as if they had been modelled in glass, for they were frozen solid; yet we saw women washing linen in the swift-running stream. At a ford in a brook that brawled under the car windows, at one little station where we halted, a boy put off his shoes, rolled up his trousers, took an old man on his back and waded to the opposite shore. There were bridges above and below the ford, but as there was a toll of two *centecimi*—two-fifths of a cent—these wretched peasants were forced to brave the ice-cold torrent. The poverty of the people is grievous; the silent suffering in winter, almost past belief.

LA SUPERBA.—A dozen tunnels, wild mountain passes and ravines white with snowdrift, a new dialect, and a slight change

in the general character of the scenery, prefaced our entry into the chief port of Italy.

We were not in the least disappointed. Genoa is a fresh, busy, imposing city, most picturesquely situated, and visited by an invigorating atmosphere that is pleasantly suggestive of the salt-sea. Her harbor is like the basin of a vast fountain; long, circular moles rim it about, and the horns of these are ornamented with light-houses. The hills slope to the very shore; there is scarcely a street in the whole city—save the one that skirts the harbor—that is on an even grade; some of them, long, narrow and crooked, are sunk deep in the rocky foundations of the town; a few of them dive through tunnels under the shoulders of the hills that shelter and overshadow the place.

Genoa has been called a city of palaces, and so she is; but, then, palaces are very common in Italy; there is not a city but numbers a dozen or so, and no one thinks of boasting of them nowadays.

COLUMBUS.—We had no sooner left the great station in the suburbs than we came upon the monument erected to the memory of Columbus. Probably every patriotic American who enters Genoa for the first time feels a kind of filial interest in all he sees; the name of the illustrious discoverer of our country—who never saw it with his own eyes—is so intimately associated with the history of the city, we forget, for the time, that Genoa has no very definite claim upon him; perhaps it is just as well that we do not know to a certainty where he was born; for one likes to be mystified now and again.

The monument is of white marble. In the centre Columbus leans upon an anchor, while America kneels at his feet; Religion, Geography, Strength, and Wisdom sit at the four corners of the pedestal, looking dusty and tired. So long as Geography, Strength, and Wisdom are confined to monumental marble, they are on the most amicable terms; endow them with life, and I fear that they would not long sit at the feet of Columbus.

ST. SEBASTIAN.—Van Dyck and Rubens

left much of their work in Genoa, though, perhaps, none of their best; but here is the one captivating picture of St. Sebastian. Guido Reni is the man who had art enough and sentiment enough to create the ideal of this lovely martyr. His is the picture of a youth as beautiful as Narcissus; it is a nude torso; the hands are bound above the head, the side is pierced with arrows—is this a subject to grow haggard over? Yet there are hundreds of pictures of the unhappy boy disfiguring the galleries of Italy,—pictures wherein the Apollo of the saints is represented as a billious youth, knock-kneed, bow-legged, emaciated, and as unpleasant-looking as possible.

The sensuous element predominates in Guido's conception; even the blood-stains can not rob the flesh of its exquisite lustre; the passion of divine love suffuses the face with a celestial radiance, and the dark, luminous eyes appeal to Heaven in the triumphant hour of agony; there is a world of trust in them, and the expression of the whole figure is that of childlike innocence.

This is one of the few, the very few pictures of martyrs before which the observer's heart at once melts with sympathy; there are many of them that pain you, and many of them that repel you, because of the horror therein depicted; but in the death of St. Sebastian you think only of the blameless life that has been brought to a tragic close before it could possibly have been sullied. The sublime resignation of the sinless child drives from your mind any thought of his torture.

RELICS.—At the cathedral—the exterior of which seems to have been begun after one plan, but continued after another, which was in turn thrown aside, and the building left unfinished,—at the cathedral we saw the splendid tomb of St. John the Baptist, whose remains were brought from Palestine ages ago; in the rear of the tomb hangs a chain with which the Saint was bound. But the most interesting relic in Genoa is the *Vaso Catino*, out of which Our Saviour and His disciples are said to have partaken of the Paschal Lamb, and in which Joseph

of Arimathea caught some drops of the Precious Blood at the time of the Crucifixion. The vessel is of fine glass, and was captured by the Genoese at Cesarea during the Crusade. These relics are shown with much ceremony, the key of the reliquary being kept by the municipal authorities.

SANTA MARIA DI CARIGNANO.—Everybody goes to this church for the sake of the glorious view from the cupola. It is as good as a pilgrimage getting there; the long, steep streets, the winding stairs, the ladders, and the pauses for rest are a tax upon time and strength and courage and patience. But the hills, after that, and the city at your feet—looking as if it had been shaken up in an earthquake, and every house had righted where it fell,—all these repay you a thousandfold.

There are churches and chapels far away upon the heights, and white-walled villas that look inaccessible; there are points of land stretching off into the sea, with light-houses on them,—light-houses almost as graceful and as beautiful as Oriental minarets. Big tongues of the sea are thrust here and there among the rocks, frothing and lapping, and never for a moment quiet. All this is charming enough in winter; what must it be in summer, when the sea-air is none too cool, nor the sea-water either; and when every breath that blows is heavy with the perfume of roses and jasmine—for the hills are covered with them?

ON THE TERRACE.—At sunset we walked for an hour on the terrace—a lofty marble platform, five hundred yards in length and fifteen yards in width, supported by innumerable columns and arches. On one hand, just under us, was the harbor choked with shipping—I believe you could have crossed from shore to shore dry-shod by stepping from the deck of one vessel to another. On the other hand was a street filled with freight-cars—the passenger-cars stop at the station a mile down the harbor; a tide of peddlers, pedestrians, and beasts of burden—mostly donkeys,—ebbed and flowed noisily. On the farther side of the quay was a row of cheap hotels, sailor board-

ing-houses, *cafés*, and shops. One large sign bore the familiar legend, "Smith's Hotel."

The quay was lined with sailors and Genoese fishermen, who wore the long, lopsided, scarlet caps that look so well in *genre* pictures. There was a clatter of cables and blocks and running-gear of all kinds; a hum of voices, a sound as of many waters, an odor of tar and oakum and damp sea-grass. The terrace was built for the accommodation of the Genoese, who, like all Italians, must have some suitable place where they can walk and smoke and enjoy the evening hour. It is a most popular resort, and the view is delightful; in the very midst of one of the busiest centres of the world you are beyond the reach—though not beyond the roar—of it, and are as secure as if you were lounging in the gallery of some suppressed monastery.

THE TRATORIA.—Dropping into an eating-house, at the close of a hard day's work—there is nothing more fatiguing than sight-seeing,—we had a test of faith; a bill of fare was brought us containing the names of dishes of which we knew less than nothing, and these we bravely ordered. *Ravioli* came, after a tolerable porridge; everybody was eating it, and we followed suit. *Ravioli* consists of little sacks of paste stuffed with minced-meat highly seasoned; it is stewed, and anointed with a sauce; the dish is a favorite in Genoa, and we found it nowhere else. There were sugar imitations of it in the confectioners' windows, and in one shop a whole plateful, gravy and all, done in wax, and colored to the life.

Following this we called for *capo magro*. *Capo magro* looks like the promiscuous scrapings of dinner dishes; but it is most excellent eating, for all that. It is the Genoese salad; I analyzed and catalogued the contents of my plate, with the following result:—spinach, a boiled egg, a pickled cucumber, a chicken liver, a bit of white fish, beets, cauliflowers, a slice of ham, an olive, two shrimps, a red pepper, and a lobster's claw. The dish is a work of art, a study of color, a bouquet of all flavors; the palate is so puzzled by the time the plate is

empty, that nothing but black coffee and the music of two harps could restore us.

Perhaps black coffee and harp music were not all sufficient; at any rate, we took a Turkish punch before retiring; for three *sous* you get a cup that, for potency and flavor, I have never seen excelled. One cup is enough—but not too much,—and when you go to Genoa and inhale the fragrance of the roses that blush in her nest of hills; when you have paced her dusky streets half buried between houses eleven stories high; have dallied in her fantastical and fairy-like suburban gardens and her villas, where the palm-trees stagger under the fierce breath of the enervating sirocco,—think of Columbus as you revive your soul over a cup of Turkish punch, or explore the mysteries of *capo magro*; remember that but for him you might never have been at all, and how then could you have girdled half a world to revel in the riches of Genoa the superb?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Cherry Lane.

BY WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

IN cherry lane the blossoms blow
In wreaths of white around the trees,
And spread their petals wide, as though
They longed for nectar-seeking bees.
O'erhead, the arching boughs, that spring
From pillared trunks, look down and smile
On lowly currant shrubs that cling
Around their feet along the aisle.

In cherry lane the sunbeams steal
Through many a leaf and branch above,
And tender shoots come forth to feel
The touches of a wondrous love.
And life grows warmer with the hours—
Unmoved, unchilled by human pang,—
Till from the stems now robed in flow'rs,
The great, red drops in clusters hang.

Ah! Mother mine! the blossoms came
And filled my soul with thoughts of Thee,
Who art to those that love Thy name
What honeyed buds are to the bee.

Thou art the floweret white and fair,
A virgin from Thy stainless birth,
The fruitful stem designed to bear
A Saviour to our sinful earth.

And when the cherries, ripe and red,
Come forth upon the breast of June,
They'll tell me of a Heart that bled,
By men forgotten all too soon.
Ah! precious drops! through future days
Preserve my soul from spot or stain,
With tender thoughts of love and praise
That once were mine in cherry lane.

A Saint of June.

IN the early days of June, when the rich roses glow and scatter fragrance over the warm earth, we keep the feast of *Il Santo*, as Padua, over the sea, calls him,—the dear Franciscan, whose name is known all over the world as “the Saint who finds lost things.”

It is hard to muse on the life of St. Anthony of Padua without feeling our hearts warm with a glow of tender devotion. He is the Saint of young and old, of the world and the cloister. Youth finds something exquisitely lovely in the vision of the Child Jesus fondling the pale, slender monk, pressing His cheek to his, resting in his arms; departing and coming again, in a flood of glory, surrounded by a company of angels, or a countless throng of smiling cherubs, as portrayed by Murillo in his painting in the Cathedral of Seville. One is tempted to envy St. Anthony more than any one in heaven, except Our Lady and St. Joseph, for the wonderful favor vouchsafed to him of holding that radiant, lovely Child to his heart.

Older readers follow with wonderment the career of the officer's son, slipping away from his noble Portuguese home, changing his high-sounding name that he might never be known, and serving in the kitchen of an obscure Franciscan convent of Romagna. Frail, delicate, ignorant—almost useless he seemed, until an accidental command of superiors unsealed his lips, and in

eloquent words he portrayed to the visiting Dominicans the majesty and dignity of the sacred priesthood. No wonder the Seraph of Assisium made haste to take the humble Anthony from his menial employments, and send him forth to stir the hearts of men with God's love and fear. And then was fulfilled that glorious missionary life of thirty-six years, so replete with marvels of word and deed. Even the very fishes of the seas, so tradition tells us, flocked to the shallows, and lifted up their heads to hear him preach.

Alban Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, tells us of St. Anthony's grace of manner and winning ways. "He was a complete master of all the arts of persuasion." Half imbedded in the legends of those Middle Ages come the quaint, exquisite stories of this Saint's love for souls. Once, it is said, a sinner knelt before him, and accused himself of spurning with his foot an aged mother. In a burst of tender, chivalrous feeling, the Saint cried out: "Give me an axe that I may sever that cursed foot from thy body! Oh, unfeeling man! thou that 'lifest thy foot to the gentle mother that bore thee!" Crushed by the ringing anger of the Saint's words, the repentant sinner hastened home, seized a weapon and severed the foot from his body. By inspiration St. Anthony learned the act, and, quickly following, arrived on the spot in time to kneel down and bedew the bleeding limb with sorrowing tears; then, with humble heart, placing it close to the maimed stump, he joined again to the body the foot on which his righteous indignation had evoked such chastisement.

His biographer tells us that "he opposed successfully the fashionable vices of those times." The world in the twelfth century was, as now, full of "fashionable vices." Would that another St. Anthony might arise in this nineteenth century to stem the intellectual crimes of the day with his irresistible erudition, eloquence, and unction! As one of our learned bishops exclaimed at the laying of the corner-stone of an educational institution, "The majority of the crimes of the present time are the crimes of the educated. Let Education

arise, then, girded with the armor of Faith and Religion, to combat its vile likeness." Let us pray to St. Anthony to find gifted, glowing souls to kindle the fear of God among us.

In the New World, the great successor of the *Boanerges* of the apostolic day deserves our special homage and petitions. Churches, communities, schools, and households, placed under his care, never know his goodness to fail in answering fervent prayers. In the simplicity of beautiful faith, the children of the Church run to St. Anthony to find their lost treasures, to save the household from robbers, to prevent articles from being broken; his image is found alike in the housewife's department and in the oratories of the cloister. How many times have we seen a tiny print of St. Anthony drawn out of a well-worn purse!—how many times in the corner of an envelope, to speed a precious letter to its destination, the capitals "C. S. A." (care St. Anthony), or "S. A. G." (St. Anthony, guide)! Beautiful faith! may it ever increase!

On one of the high hills of Western Pennsylvania, overlooking the Alleghany River, stands an exquisite little chapel—unique, wonderful, costly, magnificent. It was built by a devoted priest, out of his own inherited wealth, to do honor to the relics of the saints. It would read like an extract from the "Arabian Nights" did we venture a full description of this astonishing work of private devotion. We may safely say there is nothing like it in America. Thousands of precious relics, cased in crystal, silver, and gold, line the walls in incrustations of carving and gilt from the floor to the dome. Light streams from above, and the walls are hidden by actual mosaics of reliquaries in every shape the imagination could picture. Shrines are erected on every side, and life-size figures of martyred saints, of exquisite workmanship, lie beneath them, displaying the ghastly wounds of their martyrdom to the reverent wonder and devotion of the spectator. Urns and vials, centuries old some of them, containing sacred relics taken from the Catacombs or the crypts of an-

cient shrines in the Old World, are here; the whole covered with costly plate-glass. The precious authentications of these relics, some crumbling with age, are enclosed in the fire-proof safes of this wonderful chapel. How these relics were obtained, and the account of their accumulation, would form a history of itself, not in keeping with the subject of this sketch.

Throned in the place of honor, near Our Lady's image, is a life-size Froc-Robert statue of St. Anthony of Padua, touchingly beautiful. He is the guardian of the sacred place, the chosen, beloved patron of the venerable custodian of this Chapel of Relics. "Child!" cries the enthusiastic ecclesiastic, as he points to the beautiful statue, "see St. Anthony! He gives me everything I want." And, looking at the good old man, with his long white beard, his black skull-cap, his loose cassock, his whole face aglow with fervor and animation, one can not help catching some of his enthusiasm and devotion, as, kneeling to kiss the relics of St. Anthony, you also receive the blessing with them.

Should you ever go to Pittsburg, dear reader of THE "AVE MARIA," cross the river to the twin city, and ask any one you meet to show you the way to Troy Hill. If it happen to be the 13th of June (the Feast of St. Anthony of Padua), the throng of devout people ascending the road to the Chapel of Relics will point out the way without further inquiry.

Let me add another incident to the glory of our Saint. In the chapel adjoining the stately and splendid Cathedral of Philadelphia there hangs a beautiful painting of St. Anthony of Padua. It is an *ex-voto*, placed there by the gratitude of the late holy Bishop Neumann. The story runs that he had mislaid an important and valuable paper, the necessity of producing which was so urgent that the good Bishop was greatly distressed. With lively faith he knelt down and prayed to St. Anthony to find the document, and to find it *at once*; and, said he, "I will place a painting of you where all my people may honor the glorious Saint

who has been so gracious to their poor Bishop." Such a prayer, in its strong urgency and large-hearted faith, could not be unheeded; almost miraculously the missing paper appeared, and the grateful Bishop sent to Europe the order for the painting. Before its completion, however, the Angel of Death touched the servant of God, and led him home. Everyone knows the startled thrill that went through the country at the news of that swift summons.

In the meantime the painting came over the sea, and when the noble Archbishop Wood, of precious memory, had been fairly installed in the then episcopal see of Philadelphia, he was amazed one day to receive the great picture of St. Anthony. Speaking of the occurrence to the writer, he said, with his benevolent, kindly features aglow with merriment: "I needed all the friends I could win just then, in heaven and on earth; so I wasn't going to refuse a welcome to St. Anthony, though he did come somewhat after the fashion of an unexpected visitor." And then he added, with that courtly graciousness of look and tone that was so charming in this great prelate, "I never repented of welcoming him." So the picture was hung in the Cathedral chapel, and many a grace and blessing descended on those whose fervent prayers pierced the skies.

Dear St. Anthony of Padua! how many conversions has he obtained: finding the light for straying souls,—light that had gone out in early storms,—or enkindling it in hearts prepared to receive the truth! How many happy death-beds are his work, how many restored years! How much joy and comfort in sorrow has he given to his children! Have recourse to his intercession, dear readers of THE "AVE MARIA." You should revere St. Anthony, for again and again has his name been honored in these columns; and, if his goodness follows its wonted course, we dare prophesy the little blue journal will never lose its high prestige. Our Lady and St. Anthony are a host of friends. Honor him, then, and ere your petitions die on your lips they will

be answered. Remember he is the especial patron for lost things. If you have lost aught of temporal or spiritual possessions, look to St. Anthony with a fervent heart; recite his quaint Responsory as found in the *Raccolta*—or in that little book, which all his clients should possess, "The Novena of Nine Tuesdays,"—and he will bring you succor. And when the gray shadows of death close around, may not the devout client of this Saint be assured of his loving guidance until he finds a glad entrance to the city of God?

St. Anthony of Padua, powerful through the love of the Infant God, obtain for us all we ask of thee!

MERCEDES.

Favors of Our Queen.

A MARVEL WROUGHT AT LOURDES.

MISS RICOME is about twenty-six years of age, and a native of Onet-le-Chateau, a little village about four miles from Rodez. In 1882, while performing some domestic duties, she received an injury in the lumbar region. The hurt brought on inflammation of the spine, from which she suffered much. However, she recovered sufficiently to be received among the Carmelite nuns at Mende, where we find her in 1885, with her lower members paralyzed. Dr. Boyer, her physician, pronounced her situation very critical, and, as she was only a novice, the rules of the convent required her to return to her family till her health was restored. She returned home on May 16, 1885, and was placed under the treatment of Dr. Julius Durand, of Tricherie. He held out little hope of her recovery, and told the mother that mortification of the spinal cord had set in.

On the 10th of the following month, the patient was removed to the hospital at Rodez. Next day she was visited by the attending physician, Dr. Bonnefous, who, after a careful examination, decided as Dr. Boyer had done. Two months' treatment of all that medical skill could do produced

no beneficial effect on the invalid. Sometimes the doctor would ask her if she tried to walk. "I tried," she used to say, "but found it impossible."

It was announced in the *Revue Religieuse* towards the end of July, the same year, that a pilgrimage was in contemplation from Rodez to Lourdes. Miss Ricome, contrary to the advice of the Sisters in charge of the hospital, decided to take part in the pilgrimage. On the day of departure she had to be carried to the railroad station. "Have confidence," said the Sister Superioress of the hospital to her; "we will pray for you. Come back cured." "If she comes back cured," said some of the bystanders, "it will be nothing less than a miracle." The patient's mother met her at the depot, and accompanied her on the journey.

Early next morning the pilgrims arrived at their destination, and Miss Ricome was borne on a litter to the Hospital of Our Lady of Dolors. When she arrived there Mass was being celebrated; she assisted, and received Holy Communion. After her thanksgiving she partook of a slight repast with her mother, and was then carried to the Grotto. Here she spent half an hour in fervent prayer, beseeching the Mother of God to obtain for her restoration to health.

From the commencement of her sickness, Miss Ricome had always expressed great confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin; but, strange to say, just at this time, when her confidence should have been greatest, she suddenly became discouraged, and no longer hoped for a cure. In this disposition of mind she was placed beside the *piscina*. When her turn came to descend into the water, two of the Sisters in attendance placed her on her feet, and handed her two crutches. These she could make no use of, however, and she had to be carried into the bath-room, where she was invested with the usual bathing dress. The nurses then stretched her on a sheet and immersed her in the water. She remained in it for about two minutes, praying earnestly with those around her, and was then lifted out, without having experienced anything more than

a slight chill. A few moments afterwards, however, a genial warmth slowly pervaded her whole frame, making her feel like one restored to a new life. Not knowing what to think of this, she made no remark about the change. Having dressed their patient, the nurses bade her stand up. To her great astonishment she found herself able to obey. She next tried to walk, and succeeded without difficulty. Her mother, who was weeping in a corner of the room, happening to raise her eyes and see the invalid moving about, suddenly cried out: "She is cured!—my daughter is cured!"

Miss Ricome finished her toilet without assistance or fatigue. She then left the room and proceeded to the Grotto, not far distant. One of the pilgrims walked in advance, carrying the crutches. She arrived at the Grotto without faltering. In the meantime 1,400 voices solemnly chanted the *Magnificat* in thanksgiving to Our Lady of Lourdes. A priest then addressed the multitude in few but earnest words, after which all recited the Rosary. During this devotion Miss Ricome was on her knees in the Grotto, her arms resting on the back of a chair. After the prayers were over she arose and quitted the Grotto in company with her mother. She returned home without experiencing any fatigue, more than that which a person in good health would have felt. Her appetite was excellent, and she slept well during the night.

The news of the miraculous cure had been telegraphed to Rodez, and Miss Ricome was received at the depot by a throng of joyful friends. She thanked them for their kind wishes, but appeared as quiet and tranquil as though nothing extraordinary had occurred. Next morning she rose early, and assisted for the first time at the Mass said in the chapel of the hospital. For eight months she had been deprived of the happiness of kneeling at the foot of the altar. From this time forward her health steadily improved, so that she was able to go back to the Carmelite Convent at Mende. Some time after she wrote as follows to the Abbé Lafon, chaplain of the hospital:

REV. FATHER:—The little invalid, Mary Ricome, whom you knew at the hospital, in St. Ursula's ward, takes the liberty of sending you a few items about herself. I have been somewhat tardy, perhaps: but I wanted to see if my health would stand the severity of the convent rules, and I am happy to inform you that it does. How grateful I am to Our Blessed Mother, Rev. Father, you can more easily imagine than I can express. Since my return here I find no difficulty in following the rules, with all their fasts and rigors. I am now able to engage in all sorts of occupations, and feel as though I had never been ill. We spend a good deal of the time on our knees; at first it tired me a little, but now I am used to it, and do not find it hard at all.

Please, Rev. Father, be kind enough to present my respects to the Sister Superioress, and to Sister Augustine, who was so good to me during my illness. And when next you visit St. Ursula's ward, please tell my former companions, the patients there, that I always think of them and pray for them.

The doctor here says that my cure is the work of the Blessed Virgin alone; there can be no doubt about it, and I confidently hope that She will continue to protect me.

The Holy Rosary not a Mechanical Devotion.

Catholic Weekly Review.

THE devotion of the Rosary is one that has been approved again and again by the Holy Fathers, and recommended by them to their spiritual children. It has been described by the Bishop of Salford as "the abridgment, or compendium, of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." It is the summing up of the Gospel story, bringing before our minds, for contemplation and meditation, the scenes and incidents in the life of Our Blessed Lord; and is of efficacy as a devotion, to the extent that the virtues and sufferings of the Son of God are explicitly or implicitly present to our thoughts. "The many *Paters* and *Aves* of the Rosary," says the Bishop of Salford in a recent pastoral, "should be considered not so much a repetition as a prolongation of the same chord of heavenly melody, just as the extension of a sweet chord is produced on some instruments by striking the same chords more than once," the Holy Names being repeated over and

over again as a celestial melody, and as a means of attuning our hearts to harmony and unison with God

And yet this admirable exercise, so calculated to raise the thoughts to God, receiving the highest possible blessing and sanction, practised alike by prince and by pauper, the learned and the ignorant, the most noble and the most abject, is referred to by Protestants as a truly mechanical method of devotion, and a wearisome exercise of vain and unnecessary repetition. Not long ago a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, in an article on "Mechanical Modes of Worship," assailed, among other Catholic exercises, the saying of the Rosary, as being "of a like nature with the prayer-wheels of Thibet and Japan," as "but a Christian reproduction of a Buddhist or Chinese devotion," and as a possible importation "from some heathen land,"—assertions that were admirably answered by the Rev. Father Clarke, S. J., in a paper which appeared in the ensuing number of the *Dublin Review*. After effectually disposing of the historical value of these wonderful hypotheses, and explaining the true character of the Rosary and its importance as a method of Christian worship, Father Clarke concludes his article with the following striking passage:—

"A mode of worship is wholly mechanical only when the continual action arises from no corresponding devotion of the heart. If a man recites parrot-like a formula of invocation to the Deity, and believes that in the mere recital of the words the virtue lies, quite apart from the thought that inspires them, or the object with which they are said, he would deserve the name of a mechanical worshipper. If he repeats words or sentences under the notion that they act as a sort of charm, to find favor with Heaven, even though his heart is full of iniquity and his will be in rebellion against the divine law, he might justly be charged with vain repetition. . . . But to assert the Rosary to be of this nature proves that he who makes the assertion understands not that of which he speaks. To imagine that a custom approved by the Catholic Church, practised with tender devotion by saints and bishops, men of genius,

and leaders of the world's thought, is but a silly routine of childish babble, is to insult the common sense of mankind, and to run counter to the elementary facts of human experience. If this were the character of the Rosary it would have died out long since, even if it had ever come into vogue at all.

"The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary is but another name for a handy and convenient method of meditation on the birth and life and death, the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is a device for persuading men to keep before their minds, in pious contemplation, for at least the short space of time required to say one 'Our Father' and ten 'Hail Marys,' the various mysteries connected with the Incarnation. That this is the mind of the Church respecting the Rosary, is shown by the fact that the indulgences conferred on those who recite it carry with them the express condition of pious meditation on the mysteries of Redemption. When the Rosary is said in public, a short prayer precedes and follows each decade, appropriate to the mystery, and calling on those present to turn their thoughts to the successive scenes which it commemorates. Thus we preface, for example, the First Glorious Mystery with the words, 'Let us contemplate in this mystery how Our Lord Jesus Christ, triumphing gloriously over death, rose again the third day, immortal and impassible.'

"What could better vindicate the Rosary from a charge of mechanism than this? I should like to ask those who attack this most practical and serviceable means of fixing our thoughts on the leading scenes in the life of Him who lived and died for us, what method they can suggest which will ensure, as this does, the pious remembrance of the love we owe to Him, and the inestimable benefits He has procured for us. I should like them to tell me how many calling themselves Christians, outside of the Catholic Church, spend each day the ten or fifteen minutes occupied by the recital of the Rosary in any holy thoughts such as are suggested by the contemplation of the mysteries which compose it; or what system, equally efficient, they can suggest for the guarding against a complete forgetfulness of Him amid the distracting scenes of a busy life. It is easy to sneer at it as a mechanical mode of devotion, and to accuse those who employ it of degrading religion to a mere for-

mal routine. You might as well accuse the mathematician, who is working out some intricate problem by the aid of lines and figures, of degrading a noble science to a mere method of investigation, because he uses those material means to enable him to realize the general truth of mathematical science. It is mechanical, if you like, but it is a mechanism which is but the framework of a devotion adoring our King and God in spirit and in truth. It is a mechanism associated with the love and fervor of the pious intention, contemplating the Saviour of mankind treading the weary path of His suffering and death. It is a mechanism which is the protecting shell, containing within itself the kernel of spiritual worship; it is a mechanism which forms the most convenient setting for the jewels which it holds together; it is a mechanism which kindles the electric spark of the love of God in many a pious soul, and causes many a flame of holy aspiration to flash heavenward to the throne of God."

Catholic Notes

Dr. Bland, the corresponding secretary of the National Indian Defence Association, has issued an interesting little paper on "The Indian.—What shall we do with him?" The answer he gives to his own question voices the sentiments, we believe, of almost every one who has given any attention to this interesting but painful subject. "What shall we do with the Indian? On behalf of the Association I in part represent, I answer, keep faith with him. Fulfil the treaties we have made with him, until, with his consent, they shall be modified or annulled. Educate him, or pay him the money we owe him and let him educate his own children. Pursue this policy, and in due time the Indians, as a people, will become civilized, intelligent, industrious, law-abiding citizens of the United States."

The precious remains of St. Francis Xavier have been preserved since the year 1623 in the large Church of Goa, India. Over the altar is a statue of St. Ignatius, and on the side is another of St. Francis Xavier—both of massive silver. The mausoleum of the Apostle of the Indies is the gift of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It consists of three stories, or tiers, and is surmounted with a silver coffin. The

lowest story is made of jasper, with statues of angels in Carrara marble; the next story, in jasper of various colors, has on each of its four sides a bas-relief in bronze, representing scenes from the life of the Saint. One shows St. Francis Xavier baptizing the Indians, and above may be seen the inscription, *Ut vitam habeant* (That they may have life). Another represents the Saint preaching to the idolaters, and bears the inscription, *Nox inimica fugiat* (Let unfriendly night disappear). A third bas-relief shows the apostle before the barbarians of the Isle of Mero, with the words, *Nihil horum vercor* (I fear none of those evils). The fourth represents St. Francis dying, and bears this inscription, *Major in occasu* (Greater in the end). The third story of the mausoleum is made of jasper and other precious stones, and the whole is a magnificent pedestal to the silver coffin which forms the crown.

An eminent Catholic author just returned to Paris from a visit to Rome, during which she was favored by Leo XIII. with a private audience, and permitted to assist at his Mass, has sent us a most welcome communication, portions of which we may be allowed to share with our readers:

"I received my Easter Communion from the hands of the Holy Father, and this compensated for every disappointment. He looked, as he sat in his chair in the Presence chamber, like a dying man who had been propped up to receive the last Sacraments; but those who see him daily assured me his vitality is strong, and that he is much less feeble than he looks. I heard Mass in his own oratory. There were seven of us assisting at it. He appeared like a spirit on the altar, or one risen from the dead. It was wonderful to hear him give out the *Ave Maria* after Mass, and wait for our response; wonderful to hear one's own voice joining his, the Vicar of Christ, in the *Salve Regina*. In Rome everyone says it out loud with the priest. I hope they do at Notre Dame. In France the congregation mutters it with him, *sotto voce*. I mean henceforth to say the *Salve* aloud, as the Romans do.

"The Government have done and are doing their best to destroy old Rome, uprooting large gardens and building big blocks of houses on the ground, clearing and setting in order the beautiful ruins, and altogether trying to disfigure the venerable old mother in every way. But she is still Rome, and like no other city, outside the heavenly Jerusalem, to us Christians.

"Cardinal Gibbons won all hearts, and American Protestants were as proud of him as the

Catholics. Mgr. Ireland and Mgr. Keane were also admired as representative men and bishops, whom your country had a right to be proud of."

In giving his reasons for refusing to allow a young Catholic lady to sing in the choir of a Protestant church, Monsig. Doane stated a principle which ill-instructed and lukewarm children of the Church in this country often losesight of. We gladly quote Monsig. Doane's words. Coming as they do from a priest who is a convert and an American, they have a special emphasis. He says: "It is allowed as an act of civil respect, or at least not considered a sin, to be present at a Protestant funeral, provided that no part is taken in the religious ceremony. Such is the teaching of the theologians, according to the circumstances of this country; though in other countries they are more rigorous, and even that is forbidden. There is a great principle underlying this, and that is that no Catholic has a right to tolerate, by personal participation or sanction, religious error. So long as we believe that the Catholic Church is the one only Church of God, it is evident that we can not co-operate with those religious bodies that refuse to submit to her authority, and deny her doctrines, and that have raised the standard of revolt against her. Socially, our relations with those not of our Faith should be of the most friendly character. We wish them well, serve them in every way in our power; pray for them, but not with them, and do all in our power to bring them to a knowledge of the true Faith."

"The idea of a Congress of English-speaking Catholics," says the *London Weekly Register*, "is still, perhaps, a dream—but a dream which seems likely to come true. London is the proposed meeting-place. The Cardinal Archbishop is greatly interested in the project, and it is understood that the hierarchy of America will act in concord with the prelates of this country. Among the subjects the Congress would discuss are those of religious progress, labor and capital, temperance and thrift."

The *London Saturday Review*, in a notice of a work by Professor Laurie on "The Rise and Constitution of Universities," has some remarks on the Middle Ages and on mediævalism which have little of the modern spirit of depreciation. They afford a refreshing con-

trast to most of the unintelligent newspaper criticism of the centuries before our own. The *Saturday Review*, as Mr. Matthew Arnold in one of his Essays in Criticism, has very justly pointed out, expressly aims at an immunity from the common newspaper-spirit,—aims "at being a sort of organ of reason; and by thus aiming, it merits great gratitude and has done great good." We feel sure this commendation will seem well deserved after a perusal of the following remarks taken from the article to which we have referred:

"To us the great charm of the present book is the way in which it shows, by the hand of a new professor of a new-fangled art, what, indeed, all scholars know, but what the general public still ignores—the fact how admirably wise these despised Middle Ages were; how, instead of trying, like their successors, to spoil the good things they had inherited, they tried to hand on things they had in better state to their heirs; how full they were of the practical spirit; what great things they could do with small means; how they loved science before the name of science had been specialized into a beggarly out-house of her vast and glorious palace; how powerless their alleged illiberalism and narrowness were to prevent the expatiation of the intellect in the largest sense,—an expatiation encouraged and fostered, not cramped or confined, by the efforts of the Church."

Most of our readers know something about the Tabernacle Society of Washington, D. C., and its aims and objects. These are twofold: first, to make provision for adoration and reparation toward the Blessed Sacrament; and, secondly, to furnish poor churches and newly-established missions with the most indispensable requisites for the divine service. We have before us the Society's eleventh annual report, a glance at which is enough to convince one of the great success which has attended its invaluable efforts. There are numbers of poor missions that would not be able to have the Holy Sacrifice offered for want of decent vestments and sacred vessels, if it were not that their needs are supplied by the Tabernacle Society. An association whose work is so close to the person of Our Divine Lord can not but be under His special care, and live always in the sunlight of His approving smile.

The most important public question in Italy to-day, remarks the *Catholic Review*, is the reconciliation of the Vatican and the Quirinal, and it is one that is openly discussed

by some of the most distinguished leaders and by all the prominent journals. A magnificent pastoral letter, published under the title of "Peace," by the Archbishop of Florence, Mgr. Cecconi, also touches on the question. Says the *Review*: "Garibaldi's old companion the Deputy Fazzari; the President of the Council of State, Count Cadorna; Deputy Toscanelli, and several influential journals, have begun the agitation, and proclaim that Italy and the Papacy must be friends, and that the only point for argument is as to the extent of the freedom and independence that the Pope should demand and the Government guarantee. And the Holy Father himself referred to the subject in a recent allocution. Possibly, therefore, our eyes may see the restoration of the temporal power, even if over a more limited territory than before the breach in Porta Pia,—a restoration which we have all along been persuaded would take place in God's own good time."

We learn that there have been a large number of notable conversions to the Church lately in Germany. Fraülein von Hillern, a well-known writer, has been received recently by the Archbishop of Friburg; and Baron von Lossberg, the nephew of a distinguished general, by the Bishop of Fulda. Moreover, two Protestant pastors have abjured their heresy at Mainz, and entered the seminary at Eichstädt, in order to prepare for the priesthood.—*London Tablet*.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
—2 MACH., xii., 40

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mrs. E. Murray, an exemplary Christian and a devout Child of Mary, whose happy death, after a short illness, occurred in Chicago on the 22d ult.

Mrs. Mary Patterson, who met with a sudden death in Philadelphia on the 29th ult. Her home was Emmittsburg, Md., where she was held in great esteem for her many Christian virtues.

Miss Mary F. Mehan, of Lowell, Mass., who departed this life on the 7th of April.

Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick, a venerable citizen of Lockport, Ill., who died on the 21st ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Alexis Philion, of Embrun, Ont.; Mr. John Doyle, and John W. Doyle, Sacramento, Cal.; Margaret Talbott, Philadelphia.

May they rest in peace!



Idle Words.

AH, me! these terrible tongues of ours,
Are we half aware of their magic powers?
Do we ever trouble our heads at all
Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall?
The latest chirp of that "little bird,"
That evil story "you must have heard,"—
We jerk them away in our gossip rash,
And somebody's glass, of course, goes smash.
What fames have been blasted and broken,
What pestilent sinks have been stirred,
By a word in lightness spoken,—
By only an idle word!

The Secret of the Ebony Box.

"In my time," said Colonel Leblond, "the superiors at St. Cyr were very strict in regard to leave of absence; so much so, that a student could not obtain a permission for even one day without the most serious reasons. Hence when the general at St. Cyr sent word for me to come to his office, and told me that I was allowed a week to visit my family, I was certain that some great sorrow was before me. My family consisted of my mother and some cousins of remote degree; for I had, alas! lost in a short interval my father and a lovely little sister only twelve years old.

"Overcoming the bashfulness which the cold and brusque manner of the general invariably produced, I asked: 'General, is my mother dangerously ill?—perhaps she is dead?'

"'No,' said the commanding officer, taking both my hands within his own, and pressing them warmly (for his heart was kind)—'no, it is not so bad as that; at least I hope not. Your mother is ill, and asks for you. See, she has written with her own hand.' And he passed me the letter, in which I recognized my mother's writing, although

the characters appeared to have been traced with a nervous, feeble hand. 'General,' she wrote, 'I am very ill, and desire to see my son; refuse me not this consolation, I entreat you.'

"Two days later I was in Marseilles, and at my mother's bedside. She had just received the last Sacraments, and all the circumstances indicated that she had not more than a few hours to live. After having embraced me long and fondly, she told me, in a weak voice, that I must be resigned to God's holy will; that my father and sister, with her, would always love me and pray for me in heaven, and she added, 'My dear George, I think that you are resolved to be a good man and a faithful Christian all through life; is it not so?'

"Of course I do,' I answered, while I sobbed aloud; 'I promise you I will.' Then I went to take a little repose, leaving a Sister of Bon Secours by the bedside; but the latter soon recalled me, for my mother was dying. Her eyes were misty, her breathing short; she made a sign to the good religious, who went to the mantle-piece and brought her a little ebony box, incrustured with silver. 'George,' said my mother, 'take this *coffret*, and promise me solemnly not to open it until you are thirty years old.'

"I promise it religiously, my darling mother!' I said, and kissed her revered hand, which traced a cross on my brow. She yielded her last sigh in perfect serenity, while kissing the crucifix that the Sister and I held to her lips; and those were the last words that we ever addressed each other.

"Two years after I was appointed sub-lieutenant, and ordered to join the expedition to Mexico. 'What shall I do with that little box?' I asked myself: 'take it with me, or leave it with other personal effects in charge of my notary?' I had become very curious as to its contents, and I said: 'I may be wounded, and if death should be imminent I may then open the box, even though I have not attained my thirtieth year.' So I concluded to take it with me across the wide Atlantic.

"During our campaign in Mexico the

general of our brigade ordered me to attack an ugly little fort—my company consisted of about thirty men,—when, lo! there came forth from its small enclosure a thousand well-armed troops, who not only obliged us to raise the siege, but cut off our retreat. After losing half my soldiers, I was going to surrender my sword and the fifteen remaining combatants, when I reflected that the pillaging Mexicans would not fail to seize our baggage, and consequently secure my little ebony box. This thought gave me new courage. I slung my valise (which contained the treasure) over my shoulder, and, giving the signal of attack, I opened a way with my brave soldiers through the ranks of three or four hundred Mexicans. We reached our camp—some of us. The Cross of Honor was the recompense of this daring deed,—that decoration which makes the soldier's heart on which it rests beat faster than the stars of officer or commander. It was the box that had won it for me.

"But that promise made to my dying mother,—that promise to live an honest man and a faithful Christian? Alas! I had kept it only by halves. During several years I had abandoned all the practices essential to a Christian life. In this deplorable state I attained my thirtieth year, and I then opened the ebony box. Great was my surprise to find that it contained the blue satin badge that I had worn on the day of my First Communion. On it were embroidered, by my mother's own hand, my initials and the date of that most important act. I burst into tears; I fell on my knees, and cried for pardon for my disregard of the sacred promises I had made to God and to my dying, beloved mother. Then I began to pray for my father, mother, and sister—a duty long neglected.

"To pray for them was to pray for myself. I do not say that I was wholly converted on that day; evil habits and the chain of unconquered passions are not so easily overcome and broken. But I began once more to pray; and to pray perseveringly always brings one to the feet of the priest, and to the Divine Heart of Jesus."

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

XIV.

And the Lieutenant did return, bless your soul! for he was a great hand at keeping his word; and during the next two weeks what Phil and Laurie did not see was not worth the seeing. Day after day the tall, straight young soldier, the little golden-haired lads, and quite often Mémé, wandered from hall to hall of the two great buildings, always finding something new, and always getting so interested in what they saw, that four o'clock pounced on them unawares, and hustled them breathlessly home.

One day it was among the great songless aviary of birds that would have made Audubon's heart leap with joy. Another day it was the enormous collection of American pottery—I don't mean fancy wares from New Jersey and New England, but *real* American pottery, made by our Indians. Row upon row, case upon case, of pots, bowls, lamps, water-jars, spoons, dippers, and—well, I suppose I could call it bric-a-brac, representing all branches of the art as practised by the Zuñis, the Santa Claras, the Moquis, and the Chiriquis. Some of it is pretty, some valuable, some merely odd and grotesque; but all wonderful as to design, shape, and coloring. Many of the patterns are as purely Greek and Egyptian as if they had come from the Ægean or the Nile; and the round vessels are so well turned it is hard to believe they are all done by hand, lathes being unknown to the makers.

The tramps didn't care much for the how and where at first, but after they had seen the models of the Mesas and their cities, with the queer terraced walls, the mica windows, the little ladders going down into the roofs of the houses, the bake-ovens, the chicken-pens, the *estufas*, the plazas, and the adobe churches, they pricked up their

ears when the tall young Russian,* who knows all about them, talked to Mémé and Wentworth, and before long they got so they could place many "pieces" fairly well by the rain-bird, the deer, the snake, the coyote, the shape, and the color.

They couldn't quite understand Mémé's interest in the Santa Clara black glazed ware; for they didn't take in the wonder of it—that the color is given by suddenly smothering the fire in which the vessels are baking, which drives the soot into the pores of the clay, where the abrupt cooling keeps it, and then the polish is given by hand-rubbing; but they liked the lamps, because nearly all of them are tripods with hollow legs, and in each leg are three slits, and through these slits can be seen and touched—with the tip of the nails or a pin—a clay marble that rattles about in the most fascinating way imaginable, and leaves you quite stupid with wondering how it got there. Also the Chiriqui exhibit, which gave them many a sweet laugh; for, really, such owls, fowls, birds, beasts, and bears would do credit to "The Crumpetty Tree's" menagerie.

But, after all, their greatest favorite in pottery hall was the model of the Swiss Lake-Dwellers. It is about the size of a card-table, and is simply charming—the little thatched huts built on piles in the lake; the reels with the nets drying; the men and women, dressed in little tunics, weaving nets; the small boys and girls dabbling along the edges of the floats and porches, and the largest figure no longer than your thumb-nail, and yet so well carved that the little faces have an expression. The water is the clear, beautiful green that you see at Niagara, and the rocks and weeds at the bottom are realistic.

Another day it was the mid-space, where cheek by jowl stand Stephenson's first locomotive—and a pretty good one it must be; for it was built in 1831, and was used on the Camden and Amboy Railroad until 1865;

* Mr. Cosmos Mindeleff, of the U. S. Geological Survey.

Benjamin Franklin's old press, on which he printed:

"Early to bed and early to rise

Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

and all the rest of those very useful (and uncomfortable) proverbs of "Poor Richard"; a case of Arctic relics, bearing the names of Sir John Franklin, Parry, and Hall—the great kyack-runners made from the timbers of the *Erebus* and *Terror*; a gun; moulded and mildewed records; journals and charts; bottles with specimens of Arctic soil enclosed; and a brass button with a palmetto tree and snake stamped on its face, which was presented by a native to one of Hall's men, who could never discover, however, where an Esquimau got a South Carolina badge; General Washington's uniform—doe-skin small-clothes, and blue cloth coat turned back with yellow; his camp-chest, his tents, and a pair of blankets his wife embroidered for him; the coat General Jackson wore when he captured New Orleans; Santa Anna's coat; the Chinese pagodas from the Centennial, with life-sized figures representing four classes of Chinese society—a mandarin and mandarine; a merchant and his wife; a lady with feet about three inches long, and her maid; and a coolie and his wife and child.

Then they were shown the entrancing model of "Life in Lapland"—a reindeer that might have been the Dancer or Prancer or Dunder and Blitzen of St. Nicholas; his saddle and harness; the kyack, the tent, tent poles, pots, pans, and kettles; the long snow-shoes that enable the Lap to fly over the drifts like a leaf in the wind; and the little lamp that is at once cook-stove and heat and light giver. An Arab—life-size,—his face of the noblest and finest Jewish type, with clear pale skin, and eyes like stars; his figure draped in a white and blue burnos and robes looped and trimmed with blue cords, tassels, and pendants; his feet shod in odd boots with slipper soles. A great Sioux chief in fringed deer-skins, with a war-bonnet down to his heels; and a case containing four of the most striking figures in the Museum.

The first is a Masai warrior of superb *physique*, his black skin lustrous, his wool crowned with a war-bonnet of black feathers about a foot and a half long; about his waist he wears a cincture and a sword; and on his right arm, an armlet; he carries a spear, and leans on a long ox-hide shield made and ornamented much like those of the Zulus. The second is a Bambara warrior; the face and figure are far below the perfection of the Masai, but still striking; he wears a moustache and two-peaked beard; a blood-red horn is bound on his forehead, a close-fitting garment of brown stuff hangs from his shoulders and is fastened about the waist, with long strings of bone, about an inch long, strung on ox-hide cords, knotted and looped profusely; his head is covered by a hood of the same cloth, similarly decorated; he wears a short sword, and carries a long bow and arrows. The third is a Soumali—a rich, coffee-berry brown man, with long, straight but bushy hair; he has on his left arm a small round target of raw-hide (exactly like the Highland soldiers used to wear), and carries two long spears; he is wrapped in a tunic of grass-cloth, and his arms and legs are bare. The fourth is a Woloff negro—a type of educated, cultivated black strange to us; and he *is* black, but his features are good, and he is dressed in black cloth relieved with white plaitings and embroidered in colored silk arabesques; wears a black skull-cap, and has hanging on his breast a short pipe and a tablet. His feet are shod in half slippers, and there is a distinct Scribe-air about him.

Another day the little party spent an hour in the room of Mexican relics. There, on a carved pedestal, is perched "the Vermilion God" (a piece of carving that reflects great credit on its sculptor)—an Indian sitting cross-legged; he is leaning forward, his face drawn and his eyes peering and piercing into space and he is daubed from top to toe with vermilion. At his back is the awful Goddess of Death—a woman's figure, but her head is of two great rattlesnakes coiled in many folds, and her

draperies are of writhing *crotali* and stone feathers. She has two supports carved in her sides, and it is supposed she was suspended on two pedestals. She has for a neighbor a large head of deep green serpentine, with tears (or coins) on its cheeks, a long nose-ornament, and an Egyptian head-dress surmounting its Nubian features. Near by are a stone grasshopper two feet long, which was the coat-of-arms of some ancient Mexican city, also daubed with vermilion; a pair of rather graceful vases representing the full and dark moon—the full, a face with irises and pupils to the eyes; the dark, a face with blank eyes, but a full moon cut *under* it, as if it had slipped out of sight; the God of Wisdom, a plumed rattlesnake with abundant rattles; an altar from the Temple of the Sun; and casts of the Sacrificial Stone, and the great Calendar Stone*—fair and white enough to look at, but stained by such dark and frightful legends that the tramps quite shook in their shoes, and gladly turned to the models of the Mesa and Cliff cities above named.

These include Montezuma's Well; Pueblo de Taos, which resisted every army that ever besieged it until *ours* stormed it on the way

* The original is in the museum of the city of Mexico, and is of basaltic porphyry. The cast, except as to color, is a perfect copy. It is eleven feet, eight inches in diameter, is circular in form, and, according to the best supported theory, represents the Mexican system of computing time. On its surface are carved, beginning at the centre:

A mask with ugly features, lolling tongue, and profuse decorations—the sun in his character of destroyer,—flanked by two serpents' heads with long fangs.

Around it four tablets, representing the four destructions of the world: (1) by wild beasts; (2) by hurricanes; (3) rain, and (4) a general flood.

A circle of signs expressing the names of the twenty days of the month: (1) the priest-mask of him who tacked on to the 360 days of the old sun-reckoning the five days known as *nemotemi*, nameless and so unlucky that they were spent in prayer, fasting, and religious ceremonies; (2) the wind; (3) a house; (4) the lizard; (5) the serpent; (6) the skull; (7) the stag; (8) the rabbit; (9) water; (10) the hound; (11) the monkey; (12) the *malinalli*, a creeping plant growing around a skull—the decoration of a hero fallen in battle; (13) the bamboo;

to Mexico, and, after a desperate struggle, captured it; Wolpi, one of the Moqui towns, in which the snake dance is given; Pueblo Acoma, which cost the Spaniards so much time, blood, and hard fighting to carry, and which is to-day almost exactly as it was at the time of the Conquest, except that now it is filled with Catholic Indians; Oraibe, the only one of the Seven Cities of Cibola* left; and Zuñi,† where—oh, think of it and weep for it!—the old church, with its carved beams, its richness, its consecration, is falling to ruin; its altar is desolate, and its enclosure is used as a sheep *corral*!

All that is left of its beauty and sacredness are a pair of statues some two feet high, mounted on a bracket near by, and a crown under whose circle is carved the symbol of the Sacred Heart. The figures represent archangels—St. Michael certainly, and possibly St. Gabriel; their faces and limbs seem to be of ivory, well carved; the corselet, shield, helmet, sword, plaited tunic, and vertical wings of the one, and the wide-spread wings and draperies of the other, being of bronze, or perhaps gold that is stained by the mould and damp of years. On the shield is an inscription, but "*Ut Deus*"

* So named in the old Spanish narratives. The cities against which Vasquez Coronado marched in 1540. He conquered them and had the people baptized, leaving monks and priests among them to instruct them: their successors continued the work until 1680, when the Indians revolted and drove out the Spaniards. The majority of the insurgent towns were recaptured and re-christianized, but Moqui-land never.

† The inhabitants of which claim direct descent from the dwellers in the "Seven Cities" (six of which lie scattered in ruins around them), and who are also pagan, as their forefathers—like the Moquis—refused to accept again either the Spaniards or the Faith.

(14) the tiger. (15) the king-vulture; (16) the eagle; (17) the sun-mask; (18) the sacrificial knife; (19) the rain-god's head; (20) the *Xochitl*, a flower.

A circle of days in clusters of five—five days to the week. The four triangular indices marking: meridian, 6 p. m., midnight, and 6 a. m. A circle of corn-kernels. A circle of ploughed ground, with widely-spaced corn symbols upon it. A circle of rain-clouds, dropping rain on the furrows. A great circle of cycles—fifty-two years in a cycle. Two

is all one can make out. 'Then there's a figure that is a Moqui god, but he looks so like—

"A pushing young particle,
What's-the-next-article?

Waterloo House, young man,"

with his banged hair and suave smile, that you'd never guess it. And a host more of things, too many to tell about.

They had come rather late that day, and so they meant to make the most of it; but the next half hour was more startling than entertaining; for in turning abruptly away from a hall full of very unpleasant skeletons, which Laurie described afterwards as "the meggies and the ickies and the armadillas" (megatheriums, ichthyosaurus, and giant armadillo) they found themselves in the Alaskan exhibit, which is made up largely of the most grotesque and uncouth carvings, profusely ornamented with real *teeth*. (Yes indeed, as if every man, woman, and child had emptied his, her, and its mouth to decorate their gods and goddesses; but they are dog's teeth.) And ugly weapons that look vicious, although the Thlinkit war knives are inlaid with nacre of the richest dyes; and the arrow and club throwing-machines are odd, and the bone-armor

heads supposed to be those of the famous old astronomer and his wife who devised the time system.

The stone was quarried, sculptured and set upon a sacrificial pyramid by King Axayacatl. Thousands of human victims were slain in honor of the event, the king in his character of high-priest dispatching one hundred with his own hand, and dying almost immediately from over-exertion and the results of certain ghastly duties imposed by his office. In 1521, when Cortez came he had the pyramid entirely destroyed; but the stone was placed on exhibition in the market-place, where the pyramid once stood (according to Father Duran, 1551-1569, who adds), but it attracted so much attention from both Spaniards and natives, that the Bishop of Montufar ordered it buried where it stood, so that the memory of the horrors committed on it might be forgot. It was forgot till 1790, when, in digging a ditch in the plaza, it was unearthed. The Viceroy Revillagigedo, after some discussion with the clergy, had it built into the side of the Cathedral, where it remained till a few years ago, when it was placed in the Museum, as stated.

well made. The baskets are better, being beautifully woven and well colored; but they "smell audibly" of whale-oil and blubber, and Phil and Laurie, after a sniff or two, politely said, "Let's go, please." And they did, taking a short cut through the Indian exhibit, to find the case of dolls dressed in the costumes of different countries.

Mémé and Wentworth followed, but halted a moment to look at some Sioux shields made of raw-hide capped with doe-skin, and decorated with eagle feathers and highly-colored native paintings of an owl, a buffalo head, a setting sun, or whatever totem struck the warrior's fancy or indicated his special name or deed.

The Lieutenant was in full swing explaining this frontier heraldry, when suddenly the tramps came scurrying back, half breathless.

"O Mémé! all the dead peoples' heads!"

"Where, my dearies?" she asked, quite startled.

"Round here; shelves and shelves of 'em!" said Phil, too excited to remember his *v's*.

"Yes, and they've got their eyes all shut, and look very uncomfortable," added Laurie.

"Well, look at these instead," said Mémé, pointing to the shields. "That fellow hasn't *his* eyes shut"—nodding toward an owl that was *all* eyes, with a very slight fringe of feathers, and a pair of claws to balance him on a twig.

"What do they mean?" she asked of Wentworth.

"They can't be the mummies," was his puzzled answer, as he pulled at his moustache; "and I can't—oh, yes! I think they are the colored casts of the Indian heads Henley has done; and uncommonly good they are, too."

And, as it generally happened, Wentworth was right; the tramps had run full tilt on the case containing the wonderful assortment of heads—Kiowas, Sioux, Cheyennes, Chippewas, and a host more,—reckoned by ethnologists the most valuable collection of the kind ever made.

And the end was not yet; for, after they

subsided a little, and got interested in looking at and criticising the shields, Laurie went down on his knees to peer at the lower shelves. Presently he plucked Mémé's skirts.

"Mémé," he said, "what do they have these in here for? They're just like the false things in that place you took me and—and—Phil to have our hairs cut."

"Why, so they are!" she said. "Why do they have them here, Mr. Wentworth? Are they samples of jute?"

"Scalps," he answered, and then could have bitten his tongue; for she drew back from the case, and turned very white, although her eyes never left the array of long, short, dark, fair and golden locks hanging—like Blue Beard's wives—"all of a row."

"Forgive me," he said, deeply vexed with himself. "I should have been more careful. I should not have let you see them at all, much less to blurt out in that blunt way what they are."

"Isn't it horrible!" she said, still looking at them with wide, fascinated eyes. "Look at that," and she waved her hand toward a braid of blonde hair, so soft, so silken, it must have belonged to a young girl or child; "and that"—indicating a mass of nut-brown, waving hair. "Oh, think of them, killed so suddenly! God have mercy on their souls!"

"I don't think," said Laurie, rising and dusting his knees and hands by the simple process of rubbing them together, "that this part is nice. Do you?"—with his face turned anxiously to his dear Lieutenant.

"I don't," answered Wentworth, emphatically. "Come, Miss Hastings, I want to show you a piece of fire-marble before we go; for it is the prettiest stone in the world, except Labrador spar."

And they spent a delightful while in the geological hall, among the garnets, amethysts, tourmalines, turquoise, diamonds, crystals, marbles, and spars, that make it look, as Phil said, "Like Aladdin-and-the-Wonderful-Lamp's Uncle had shaken his trees in it."

As the four o'clock bell pealed through

the corridors, they hurried out by way of the stuffed menagerie, with its dozens of tapirs, llamas, beavers at work (one with the mortar on his tail-trowel, and another sawing away at a tree like a good fellow), foxes, sea-lions, zebras, and all the rest of the Natural History broken loose (including our old friends of the last chapter); and as they went Wentworth did a very characteristic thing.

"Boys," he said, "you know I told you the other day *that* fellow was the sort of whale that bit the boats in two sometimes? Well, I asked about it, and I find I was mistaken. He's a 'hump-backed whale,' and the sperms that do the fighting are 'way over with the other big skeletons." Then, turning to Mémé, he added, "I don't think people can be too careful about getting things straight when they tell them to children. Grown persons can find out for themselves, but the youngsters take it all on faith, and it puts you on your honor, somehow—oh! by Jove, I wonder if we can't manage to stop one minute to see these?"

And he whisked into a small room, and in a glance showed them a pane of ground glass (apparently); a wheel hub, on which were the splintered remains of spokes about a half inch long; a white oak-tree (four inches in diameter), through which, bodily, was driven an inch plank; and a section of a large yellow pine, deep into the rent heart of which was blown a piece of an iron cooking-pot.

Then, as they made for the door with the velocity of a party of Croton roaches (watch them once, and see how fast they shoot along), he told them these were the wind's work. The glass was a plate from the lantern of the Nauset Light (Cape Cod), and was the result of a single gale of wind, which, blowing at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, sent such a sand-blast against the glass that there isn't a spot as big as your finger that is not abraderd. The others were a few of the results of a cyclone, and from all such may God and St. Michael preserve us!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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The "Orthodox" Russian and the Schismatic Greek Churches.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

THE Atlantic cable informs us that "the Pope and the Czar are negotiating with a view to the reunion of the Greek and Latin Churches; and that, as the Pope is willing to let the Greek Church retain its own manner of worship, it is expected that the negotiations will be successful." Good news certainly, and most consoling, if the history of past "negotiations" did not warn us not to be over sanguine as to the result of future ones.

In many minds the Russian, or, as it styles itself, the "orthodox" Church is synonymous with the schismatic Greek Church; but it is not schismatic Greek in origin, nor is it Greek in language, polity, or government. The schismatic Greek Church is composed of those Christians who recognize the spiritual jurisdiction of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, and is confined to the territories once embraced in the Byzantine (now known as the Ottoman) Empire,* with its vassal (now only *quasi* vassal) States—Egypt, Nubia, etc. The Russian Church communicates with the schismatic Greek, and, in spite of its own liturgy, which stoutly asserts the primacy

of the Roman See,* agrees with the schismatic Greeks in rejecting the authority of the Roman Pontiff; but it is, in every respect, a national church.†

The language of the Russian Church is not the Greek, but the Slavonic; and not the vernacular, but the Old Slavonic, with which the people are not familiar. Protestants are much mistaken when, reading that the Greeks, Syrians, Copts, etc., celebrate their services in Greek, Syriac, Coptic, etc., they imagine they discover an example for their own use of the vernacular. The languages used in the rituals of these peoples are very different from those in daily use.‡ Nor do the Russians owe their conversion to the Greek schismatic Church. This conversion was effected by the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church; for whether, as we learn from Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the first missionaries to Russia were sent by the Catholic Patriarch Ignatius (867), or, as

* The Russian liturgical books, written in Old Slavonic, are full of such testimonies. Thus, Pope St. Sylvester is called "the divine head of the holy bishops," Pope St. Leo I. is styled "the successor of St. Peter on the highest throne, the heir of the impregnable rock." To Pope St. Martin is said: "Thou didst adorn the divine throne of Peter, and, holding the Church upright on this rock which can not be shaken, thou didst honor thy name." Pope St. Leo III. is thus addressed: "Chief pastor of the Church, fill the place of Jesus Christ." St. Peter is called the sovereign pastor of all the Apostles—"pastyr vladytchnyi vsich Apostolov."

† It recognizes no earthly authority over itself but that of the "Holy Synod," a body entirely

* In 1833 the hierarchy of the new Kingdom of Greece declared its independence of the patriarch, and in 1868 that prelate recognized its autonomy.

Nestor asserts, they were sent by the schismatic Photius (866), it is certain that no real impression was made upon the Russian masses until toward the end of the tenth century,* when the Grand Duke Vladimir, called "the Apostolic," embraced Christianity; and at that time the Greeks were in communion with Rome. The revival of the schism, by Michael Cerularius, did not much affect the Russians. Not until the twelfth century were they entirely seduced from the Roman obedience. Then, with the exception of the Church of Galicia,† most of the Russians ceased to be Catholics. However, at the time of the Council of Florence (1439) there were as many Catholics as schismatics in Russia. (Bollandists: "September," v. 41.) About the middle of the fifteenth century, a second Photius,

* About the year 945 Olha, Olga, or Elga, widow of a grand duke (or king) of Russia, made a journey to Constantinople, and was there baptized. Returning to Russia, she vainly endeavored to convert her countrymen. But her grandson, Vladimir, having married Anna, sister of the Greek Emperor Basil II., was baptized in 988, and in a few years nearly all the Russians received the Faith. Those authors who assign the conversion of Russia to the ninth century, remarks Bergier, confuse the reign of Basil II. with that of Basil the Macedonian.

† Galicia, or Red Russia, returned to the Fold of unity under Pope Honorius III. (1216-27.) The two millions of Ruthenians, as they are called, use the Slavonic liturgy, and their secular clergy may marry before receiving Holy Orders.

dependent on the Czar. Originally, the metropolitan of Russia was nominated by the sovereign, and consecrated by the Constantinopolitan patriarch; but after the schism the czars began to act, more and more, as heads of the Church. In 1589 the Patriarch Jeremiah II. recognized Job, metropolitan of Moscow, as Patriarch of Russia, and as next in rank to him of Alexandria. In the reign of Alexis Michaelovitch, father of Peter the Great, Nikon of Moscow rejected the authority of Constantinople; and in 1667, Nikon having offended Alexis, he was deposed, and the power of his successors became nominal. Peter the Great finally, in 1721, placed the government of the Russian Church in a "Holy Synod," every member of which swears obedience to the Czar as "supreme judge in this spiritual assembly."

‡ Assemani: "Oriental Library," v. 4, c. 7, § 22.

Archbishop of Kiev, extended the schism throughout the land.*

The following remarks of Father Gagarin, than whom the reader will find no better authority on matters concerning the Russian Church, are worthy of attention: "It was only in a very indirect manner that the Russian Church was drawn into schism. The metropolitans of Kiev depended, in the hierarchical order, upon Constantinople. When the rupture between Rome and Byzantium took place, Kiev found itself separated from the centre of unity; but for a long time the Russians did not share the passions of the Greeks, and it may be said that, for a long period, merely a material schism subsisted between Rome and the Russian Church. But the clergy of Constantinople endeavored to imbue the Russians with their own prejudices and with their hatred of the Latins. They succeeded, and when the princes of Moscow manifested a design of attacking the independence of the Russian Church, this body could rely on itself alone.

"As yet no one has written the sad and

* Some authors opine that the schism of Cerularius did not affect even the entire Greek Empire in the 11th century. Certainly, Pope Alexander II. sent Peter, Bishop of Anagni, as *apocrisiarius* (agent, not legate) to the Emperor Michael Ducas in 1071, and he continued as such for a whole year. When, in 1078, St. Gregory VII. excommunicated Nicephorus Botoniates, it was only because of his having dethroned Ducas, who was in communion with the Holy See. Pope Paschal II. sent Chrysolanus (or, as some write the name, Grosolanus, or Proculanus) as legate to Alexis Comnenus. Alexander and Mansi hold that there was communion between the West and East for some time after the excommunication of Cerularius and his pretended retaliation of the same. It is noteworthy that Euthymus Zygabenus, who, by order of Alexis Comnenus, collected the sayings of the Fathers against each and every heresy, makes no mention of the Latins as heretics. Even in the twelfth century there were many Greeks in communion with Rome, as we learn from the many narratives of the Crusades, from the "Alexias" of Anna Comnena, from the "Life of Manuel" by Nicetas Choniates, and from the letters (B. IV., Nos. 39, 40) of the Venerable Peter of Cluny to the Emperor John Comnenus and to the Patriarch of Constantinople.

touching history of the struggle which this Church, isolated from the West, and betrayed by the East, sustained against the growing ambition of the grand dukes and czars of Moscow. And, nevertheless, that history has some beautiful pages. If the Russian Church succumbed, it was not without combat or without glory. Ivan III., if not from conviction, at least ostensibly, belonged to a sect which designed to substitute Judaism for Christianity. The metropolitan of Moscow had been seduced, but the Russian Church preserved sufficient strength and independence to condemn the impure doctrines. When Ivan IV., who much resembled Henry VIII. of England, shed the blood of his subjects in torrents, and trampled on the authority of the Church to gratify his passions Philip, metropolitan of Moscow, spoke to him with apostolic liberty, and sealed his remonstrances with his blood. But the Church continued to lose ground, and when Boris Godounov transformed the metropolitan of Moscow into a patriarch (1588), that elevation was, in his mind, for the purpose of furnishing the Czar with a willing tool."*

Although the "orthodox" Russians and schismatic Greeks, like the Nestorians and Jacobites, are witnesses to the antiquity of many dogmas which Protestants regard as modern human innovations, Protestant polemics ever show much sympathy for the aversion cherished by these schismatics toward the Holy See. The children of the Reformation have often endeavored to enter into communion with these separatists, but their efforts resulted, each time, only in a formal condemnation of Protestant tenets by the progeny of Pnотius and Cerularius. Two of these attempts at union between the Eastern and Western opponents of Rome merit attention.

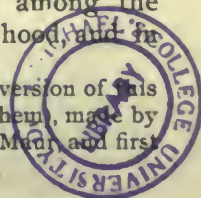
In 1574 Stephen Gerlach, a Lutheran, and preacher to the imperial embassy at Constantinople, was urged by many of his co-religionists to obtain from Jeremiah II., Patriarch of Constantinople, an endorse-

ment of the "Confession of Augsburg" as consonant with the faith of the schismatics. But Jeremiah combated the "Confession" as heretical, with tongue and pen. In 1672 Dositheus, schismatic Patriarch of Jerusalem, convoked a synod to consider the doctrines of Calvin, and the synodals said of the Lutheran overtures to Jeremiah: "Martin Crugius, and others well versed in the new doctrines of Luther, sent the articles of their 'Confession' to him who then sat on the throne of the Catholic Constantinopolitan Church, that they might learn whether they agreed in doctrine with the Oriental churches. But that great patriarch wrote to them—yea, against them—three learned discourses, or replies, wherein he theologically and Catholicly refuted their entire heresy, and taught them the orthodox doctrines which the Oriental Church received from the beginning. However, they paid no attention; for they had bidden farewell to all piety. The patriarch's book was issued, in Greek and Latin, at Wittemberg in Germany, in the year of salvation 1584; but before the time of Jeremiah, the entire doctrine of the Oriental Church had been more fully set forth by the priest John Nathaniel, procurator of Constantinople, in his 'Treatise on the Sacred Liturgy'; and after the said Jeremiah, this was also done by Gabriel Severus Moreanus, Archbishop of our brethren of Crete, in his book on 'The Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church.'"

Another and more celebrated attempt to unite the Western innovators and the Eastern schismatics was made in the seventeenth century. Cyril Lucar a Candiot, was sent to the University of Padua when a youth, where he studied under the famous Margunius, Bishop of Cythera. After his graduation he travelled in Germany, and became infected with the new doctrines. Nevertheless, on his return among the Greeks he received the priesthood, and in

* We have followed the Latin version of this Synod of Jerusalem (or of Bethlehem), made by an anonymous Benedictine of St. Maur, and first published at Paris, in 1676.

* "La Russie. Sera-t-elle Catholique?" Paris, 1856.



time became Patriarch of Alexandria. In 1621, having bribed the Grand Vizier with money furnished by the Calvinists of Holland, he was appointed Patriarch of Constantinople. He began immediately to teach Calvinism; the clergy revolted; Cyril was exiled to Rhodes, and Anthimus of Adrianople was placed on the patriarchal throne. However, the intrigues of the English ambassador caused the Porte to recall Cyril, and he soon published a "Confession of Faith" of the most Calvinistic type. In 1636 the indignation of the Greeks compelled the Porte to again banish the innovator, but after three months he was once more recalled—only to be bow-stringed, by order of the Porte, in 1638.*

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

The Sacred Heart.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

PASSED Gethsemane's dark vigil, bloody
sweat and grateful chalice,
Black betrayal, weak denial, Pilate's forum,
Herod's palace;

Thorny crown and mocking sceptre, bitter
scoffing, cruel scourging;
Slow ascent of steep Golgotha, 'mid the rabble's
angry surging;

Human agony of dying fearful hours of shadowed
gloam,
Radiant dawn of Easter morning with its glad,
triumphant story;

Passed the solemn parting moments, man and
Godhead strangely blending,
Sharp-edged pain of desolation, then the Paraclete
descending;—

Now, His Sacred Heart unveiling, calm and
silent He reposes,
Where anointed hands have laid Him, in the
beauty of the roses.

* Spondanus: y. 1627, no. 9; y. 1638, no. 14; y. 1639, no. 12.—Claude: "Réponse à La Perpétuité de la Foi," La Haye, 1670.—Hottinger: "Analecta Hist. Theol."—Du Pin: "Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclésiastiques."—Thos. Smith: "Life of Cyril Lucar."

Still the echo of young footsteps in the quiet
chapel lingers,
Still untrampled lie the flowers softly dropped
by childish fingers,

Where, with reverent touch and holy, down
the shadowed aisles they bore Him,
Clouds of incense floating upward, summer
blossoms strewn before Him;

While from many an eye unbidden tears of
wakened love were falling,—
Tears thrice sanctified, to Heaven in their
mystic language calling.

And from many a heart unstifled rose an an-
guished cry of pleading
For lost, wandering sons of sorrow, mother-
voices interceding.

Till enraptured with the Beauty filling all the
air around us,
Earth and pain were things forgotten, Love
and Joy and Heaven had found us.

Though the moment passed too swiftly, still
unwearied He reposes,
Watching, waiting, loving, hidden 'mid the
beauty of the roses.

Eyes world-blinded and unmindful of the
golden store He offers,
Drop the veil and feast unchided on the rich-
ness of His coffers.

Ears untuned to sounds of Heaven, or grown
deaf to strains immortal,
He is whisp'ring, He is pleading—mercy owns
no barred portal.

Lips firm set in stern defiance—man may pass
the vain dissembling,
But He marks your boastful weakness, He is
watchful of your trembling.

Hands unwilling for the contest, things of clay
in life's endeavor,
He can lift you from your proneness, He will
give you strength forever.

Feet all travel-stained and faltering, He but
lifts His sacred finger,
And anew your steps press onward; why then
fearful—wherefore linger?

Hearts grief-stricken or fast-fettered with the
old, old sinful fashions,

He has tears for human sorrow, pity still for
human passions

Souls down-trodden in abasement, all your
Christian faith disproving,
Who like Him so all-forgiving? who like Him
so truly loving?—

Fondly mindful of that promise that can
change its import never,
"All days shall My peace be with you, and
abide with you forever."

Always opening wide the portals of His love
in eager yearning,
With a father's joyous welcome to the prod-
igal returning

But more generous, if it may be, here to-day,
where faintly lingers
The pure breath of summer blossoms softly
dropped by childish fingers;

Where, with reverent care and holy, hands
anointed gently bore Him,
Clouds of incense floating upward, June's
bright flow'rets strewn before Him.

And more tender, if it may be, that His love-
liness reposes
In the bower our hands have made Him, in
the beauty of the roses.

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE period of waiting ended very ab-
ruptly one day. It was by this time soft,
Indian-Summer weather, and Marion was
seated in the garden with Helen one after-
noon, mellow sunshine and brilliant masses
of flowers all around them, when a servant
appeared with the intelligence that Mr.
Singleton was in the house and wished to
see her.

"Mr. Singleton!" she repeated, a little
startled. "What Mr. Singleton?"

"Mr. Tom, ma'am," replied the servant,
who had been accustomed to distinguish
him in this manner during the life of the
elder Mr. Singleton.

"Oh!" she said. And then she turned
to Helen with a faint smile. "I don't know
whether I am relieved or disappointed,"
she observed. "I thought it was the other."

"But the other would hardly be likely
to come without warning—and alone," re-
turned Helen.

"That is very true. But I wonder what
this Mr. Singleton can want—if he has any
news?"

"You can only find out by going to see,"
said Helen.

"Yes," assented Marion. She rose as she
spoke, and made a few steps toward the
house, then paused and looked back like
one who is taking a farewell. "The crisis
must be at hand," she said. "I feel as if I
were on the verge of a great change. When
I see you again, Helen, I may be dispos-
sessed of all my riches"

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Helen, in a
matter-of-fact way. "How can you be dis-
possessed in so short a time?"

The other laughed. "If 'twere done
when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were
done quickly," she said, and so went on
toward the house.

Mr. Singleton, who was awaiting her in
the drawing-room, came forward and shook
hands very cordially. They had always
been good friends, and he had a very kind
feeling toward the beautiful and compara-
tively friendless girl. This kindness had
now an emphasis, which she perceived, to-
gether with something of compassion. She
looked at him and smiled.

"Has the true heir appeared?" she asked;
"and have you come to warn me to pre-
pare for abdication?"

"How shrewd you are!" he said. But, in
truth, he was much relieved that she was
shrewd enough to divine the object of his
visit,—a visit which it had required a con-
siderable effort on his part to undertake.
"The true heir—if you consider him so—
has appeared; but there is no question of
abdication for you. He will be very glad if
you will consent to compromise, and so
save him a contest over the will."

She sat down in a chair conveniently near,

looking a little pale. Notwithstanding her question, she had not really anticipated such positive assurance at once; and recognizing this, Mr. Singleton regretted having been so abrupt.

"I thought you expected it," he said; "but I see that you were not quite prepared. I am sorry—"

She put up her hand with a gesture which stopped his words. "There is nothing for which to be sorry," she said. "Of course I expected it, but perhaps not so immediately or so positively. But I don't mean to be foolish: I intend to be quite cool and business-like. Mr. George Singleton has arrived, then. Have *you* recognized him?"

"Perfectly. He has changed very little, considering all things, and there can be no question of his identity."

"Are the other members of the family, and friends of the family, as positive as yourself?"

"Yes: no one has a doubt but that it is George. In fact, no one could have a doubt who had ever known him. He was twenty years old when he went away, and of a very marked personal appearance. The change of sixteen years is by no means so great as might be imagined. Appearance, manner, habits—all prove that he is George himself. Indeed I must be quite frank, and tell you that there is not even a peg on which to hang a doubt of his identity."

She looked at him for a moment in silence, her brows drawn together by the earnestness with which she seemed trying to read his face. At length she said, slowly: "I must trust your opinion; I have no one else to trust. And I do not think you would deceive me."

"I certainly would not," he answered, gravely. "Why should I? Putting honor aside, I have nothing to gain by espousing George Singleton's cause. As a matter of fact, I do not espouse it at all. I merely come to you as a friend, and tell you that he is certainly the man he claims to be. And, under these circumstances, I think your best plan will be to compromise with him as speedily as possible."

"Of that there is no question in my mind," she said, with her old air of pride. "If I could, I would not retain the fortune of a man whose son is living. Tell Mr. George Singleton that I will turn over his father's estate to him as soon as may be."

"But that," said Mr. Singleton, with energy, "can not be allowed. As one of the executors of the will, I should protest against it. Whether my uncle believed in the death of his son or not, we can not know; neither can we know how he would have acted if he had certainly been aware of his existence. All that we have to deal with is the simple fact that he left his fortune to you without even mentioning his son's name; and this being so, it is not demanded of you; it is neither just nor right that you should turn it all over to him."

"But he is the natural and rightful heir to it, and no one shall ever say of me that I grasped or held what rightfully belonged to another."

"My dear young lady, you said a moment ago that you intended to be quite cool and business-like in discussing this matter. Allow me, then, to put it before you in its business-like aspect. You are at the present time the lawful possessor of my uncle's fortune by his direct bequest, and unless the courts set aside his will you must remain so. The issue of an attempt to set aside the will is, of course, uncertain, and the contest would be long, troublesome and costly to all concerned. Recognizing these facts, George Singleton says that he is willing to agree on a liberal basis of compromise. And, since my uncle certainly wished you to have *all* his fortune, why should you refuse to retain a part of it?"

"I have already told you, because in justice it belongs to his son; and why should I keep a part any more than the whole of what is not justly mine?"

Mr. Singleton had an air of saying to himself, "Heaven grant me patience!" but, possessing a good deal of that quality, he said aloud: "How in the name of common sense can that be held to belong to George Singleton which has been given to you?"

Honestly, if you divide with him it is as much as you can be expected to do."

"It is something I should despise myself for doing," she said, with a sudden flush of color in her face. "You are very kind, Mr. Singleton, and I really believe that you are considering my interest in this matter. But you forget the position I occupy—that of an interloper who has come in to take a fortune away from its natural heirs, and who, no doubt, is held to have schemed to that end. *You* know better than that, I am sure; but the world does not know better, and Mr. George Singleton does not know better. Now, I shall be glad to prove that, although I value wealth and desire wealth—why should I deny it?—I would not acquire it at the cost of my self-respect. Since you say Mr. Singleton's son is certainly living, I do not feel that I have a right to keep his fortune any longer than I can put it out of my hands. Pray be good enough to tell him so."

"My dear Miss Lynde, I can not agree to tell him anything of the kind. You must positively take time for consideration and advice."

She shook her head. "I do not need time, and I shall certainly not seek advice. I have already made up my mind what to do. Can you imagine that I have not considered this in the weeks that I have been waiting? If you decline to give my message to Mr. Singleton, I shall have to communicate with him directly myself."

"It would be best that you should communicate with him directly, if you could by that means be brought to look at the matter in a reasonable light, and see that there is no possible cause why it should not be arranged on the basis of a liberal compromise. Half a million is surely enough to divide."

She put out her hands, as if to push the proposal from her. "I will not hear of it," she said. "I will not seem to grasp money which is not mine. Do not argue the point further, Mr. Singleton. I appreciate your kindness, but I can not yield."

"Well," he said, reluctantly, "I am sorry

for it. Believe me you are making a great mistake, and one which, in the nature of things, you must regret as time goes on. We are not young and impulsive forever, and some day you will say, 'I had a right to my share of that fortune, and I was wrong to give it up.'"

"It may be," she answered, "but I can not keep it now—I can not! Where is Mr. George Singleton?—where can I address him, if you will not take my message to him? It is impossible for me to address him through his lawyer."

"He will have no use for a lawyer if you persevere in your intention," said Mr. Singleton, shrugging his shoulders. "As for his address, he is here in Scarborough, and quite ready to wait upon you at your convenience, if you will receive him."

She started. This was coming a little closer than she anticipated. And yet, she asked herself, why not? "'Twere well it were done quickly," and it seemed likely now to be done quickly enough. After a moment she said, steadily: "There is no reason why I should not receive him whenever he likes to come, since you assure me that he is really the man he claims to be."

"Of that there can be no doubt."

"Then let him come—the sooner the better. But do not let him bring Mr. Rathborne with him. That person I can not receive."

"I will come with him myself," said Mr. Singleton. "I should not have thought of doing otherwise."

She held out her hand to him with a grateful gesture. "You are very good to me—very kind," she said. "I shall never forget it."

"I wish you would let me be of some use to you, by taking my advice," he answered.

But when he went away it was with the reflection that women are surely obstinate creatures, and, however charming they may be, they are, as a rule, quite devoid of reason. Marion had proved immovable in her resolution, as also in her determination not to take advice on it. Once fully assured that the man purporting to be Mr. Singleton's son was really so, her mind was

made up what to do. She went back into the garden like one moving in a dream, and told Helen the news.

"The fairy tale is over," she said; "my fairy fortune is about to slip away from me. Am I sorry? I think I am more apathetic just now than either glad or sorry. It has not brought me one day of happiness, but I know the world well enough to be aware that it is better to be rich and unhappy than poor and unhappy. Poverty aggravates every other evil; and yet I am not grieved to have the opportunity to prove that I am not so mercenary as—some people doubtless believe me. Brian Earle will not think that I have schemed for his inheritance when he learns that I have voluntarily given it up to his cousin."

Helen looked up with a keenness of perception which was rather unusual in her soft eyes. "I think," she said, "that *that* is the consideration which moves you chiefly. But is it altogether a right consideration? Mr. Earle does not injure you by believing what is untrue of you, but you will injure yourself by giving up everything, and surely you are not bound to do so. If Mr. Singleton had not desired you to have part at least of his fortune, he would never have left you all of it."

"One would think you had heard the arguments of the gentleman who has just gone away," said Marion, smiling. "Dear Helen, don't make me go over it all again. I fear that it is more pride than conscience which makes me feel that I must resign the fortune. But I can never recover my own self-respect until I have done so. And my own self-respect is not another name for the respect of Brian Earle. If I were conscious of being right I might not care that he thought ill of me; but my own judgment echoes his. I have been willing to barter everything of value in life for money, and now it is right enough that the money should be taken from me. I feel as if by giving it up altogether I might recover, not what I have lost—I do not dream of that,—but the right to hope for some form of happiness again."

Helen gravely shook her head. "You talk like a pagan," she said. "All this sounds like propitiating the gods, and sacrificing to fate, and things of that kind. The fact is, you are trusting entirely to your own judgment in the matter, and that is strange; for there seems to me a point of conscience involved. Either you have a right to a part of this fortune, or you have not. If you have, why should you give it away to a man who does not ask it and does not need it? While if you have not a right, there would be no more to be said about it; you would have the consciousness of some firm ground under your feet, and no reason hereafter for regret."

"Helen, you astonish me!" said Marion, who certainly looked astonished at this unexpected view of the case. "How on earth did you contrive to get at the kernel of the thing in that manner?"

"Why, there is nothing surprising in that," remarked Helen. "It is the way any Catholic would look at it. Things like that never trouble us. There is always a plain right or a plain wrong."

"And where do you find the law or rule by means of which to tell what is right and what is wrong?"

"There is no difficulty in that," was the reply. "We have certain very clear rules given us, and if there is any difficulty in their application we know where to go to have the difficulty solved."

"To a priest, I suppose?"

"Yes, to a priest. You can not think that strange if you remember that the priest is trained in the most special and careful manner, as well as enlightened by God, in order to enable him to deal with such difficulties."

There was silence for a minute or two, while Marion, leaning back in her chair, looked up at the deep-blue sky, and some golden boughs that crossed it. Presently she said, in a meditative tone:

"There do not seem to me to be any difficulties to speak of in this case, but I should not mind putting it before some one altogether outside of it, and without any

interest in it. Still, I could not go to a priest, because I am no Catholic."

"You are more of a Catholic than anything else," said Helen. "You know that. And I think if you went to Father Byrne, and put the abstract question to him, he would tell you what is right."

"You forget that I have no right to go to him. It would be presumption on my part. Why should I, who do not belong to his people, trouble him with my personal affairs?"

Helen smiled. "You don't know Father Byrne," she answered. "He is always glad to serve any one; I know that, even as a friend, he would gladly advise you. I will ask him, if you consent."

"Ask him what?"

"To see you and tell you what he thinks."

"Helen, you should not tempt me to make myself a nuisance. Besides, Father Byrne does not like me, and that renders me more reluctant to trouble him."

"What has put such an absurd idea in your head? Why should he not like you?"

"Why? Ah! who can answer such questions? But really in this case there is an easy answer. He thinks me an objectionable sort of girl; I used to see it in his face when we met at your mother's house. He would look at me sometimes with a mild but quite decided disapproval when I had been saying something particularly frivolous or satirical; and I did not blame him in the least. How could he approve of me? You are the type of girl that he approves, and he is quite right."

"Marion, I wish you would not say such things."

"But they are true things. And, then, of course he knows the story of how your engagement ended, and very likely thinks me worse than I am, in regard to that. Then I am worldly to the tips of my fingers; I have inherited a fortune to which I have no right, and—well, there is no good in going on. These are quite sufficient reasons why Father Byrne does not like me, and why I should not trouble him."

"All this is absolute nonsense; and I will

prove that it is, if you do not positively object. I will go to him and ask him to see you, and you will find how quickly he will say yes."

Marion laughed a little—a laugh without any merriment, only a kind of sad self-scorn. "Upon my word," she said, "I am in so weak a frame of mind that a straw might influence me; and this being so, it is a comfort to trust to you, who will never lead any one wrong. Go to Father Byrne, if you will; but don't be surprised if he declines to have anything to do with me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XIX.—TURIN AND MILAN.

WE are back again in the broad plains of Northern Italy. Nothing can be more tiresome than the repetition of league-long vineyards that are in themselves unpicturesque; for in the North the vines are clipped and twined about young trees, planted for supports; how unlike the swinging hammocks woven of leaves and filled with clusters of ripening fruit, such as are seen in the vicinity of Naples and all over Southern Italy!

Though Augusta Taurinorum (founded by the Taurini, a Ligurian tribe) was destroyed by Hannibal, B. C. 218, subsequently re-erected, became the capital of Piedmont in the Middle Ages, and in 1418 was subject to the Dukes of Savoy, who resided here;—though it was the capital of United Italy before Rome, and as early as 1813 had a population of more than 200,000;—though it boasts a university with 1,500 students and 85 professors, and is as brisk and thriving a city as any in Italy—it is as flat as a pancake, and possesses little that is of interest to the foreigner.

A wooded hill, crowned with a Capuchin convent, rises in one corner of the city; it is the only elevation within many a dusty

mile. This hill has always been a point of considerable importance in the military history of Turin; it could hardly have been otherwise; for it, alone, commands the town.

A winding road leads to the barred gate of the convent on the hill; trees line it on both sides; crosses and shrines are placed at intervals by the wayside, and there are seats under the boughs for the accommodation of pedestrians. A low wall is built about the brow of the hill; everything is kept scrupulously clean and tidy; in fact, the utmost care has been taken, so that not an inch of the precious eminence is wasted.

The view is certainly fine. At our feet flows the Po, its banks white with bleaching linen; the Dora, a less significant stream, takes a turn through another quarter of the town, and these two meet out in the great plains beyond the city, to join forces and compare notes. A thin veil of smoke and dust hangs over the houses and obscures the suburbs; but in the centre of the town rises that extraordinary structure, the Jewish Synagogue, looking like another Tower of Babel. Beyond the far-stretching plains loom the Alps—Monte Rosa, Grand Paradis, Monte Levanna, and Mont Cenis.

I wish the city were not quite so regular; it looks as if it had been well raked, and the delightful tangles are all out of the Italian streets. The truth is, Turin has been entirely rebuilt; no one would suspect it of having any history beyond the last century at the farthest. The people look and act modern. There are sidewalks here—which is rather uncommon in Italy; pedestrians are usually driven to the middle of the roughly-paved streets, to take their chances with beasts and vehicles. On the whole, since we are in Italy, I think I prefer less bustle and fewer modern conveniences; more moss and mouldering walls, and sleepy people lounging in the sunshine, waiting for the night to come.

SS. SUDARIO —Back of the high altar in the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist is the Chapel of the Sacred Cloths—the Winding-Sheet in which the body of Our Lord was

laid. The cathedral was dimly lighted when we entered it. Above the high altar, through great windows which separate the chapel from the nave, we saw the solemn and mysterious chamber where the sacred cloths are stored. As it was after the hour when the public is admitted to the chapel by the steps at the side of the high altar, we were obliged to seek an entrance through the grand hall of the episcopal palace, and were fortunate enough to obtain it.

The chapel is round and lofty; it is a high dome of jet-black marble, lit by windows sunk deep in the upper walls. Below are memorial groups cut in white marble. In the centre stands a sumptuous altar, upon which is the urn containing the precious relic. What light finds its way into the chapel is reflected and dispersed so evenly by the highly polished surface of the circular walls, that it is difficult to discover whence it emanates. One almost imagines that the altar sheds a soft radiance, and that the statues are voiceless angels watching forever in the solemn splendor of the holy temple. I know of nothing in Italy that equals the sombre beauty of the Chapel of the SS. Sudario.

LA CONSOLATA.—Turin has her famous Madonna. Three chapels, that have grown together and become a triple church, enshrine this marvellous picture. At La Consolata there is a large room filled with pictures; they are, as a rule, the most wretched specimens of art that can be found anywhere, because they are the votive offerings of the poor, who can not afford to give better ones. The collection is not only curious: it is pathetic; the stories so badly told in the miserable daubs of paint are so many pages out of lives that are examples of trusting faith—examples rare enough in these days.

When I looked from the crowded gallery—it is always filled with worshippers—into the Chapel of the Madonna of Consolation, brilliant with a thousand flaming candles, and fragrant with beds of living flowers, I felt that She indeed was a source of consolation, a flowing fountain of refreshment. Numberless are they who repair

daily to Her shrine, to find spiritual health and strength and peace; for the very air is fragrant with the prayers of those who "hope all things, trust all things, believe all things." . . .

MILAN.—She is the Paris of Italy. As modern in appearance as Turin, she is far more attractive; her streets are not quite so straight as those of the City of the Plain, nor her sidewalks so numerous; and, moreover, she has some novelties in the architectural line.

The Galleria is one of these. Imagine two streets crossing each other at right angles, and having a kind of circus in the centre; they run between four fashionable blocks of lofty buildings, and are roofed over with glass; a high crystal dome covers the circus. It is always fair weather in the Galleria for the four entrances are partially enclosed, and the temperature is equalized.

Within this gallery are some of the finest shops of Milan; up and down these broad, marble-paved streets, under the glass that arches from the roof of one four-story building to another, the Milanese are continually promenading. At night the Galleria is lit by ten thousand gas jets, that surround the dome with a wreath of flame, and spangle the long eaves of the house-top as with a procession of fire-flies.

THE ARCO DEL SEMPIONE.—It stands in the edge of the town; was begun in 1804, by Napoleon I., but not completed till 1830, when the reigning emperor dedicated it to suit himself; for Napoleon had had his day. One wonders what right it has to be standing alone, surrounded by an iron railing, in a dreary and unfinished corner of the town. One wonders, also, what the Goddess of Peace, in her chariot drawn by six prancing steeds, is doing on the flat roof of an affair of this kind. Four mounted Victories, at the four corners of the Arco, wave wreaths of laurel wildly in the air; and the whole elaborate structure, wrought in white marble, is dust-colored and looks as useless and out of place as possible.

When one has seen it he comes away without having got from it any impression

whatever, save that triumphal arches that are not legitimate gateways to fields more or less Elysian are not one-half so profitable or pleasing as memorial statues. There is the statue of Cavour, for example,—the grand figure of the statesman, in an effective pose, cut in white marble; while at the base of the monument a bronze figure of Clio turns to inscribe his name on the pedestal, the last letter of which she has just completed. A statue of Leonardo da Vinci, in his ample robes, surrounded by four of his most famous pupils, who look as picturesque and poetic as so many wandering minstrels of the fifteenth century—all in the purest Carrara marble,—stands on the piazza before La Scala Theatre, and faces one of the entrances to the Galleria. Both these monuments are modern, and are among the chief ornaments of the city.

Milan, with its splendid cathedral, does not impress one as being a city of churches—the Parisian aspect predominating,—yet she has eighty of them to a population of a little over 200,000; but few of them are worthy of mention.

San Ambrogio was founded by St. Ambrose in the fourth century, on the ruins of a temple of Bacchus. Your particular attention is called to the dingy bronze doors, said to be those which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius after the massacre of Thessalonica.

San Lorenzo stands a considerable distance back from the streets; yet on the street, even on the outer edge of the sidewalk, is a row of sixteen Corinthian columns, that once belonged to an edifice the character of which is a mystery even to this day.

THE LAST SUPPER.—I brought with me nothing from the picture galleries of Milan that I care to note here, though the collections are large and valuable; but there is one picture, or the ruins of a picture, which I can not pass without a word. In the refectory of a suppressed monastery I saw the world-famous wreck of Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*. It is painted in oil on the end wall of a large gloomy room. A door cut

in the wall has carried away a part of the table-cloth and the feet of Our Lord. Time, dampness, neglect, and positive abuse have put the finishing touches to a sacred picture which is probably more familiar to the civilized world than any one other in existence.

As I looked at it I could think of nothing but the bare room, the soldiers who were lounging at the door—for the monastery is now a cavalry barrack,—and the custodian, who has photographic copies of the original; these are worth bringing away as curiosities, for one sees literally nothing in them save the glaring white spots where the plaster has sloughed off, and the nebulous blots that once were the marvellous faces of the Apostles.

Let him who has in his possession a tolerable engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* be satisfied; for he will find more comfort in it than in the vague, smoky cloud that seems to shape itself into the semblance of men—yet it were difficult to say what manner of men they were in the day when this picture first astonished the world;—and now one must take the disappointment, along with the jokes of the cavalry men, who hang about the doorways and amuse themselves at the expense of the pilgrim.

AN ITALIAN BAPTISM. — At San Lorenzo we met one of the youngest citizens of Milan, brought hither for baptism. It was an astonishingly small baby, done up, like an Indian papoose, in one solid roll, its small pink face alone being visible. The infant was swathed in laces and ribbons, and was carried in a glass case just large enough to admit it; it looked like a wax doll on exhibition. This is the way young Italy enters the pale of the Church! The baby is taken out of the case at the last moment, baptized by the priest in the presence of the sponsors, and boxed up again as soon as possible, lest it should catch cold. Then the nurse takes the little show-case in hand, and marches proudly through the streets, homeward, followed by the family and friends of the little Christian, who for the first time looks upon the world it has so

recently entered, and which, judging from appearances, does not impress it favorably.

Strolling back to our rooms that night after the opera at La Scala, we met troops of street-sweepers busily removing the last traces of the carnival; cart-loads of *débris* lined the way, and the swish of the industrious broom loaded the air with *confetti* dust, and filled our eyes and our nostrils till they stung again. That morning the bedraggled maskers straggling homeward met silent processions of the devout hastening to early Mass.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Eventide.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

WEARIED out in soul and body
From the turmoil of the day,
To a shelter calm and holy
I repair to rest and pray.

It is but a lowly chapel,
Yet it holds the world and more;
For the God of earth and heaven
Dwells beyond the "little door."

There He waits my tardy coming,
Heals the wounds that sin has made,
Whispers to my fainting spirit,
"It is I: be not afraid!"

With His Hands, so strong, so tender,—
Hands that once were pierced for me,—
He unbinds my heavy burdens,
Breaks my chains, and sets me free.

Shall I use this priceless freedom
For a base, ignoble aim—
Wound anew the Heart of Jesus,
Bring discredit on His Name?

O forbid it, gracious Master!
For the very thought is pain;
Better death than such disaster—
Pardoned once to sin again!

THE word of God is the word of God only in the sense in which God spoke it.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Story of a Conversion.

(CONCLUSION.)

THREE days afterwards, at a meeting of the Central Committee of the Anti-Clerical League, I handed in my resignation. The announcement of this event appeared in the *Salut Public*, of Lyons, and brought upon me a general attack from the republican press. I had intended to make a sincere and simple retraction of all my writings, and, after establishing the true nature of certain facts that had been presented in a wrong light, then to disappear quietly from public notice. I did not count upon being obliged to re-enter the political field.

From the day on which it became known that I was determined to make a public retraction, my wife and some of those intimately associated with me in the work of the League continually heaped reproaches upon me. My home was made almost intolerable through the taunts and accusations of my wife, and her constant entreaties not to bring what she called disgrace upon the family.

Soon after the public announcement of my new action, the *Groupe Garibaldi*, of the Anti-Clerical League, summoned all its members to a special meeting, for the purpose of voting "the expulsion of Citizen Taxil." The secretary had sent me a formal notice to attend the meeting, but several of my friends advised me not to go, on account of the danger to which I would expose myself. "But," I said, "I know my former companions. They are, most of them, good, honest workmen; mistaken as I was myself, but meaning well. They are not cowards, to take advantage of their numbers and attack a single man." And so I went to the meeting, but not unarmed. I was prepared to defend myself in case any attack should be made upon my life.

I found the hall in which the meeting was held filled not only with members, but with a number of Freemasons, strangers to the League, who were present to take

part in the proceedings. My entrance caused the greatest surprise, as the opinion had prevailed that I would not dare to come. An indescribable tumult ensued. Cries and threats of all kinds were heard from every side. The president rapped loud and long, and after some time order was restored. Then, turning to me, he said: "How can you dare come here and face men who are about to vote on your expulsion? You are certainly not a fool. You must be a comedian, a coward. You have never for a single moment believed in religion, and you will never believe in it. Here, after having formed and organized seventeen thousand followers,—after having established this grand anti-clerical movement, you deliberately renounce it all! You are a traitor. It would have been much better for you to have killed all these men you see here than to betray them in such a manner. But you can not deceive us. The truth is that the Vatican has paid you dearly for this move. I defy you to prove that you have not been bought over."

I was about to answer, but the president broke in with, "We have nothing more to do with you. It was mean and cowardly of you to come here."

"Well," I said, "if you did not wish to see me here, why did you summon me?"

Then followed another uproar, and, after order was restored, the question of allowing me to be heard was put to the assembly, and a majority vote gave me the floor.

"I am not here," I exclaimed, "to make any excuses whatsoever. The expulsion that you are about to vote is precisely what I myself have asked for. If I have obeyed your summons, it is because I wished to declare that I have not been guilty of any treachery towards you. The traitor general is the one who delivers his army to the enemy; the traitor is the secret agent who acts as a spy upon his comrades, and is paid for his work. Now, I have never been a spy among you, and I do not intend to give you up to your opponents. For many long years I remained with you, because I believed that the true cause was that of the anti-

clerical movement. I have discovered that I was in error. It seems to me that I have the right to act according to my convictions, but I do not compromise you in any way by leaving your society. Not one among you will ever experience the least mishap on account of my return to the friends of my childhood. You may say that I have renounced the flag of free thought, but say not that I am a traitor to you."

I was about to speak further on the friendship that I would ever maintain towards the members of the League—for difference of opinion may be consistent with individual affection,—when the president, beside himself with anger, interrupted me and cried out: "This is too much. The impudence of this wretch goes beyond all limits. The assembly dishonors itself in listening to him. I withdraw the right given him to speak here. We must be rid of him at once."

Then followed another scene of confusion and tumult. There were cries of "Let him speak," and "No: let him go," and arms were raised threateningly towards me. I was greatly moved, for many of those now menacing and clamoring against me were but a few days before my most intimate friends. My heart was wounded, for it had cost much to break with those men. I reproached myself with being, to a great extent, the cause of their deception and blindness. After a while the tumult subsided, and I managed to make myself heard. With eyes filled with tears I told them of my gratitude because they did not believe the Masonic calumnies concerning my honesty.

"Then why do you renounce us?" they cried.

"I do not renounce you as friends, but I can no longer associate with you as members of this League; for I am convinced that I have but too long been walking in the wrong path. If you do not understand me now, I hope the day will soon come when you will see the honesty and sincerity of my motives."

One of the members of the Central Committee then arose and read my letter to the

Univers, and said: "Citizen Taxil, rather than write such a letter you should have blown out your brains."

Further discussion ensued; reproaches, accusations, threats were made against me, and finally the president closed the scene by putting the question of my expulsion to the vote of the assembly. It was carried unanimously. I arose and said: "I renounce free thought, but I have never betrayed and never shall betray any person." Then, calmly as I had entered, I left the hall, while hootings and threats were shouted at me from all sides.

The day following this famous meeting I received a visit from the Paris correspondent of the *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, who, after a long conversation, offered to introduce me to Mgr. de Rende, the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris. I accepted the offer most gratefully, feeling how unworthy I was of the high honor of being received by the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Mgr. de Rende received me with the greatest cordiality. With kindly interest he questioned me on my childhood life, anxious to learn the details of the circumstances that led to my separation from the Church. I told him everything plainly and frankly—my dispositions, my companions, the different masters under whose direction I had been placed. Then, in response to an inquiry as to my future intentions, I said: "My home has now become the abode of discord. My wife and I propose to separate amicably. I shall go and end my unfortunate life in some monastery, there to pray and to do penance until my last hour. One of my friends at Lyons is now seeking to procure for me admission into the Chartreuse."

The Nuncio said: "Do not act too hastily in this matter. You may be led to do that which you would afterwards regret. I believe that a retreat—a short retreat of four or five days—would be good for you now, and restore peace and tranquillity to your soul. In your present state of mind it would be wrong to take any definite resolution for the future. Besides, you have no right to separate yourself from your family. It

is you who brought irreligion and impiety into your home, and the way of penance for you lies in seeking to remove the evil consequences of your acts. Then, too, we may well hope that God, who has been so good and merciful to you, will one day open the eyes and change the hearts of those who are dear to you, even as He has done to yourself. Pray, pray. Be kind, be charitable, be patient. Your wife and children will see that your return to the Church has not taken from them your affection, and, by the grace of God, this trial, which, after all, is just and merited, will not last long."

I thanked Mgr. de Rende for his most consoling words, then, falling at his feet, I said: "Monsignor, to you, representing the Holy See, I offer the expression of my most sincere sorrow for the past, and my most respectful and unreserved submission for the present and the future." His Excellency blessed me, then raising me up he embraced me, and we parted.

On the 31st of August I began a retreat of four days, in a religious house on the outskirts of Paris. The time was passed in prayer and meditation. My confession was heard, and on the 4th of September the Rev. Father C——, having received the necessary faculties, gave me absolution.

Then there occurred to me the thought of making a pious pilgrimage. My only desire now was to visit my saintly godmother, whose sacrifice and prayers had certainly, in a great measure, been the cause of my conversion. Thus, on the 15th of November, I had the great joy of renewing my First Communion in the little chapel of the Convent of Our Lady of Reparation, near Fourvière.

The next day I visited Mongré, the scene of the happy days of my childhood, where twenty years before I had the ineffable privilege of making my First Communion. My arrival was nearly unexpected; for I had only a few days previous written to the Rector, requesting him to receive me. Oh! how can I express my delight at beholding once more the college in which the best days of my boyhood had been passed! The

very first person I met was the Rev. Father Saurel, who had prepared me for my First Communion. I threw my arms about his neck with the simplicity of a child. How good it was of Almighty God to bring him there at that time! for, like myself, the venerated priest, happening to pass through Villefranche, had resolved also to make a short call at Mongré.

With the deepest interest I inquired after all of the Fathers whom I had known; some were deceased, and others dispersed in distant countries. The college no longer wore the cheerful appearance of former days; for the governmental expulsion had been particularly aimed against Jesuits. Hence only four or five Fathers remained to guard the estate and direct the studies, for the present professors were ecclesiastics or laymen.—And I was one of those who in the name of Liberty had clamored for the expulsion of religious! Alas! what a subject of remorse for the rest of my life!

The Rev. Father Rector, after conducting me through the corridors and class-rooms, led me into a gallery, on the walls of which were suspended all the *tableaux* of the "Roll of Honor" since the foundation of the establishment. My own name figured frequently on those of 1864–65, and, much moved, I expressed myself greatly surprised that it had been left, as I had rendered myself so unworthy of my teachers. "At Mongré," observed the Father, "we never doubted your return to God, *because you made a good First Communion.*"

On the 18th I returned to my home, my family having been brought to recognize the sincerity and devotion of my conduct, and given every assurance of the future happy results of our life together.

May every Catholic soul, who by faith knows how to appreciate the grandeur of Divine Mercy, unite with me in prayer that our good God may give me the inestimable grace of perseverance! May they pray for those who are dear to me, and for all those unhappy creatures whom my evil writings have deceived and turned away from the sanctuary of religion!

The Home of Ramona.

IN a recent number of *The Critic* Charles Dudley Warner gives a description of the home of Ramona, which will be pleasant reading for all who know Mrs. Jackson's remarkable book, and remember the deep interest she took in the mission Indians of California. Others will admire the glimpse it affords of the beautiful home life of old Spain, which still lingers round many a hearth-stone in Southern California:

"It was a very lovely day, on the 17th of March (indeed, I suppose it had been preceded by 365 days exactly like it), as we sat upon the gallery looking on the garden—a garden of oranges, roses, citrons, lemons, peaches,—what fruit and flower was not growing there?—acres and acres of vineyard beyond, with tall cane and willows by the stream, and the purple mountains against the sapphire sky. Was there ever anything more exquisite than the peach-blossoms against that blue sky! Such a place of peace! A soft south wind was blowing, and all the air was drowsy with the hum of bees. In the garden is a vine-covered arbor, with seats and tables; and at the end of it is the opening into a little chapel—a domestic chapel, carpeted like a parlor, and bearing the emblems of a loving devotion. By the garden gate hang three bells, from some old mission,—all cracked, but serving (each has its office) to summon the workmen, or to call to prayer.

"Perfect system reigns in Señora del Valle's establishment, and even the least child in it has its duty. At sundown a little slip of a girl went out to the gate, and struck on one of the big bells. 'What is that for?' I asked as she returned. 'It is the *Angelus*,' she said, simply. I do not know what would happen to her if she should neglect to strike it at the hour. At eight o'clock the largest bell was struck, and the señora and her household, including the house-servant, went out to the little chapel in the garden, which was lighted with candles, gleaming brightly through the orange groves. The señora read the service, the household responding—a twenty-minutes' service, which is as much a part of the administration of the establishment as visiting the granaries and presses, and the bringing home of the goats.

"The señora's apartments, which she per-

mitted us to see, were quite in the nature of an oratory, with shrines and sacred pictures, and relics of the faith. By the shrine at the head of her bed hung the rosary carried by Father Junipero—a priceless possession. From her presses and *armoires*, the señora—seeing we had a taste for such things—brought out the feminine treasures of three generations: the silk and embroidered dresses of last century, the ribosas, the jewelry, the brilliant stuffs of China and Mexico,—each article with a memory and a flavor.

"But I must not be betrayed into writing about Ramona's home. How charming indeed it was the next morning—though the birds in the garden were astir a little too early,—with the thermometer set to the exact degree of warmth without languor, the sky blue, the wind soft, the air scented with orange and jessamine!"

Catholic Notes.

Monsieur Paul de Cassagnac, politician and duellist, is one of the most striking figures in the world of Paris. Not long since he was nominated by the French Chamber of Deputies to attend officially the funeral of one of their members—an atheist, who had died in his sins. M. de Cassagnac, notwithstanding the many imperfections of his character, is a Catholic at heart, and one whose zeal, as shown in reply to the proposal, might put many another to shame. His answer was as follows:

"Gentlemen, I had a father whom I loved, I believe, as devotedly as son can love; I love my children as dearly as father can love his child; but if father or child of mine should die denying his faith or renouncing God, *I would not set a foot beside his grave*. This is a day of war against religion; our faith is insulted, our priests proscribed and robbed; the atheism of the State dishonors our churches, and smiles upon those who plunder them; it is, then, a day when the true Catholic must display without flinching the unwavering steadfastness of the days of faith. Were all Catholics thus resolved to come to no terms with the unbelieving world, and, no matter what were the ties of blood or friendship, to turn their backs on all weddings and on all funerals unhallowed by the priest, these godless ceremonials would soon cease to wound our sight, and perish away in their own shame."

Another veteran missionary and devoted servant of the Blessed Virgin has lately been

called to his reward. Father Mecatti, S. J., after laboring forty years in India, "for the greater glory of God," died a few weeks ago at Negapatam, in the Madura mission. There is one point about his missionary career that arrests our attention, for it is a point that was remarked and commented on by all who knew the holy priest. This was his especial devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Not only did he always take care that the celebration of the month consecrated to Her should be accompanied by special pomp and honor, but he used his utmost endeavors, and used them with the utmost success, to propagate among the native Christians the devotion of the Seven Dolors. During his last long and painful illness we may be sure Our Lady watched over him and consoled him in his trials, and that, through Her intercession, he has received the crown of everlasting life. *R. I. P.*

Although the honor of inaugurating voluntary contributions for the support of the Holy See — the Peter's Pence of modern days — may justly be claimed for the late lamented Don Giacomo Margotti, the tax so called is of great antiquity, though its exact origin is variously stated. It was established by one of the kings of England, and consisted of an annual tithe of one silver penny for every family occupying land worth thirty pence a year. It was collected at Midsummer, on "St. Peter's Day"; hence, perhaps, the name "Peter's Pence." Recent excavations in Rome brought to light a vessel filled with English coins of the 9th and 10th centuries, all of the value of one penny. This was doubtless an offering of Romescot, and proves the antiquity of its institution.

In the course of conversation with the representative of a Utah paper last week, a Mormon missionary assured the reporter that in a life-long experience in the Mormon creed he had never known or heard of a Catholic who became perverted to their vile practices. This is a grand testimony of the power of Faith in keeping men from descending in the scale of humanity. — *St. Louis Catholic World.*

It is not often that priests whose lives have been spent in arduous missionary work celebrate their Golden Jubilee. Seventy-five years is a long life at best, and fifty years of priest-

hood is extraordinary, even when passed in the calm of solitude in countries where the climate is less trying than ours, and the work and worry very slight in comparison. This notable celebration has occurred twice within a month, the *jubilarii* being the Rev. Father Gaudentius Rossi, C. P., and the Rev. John Ford, formerly of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, but now residing at Notre Dame. Both bear the burden of their years very lightly, and were able to celebrate High Mass on the occasion. Father Gaudentius, who is a native of Rome, was one of the first members of his Order to come to the United States. He had already spent some years on the English mission. His career in this country has been one of unceasing activity, and few priests are more widely known. Besides his missions and retreats, given in almost every State of the Union, Father Gaudentius has found time to compose several ascetical works, which are in great favor among devout readers. Father Ford was born in Ireland, and studied at Maynooth College. He came to the United States in 1844. He was for many years pastor at Cape May, N. J., then at Loreto, Pa. His reminiscences of Prince Gallitzin, who founded the latter place in honor of Our Lady, are full of interest and edification. Even since his retirement at Notre Dame, Father Ford has had temporary charge of missions in Iowa and Missouri. We unite with his friends and those of Father Rossi in wishing these venerable priests a peaceful end, sanctified by the consoling Sacraments which during the fifty years of their sacerdotal labors they have so often administered to others.

The French Government recently sent the Cross of the Legion of Honor to the superior of the Sisters at Beyrouth. The decoration was presented to her in presence of the Consul-General of France and the whole of the French residents of Beyrouth, also many natives, by Dr. Suquet, who, in an address to the Sister, said: "By serving God you have served France. You have set on foot here those Christian and patriotic good works that God has allowed to be accomplished by France, and which have ever been the greatest glory of our country."

M. Cepetera d'Angulo, of Seville, has presented to the Holy Father as a Jubilee gift an

Ecce Homo by Murillo, which has been in possession of the family for generations. It is valued at 50,000 francs. An eminent Mexican sculptor, Faustino Fuentes de Celaya, has sent His Holiness a magnificent statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

The Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S. J., who was lately elevated to the priesthood in the Cathedral of New York by Archbishop Corrigan, is a convert to the Faith, and a member of the well-known family of that name. In the earlier part of his career, Father Van Rensselaer became a deacon of the Protestant Episcopal sect, and had charge of congregations in Hoboken and Newark. His two sisters followed him into the Church, and one of them is now Sister Dolores, of the New York Foundling Asylum. Father Van Rensselaer will devote his life to mission work among the Indians in Montana.

The Princess Maria, eldest daughter of the Prince of Löwenstein, made her religious profession last month in the Monastery of the Benedictine nuns at Solesmes. Her sister, the Princess Agnes Theresa, is a postulant in the same community.

Writing of the recent destruction of the Cathedral of St. Augustine, Florida, many of the daily newspapers, and not a few of our Catholic journals, have asserted that the first Mass in America was celebrated on its site, in 1665, by monks of St. Augustine. Dr. Shea has sent a communication to the *Catholic Review* correcting the blunder, over which he is justly indignant:

"Columbus discovered America in 1492; San Domingo was made a bishop's see in 1513; Puebla, in 1519; Mexico, in 1530; and yet these dunderheads would tell a credulous public that Mass was never said in America till 1665! It was not even the first Mass said in the territory of the United States. Mass was said in Pensacola and many points from the Savannah to Mobile long before. Mass was said on James River in 1526. The first Mass said at St. Augustine was not celebrated on the site of the Cathedral. The real spot is laid down on Spanish maps. It was at the spot where the first chapel of Nuestra Señora de la Leche was erected. The first Mass at St. Augustine was not offered by monks, but by a secular priest, Francisco Lopez de Mendoza Grajales; and the day was not the Feast of St. Augustine, but the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin."



The Little Miner.

In the department of Côtes-du-Nord, France, about two leagues from the sea-coast, are extensive quarries of slate and granite, in which a large number of men are employed. The work is toilsome and dangerous, although the greater part of it—the quarrying of the granite, in particular—is done above ground. The pick is often of no use for the granite is so hard that the best tempered steel rebounds from it, scarcely leaving a mark. At the first sight of the place one would think the men were engaged in war rather than in mining. In these quarries, as on the field of battle or before a besieged city, great questions are settled by gunpowder: the enemy's strongholds are assaulted and then blown up.

Every day these intrepid miners risk a thousand dangers, digging winding galleries under these antediluvian rocks, and creeping through crevices in blocks of granite which seem to mock at the puny efforts of man. And when they have penetrated to a certain distance, they form a cavity in the rocks, and fill it with powder passed in from hand to hand in packages. In the centre of this mass of destruction is placed a fuse, which extends outward to the entrance of the narrow passage; and all being thus prepared, the miners retire to a distance, except one, who remains to light the fuse. This perilous duty having been performed, he rejoins his companions as hastily as he can.

It would be difficult to give our readers a correct idea of these explosions, some of which are powerful enough to destroy an entire city. Mountains of granite, hurled upward with terrific force, seem to cloud the sun, and, falling like an aerolitic shower, grind, tear, crush all beneath them. It happens sometimes, too, that the destructive

effects of the explosions extend far beyond what had been reckoned upon. Neighboring property is ravaged, roads cut to pieces, and the miners themselves, if they have not retired far enough, are killed.

Still, with all its dangers, this work affords the inhabitants of several villages, their only means of subsistence. The residents of Billoville, about six miles from Saint-Brieuc, are all engaged in the quarries. In this small hamlet Lucien Richard was born. At the age of fourteen he had, successively, witnessed the death of his father and of his elder brother, both of whom were killed in the explosions. He is a courageous little fellow, and labors hard to support his infirm mother and two small sisters, who have no one else to care for them. The better to help them, he takes upon himself the most dangerous part of his employment—the lighting of the fuse. With long fuses, the success of the operation is often doubtful; he accordingly uses only such as will barely allow him time to creep out hastily and join his companions.

At every explosion, Lucien receives from the owner of the quarry an extra sum of money, which he joyfully carries home to his mother. She, knowing the perilous nature of his work, tenderly embraces him every morning before he leaves home, and sighs: "Alas! that we are reduced to the necessity of seeing you daily risk your own life in order to support ours!" But he pretends to make light of the danger, and smilingly replies: "Don't be uneasy about me, mother; I understand the business well now, and when I light the fuse I make the Sign of the Cross and think of you; so, you see, God will protect me." The good mother is justly proud of such a son, and does her utmost to make his home as pleasant as her limited resources will permit.

One day an explosion of more than usual magnitude was to take place. For three weeks the miners had been drilling and boring into the bowels of the earth. Rocks of granite that seemed never to have been destined to see the light of day were to be dislodged and rent in pieces; several barrels

of powder had been deposited in the cavity which the workmen had just hollowed out, and the fuse was placed in position. Lucien glided in through the narrow gallery—wounding himself in many places with the sharp points of the jagged rocks,—touched off the fuse, and hastened back to his companions, who stood at a distance waiting silently and breathlessly for the terrific upheaval.

Scarcely had the lad rejoined them when he caught sight of a carriage, drawn by a span of horses, and coming towards the very spot which in a few minutes would burst forth with all the violence of a volcanic eruption, and overwhelm everything in its vicinity with destruction. His piercing glance told him at once that it was the carriage of his employer, who, with his wife and two daughters, was coming to visit the quarry. The fuse was slow in burning, and the carriage kept advancing; in all probability it would reach the mine simultaneously with the igniting of the concealed powder.

The men shouted and made motions to the driver to recede; but he was too far away to hear their cries or understand their gestures. They looked on appalled and deprived of all presence of mind. Suddenly the boy shot out from amongst them; another instant and he was hidden from view in the recesses of the stony cavern. Now for agility and courage! Like a serpent he glides through the crevices of the narrow passages; rags and blood mark his way, but it is an affair of life and death; onward—the fuse is reached, grasped, and drawn back. Thank God!—he makes the Sign of the Cross, rests a moment, and retraces his way, bringing the fuse with him.

In the mean time the owner has drawn up, and, by the pale faces of the men rather than by their speech, he becomes aware of the danger he has escaped. He alights from his carriage just as Lucien, bleeding and torn, emerges from the earth. Claspings the little fellow in his arms, he cries out, "Heroic child, from this day forth you shall be one of my own family! You shall remain with

us, and I shall make it my duty to see that your future be one of ease and plenty."

"Sir," said Lucien, "please bring me to my mother; a moment since and I thought I should never see her again; I feel a little ill, but her presence will quickly restore me."

Great was the surprise of the good mother to see drawing up in front of her little hut a splendid equipage, from which issued her son, followed by the wealthiest landlord in the country.

"My good woman," said the gentleman, pointing to Lucien, "when one possesses a treasure like this, one must carefully guard it; to this end you shall in future receive an annual pension of 1,200 francs."

On hearing this, the mother and her son threw themselves at the feet of their grateful benefactor. A notary was then sent for, and when the documents were made out, the boy said: "Sir, it is a great deal more than I deserve, but I shall try to render myself worthy of your generosity."

Lucien kept his promise. To-day the little miner is mayor of his commune; his sisters are married, but his mother has never left him. And now when the miners speak of Lucien Richard, they take off their hats as a mark of respect for the intelligence, the courage, and the filial piety of their former companion.

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

XV.

That was on a Saturday, and as they left the Museum there was some sort of procession going up the Avenue (there always is); not anything great or famous, but enough to block the cars and crowd the sidewalks; so Mémé said, "Let us walk on slowly," and they had reached 10th Street before affairs improved.

"Shall we take an F Street car, Miss Hastings?" asked Wentworth. "Then the boys can have a look at the house I told them about—where Mr. Lincoln died, you know."

And in a few minutes they halted under the ugly façade of the Medical Museum (once Ford's Theatre), opposite the plain brick dwelling, in whose wall is set a tablet of white marble with the inscription in gold letters: "President A. Lincoln died in this house April 15, 1865."

And he told them the story in a few well-chosen words; that heart-breaking story of a noble life quenched in blood and anguish, —the mournful ending of the three days of delirious joy and triumph that followed the surrender at Appomattox,—concluding with:

"And, Miss Hastings, it seems to me something more than just a coincidence that Booth should have caught his spur in the flag draped about the box; for he made a flying leap on the stage after firing the shot, and ought to have cleared it well, but he didn't; and it got twisted in so tight that he was jerked off his balance, and fell so awkwardly he broke his leg, and this led to his capture and death, and consequently to the overthrow of all the conspirator's plans."

"Do they keep the box and the surroundings as they were that night?" asked Mémé.

"No, there's not a trace of anything left. The building is like a whited sepulchre, inasmuch as it is 'filled with dead men's bones'—shattered joints, malformed skeletons, and other horrid surgical and medical curiosities. Strangers are constantly making the mistake of thinking things *are* intact, and in they go, to their no small discomfort, especially if they are ladies; for it's just about the last place a woman would want to get into."

"O Mémé!" said the tramps, as they saw a car leave the junction just then, "we forgot the scrap-book; but don't let's get it."

"Why, I thought you'd set your hearts on mounting your pictures to-night?"

"Yes, we did, and we're disappointed than anything" (this was a little wild, but certainly graphic); "but we're *awful* tired."

"Can't I get it, Miss Hastings? You ride along with the boys, and I'll fetch it up."

"Not a bit of it," said Mémé. "I will put them in the car, and then get in myself. You have no idea," she added, laughing, after she had seen the tramps on board, and waved them a good-bye in response to two small caps slid off politely, "what a piece of work you would have had in hand. There's a certain shade, a special size, and a *very* particular shape. As it is, I hardly hope to succeed, though I've had several years' experience with those two young gentlemen."

And they picked out a book that seemed to meet the requirements, and sauntered slowly on toward the hotel.

As they got to the door, Laurie, Phil, and Waggy pitched out in a heap, and seized her by the dress.

"O Mémé!" gasped Laurie, "the house is burnt up, and—and—"

"Judson's in jail!" finished Phil.

"Papa got the letter," Laurie went on, "and is waiting in the office for you to come."

"Yes, for he's got to go right smack off and get Judson out," said Phil, every curl bobbing with his emphasis.

"Why, what in the world"—began Mémé, bewildered. "Come in a moment please, Mr. Wentworth; for I promised you 'Beggar my Neighbor,' and will run up and get it. Then I must find out what this is all about."

And as she went Phil ran to the office for his father, and when she came back to the parlor they were all waiting for her.

"What is it, papa?" she asked.

"Your ward, my dear," he answered, with a mischievous twinkle,—“he has got into trouble with Frauth the constable."

"O papa!" she said, with such distress in voice and eyes that he hastened to add:

"Nothing really wrong, my darling; but I'll have to run on and help him through. Here's the letter."

And, with an "excuse me" to Wentworth, she read:

RESPECTED SIR:—I take my pen in hand to tell you the house cot afire last night, and considerable damage ben done in the east wing. That there boy you sent seen it fust—Mr. Mason's folks was

away for a few days,—and done good service a-lifting out furncher and picters, and a-working of the garding hose till things got two hot; then he went a-tearing into the village like a hornet-bit lunatic, and, insted of awaiting tell some of the proper munisipal authorities could be waked up to order out the ingine and firemen (being as we're beyant the limits of their jursdiction), he bounced onto the seat, whipped up the hosses, and come licketty-split 'thout law or lisense. He was mad as Sam Hill, and cussin' considerble at 'em for slow coaches—"mud-turkles" *he* called 'em. We got the fire out by the time the firemen riz over the hill; and I must say, as a church-member, there langwidge was most ungodly, and they pitched into that there boy most vigorous; and he give back mouth and sassed 'em so fluent there was a free fight a-going full blast afore you could say "Jack Robberson,"* which being onfair—three men to one boy—I felt obleeged to take a hand; and the upshot was, Bill Nickles swallowed some of his teeth; Jo Wilson's got a eye like a chimby-sweep; I'm a pretty-looking figger to go to the Lodge of the "Brothers of Harmony" tonight; and the cornstable got so bitter mad that he's got that there Judson locked up in jail for "stealing of the ingine and hosses, using improper langwidge, ar d salt and battery with intent to kill." That's his charge, but it 'pears to me the wadding's too big for the gun, and he can't git it rammed home. The boy weakened considerble when he heerd it, fur the cornstable told him he'd git sent to the pentensherry, and he shut up like a clam, 'cept when I was a-slipping some grass 'tween the ropes his hands was tied with and the skin, to keep 'em from cutting; then he gimme the wink and whispered, "It's all got crooked and went wrong, and Miss'll think I went back on my promise, but I didn't meanter do nothink but save the house."

If you could come home, sir, you'd be welcomer than the fust buds on a graft. So no more at present from yours respectckfully,

COLIN JOSLYN.

My duty to the young lady and the young gentlemen.

"O papa, let's all go? Poor Judson! Just think of his being shut up in jail! What a horrid fellow that constable is! Of course he couldn't do Judson any real harm, I know; but he'll be so uncomfortable and miserable, poor boy! I'll go right up now and begin packing. We can get off on the one-o'clock train to-morrow, and be home in time for you to see him early Monday morning. You will excuse me, I know, Mr. Wentworth. Think of his saving the house

* I suppose Joslyn meant Jack Robinson.

—first the tramps and now our home! We can certainly say he's gone through fire and water to save us. Good-bye."

Going away! Wentworth stood there with a strange feeling of stricture about his heart, and a sudden sense of discomfort so acute that he wondered stupidly what was the matter with him; for he was a stalwart youth, and had never had an ache or a pain in his life. He was staring straight ahead, and Mémé was through before he realized she was speaking to him. When it dawned upon him he started guiltily, and drew his hand hastily across his forehead.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I didn't quite catch what you were saying, Miss Hastings."

"Ah!" she said, with the kindest, friendliest look, "I am afraid we have walked and talked you into a headache. Yes?"

"Not at all. It only feels a trifle queer. What was it you said?"

"I was excusing myself, and saying good-bye; for I must pack. And if I don't see you again, I want to thank you once more for all your kindness to us."

"Great heavens!" he thought, and he would have been angry if he had not been so miserable; "she speaks as coolly of not seeing me again as if she didn't care a rush whether she did or not." Then aloud:

"Do you have to go with your father, Miss Hastings?"

"I think I'd better; eh, papa? There will be so much to do with the workmen in the house; and, then, I *must* see Judson."

"Yes, I think we will be off," answered Mr. Hastings. "My case is closed and my business really finished. But I don't mean to say good-bye in this hurried fashion. Come up to breakfast, Wentworth, can't you?"

"Oh, ye-!" said the tramps, with a simultaneous plunge at him. "Do come!" And Laurie laid his cheek against the hand he held, and said, pathetically:

"Oh, my! I wish good-byes weren't. And I *do* wish you were coming too."

"So do I," said Wentworth, in double Italics, and then he blushed a fine lobster scarlet.

"And why not, my boy?" asked Mr. Hastings, with a pleased look. "Not now, of course; but later, when you get your leave."

"May I?" said Wentworth, eagerly; and turning to Mémé, "May I, Miss Hastings?"

"Indeed I shall be glad to see you," she answered, with eyes and lips serene and unruffled by any of the emotions that made the young officer's face a study. "And now I really must go"—shaking hands with him,—“but, as we'll hope to see you in the morning, I shall say *au revoir* instead of good-bye."

"But, Miss Hastings," he remonstrated—he was trying to talk against time, and his ideas went flying out of sight like a herd of antelopes,—“you haven't seen the half a well-conducted tourist ought to see. There are the Capitol, the Agricultural Department (the boys would like the silk-worms immensely), Mt. Vernon, Arlington, the State Department, the White House, the Botanical Gardens, the old Catholic College and Convent in Georgetown, the Fish Commission (Phil and Laurie would like that too, I wager), Fortress Monroe, and—and—oh, a whole host of places!"

"And I thought," she said, with uplifted eyebrows, and mouth curved down in mock distress, "I had done my duty as a traveller so well! But here you come at the eleventh hour and reduce my satisfaction to tatters."

"It is too bad to cut the visit short just now, but we'll come back next year and finish our sight-seeing," said Mr. Hastings.

And with this signal that Hope held out to him Wentworth had to be content.

As he went back to the arsenal he set himself face to face with the astounding discovery he had just made.

"Why, I'm in love with her!" he thought; "I've gone in—

'full forty fathoms deep.'

I love her as I never thought I could love anybody. I wonder when I began? I believe it was the day I picked her up from under the horses' hoofs. Jove, that was a shave!"—and he felt absolutely ill for a moment. —“If she hadn't raised her hand to cross

herself I never could have done it. Why, the girl has a hold on me that lifts me out of myself. I feel as if I could do a thousand things to prove it—anything, everything, except talk about it to people, like that fool of a Rutherford used to do about his Alice. When I'm with her I feel like kneeling to her, and all sorts of good thoughts and wishes and ambitions spring up as I think about her. I don't believe anything evil would dare crop out before her. Her eyes are as clear as the tramps', and when she looks at me it seems to me she sees into my soul. Suppose she won't have me, though!"—and his breath quite failed him at the thought.—"My God, suppose she won't!"

Then he caught himself up; for in the stern New England school of religion, spontaneous prayers for personal joys and sorrows are not customary. It seemed almost irreverent, but with a sudden passion of earnestness he thought: "Why not beg God for it? It's the greatest blessing a man *could* ask—the love of a girl like that. So—God help me!"

And he squared himself round with a decision that drove his elbow into a neighboring bonnet—he was standing in a crowded street-car,—and secured him a shower of glares, that fell perfectly harmless, however; for he went on dreaming, and would probably have ridden through to Lincoln Park had not one of his classmates jumped on the platform at 10th Street, and, clapping him on the shoulder, asked:

"What's up, old man? Your jaw's like a T-square, and 'decision fierce burns in your eye.' You look as if you were meditating a murder, or a robbery, or an interview with the General. By Jupiter, if you *are* going to have a *séance* with that old gentleman, I wouldn't stand in your shoes for a flip!* Didn't I catch it, though this morning! Particular fits wouldn't *begin* to express it; and as for him, he fairly foamed at the mouth. Why, at one time I thought he was going to burst, like that mortar we were

testing the other day. Did you hear about it?"

"What?"

"Oh, come now, Wentworth, that's a beastly shame! Here I've been talking a blue streak, and you haven't heard a thing! I've been telling you!"

"But, my dear old fellow, you haven't told me anything."

"I did too," said Parker, shortly.

"No you didn't"—by this time they were standing at the junction.—"You know you have a way of ambling all over the place when you try to tell anything, so I just let you alone; for you do manage, somehow, to get there with both feet, all the same. Now go ahead."

Parker glowered, but Wentworth's face wore its rare and winning smile, and he laid his hand on his irate friend's shoulder. He began, abruptly:

"You know that Miss Carson that's been staying with the Enderbys—awfully pretty girl, and smart as a flash? Well, I was dancing the German with her the other night, and she said she had never seen the drill; so I asked her to come down this morning, and she came. My company was out, and I wanted especially to have them cut a good figure; for she really is just about the nicest girl I ever saw, and knows such a lot, and—and—"

Wentworth looked with new sympathy at his confused classmate, but he couldn't resist asking—they had the car to themselves—

"Is she so well up in tactics?"

"Look here," said Parker, "I wish you'd chain up that chin of yours."

"Go on."

"We got through all right until just after we made that left wheel and came pounding across the campus toward the river; then as we came near the edge of the drive I saw that confounded navy-duck Nelson, from the *Despatch*, hanging around her, leaning over the back of her chair, holding her parasol, and actually whispering into her ear, and all that sort of stuff—"

* A contraction of five-penny bit—about six cents.

("‘Stuff’ when the other fellow does it!") said Wentworth, *sotto voce*.)

"You know he’s crowded me so hard this winter, the fellows call us ‘the United Service’; for we’re both ‘all there’ every time, when it’s a question of Miss Kitty."

"Well? Well, what did you do?—ride over him?"

"No," snapped Parker, with an air of savage regret. "But it upset me so I fell out of line, and rode up to them both—"

Wentworth’s eyes twinkled. "Whew! The General must have ‘swelled wisely,’ like the fat boy in Pickwick. What did you do it for, man alive?"

"Why, I tell you I felt wild. I took a good grip on my sword, and for half a minute tried to pick out the softest spot in his head to whack at."

"Ah! my boy, that French grandmother and Irish grandfather of yours will bring you into trouble yet. Thank your stars it stopped there this time."

"But it didn’t. That’s the worst of it. *I forgot all about the men*, and the first thing I knew little Talbot came thumping along on that rat-tailed charger of his, his eyes staring so he looked like an owl on a dado, and he stuttered: ‘Mr. Parker, the—ah—water is pretty deep off the wall, sir.’ Then I looked up, and, by Jove, there was the whole cahoot of them rolling down not twenty yards from the sea-wall! In another minute they’d have been over—guns, caissons, buglers, gunners, horses, and guidons. I yelled ‘Halt!’ just in time; for some of the guns grazed the wall as they made the wheel; and I believe that girl knew the whole thing; for she held her card-case over her mouth, and those big brown eyes danced like fun. Ah!"—and he sighed like a suppressed cyclone—"I suppose the jig’s up, and my chance gone where the woodbine twineth!"*

"Nonsense, man!" said Wentworth, suppressing valiantly his desire to laugh.

* In the South every house has its vines—generally woodbine,—and one of the favorite supports is the eaves spout; and this expression is the American version of "up the spout."

"Cheer up! If she cares for you, a little thing like that will make no difference. Make a clean breast of it to her: have it out—"

"Wentworth, you certainly are off your head to talk that way. ‘Have it out’ indeed! Why, old chap, I’m as awkward as a fool and dumb as an oyster when she’s around; for I never can think of anything to say that’s worth while, and I’m always tumbling over my own feet, and making a gawk of myself generally. I feel like a bull in a China shop; and the worst of it is I care more for her little finger than she ever will for a whole platoon of *me*, and if she won’t have me I’ll go straight to the dev—"

"Never!" interrupted Wentworth, with an emphasis so sharp that Parker stopped, open-mouthed. Never! Even if a woman didn’t love me, she should never be ashamed to remember I had loved her. And *that* she would be if I was coward enough to go to the dogs because she wouldn’t marry me. No, my boy. If you love a woman, love her with all your strength, not your weakness; make it the religion of your heart, as the love of God is the religion of your soul—"

"Why, Wentworth, I didn’t know you were—that you ever—that you—in fact, I didn’t think you cared for that sort of thing. You never talked with the fellows, or toasted any girl at the suppers, or—"

"No," said Wentworth, again with emphasis. "The last place to talk about a girl is at the mess-table; and as to talking to the fellows, why ‘confidences’ are a good deal like champagne: keep them bottled up, and they’re all right; pour them out for everybody, and they’re ‘weary, flat, stale and unprofitable’; the sparkle’s gone, and—there you are!" He finished with a laugh that was a little embarrassed.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.)

NOTHING is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry; nor nobly, which is done in pride.—*Ruskin*.

WHAT we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are.—*Id.*



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A Life Hidden in the Light of Heroism.

BY CHARLES W. CURRIER, C. SS. R. *

FAR away, on the northeastern coast of South America, lies a secluded spot called Batavia, and not unlike Molokai, the leper settlement of the Sandwich Isles, which is now so familiar to Catholic readers through the beautiful little work of Charles Warren Stoddard. Batavia is the place of refuge for the lepers of Dutch Guiana. Situated at the mouths of the Sarumaca and Coppename Rivers, and facing the Atlantic Ocean, it presents a very picturesque though solitary appearance. With few exceptions, all the inhabitants of this place are sufferers from the dreadful disease of leprosy. They live in little cottages erected at the expense of the Government, and each occupant has a plot of ground to cultivate.

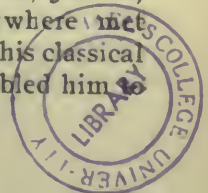
At a short distance from the landing-place the eye rests agreeably on a neat white building and little garden. It is the church and dwelling-house of the priest. This modest structure has for years been sanctified by the presence of a man whose saintly career has just been brought to a close.

Father Peter Donders, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, was born

October 9, 1809, in the city of Tilburg in Holland. His parents, scantily provided with the goods of earth, could not send him to school for any length of time, and consequently he was soon obliged to work. From his earliest infancy his life was a source of edification to all who knew him, and he already manifested that zeal for souls which was his principal characteristic in after life. His hours of rest were spent in teaching little children the Catechism. One thought was uppermost in his mind: it was the desire to be a priest, though he saw no means to attain this end. However, God, whose designs can never be frustrated, opened the way before him. He was admitted into the little seminary as a servant, and permitted to follow the classes. There he became a model of every virtue; so much so, that even at the present time those students who excel in virtue are called "Little Peters," in memory of Peter Donders. But the poor boy had his trials. Among the servants he was an object of suspicion, and many of the students teased him; they would play all manner of tricks on him, but never succeeded in ruffling his temper.

The reading of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* filled Peter's heart with a desire to go to the Foreign Missions, but his superiors advised him to enter some religious order. Accordingly he made applications to the Franciscans, Jesuits, and Redemptorists, but everywhere met with refusals. Having finished his classical course, an influential friend enabled him to

* I am indebted to the Rev. C. Van Coll, C. SS. R., for the materials of this sketch.



enter the theological seminary. The nearer he approached the end of his course, the more he seemed to increase in favor with God and man. His fellow-students in this seminary had such profound respect for him, that not one dared enter his room uninvited, and all considered themselves highly honored when Mr. Donders extended them such an invitation.

On the 26th of April, 1840, he received tonsure, Minor Orders, and the subdiaconate at the hands of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin. About a year later he was ordained deacon, and on June 5, 1841, priest, by the Bishop of Curium, Baron Van Wyckerslooth. A priest who was ordained with him exclaimed on hearing of his death, "I have seen that man only once, but the impression he made on me has never been effaced." For a short time he exercised the ministry in his native country, but, having been accepted by the Apostolic Prefect of Surinam, he bade good-bye to the land that had given him birth, never to return to it again.

On the 16th of September, 1842, Father Donders arrived at the field of labor God had allotted to him. Paramaribo was the first stage of his missionary zeal; here he labored with untiring devotion until 1856. The only place in the colony of Dutch Guiana that deserves the name of city, it is situated on the Surinam River, and has a population of about thirty thousand inhabitants, mostly negroes. At the beginning of the present century there were scarcely any Catholics in Surinam, but their number has gradually increased. For a time Father Donders was the only priest stationed there. In 1851 the colony was visited by the yellow fever, and during the epidemic the devoted pastor distinguished himself by his zeal in the service of the sick. Three times a day he visited the hospital, until he himself caught the plague, from which he continued ill for four weeks.

Shortly after his arrival in the colony, he began to visit the plantations on the Surinam and Commewyne Rivers. When he took this work upon himself almost all the

slaves on the plantations were ignorant, immoral and superstitious heathens. Whenever he could obtain permission from the directors of the plantations—and it was often refused,—he assembled the unhappy creatures in a kind of barn, where he imparted to them the truths of our holy Faith. The heat of the tropical climate, the vitiated atmosphere, the stings of swarms of insects, and the stupidity of the slaves, combined to render his task almost insupportable. Nevertheless, he accomplished it cheerfully and perseveringly, day after day, going from one plantation to another, until all his benighted flock had been visited and instructed.

During the absence of the Vicar Apostolic, Father Donders administered the Vicariate in the years 1853 and 1854. His pressing labors for the salvation of souls prevented him from being present at the first Provincial Council of Trinidad. In 1856 he was sent to the leper station at Batavia. This we may consider as the second period of his life in Surinam. From this place he often visited plantations on the Saramaca River, with the desire of converting the heathen slaves with whom they were peopled.

In 1865 the Holy See confided the mission of Surinam to the Redemptorist Fathers of the Dutch Province. This was a most agreeable surprise to Father Donders. For more than thirty years he had cherished an earnest desire to be admitted among the sons of St. Alphonsus, and now he felt that the moment had arrived. As soon as possible he set out for Paramaribo to seek admission into the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. A great many objections might have been raised. The postulant was already fifty-seven years old, and, having exercised authority himself, it would be hard for him to bow under the yoke of religious obedience. However, the superior of the mission, Bishop Swinkels, who was also Vicar Apostolic, soon decided the question, and Father Donders was admitted into the Congregation.

We can say without exaggeration that

from the very first day he conducted himself as a perfect religious. Never did his superiors or brethren find in him anything worthy of censure. Those who had the happiness of being his companions declared that in Father Donders they had found a model. A six-months' novitiate was considered sufficient for him, and at its expiration he made his profession. A short time after this happy event he returned to Batavia.

In 1869, touched with pity at the thought of the many heathen Indians in Surinam, he directed his steps, with the sanction of his superior, to the extensive forests situated on the Upper Saranacca, the Tibiti and Woyambo Rivers. These forests are inhabited by wandering tribes of savages. The territory that lay before the fervent apostle was at least twice as large as the Kingdom of Holland. Almost all of the Indians in this region who possess the Faith owe their conversion, under God, to Father Donders. Only last year he visited an Indian camp on the Maratakka River. The voyage, which lasted nineteen days, was made in a row-boat; for in Surinam there are scarcely any roads, and all travelling is done by water.

God only knows the trials and difficulties this saintly man had to encounter in these visits to the Indians. It was necessary, first of all, to gain their friendship, which was often a difficult task. Sometimes he was obliged to walk for leagues through the forests to find his nomadic flock. He usually gave away the provisions that had been prepared for his voyage, and contented himself with the food of the negroes, which generally consists of a piece of salt fish or herring, with a banana or other fruit. On two occasions his boat, which was his only dwelling, sank during the night, but his life was providentially saved.

Father Donders had the happiness of converting several hundred Indians, but very often he met with disappointments on account of their instability and stubbornness. Once he tried to persuade an Indian to give up an illicit intercourse. He spoke for a long time, and it seemed that he had gained

the victory, when the Indian, who had listened patiently, answered, laconically, "*i see parwa*" (I will not). However, none of these drawbacks ever caused the good Father to lose courage.

But to return to Batavia. This place was Father Donders' abode for more than twenty-five years. With the exception of its magnificent scenery, it presents nothing agreeable to human nature. Everywhere the greatest misery prevails. The victims of leprosy that live there are almost all of the lowest class—negroes, Chinese, and Hindoos. I visited the place a few years ago, and can never forget the impression that it made upon me. Some of these poor creatures are mere trunks without limbs, who have to be carried about in wheelbarrows. We can truly say that Batavia is the village of the dying.

Thanks to Father Donders, virtue flourished in this abode of wretchedness. For many a soul, the leprosy and Batavia became the road to Paradise. It very seldom happened that any died outside the true Fold or without the last Sacraments. Very many learned from the saintly missionary the art of leading a holy life and dying a happy death. During a part of his sojourn in Batavia he was all alone, but after he became a Redemptorist he generally had another Father or lay-brother with him, except in the year 1881, when he was again left alone for some time, the Fathers being needed in other parts of the colony.

It would have been impossible for him to endure this life had he not been the man of prayer that he was. Of the twenty-four hours, says a lay-brother who knew him well, he spent fourteen before the Blessed Sacrament. At night he rose and passed a couple of hours in prayer. Every day he said the Office of the Blessed Virgin; Her chaplet was constantly in his hands, and only the day of judgment will reveal the number of Rosaries he recited while seated in his boat during his voyages. In a word, he prayed continually. His devotion to Our Lady prompted him to preach every Saturday in Her honor, and this sermon was the

last work of Father Donders' priestly ministry.

A Father once asked him if he would not maintain his authority better by keeping his hat on rather than by uncovering and inclining his head every time he entered the cabin of a leper. His answer was, "Can there be any harm in my doing this to honor their Angel Guardians?" Every morning after Mass he visited each cabin to console his afflicted people. The rest of the time was spent in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

Everything he had belonged to his people—the food from the kitchen, the fruit from the garden, the water from the cistern. Sometimes he deprived himself of his clothes for their sake. Even while he was a secular priest he never kept any more of his income than was absolutely necessary to maintain life. Although his services were called upon for the most insignificant trifles, and he was wanted to repair all kinds of things that were broken, he never lost his temper. It appears that he performed the most menial offices for his unfortunate parishioners.

An unexpected humiliation befell him in the last years of his life. The Bishop, Mgr. Schaap, being in Batavia on a visit, a committee delegated by some of the lepers waited on him. Not being able to understand them well, he called Father Donders to act as interpreter. And what was the petition? They wanted another priest: Father Donders had been amongst them long enough! How this ingratitude must have wrung such an affectionate heart!

One virtue above all others characterized him—namely, a humble simplicity. He was a declared enemy of singularity. He hid his most eminent virtues without the least affectation. Although he was a man of a very mortified life, yet whenever he received a visitor he treated him well, and used all that was brought to table, like the others. I have seen him smoke a pipe and drink a glass of wine in company with as much apparent satisfaction as if he were accustomed to indulge in them daily. When-

ever there was likelihood of people thinking well of him, he tried to appear less perfect. If he received a visit on one of his fast-days, he would take up his pipe, or drink a little wine, as if it were a feast.

When he came to Paramaribo, from time to time he would ask to be allowed to accuse himself publicly of his faults. I have seen the venerable old man kneel down in the refectory, before the whole community, and humbly expose the faults of which he thought himself guilty. In November of last year he happened to avail himself of a permission the time for which had expired. On discovering his mistake, he immediately wrote to his superior to ask pardon.

The time at length came when this beautiful soul was ripe for heaven. His death was the faithful echo of his life. For fourteen days he endured a painful disease with heroic resignation. He spoke little, cared for nothing earthly, and prayed continually. The Father who administered the last Sacraments to him inquired if he had nothing to dispose of, or any particular desire. He answered "No." His work was done. There was nothing to regret now but his slight imperfections; or to desire, save union with God.

Thus lived and died the saintly Father Donders. He expired on Friday, January 14, 1887, at half-past three in the afternoon. The following morning the body was laid out in the church. When the people saw it they filled the air with their lamentations. These words were constantly repeated: "*O mi boen tata, mi boen tata dedde!*" (Oh! my Father, my good Father is dead!) His mortal remains await the glorious Resurrection in the unknown and solitary settlement of Batavia, at the foot of the mission cross, in the shadow of five tall palm trees—fit emblems of his just soul.

Never shall I forget that venerable face upon which I was once allowed to gaze. It has passed away, but I cherish its image still in a portrait that I possess. I can say that I have had the consolation of knowing a saint. May his memory ever refresh my soul, and may we one day meet in Paradise!

The Holy Emerald.

SAID TO BE THE ONLY TRUE LIKENESS OF CHRIST.

"The gem to which the artist did intrust
That face which now outshines the cherubim,
Gave up, full willingly, its emerald dust,
To take Christ's likeness, to make room for
Him.

So must it be if thou wouldst bear about
Thy Lord: thy shining surface must be low' red,
Thy goodly prominence be chipped and scored,
Till those deep scars have brought His features out:

Sharp be the stroke and true, make no complaints;

For heavenly life thou givest earthly grit;
But oh! how oft our coward spirit faints
When we are called our jewels to submit
To this keen graver, which so oft hath writ
The Saviour's image on His wounded saints!"

The "Orthodox" Russian and the Schismatic Greek Churches.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

(CONCLUSION.)

LUCAR'S "Confession of Faith" appeared in Holland in 1645, and was gladly welcomed by Protestants as a harbinger of their recognition by the historically venerable churches of the East; but the consequent publication of the justly celebrated "Perpetuity of the Faith of the Catholic Church concerning the Eucharist" demonstrated the fallaciousness of their hopes.* They soon found that the Greeks admitted their agreement with Rome concerning

most of the Catholic dogmas. Indeed, as soon as Lucar's "Confession" appeared in Constantinople, the author was synodically deposed, and Cyril of Berea was made patriarch. This prelate convoked a synod in 1638, and a condemnation of Lucar's "Confession" was signed by the three schismatic patriarchs (of Constantinople, Alexandria, and Jerusalem), and by twenty-three bishops. Soon after, bribery and intrigue procured the patriarchal chair for Parthenius of Adrianople, who in 1642 held another synod, which again reprobated Lucar's teachings. In 1672 Dositheus of Jerusalem celebrated the synod already mentioned, which confirmed the decisions of the other assemblies.

In the "Acts" of this assembly we read that the Greek schismatics accused the Calvinists (whom they styled "liars, innovators, heretics, mendacious architects, apostates, who, like all heretics, are artificial explainers of Scripture and of the Fathers,") of calumniating the Orientals by the assertion that the said Orientals held Calvinistic doctrine. And this assertion was made, say the bishops, in spite of so many declarations of Greek patriarchs; in spite of the publication of the "orthodox" belief; in spite of the lucid treatises of many Greek doctors. Then follow eighteen chapters, in which the synodals declare that man's free-will was not destroyed by the fall of Adam; that faith alone will not justify; that there are seven Sacraments; that Baptism cleanses from original sin; that in the Eucharist the substance of the bread and wine is really changed into the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ; that the saints are to be

* In the five quarto volumes of which this work consists, are collected testimonies of all the Greek ecclesiastical authors who wrote after the schism of Photius; the professions of faith of many patriarchs and bishops; declarations of many synods; the liturgies, etc., of the East. It is proved that in all ages, just as to-day, the Orientals admitted seven Sacraments, and held that these produce (?) grace; that, as now, they believed in Transubstantiation; that, as now, they prayed to the saints, prayed for the dead. It is also shown that Lucar manifested, not the sentiments of his Church, but

his own opinions—a fact proved by himself when he proposed his doctrine as one he would like to introduce among the Greeks. In the last two volumes of the "Perpetuity," the doctrine of the Catholic and schismatic Greek Churches is compared with that of the Nestorians, who were separated from Rome in the fifth century, and with that of the Eutychians, or Jacobites, who became schismatics in the sixth. Then follows an exposition of the belief and of the discipline of the Ethiopians, Egyptian Copts, Maronites, and of the Nestorians scattered throughout Persia and India.

invoked as friends of God; that their images are to be venerated; that we must receive all traditions given us by the Church, which, being taught by the Holy Ghost, can not err.

Disappointed in their hopes of union with some ecclesiastical body of comparative antiquity, the Calvinists accounted for the adverse action of the schismatic synods by the supposition of Latin bribery. Thus, in 1722, appeared the book of Cowell, an Englishman, who tried to prove that fraud was behind the apparent agreement of the Roman and schismatic doctrines. Mosheim affects to discover, in the history of the Lucar affair, that Catholic polemics do not scruple at dishonesty when disputing with heretics. Now, it is false that the Greek bishops who condemned the Western "reformers" were partial to the Latins. Cyril of Berea, like many other schismatic prelates and priests of his time, may have died, as Mosheim asserts, in the Roman communion, but the dominant spirits of the synods in question would have rivalled a Scotch covenanter in hatred of Rome. Nectarius, an ex-patriarch of Jerusalem, composed an energetic diatribe "Against the Primacy of the Pope" Dositheus, the president of the Synod of Jerusalem, published, in 1683, many works of Simeon of Thessalonica, in which this writer severely upbraids the Latins. Again, if these Greek adversaries of the "Reformation" were actuated by a desire of pleasing Rome, why did they, in these very synods, so strenuously assert their peculiar dogma concerning the Procession of the Holy Ghost? Finally, how is it that the Greeks, so bitter against the Holy See, so tenacious of their own distinctive doctrines, did not depose Dositheus, Nectarius, Parthenius, etc?

From the day of her separation from Rome, the Greek Church, once so active, has been in a state of lethargy, displaying none of that fecundity which Christ promised to His own spouse. "The prodigious ignorance and stupid superstition," says Feller, "in which the priests and people of this isolated Church are involved, necessarily

entail the great abuses and enormous disorders with which they are reproached. For centuries the Greeks can show no celebrated doctor, no council worthy of attention. Their latest sages — Bessarion, Allatius, Arcndius, etc.,—all belonged to the Church of Rome."

Again we call the reader's attention to some reflections of Gagarin:

"Byzantism pretended to have for its object the exaltation and triumph of the Greek Church, Empire, and nationality. It sacrificed the unity and independence of the Church to that object, and what has been the result of the conflict which it provoked? The ruin of the Greek Church, and consequently of the Greek Empire and nationality. But God did not wish that this ancient and glorious Church should perish. He raised up a new people, who seem to have the mission of re-establishing her in her pristine splendor. That people is the Slavic, and three-fourths of them belong to the Oriental rite, with this difference, that their liturgical language is the (Old) Slavonic. One can not avoid being struck by the contrast between the Slavonic and Greek branches of the Oriental rite. The former possesses numbers, force, vigor, while the latter exhibits only feebleness and decrepitude. Laying aside every other argument, the figures will make this difference palpable. It is estimated that all the Oriental Christians—Slavs, Greeks, Moldo-Wallachians or Roumanjans, Georgians, etc.,—number about seventy million souls, of whom nearly sixty millions are Slavs. If from the ten or twelve remaining millions we deduct those who are not Greeks, we see to how small a number the Greeks are reduced.* Now, the Slavs of the Oriental rite are nearly all subjects of the Russian Empire."

And now a few words as to the probability of a submission of the Russian "orthodox" Church to the Roman jurisdiction. The

* By the term "Greeks," Gagarin does not here indicate merely the subjects of the modern kingdom, but all of the old Byzantine nationality.

Czar may devoutly wish for union with Rome. If he is a statesman, he must realize that the activity and zeal of a Papal clergy would be a great check to the growth of Nihilism. The more learned and more pious of the "orthodox" clergy—too few, alas! in number—may yearn for unity. But there is one obstacle, which, apparently, neither the once powerful inclinations of a Czar nor the fast-decreasing influence of a corrupt clergy can overcome. When England shall have learned the wisdom of doing justice to Ireland, there may be hope that Russia will commence to doubt the wisdom of her policy toward *her Ireland*—unfortunate, noble, and exhausted Poland. But as yet, to the average Russian mind, Poland is a subject only for the iron heel; and *Catholicism*, to this mind, means *Latinism*,—i. e., *Polonism*. The Russian "patriot," therefore, regards any progress of Catholicism in "Holy Russia" as a progress of Polish nationality.

Again, the Russian clergy have always systematically inculcated the idea that a reunion with Rome means the abolition of several institutions dear to the Russian heart—viz., Communion under both species, the use of fermented bread in the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Old Slavonic liturgy, and the marriage of the secular clergy. And here we must note that nothing can be more false than the idea entertained by most of the Eastern schismatics that whenever there has been a question of reunion with Rome, the Holy See has designed to force them to adopt the Latin rite and discipline. In refutation of this idea, Pope Benedict XIV., in his Bull *Allatae sunt*, quotes the words of Pope Innocent IV., who cited two Constitutions of Popes Leo X. and Clement VII., in which these Pontiffs vehemently reproved those Latins who blamed the Greeks for their observance of certain customs approved by the Council of Florence.

The same Benedict XIV., speaking of those who were laboring for reunion, resumes their obligations as follows: (1.) They should disabuse the schismatics of those errors which their ancestors introduced in

order that they might have a pretext for withdrawing from the obedience of the Sovereign Pontiff. As an easier method of converting said schismatics, the greatest stress should be laid upon the writings of the early Fathers of the Greek Church, who are in perfect accord with the Latin Fathers. (2.) To bring the Eastern schismatics into the fold of the true Church, it is not necessary to attack their rites. On the contrary, as the Apostolic See has always insisted, they must not be urged to follow the Latin rite. And in our own day Pope Pius IX., in an Encyclical addressed to the Orientals, under date of Jan. 6, 1848, uttered the same sentiments. Nevertheless, the idea is firmly fixed in most Russian minds that union with Rome means the loss of their loved rite. This, added to their present sentiments as to the burning question of Poland, would seem to indicate that there is little probability of a speedy submission of the Russian Church to the Holy See.*

* In reply to the assertion that, in spite of the declarations of many Roman Pontiffs, the Catholic missionaries have always tried to bring their converts of the Oriental rite into the Latin rite, Gagarin, *loc. cit.*, says: "It is true that in the Ottoman Empire all the Catholic Greeks, excepting the Melchites of Syria, have passed over to the Latin rite. It is also true that in Poland the Latin rite has been adopted by many Catholic families who once belonged to the Greek rite." These are facts which we do not dispute. But we insist that they prove nothing against us, and that they are sufficiently explained by causes completely foreign to the actions of the Holy See and of its missionaries. In Turkey, until the *hatti-houmayoun* of Feb. 18, 1856, all the Christians of the Greek rite were placed under the (civil) authority of the Patriarch of Constantinople; and when one of them renounced that prelate's communion to enter that of the Pope, it is evident that he was exposed to vexation by that personage, who, though no longer his spiritual, was still his temporal ruler. He had only one way of escaping persecution and that was a withdrawal from the patriarch's civil jurisdiction when he left the schismatic communion. To effect this withdrawal he had to join the Latin rite. These few words ought to explain how, in Greece and the Archipelago, all the Catholic Greeks have been led to abandon the Greek rite. The concessions made by the Sultan Abdul-Mejid, on Feb. 18, 1856, deprived the patriarch of his civil authority over his co-

Fairy Gold.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT was without the least fear of Father Byrne's declining to have anything to do with Marion, that Helen went to him—and it was something of a shock to her to find that Marion had been right in her opinion, and that he very much disapproved of and distrusted that fascinating young lady. He looked troubled at her request, and put out his lip in a way he had when anything perplexed him.

"My dear child," he said, hesitatingly, "I really don't see what I can do for your cousin. She is not a Catholic, she does not come to me for religious advice, and if she wants a worldly opinion, there are many people who could give it much better and with much more propriety than I."

"She does not think so, Father, and neither do I. It is not merely a worldly opinion, though it regards worldly matters; but a point where conscience comes in, and she wants to know what is right."

"But why come to me?" he asked. "Has she not her own spiritual guides?"

"Marion!" said Helen. She laughed a little. "I can not fancy Marion regarding any Protestant as a spiritual guide; and since, as you say, she is not a Catholic, she has none at all. But I believe that her becoming a Catholic is only a question of time,

nationals; but it has not yet been shown that the Greeks who were desirous of joining the Roman communion, and who still preferred to cling to their old rite, could do so with impunity. Let us judge, then, whether they could have done so a century or two ago. In Poland the circumstances were different, but the United Russians passed to the Latin rite because of similar influences. In the Republic of Poland there were two rites, two languages, and two nationalities. The superiority was with the Poles; and when the convert adopted the Latin rite, he assumed Polish nationality, and entered the ranks of the dominant people. Does not this state of things explain the facts opposed to us?"

and therefore she will have confidence in your opinion."

Father Byrne put out his lip still farther and shook his head. "I do not know very much of the young lady," he replied; "but from what I do know I should say that her ever becoming a Catholic is more than doubtful."

"I am afraid that you are prejudiced against her, Father," said Helen.

"I think not," he answered, gravely. "Why should I be prejudiced against her or against any one? But I should profit very little by my experience of the world if I did not learn to judge character from some manifestations. I do not wish to say anything severe of your cousin, my child, but she has not impressed me favorably."

"Poor Marion!" said Helen. "She is and always has been her own worst enemy. Nobody knows her as well as I do, Father—that is, nobody except Claire,—and I know how much good there really is in her. All that is worst is on the surface; and she shows it so recklessly that people think there is nothing else. But I see a great change in her of late, and I think it would be well to encourage her in anything that draws her nearer to religious influences. Therefore, if it is not asking too much of you to see her and give her a little advice on this matter, which is so important to her, I should be very glad."

"Should you?" asked the good priest, smiling. "Well, to make you glad in such an unselfish way I would do a good deal. There is really no reason why I should not give Miss Lynde the counsel she asks, though it is rather curious that she should seek it from me. You can bring her to me whenever it is convenient for you; and, if she does not object, I should wish you to be present at the interview."

"She will not object," answered Helen; "and it is very good of you to consent. I can bring her immediately, for I left her in the church while I came to you. There is need for haste, because to-morrow probably she will have to decide finally what she is to do."

"Bring her, then, at once," said Father Byrne, with an air of resignation. He felt, though he did not say, that his own people troubled him quite sufficiently with their personal affairs, without an outsider finding it expedient to throw upon him the very perplexing burden of decision in an affair which involved the interests of others. And Marion Lynde was the very last person with whose affairs he would have wished to be concerned in the least degree. If any one beside Helen had come to him in her behalf, he would certainly have refused to do so; but it was impossible for him to refuse Helen. It was not only that he was attached to her, as, in one degree or another, every one who knew her was, but he was specially touched by her interest in and kindness to one who had certainly been the cause of much pain to her, if not of serious injury. "If she had not the most generous heart in the world she would not vex herself about Miss Lynde's affairs," he said to himself; "but since she does, I should not mind helping her a little."

So it came to pass that Helen brought Marion from the church to the pastoral residence adjoining, where they found Father Byrne awaiting them in the plainly-furnished sitting-room, which had yet a picturesque, monastic suggestion from the religious objects that were its only adornments, and its latticed windows opening on depths of verdure. The priest received them kindly; and then, with some inward nervousness, though outward composure, Marion opened her subject.

"I feel that I have no right at all to come to you, Father, and trouble you with my private matters, but perhaps your kindness will lead you to excuse me on the ground that there is no one else to whom I can go. I have not many friends, and among them there is not one person whose judgment in this case would not have an interested bias. Besides, I should like to know what is the moral view of it—the really right thing to do,—and you, if you will, can tell me that."

"I can give you the view which would

be presented to a Catholic," said Father Byrne; "but you will not recognize anything binding in that."

"I shall be bound by whatever you tell me is right," she answered, simply. "I do not seek your advice without meaning to be guided by it, else there would be no excuse for coming to you. I beg you to speak as frankly as if you were addressing a Catholic."

"Tell me, then," he said, "exactly the point on which you are in doubt."

She told him briefly, but with great clearness, and he listened attentively to all that she had to say before uttering a word. Then when she paused he replied, with the air of one who is accustomed to give prompt decisions:

"From what you tell me I think there can be no question but that you are clearly entitled to retain a part of the fortune. Since it was the desire of the testator that, under the circumstances of the supposed death of his son, you should have all of it, we must believe that even had he known his son to be living he would not have failed to leave you a legacy. It would be entirely just and right, therefore, that you should retain a part, while it is also right that you should resign the bulk of the estate to its natural heir."

Helen directed a triumphant glance toward Marion, which said, "You see how entirely Father Byrne is of my opinion!" but Marion did not perceive it. She was looking down with rather a disappointed air.

"I should prefer to give it all up," she said—"to keep nothing."

Father Byrne spread out his hands with a gesture very familiar to those who knew him well. "There is nothing to prevent that," he observed. "It would not be wrong; but, if you will permit me to say so, it would be foolish. Why should you wish to defeat entirely the kind intentions of the dead man in your behalf?"

"I can hardly explain," she answered, "without going into personal details, which would not interest you. About the manner

in which I received this money, my conscience is clear enough; for I did nothing to induce Mr. Singleton to make such a will, and no one was more surprised by it than I. But—before that—” she hesitated, paused, then with an effort went on: “Everything might have been different if I had acted differently at an earlier period. I made a very deliberate and mercenary choice then. It led to this disposition of Mr. Singleton’s fortune; and now I feel that there is retribution, punishment, whatever you like to call it, in the circumstances that are taking it away from me. That makes me reluctant to keep any of it. I should feel as if I were still being paid for—what I lost. I express myself obscurely, but I hope that you understand me.”

“Yes,” he replied, “I think that I do. You feel as if this fortune had been bought at a certain price, and therefore it has lost value in your eyes. That is purely a matter of feeling, with which the abstract question involved has nothing to do—unless there is some point on which your conscience accuses you of wrong-doing.”

She shook her head. “There is none directly touching the money. But, indirectly, the money was the root of everything—of a choice which has brought me no happiness.”

“And you think, perhaps, that by resigning it you may recover what you have lost?”

She colored vividly. “No,” she said quickly, almost indignantly. “I have no thought of the kind. That choice is made irrevocably. I can recover nothing but my own self-respect.”

Father Byrne looked a little puzzled. “I fail to see,” he said, “how your self-respect has been lost by having a fortune left you which you declare you did nothing to secure. But that is a question for yourself alone, since it is evidently a matter of feeling. The moral point I have answered to the best of my ability.”

“You think that I ought to retain part of this fortune?”

“I can not go so far as to say that you

ought. There is no moral obligation binding you to do so, as far as I am aware of the circumstances. I can only say that it is clearly right for you to do so—if you think fit.”

Evidently after this there was no more to be said, and Marion rose to take leave, saying a few words of sincere thanks for the kindness which had received her. “It has been very good of you to advise me,” she said, gratefully. “I shall never forget it.”

“I only hope that the advice may be of some use to you,” replied Father Byrne. “But it will be better if you ask God to guide and direct you.”

“Well, are you satisfied?” asked Helen, when they found themselves outside. “Have you decided what to do?”

“Not yet,” said Marion. “I have only been told what I may do, and I must take a little time to decide whether or not I will do it.”

“Then you have really gained nothing by going to Father Byrne,” Helen continued, in a disappointed tone.

“Oh! yes, I have gained a great deal,” the other answered quickly. “I seem to feel myself standing on firm ground—to know just what I ought to do and what I ought not, what is permitted and what is not. The question still remains, however, whether or not to do what is permitted.”

“I can’t see that you have gained much,” said Helen, with a sigh.

But Marion felt that she had gained much when she faced the question alone, as all important questions must at last be faced. She had been assured that there was no reason why she should not retain a part of the money which had come into her possession; and she said to herself that even Brian Earle—indeed Brian Earle of all men—would recognize the authority of the voice which had so assured her. She need not hold herself grasping and mercenary if she did this—if she kept a little of the fortune that its possessor had given to her in its entirety. So much, therefore, was clear. But there could be no doubt that she would prefer to give it all up—to close forever the

passage in her life which had been so bitter, and in the end so humiliating; to disprove by a magnificent act of generosity all the charges of scheming which she felt sure had been made against her, and to know that Brian Earle would learn that none of his uncle's money remained in her hands.

But if she gratified herself in this manner what was before her? Not only the old dependence, but a dependence which would be doubly embittered by the resentment with which her relatives were sure to regard the step which she thought of taking. "My uncle will never forgive me," she thought. "He will say that I had no right to throw away the means to help myself, and fall back on his already overburdened hands. That is true. It will be bitter as death to do so. And yet how can I keep this money? Oh, if I had only been spared the necessity of such a choice! If it was wrong to desire wealth so much, surely I am punished for it, since what it has brought on me is worse than the poverty from which I have escaped. That, at least, was simple; I had only to endure it. But this is fraught with serious consequences, that go beyond myself and touch other people. What shall I do—ah! what shall I do?"

She was walking up and down her chamber, all alone in the silence of the night. Suddenly, as she wrung her hands with the silent force of her inward appeal, Father Byrne's last words recurred to her memory: "It will be better if you ask God to guide and direct you." She stopped short. Was there any hope that God would really do this if she ventured to ask Him? It proved how much of an unconscious pagan she was that such a question should have occurred to her. But the imperative need at this moment for some guidance, some direction stronger even than that to which she had already appealed, seemed to answer the question. She sank on her knees and lifted her heart to Him who hears all petitions, begging, simply, earnestly, like a child, to be directed into the course right and best to pursue.

The next morning Marion's companion—a quiet, elderly widow—noticed that she was more than usually restless, that she settled to no occupation, but wandered from the house to the garden and back again; from room to room and window to window, as if in expectation of some event. Mrs. Winter was not a person easily "fidgeted": she bore this for some time without remark, but at length she was driven to say, "You are looking for some one this morning?"

"Yes," answered Marion, promptly; "I am looking for two people, and I have very important business to settle when they come. That makes me a little restless. I wish it were over." Then she laughed a little. "It is not every day, however, that one has a chance to see a dead man," she said. "That should prove interesting."

Mrs. Winter looked startled. "A dead man!" she repeated. "How—what do you mean?"

"I mean," replied Marion, calmly, "that it is a case of the dead alive. You have not heard, then? If you went out into Scarborough, I fancy you would hear very quickly. Mr. Singleton's son, who was supposed to be dead, has proved to be very much alive, and I am expecting a visit from him to-day."

"My dear Miss Lynde!"—the good woman fairly gasped—"what a piece of news! And how quietly you take it! Mr. Singleton's son alive! Good Heavens! In that case, who will have the property?"

"That is what we are going to settle," said Marion. "It strikes me that a son should inherit his father's estate; do you not think so?"

"I—don't know," answered Mrs. Winter, more than ever confounded by this cool inquiry. "Usually—oh! yes, I suppose so," she added after a minute; "but in this case—the young man was so wild that his father cast him off, did he not?"

"I never heard the story clearly from any one who had authority to tell it," answered Marion. "I do not know what occurred between father and son, but I am

quite sure that Mr. Singleton believed his son to be dead when he made the will in which he left me his fortune."

"Then, my dear, if I may ask, what do you mean to do?"

"What is right and honest," said Marion, with a faint smile "Wish me courage, for there is the door-bell."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A Dream-Spot in the Waste."

I.

THE red, red glow of the firelight
Gleams through the shadowy room,
And its purring tones meet the wind's low
moans

Outside in the winter gloom.
Two faces are lit by the firelight,
And flush in its weird, bright glow,
And their spirits meet with a touch most sweet
As the hours, gladsome, flow.—

II.

Faces stamped with the signet
Of peaceful and quiet rest,
With an unseen Presence brooding
In the cloister of each breast.
They are far from the world that revels
Under the flashing stars,
And their thoughts pass by the sorrows that lie
Under the moonlight's bars.

III.

A stray note from happy Eden,
"A dream-spot, this, in the waste,"—
A page that has fluttered from heaven,
Where the love of the Lord is traced;
A strength for the coming battle,
A peace for the future storm,
A light for the coming darkness,
A joy for some hope forlorn.

IV.

Thank God for our moments of gladness!
They thrill from His Sacred Heart,
They come in the guise of little things,
Yet form of life's bliss such part!—
Yes, thanks for the voice of affection,
For the hand-clasp and the tear,
The meeting with joys uncounted,—
The "dream-spot" sacred and dear!

MERCEDES.

Under Italian Skies.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

XX.—GUINZANO AND SAN CARLO.

ONE morning we took train for Guinzano, a small station about an hour's ride from Milan. When we alighted we found the usual snug, stone depot; and, close at hand, a frame house, eminently modern, with a green bough waving from the door. There was wine within hail, as there always is in Italy; and this mushroom establishment had sprung up in the track of travel. The age progresses.

CERTOSA.—Across the level meadow we saw the hundred spires of a famous monastery chapel. Do you remember a day we spent at La Certosa, near Florence, where we were refreshed with a flagon of *Chartreuse*, and saw the venerable monks going to and fro in the cloisters, lost in a dream of the peace that awaits them at no distant day? Well, Certosa, near Milan, is a monastery almost as fine—but, alas! it has been suppressed. The meadow, or plain, that surrounds it is like the major part of Lombardy—a dead-level and set with poplar trees, planted in long rows that cross one another at right angles. The vast plains are thus systematically blocked out, and the landscape is proportionately monotonous and uninteresting. There are trees enough between the station and the monastery—not far distant—to quite hide the latter from view when the leaves are out; but in winter the black twigs leave it visible, and it is the most inviting object to be seen through a car window from Milan to Genoa, *via* Pavia.

The monastery was founded in 1396, by Gian Galeazzo Visconti; it was suppressed under the Emperor Joseph II., but restored in 1844. One would suppose from appearances that the Carthusian Order was nearly extinct; there are a few old men, clad in white robes, and wearing long white beards, scattered here and there, through the length

and the breadth of the land; but how few in proportion to the many that once inhabited these vast religious houses! Though there are four and twenty little domiciles at Guinzano, and there should be a monk allotted to each, we saw but one solitary member of the Order, who conducted us over the premises, his hands swollen with chilblains, and his heart evidently dead to the world.

It is a pleasant half-mile walk from the station to the monastery wall. Oddly enough, the station stands in the rear of the monastery, and at a respectful distance; I say oddly enough, because the Italian railway usually contrives to graze the door of every sacred seclusion. The monastery seems to have turned its back on the travelling public, and we were obliged to skirt the walls on two sides of it before we came to the great gate; when we got there, lo! the gate stood wide open, facing a broad plain, whereon no living thing was visible save only the leafless trees—and they seemed dead.

There were a few peasants loitering within the gates; the cold winter sunshine lay thinly on the court in front of the church,—the despoiled church, with its amazing façade half in shadow. One examines this façade as he would examine a piece of embroidery; for it is a marvel of delicate workmanship. Medallions of the Roman emperors are ranged in a line along the base of the building; above these are scenes from sacred history in high relief—some of them very wisely protected by wire screens, for any one of them is an exquisite work of art; then heads of eagles lean out into the silent court under the magnificent windows, and above the windows are niches filled with statues. The roof is ornamented with a multitude of graceful spires, and above the dome, supported by three tiers of columns, is the lofty steeple—loftier even than the belfry tower that is a little removed from it. The façade of this church is one of the three most famous in Northern Italy, those of Siena and Orvieto being usually compared with it.

Having rung for some time at the door of the monastery, we were at length answered by a thin, sallow monk, who was to act as *cicerone*. Each of the fourteen chapels of the church has something of merit to distinguish it, but all are eclipsed by the superior splendor of the high altar; it flashes with thick-set gems; the altar rail is a broad slab of marble supported by angels crouching in jungles of flowers; had the material in which the artist worked been wax instead of marble, the fingers could not have fashioned it more cunningly.

We were shown an altar with an elaborate mosaic set in the front of it; two artists were employed twenty years in its construction. The screen above one altar, composed of sixty panels of carved ivory, was the work of Leonardo de Umbriache, of the sixteenth century, who gave forty years of his life to the completion of it.

Certosa of Guinzano is furnished in this sumptuous fashion throughout. The members of the Order, many of them of noble birth and possessed of fabulous wealth, enriched their monasteries; they became treasuries of art, the abodes of beauty and refinement. Now we find them seldom visited, especially this one (the most noteworthy) at Guinzano, because they are out of the route of travel, and are no longer inhabited. The life has gone out of the Certosa at Guinzano; the cloisters echoed sharply to our tread, as if we were intruders. This was especially noticeable as we paced the long arbor, wherein the autumn grapes hung withering on the vines; the vines clambered upon a trellis supported by marble columns, and certainly the columns nowhere look more beautiful than when ranged in couples under a roof of leaves and tendrils.

The monk who piloted us through the deserted cloisters had nothing superfluous to say; he answered our questions briefly and to the point; led us from chamber to chamber, from court to court, mechanically. A long rosary of black beads hung at his waist; in his hand he held a bunch of ponderous keys. He was just such a monk as

you see in a picture; he seemed to fit into every nook and corner of the place, and become a part of it; and when we took leave of him at the great gate, there was no change of expression on his almost expressionless face; indeed he might just as well have been a strip of canvas painted to the life, or a waxen image passed from room to room by means of some ingenious mechanism.

When Certosa of Guinzano was filled with a busy brotherhood, he was not a mere automaton, whose allotted task it is to exhibit the vacant cells, the deserted cloisters, and the desecrated chapels of his ancient and august Order. And doing this from day to day, year after year, do you wonder that even his heart and his emotions are *suppressed*?

SAN CARLO.—It was my name-day. In the early morning I looked down the *corso* of Milan, and saw above the roofs, at the farther end, a forest of slender minarets just tipped with sunlight. I drew near with hasty steps. Suddenly, in an opening between high walls, I saw the white breadth of a building that seemed fashioned out of snow—out of snow that had partially melted and then frozen again, so that a myriad shafts sprang out of it, and stood bravely against the cloudless blue of the sky.

Then I came into the open square, and the cathedral was before me—a marble fantasy touched lightly by the sunbeams that lost themselves among the pale lances that flanked the roof. From one side of it I saw deep shadows hiding away between clustered columns that sprang in octaves from earth to heaven. Again I looked, and the white faces of a thousand sculptured saints met mine. They were gathered there, a voiceless multitude, guarding the hallowed shrine of the great Saint whose body lies within.

Under the broad windows of the transept—windows that were filled with light, but a light so soft and ethereal that it was more like shadow made luminous than anything else—I saw the roof piled crown upon crown until it reached the tier that rests upon the dome, and out of it sprang the

central shaft, with its niches and statues, one above another, until there was nothing left but the one white, radiant statue swimming in sunshine under the hollow arch of heaven.

Within was space—almost inexhaustible space,—with mighty pillars supporting Gothic avenues of arches formed of a fretwork as delicate as lace. The many altars were forgotten for the time; nothing held my attention long—not even the sunbeam that stole in at some star-like window, and noiselessly fell slantwise upon the pavement in a remote part of the building.

Stained windows with hundreds of pious pictures charged the mellow atmosphere with delicate light. I heard the Mass bells, and saw the candles flickering upon the altars, and realized that beneath it all was the sacred vault wherein the ashes of the Saint repose.

One is almost intoxicated with the first sight of San Carlo. It is impossible to stop long within; for a memory of its shining walls is sure to fill you with longing and unrest. You feel that you must ascend and compass the whole before you can content yourself with any part of it.

The roof is no less marvellous than the interior; you walk on every portion of it over a floor of marble, and look forth from pinnacles and turrets upon a vast horizon; you pass under airy buttresses that appear to be as fragile as frost-work—indeed it all seems a miracle of frost, too fairy-like and too fanciful to long survive the sunshine.

I climbed to the upper gallery, where I was three hundred and sixty feet above the earth; the roof, with its wilderness of needle-like spires, was one hundred and fifty feet below me. I might have studied out its curious geography, but I chose not to do so. I knew that as I climbed the dome by the outer galleries it was as if I were twining among the crystallized boughs of a frozen forest—I almost feared they must snap under my weight; and yet everywhere, as if to reassure me, I came face to face with some motionless angel sheltered in a bewitching shrine.

Below me and about me stretched the plains of Lombardy, bordered by the Alps. I saw Mont Blanc, Great St. Bernard, and the Matterhorn; Mount Leone, by the Simplon; the Bernese Alps, and the summits of St. Gothard. But all these were forgotten in the dazzling spectacle below me. Two thousand statues were congregated there, and there were thousands of vacant niches, each destined to hold the enduring effigy of angel, saint, or martyr. I fancied I could hear the ring of the marble under the chisel of busy artisans who are hastening the temple to its completion—though Heaven knows when that hour will come, for all the haste; and, with the music of the marble in my ears, I descended long before I had begun to comprehend the plan of the bewilderingly beautiful structure; and purposely, for I prefer to remember it as it seemed to me at the final moment—a frozen fountain of ten thousand jets.

THE CRYPT.—It is a small chamber hung with brocaded satin, and framed in silver mouldings of elaborate design. Above the altar is the massive casket of solid silver wherein the body of the Saint is sealed. An acolyte lowered the ponderous screen before the casket, —a screen hung with gold and silver medallions in high relief, and set thick with precious stones; and there, within the inner casket of rock-crystal, reposed the body of San Carlo Borromeo. The face was uncovered; the profile still bore a resemblance to the familiar portrait; the whole body, clad in resplendent robes, lay as in sleep; entirely visible.

Fabulous treasure is gathered there:—gems whose brilliancy enlivens the solemnity of the tomb, the gifts of queens and princes. Is it any wonder, O ye who know his story!—and who knows it not? Above his ashes rise the turrets of a cathedral, which, next to St. Peter's at Rome and the Cathedral at Seville, is the largest in the world. The interior is one hundred and fifty nine yards in depth, and sixty-one yards in breadth; the apex of the nave is one hundred and fifty-five feet above the pavement; the dome, two hundred and

twenty feet above the roof. The roof is supported by fifty-two columns, each twelve feet in diameter, while their summits are adorned with canopied niches and statues instead of capitals. There is nothing insignificant within its vast interior, from the web-like tracery of the ceiling to the admirable mosaic under foot. The Milanese declare it to be the eighth wonder of the world, and it is justly the pride and glory of the proud city of San Carlo Borromeo.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lady, Star of Brightest Ray!*

LADY, Star of brightest ray!
Which this world of darkness guides,
Light Thy pilgrim on his way,
For his soul in Thee confides.

Thou art like the fragrant bough
Of the beauteous cassia tree;
Like the orient myrrh art Thou,
Whose sweet breath is worthy Thee.
Lady, when the sufferer mourns,
'Tis to Thee he bends his eye;
'Tis to Thee the sinner turns,
Virgin of the cloudless sky!

Thee has Wisdom's son compared
To the towering cedar trees;
And Thy Church, which Thou dost guard,
To Mount Zion's cypresses.
Thou art like the palm trees green,
Which the richest fruits have given;
Thou the olive, radiant Queen!
Blooming on the heights of heaven.

Brightest planet of the sea,
Dazzling gate in heaven's abode;
Virgin in the agony,
Mother, daughter, spouse of God.
Though the curse that Eve had brought
O'er her children threat'ning stood,
All the evil that she wrought,
Lady, Thou hast turned to good.

* These lines, which appeared in the *London Magazine* for August, 1823, are a translation of a beautiful hymn written in the fifteenth century by Pero Lopez de Ayala, while in prison in England.

The Children's Offering.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

"In the perfume of the lilies
Christ was born.

And through the great arch of the portal
That leads to the city immortal
Is wafted the perfume they shed."

A BED of filmy moss—rainbow moss—filled with white lilies, Maréchal Niel roses, and cape jasmine, edged by a fringe of lilies of the valley, stood on the broad counter of the principal florist's store in a Southern city. Little school children, round-eyed with wonder, edged themselves inside of the doorway to gaze upon it; society belles paused, with loudly expressed epithets of admiration; even business men, hurrying home to dinner, went into the shop to admire this floral display, ordered by an influential lady in high society.

The greenhouse was exhausted for that day, and those who applied for choice flowers were forced to go without them. It was a great disappointment to many; for it was the eve of the Festival of Corpus Christi, and loving hands were gathering up all the choice blossoms of white and red which they could find in greenhouse and garden.

Two little children, hand in hand, strolled into the florist's, and, seeing the moss bank, clapped their hands and fairly danced before it.

"That must be for the altar to-morrow, Rose," said the boy. "How kind and how rich somebody must be to bring such a lovely gift!"

"Yes, Cyril dear, very rich; we never could buy it. But we will each get a few roses, and, with our wild meadow-lilies—although they'll never be seen beside these,—they'll fill up a little chink somewhere, perhaps."

The florist's wife approached the children. "You wish some rosebuds!" she exclaimed in answer to their demand for flowers. "There is not another rosebud or

jasmine within forty miles. This great moss-bank decoration has taken them all. What do you want with flowers?"

"For to-morrow—Corpus Christi," replied little Rose. "We want to put our flowers on the altar."

"You'll not get any," said the woman. "Mrs. Durham has taken all."

"What! not one rosebud! Why, it would never be missed. Not one rosebud for the altar!" almost sobbed the little girl, who had saved up a month's allowance in order to have a bouquet for the altar on Corpus Christi.

"Never mind, Rose," said Cyril; "we'll go into the woods and get"—he paused; he knew that all the spring flowers had gone, and the early summer blossoms not yet bloomed;—"but we'll go and find something, surely."

Late that evening two tired little children entered the sacristy of the cathedral, bearing very carefully, on a board, a bank of ferns and mosses, in the centre of which, formed by the starry cups of white laurel blooms, were the words, *Mater Christi*.

"May we put this before our Blessed Lady's altar?" asked Rose of the kind sacristan. "We could not get anything better; we tried ever so hard, but all the fine greenhouse flowers were gone for the great moss bank of roses for the altar."

"Nothing has been sent for the altar except these bouquets," said the sacristan, pointing to a small table.

"But surely the great bank of moss and roses will come," continued Rose; "for it was ordered by the richest Catholic lady in town."

"Well, my children, yours is the loveliest offering that has been brought, and it shall be placed on the grand altar."

"The other may come later," said Cyril; "and, as it is much more worthy than this, you must keep the place for it."

"It will not come, my dear boy," interposed a lady standing near them. "It has been placed on the refreshment table for a grand party to the society world to-night, at Mrs. Durham's."

"Oh, no! surely Mrs. Durham would not forget the altar, and think only of the adornment of her home!" said a young lady who had entered during the conversation. "I am going there to-night. I have tried to get some roses myself, but could not, so I have come to bring you these jacquemint buds, which were sent me to wear."

"Surely Mrs. Durham's will come," said little Rose; "so put our offering at our Blessed Lady's feet; She it was who helped us to find these laurels up among the rocks, after we had searched everywhere."

"How did the Blessed Mother help you?" asked the elder lady.

"While we were resting," replied Cyril, "Rose and I said a Rosary, and then we looked up, and these flowers were blooming just above us; we never saw them before, so I climbed and got them, and Rose fastened them in the moss we had gathered."

The Festival of Roses, the day of sweetest devotion, dawned. A few vases filled with buds of glorious promise adorned the grand altar, but at the feet of our Blessed Mother was a bed of mosses, with ferns waving above the laurel-imprinted words, *Mater Christi*.

The society lady's pew was vacant. She had overslept herself, and could not reach the cathedral in time even for the last Mass. The gorgeous blooms she had ordered for her society reception were withering in the over-heated atmosphere of the last night's supper-room. Not a single rosebud had been offered by her to the altar of her Faith.

My little children, you whose innocent, loving hearts place you nearer the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord, bring your sweetest flowers for His festival; learn to grow in grace through the perfume of the lilies and the splendor of the rose; so that in coming years, when the claims of the social world call you, deep down in your hearts the memory of the altar flowers offered in your childhood will bid you remember to offer your costliest gifts to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Catholic Notes.

The thought of the approaching Golden Jubilee of the Priesthood of our Holy Father Leo XIII. is one that occupies the loving attention of every Catholic heart throughout the world. In accordance with this universal sentiment societies, congregations, and organizations of various kinds, are presenting the Sovereign Pontiff with testimonials of their affection and reverence. More recently the invitation comes from the General Director of the American Sodality of the Blessed Virgin to unite with the *Primaria* Sodality of Rome in the presentation of a suitable address to the Pope in honor of this most auspicious event, expressing the dutiful sentiments of the members, and the spiritual offerings they will make for the prosperity of the reign of the Vicar of Christ. The blanks for signatures to this address will be sent on application to the office of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Philadelphia, and the list will remain open until the last week in July.

After nearly two thousand years of Christian literature one would think there is but little room for originality on the part of one who undertakes to speak on the value of the Christian religion,—a subject that has been treated with such eloquence and power by the wisest and best men during the lapse of so many centuries. But the value of the Christian religion is a subject that is eternally fresh, and few writers of the present day have put it before us in so striking a way as the Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh, of London, Ont., Canada, in a letter of approbation prefixed to a volume lately published by a priest of his diocese, entitled "Mistakes of Modern Infidels." The Rt. Rev. Bishop, after alluding to the "specious but superficial objections of the infidel school against the truth of the Christian religion," goes on to speak as follows:

"This religion is the most priceless treasure which this fallen, sin-stained world possesses. It is indeed the light of the world and the salt of the earth—the light of revealed truth for the intellect, the healing salt of heavenly graces for the wounds and corruptions of the heart. It is our pillar of cloud by day, our pillar of fire by night, protecting us from the enemies of our salvation, and guiding our footsteps through the desert of life towards the promised land. There is no dark problem of

life which it has not solved, there are no anxious questionings of the soul for which it has not the most satisfactory answers. Into every Gethsemane of human grief and agony it has entered as an angel of consolation. Veronica-like, it has wiped the blood and tears and sweat from the face of suffering humanity. It has cared for the poor, it has fed the hungry, it has clothed the naked, it has visited and consoled the sick, it has sanctified and sublimated human sorrow. It has brought hope and comfort into the darkness of the dungeon, it has freed the slave, it has ennobled and dignified labor; in fine, it found the human race tattered and torn and bleeding by the way-side of the world, and, like the good Samaritan, it has taken it up in its protecting arms, has poured wine and oil into its wounds, and has restored it to health and strength."

Leo XIII. has addressed a Brief to Mgr. d'Hulst Rector of the Catholic University of Paris, on the projected scientific Congress of Catholics. The Holy Father warmly approves of the proposed convention and considers it most opportune when rationalists are striving to force nature to bear witness against the Creator. Cardinal Manning will be one of the chief patrons of the Congress.

In a communication which appears in recent issues of our English exchanges attention is called to the vulgar error that the pieces of the True Cross preserved in various parts of the world suffice to make a cross considerably larger than the one on which Our Saviour was crucified. There is absolutely no foundation for this silly statement. As a matter of fact, the relics that are to be found would not give, if taken together, a superficies of more than four million cubic millimeters,—a very small part indeed of the materials required to make a cross. "This is a truth," remarks the writer, "the knowledge of which it is of no little importance to diffuse; for certain laughing philosophers have done considerable mischief to religion by their exaggerations and sneers with regard to the number and character of the sacred relics treasured up in Europe and Asia."

The ladies of Poland, according to the London *Tablet*, have presented a splendid triptych to the great German Catholic leader, Windthorst, in recognition of his services in defence of their persecuted country. The triptych is of oak carved in the style of the medieval archi-

itecture of Poland. In the centre is represented Our Lady of Crestochova, piously known as the Queen of Poland among Polish Catholics; on either side are representations of St. Adalbert and St. Stanislaus, patrons and proto-martyrs of the country. A relic of the latter Saint is attached to the triptych, and a Latin inscription.

In Noble County, Indiana, lives one of those pioneer settlers of the West whose sturdy faith and deep-seated piety proved so effective for the preservation of religion at a time when priests were few and remotely situated. We refer to Mr. Gabriel Girardot, of Girardot Settlement, whose life of devotedness as a Christian father and faithful son of the Church has recently been blessed with the happiness of celebrating, with his good and pious spouse, the golden anniversary of their marriage. The event, as may be imagined, was one of great rejoicing by hosts of friends, and especially by the children of the venerable couple who have been privileged to enjoy the blessing invoked upon them at their Nuptial Mass, and see their children and their children's children to the third and fourth generation. To bless this happy anniversary, Solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. F. X. Ege, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Duehmig, of Avilla, and Roche, of St. Vincent's. Their pastor, the Rev. Father Duehmig, preached the sermon. With an entertainment provided by the good Sisters of St. Francis, the happy day was fittingly concluded, with the sincere expressions of best wishes from friends innumerable.

In tearing down the old Church of St. Mary, on Bathurst Street, Toronto, the workmen found the iron coffin in which Father Louis, a saintly Capuchin, who died on the 17th of March, 1857, had been buried. The body was wonderfully well preserved, and the face was seen to be in precisely the state in which it had been buried. The remains have since been re-interred in the vault prepared for them beneath the sanctuary of the new church. Many old residents remember "Father Louis," as he was familiarly called. He lived the life of a saint, and was so regarded.

A forcible illustration of the spirit of caste which characterizes Protestantism is found in the fact noted by our esteemed contemporary, the *Western Watchman*, of St. Louis—that

there is not one negro worshipper in all the eighty Protestant churches in St. Louis. "In the light of this truth," comments the *Watchman*, "how grandly divine appears the Catholic Church! She could not make a race division if she tried. She could not prevent a negro kneeling at the Holy Table with a white man, any more than she could shut her confessionals against the sinner." Let us add hereto the testimony of the *American Catholic Tribune* (colored): "If every so-called Catholic colored church in the world was done away with instantly, the colored Catholics would be at home in any other Catholic church beneath the sun."—*The Pilot*.

New Publications.

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. With Reflections for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from "Butler's Lives" and other Approved Sources. To which are added Lives of the American Saints recently placed on the Calendar for the United States by special Petition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and also the Lives of the New Saints Canonized in 1881 by His Holiness Leo XIII. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

If, after Holy Writ, there be any work which is more encouraging and inciting to holiness of life, for the great body of Christians, than the Lives of the Saints, we do not know what it is. "Butler's Lives" has been so highly and withal so justly commended, that no religious library is considered complete without it. Still, many are deterred from reading these volumes by their bulk and the rather dry style in which they are written. But here is a work the size of which will not frighten any one, and with the quality of readableness, not to speak of the attraction, which illustrations give even when they are less creditable than these. There are practical reflections for those who can not do their own thinking, and biographies of saints canonized since Dr. Butler's learned work appeared. Briefly and brightly does Dr. Shea sketch the lives of those grand characters who in every age have been the only true heroes, teaching us by work and word how we "can make our lives sublime." The publishers have done their part well, and produced a volume which would be an ornament to any centre table.

ST. TERESA'S "PATER NOSTER." A Treatise on Prayer. By Joseph Frassinetti, formerly Prior of S. Sabina, Genoa. Translated from the Italian by William Hutch. D. D. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

Father Faber says of St. Teresa: "She represents the common sense, the discreet enthusiasm of devotion which distinguishes Catholic asceticism and the mysticism of the saints from the fanatical vagaries of the heretics." Those who have had the good fortune to study St. Teresa even cursorily, will at once perceive the justice of this opinion, and will welcome the volume which offers them "all that the Saint has written on this most divine and excellent of prayers." It is in two parts, the first containing what the Saint has left us on prayer in general; and the second, on the seven petitions of the *Pater Noster*. Common sense does, indeed, mark the utterance of these lessons—clearness, persuasiveness, and practicability. St. Teresa is a saint for to-day, emphatically; for she satisfies the "culture" of the age,—she has the strength of a man and the tenderness of a woman.

CONTEMPLATIONS AND MEDITATIONS FOR THE FEASTS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND THE SAINTS, according to the Method of St. Ignatius. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. Revised by the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S. J. Same publishers.

These meditations are short and simple, while quite deep enough to afford plenty of food for thought. They are so arranged as to take away much of the formidable appearance of a meditation,—a most desirable thing for those who are anxious to begin the practice, but are not sure of a method.

THE IRON TOMB. THE LOST GLOVE, AND THE PALE YOUNG MAIDEN. By Hendrik Conscience. Translated from the Original Flemish. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1887.

Two volumes of those delightful tales we owe to the Flemish story-teller, now so well known. The first is a delicate and romantic yet pure and stimulating story of a faithful and grateful lover, who cherished and truly honored the memory of a young girl, his superior in rank, who had taught him, aided him, lifted him higher and higher during her brief life. The second volume, in which the second story is a sequel of the first, closes abruptly and unsatisfactorily as a story, but is so vivid and

delightful a sketch of a tour through Switzerland as to be thoroughly enjoyable. It is an admirable book for summer reading. The ice of the glaciers seems to crackle and sparkle around the reader, and a cool wind blows from those Swiss mountains, whose snowy beauty has enthralled the hearts of all ages, as they charmed the two wandering friends and the pale young maiden of their adventures. It is to be hoped the Flemish tongue has yet other jewels and crystals of a like nature in store for us.

Obituary.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."
— 2 MACH., xii., 40

The following persons, lately deceased, are commended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mother Gabriel, the beloved superior of the Convent of Notre Dame, Waterbury, Conn., whose career of saintlike devotion ended in a precious death on the 20th of May.

Sister Ignatia, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who was called to the reward of her devoted life on the 11th ult., at San Francisco. Out of a community of thirty members she was the first to die in more than twenty years.

Sister Mary of St. Emma, a Sister of Holy Cross, whose happy death occurred at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., on the 9th inst.

Mrs. Catherine Taaffe, of Baltimore, who died on the 1st inst., after receiving the consolations of the last Sacraments. Her life was the edification of all who knew her.

Mr. Luke Byrnes, a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin, who departed this life on the 4th of April, at Lynn, Mass.

Gen. R. C. Newton, one of the most eminent and respected citizens of Little Rock, who had the happiness of being received into the Church during his last illness.

Loreto E. O'Donnell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a favored Child of Mary, who passed away a few hours after receiving her First Communion.

Mrs. Johanna Sullivan, an old friend of THE "AVE MARIA" in Glens Falls, N. Y., whose death, fortified by the last Sacraments, took place on the 11th inst.

Mr. J. F. Van de Wiele, of De Pere, Wis.; Mrs. E. McDougal, Mr. Thomas O'Reilly, Mrs. Mary Finnegan, and Mr. Thomas McDowell,—all of Stockton, Cal.; Mrs. Julia Pembroke, Chicopee, Mass.; Mrs. — Mallon, Baltimore; Mrs. Mary Molloy, Philadelphia; Mr. Joseph Bever, Huntington, Ind.; John Grady, Johnstown, Pa.; and Mrs. S. Foley, Pittsburgh.

May they rest in peace!



The Garden of God.

BY S. L. B.

IN a sunny bed, by the garden wall,
Grew a row of lilies, snow-white and tall;
There were crimson roses with dew-drops wet,
Velvety pansies and mignonette;
Carnations and larkspurs and London-pride,
With fuchsias and blue-bells, grew side by side;

And swinging lightly, the dainty sweet-peas
Danced to the song of the birds and the breeze.
I longed with the beautiful, fragrant bloom
To brighten the walls of my quiet room;
But my little maid shook her sunny head,
"Nay, this is the garden of God," she said.

"I water and tend it, and day by day
Its buds and blossoms I give away
To sickness and sorrow and want and sin,
To toilworn women so pale and so thin,
Poor little children who ask with a sigh,
And beggars that tramp in their squalor by.
Sometimes I wait in the garden for hours,
My cups of cold water to wreathe with flowers.
It is sweet," and the little maiden smiled,
"To hear the rough voices say: 'Bless the child!'"

And I think they feel, as they onward plod,
The holy peace of the garden of God."

The little maid, crowned with her sunny hair,
Knelt trilling a song as sweet as a prayer;
She gathered the roses with dew-drops wet,
And bound them together with mignonette,
Then lightly she tossed them so they would fall

On the path beyond the low garden wall;
And I saw two sorrowful, wistful eyes
In a pale face, brighten with glad surprise,
And the thin, small hands of a poor child close

In wonder and joy o'er the fragrant rose.
And it seemed as if holy footsteps trod
By my little maid, in her garden of God.

The Two Tramps.

BY E. L. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

"Halt!" bawled the sentry; for the two officers, in their preoccupation, were calmly walking by without salute or countersign. When they had returned the one and given the other, they went on to their quarters, with a feeling of companionship exceeding even that they had felt the day they stood shoulder to shoulder fronting the furious first class-men (in that row now famous) during their second year at West Point. For fighting knits men together, but a love affair fuses them.

At the door of the "corral" they halted.

"Can I come in a minute, old man?" said Parker, gloomily. "I certainly do feel down on my luck."

"All right," said Wentworth, kindly. "But I've got my report to finish, so smoke and hold your tongue, like a good fellow; and don't mind if I put you and the gas out together at 'Taps.'"

The memory of the next morning's meal always presented itself to Wentworth as X—the unknown quantity. What was put before him, whether he ate it, what it tasted like, whether it had any taste—he could no more have told than the man in the moon. And this, too, was a phenomenon he noted in the midst of his unhappiness; for his appetite was as robust as his frame, and he enjoyed his meals usually with the zest born of a good conscience, a good digestion, and plenty of exercise and fresh air.

What he talked about was equally a blank; for he kept up such an undercurrent of thinking that his tongue wagged at its own irrelevant will, and it was only when Mémé said to Laurie, "Hurry, dear; for we have just a half hour before Mass," that he pulled himself together enough to ask:

"Miss Hastings, may I go with you? That is, of course, if you don't mind."

"I'll be glad to have you, but wouldn't you rather stay and talk with papa?" she asked, innocently.

"I told Wentworth," said Mr. Hastings, "I would have to be with Pulsifer from nine to ten, and as I don't want to part with him yet"—his hand affectionately on the young officer's knee—"I think you had better take him in tow."

"Papa," asked Laurie, in his slow way, "how will you get to church?"

"I've been, my little man—went at seven o'clock."

"Why, Mr. Hastings, you are as much of an early bird as we are at the Arsenal!" laughed Wentworth.

"Not always, but it wouldn't do to miss Mass, you know; and this engagement and our journey would have made me do so if I had *not* played early bird."

"Couldn't you let it go once in a way?"

"No, not unless some obstacle too great to be overcome should arise; for the Sacrifice of the Mass is the Sacrifice of Calvary, and—"

"Mr. Pulsifer, sir," said the brisk bell-boy. "He says, can you come down to the office, sir?"

"I wonder what he meant?" thought Wentworth, as he waited for Mémé and the tramps. "The Sacrifice of Calvary was the death of Christ, of course. But why do they call their Mass a sacrifice? What do they offer?—for a sacrifice demands a victim, an altar, and a priest." Then: "Why, priest is what they call their minister! And, come to think of it, theirs is the only church that does have an altar. But the victim?—can he mean the Eucharist?" And like a flash passed through his mind:

"And taking bread He blessed and brake it, saying, This is My Body. . . . As often as ye shall do these things, ye shall do them in remembrance of Me."

He stood startled at the flood of possibilities that streamed in on his mind, as a thousand shining motes dance into sight on one shaft of light; but the soft *frou-frou* of a gown turned his thoughts from heaven to earth—not far though, for one who loves purely is very near to God.

On the way to church he was a silent companion, for he could find no opening for

the subject nearest his heart; and once or twice Mémé was surprised by a gleam from his dark eyes, that brought vividly to mind the first time they met,—a look of determination and courage strangely mingled with dread.

As they neared 15th and H Streets, the tramps begged to go on to St. Augustine's.

"Do, Mémé," they urged. "We want to see the acmelites—well, acolytes, then. That's a darling!"

And they went, getting seated just in time to see all the hundreds of Sunday-school children file in two and two, from youths and maidens down to kilted youngsters and toddling three-year-olds—the girls under the charge of two dear little Sisters of the Holy Cross, and the boys marshalled by their superintendent, to whom Phil and Laurie nodded violently.

"It's Charlie Butler, Mémé," they whispered; "the one that brought the fan and ice-water the day of the 'naugeration.'"

And Mémé smiled pleasantly at the trig young man, who stood so erect and reverent, but with such a vigilant eye on his volatile flock that not a pinch, thrus, or giggle could have been exchanged even if they had wanted ever so much to "try it on."

She sat as usual between the two tramps, Wentworth at the door of the pew; and he found his eyes straying to her face, as the Mass progressed, with almost a feeling of awe, it was so rapt; and he saw by her look she "talked with God." Just above the gleam of her golden hair he could see the fair, gracious face of Our Lady's statue and the tiny figure of the Christ-Child; and, Puritan though he was, it struck him as a new illustration of the Incarnation—a sort of revelation,—and, viewed in that light, the prejudices of a life-time seemed to loosen their grip.

He picked up her prayer-book once, and it fell open at the little "Compendium of the Virtues of the Most Holy Virgin."* At the head was written a line: "Sweet Mother, pray that I may become even a little like

Thee, for so I will be pleasing to Thy Son, Our Lord and Saviour."

"What would she be like?" he thought, and the answer was under his eyes.

"She [Our Lady] was distinguished by faith, by modesty, by piety, by silence. She never offended Her parents, despised the little ones, derided the weak, nor rejected the poor.* She was a most clear mirror of gravity and modesty—in Her walk, Her dealings, Her speakings, Her looks, Her actions."

"And so that's the standard the Roman Church sets up for women!" And he went on picking out a sentence here and there—"to respect the old; to molest and envy none; to love virtue; to follow reason in everything right; to be humble of heart; to be pure of mind and body."

Then the bells rang for the Elevation. The silence of the church was breathless; the exultant hymns of the children were hushed; the tramps knelt with their heads bowed—not with that *burrowing* motion that accompanies so much prayer, and is so often its substitute, but with love and reverence in their little faces; and every line of Mémé's figure and countenance expressed such tender adoration that he felt suddenly isolated and alone, sitting mute where all adored; and, thinking humbly of Sir Boos and the Vision of the Grail, he knelt with a prayer to the Christ that died for us all.

When Mass was over, and they had cleared the crowd, the tramps hopping gaily ahead, he turned to Mémé and said, quietly:

"Miss Hastings, will you be my wife?" She stopped in sheer surprise.

"I know," he went on, "that I have nothing special to offer you. I am a plain soldier, blunt of speech and quick of temper; but I love you dearly, and—well, that sums it up. I love you with all my heart."

Still she looked at him silently.

"If," he said, gently, "you are trying to spare me, don't. Anything is better than

* This would seem a virtue of most heavenly origin in Our Lady; for among the Jews (see the Talmud) the four outcast classes are the blind, the childless, the lepers, and the poor.

* From St. Ambrose, lib. 2. de Virgin.

suspense; and if you must say no, I'll bear it, with God's help, the best way I can. But it will be a bitter blow."

"What made you think of such a thing, Mr. Wentworth?" she asked at last.

"What made me think of it!" he repeated, in surprise. "How could I help it?"

"I don't know how to answer you—would you mind—will you give me a little time—?"

"All the time you will, if there's any show for me," he said, eagerly. Then hesitatingly: "Miss Hastings, am I—am I—personally disagreeable to you?"

"No," she answered, with a soft, swift smile at his modesty.

"Do you object to my profession?"

"No."

"Do you mind my having spoken to you?"

"I don't know," she answered, slowly. "It changes things."

"It was my only chance; for you are going away, and I knew I'd be only one of a thousand people to you, while *you*—"

"No," she interrupted—"not that."

"Do you mean you'll remember me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Miss Hastings, have I *any* chance?"

"I don't know—" she began, gently.

"Couldn't you try to tell me?"

But she shook her head, and to his dismay he saw the tears rise in her eyes. Then he tried another tack.

"What is against me?"

"You are not a Catholic."

"Will that condemn me?" he asked, a grey pallor coming over his face.

"It is a great barrier between two people if—if—they care enough for each other to marry."

"Yes, I can see that, and that one faith would be a great bond; but, dearly as I love you, I couldn't become a Catholic unless my conscience was convinced."

"Nor would I have you," interrupted Mémé, warmly; "it would be like enlisting under false colors."

"Exactly. But I will willingly read and

study; for to find the Truth, wherever it is taught, is the object of living. Is there anything else?"

"That is the only vital point."

"Not so," he went on, with some emotion. "You have not said whether you will accept me or not."

"How can I?" she asked. "Here we start out together to go to Mass—two friends; and you suddenly overthrow everything, and I can't be sure—I'm not certain—"

"She doesn't love me!" he thought, with the beautiful obtuseness peculiar to men. (Where were his tactics and his strategies now?) And a sadness fell upon him that set his young face in deep lines of endurance and pain.

"I am sorry—" she began.

"Yes," he said, simply; "so am I." Then he added: "Do not worry yourself, dear. I can't stop loving you, but I can keep still about it. I suppose," he went on, with an effort at a smile, "that I'll be like old Millwood, our major: he's worn the same color in his helmet twenty-five years."

Then he looked at her, and, with a rallying for the last charge—a forlorn hope,—he asked: "Is there *no* chance?"

"Let me have a little while to think," she begged again.

And they were at the hotel.

"Temporizing," he thought. "She's too gentle-hearted to refuse me point-blank, but it's evident she doesn't care a rice-straw for me. Small blame to her, too." And he sighed so heavily that Laurie—Mémé had gone to her room, and Phil to have Waggy fed—crept to him and said:

"What's the matter?"

Men do queer things sometimes, and Wentworth did one now. He looked at the child, and then drew him to his knee.

"Laurie, do you love Mémé?"

Laurie nodded.

"Suppose she was going away from you?"

"But—but—she ain't," said Laurie.

"But suppose she was, and you never would see her again: what would you do?"

He meditated, then: "I'd cry. I'd—I'd

roar. Then"—and an adorable smile crept round his mouth—"I'd pray to our Blessed Lady to get her back for me."

"Why?" said Wentworth, surprised

"'Cause She's Our Lord's Mother, and the things She asks for She gets. Mothers always do. What about Mémé?"

"I love her dearly too, and I feel like crying because she is going away, for I'm afraid she'll forget me. Will you promise to keep her from doing that? O Laurie! don't let her forget me!"

"I won't," said Laurie; and the child looked comprehendingly at the man, and he was comforted.

A little later he stood beside the train, Mr. Hastings talking with him, and Phil and Laurie hanging out of separate windows—with Waggy vibrating between,—keeping up a brisk fire of questions and voluble promises to come back next year, and see all the sights they had missed by Judson's untimely tampering with the Fire Department. Just before the bell rang he stepped into the car for a last good-bye. He stood pale and erect before Mémé, and held out his hand.

"May I write?"

"Yes."

"May I come for my leave?"

"Yes," she said again. (It is a very comprehensive word sometimes.) And as she laid her hand in his she gave him a tiny parcel, saying, "Wear it, please."

Then came a tumultuous embrace from the tramps, in the course of which Laurie laid his cheek against his dear Lieutenant's and whispered: "I'll member to keep her reminded."

And then they were gone, and a very sombre young officer was hurrying away from the depot.

Arrived at his quarters, he locked himself in and opened the parcel. In it lay a medal of the Blessed Virgin on a chain, and with it three lines of writing:

"It is the medal I have worn since my First Communion. God and Our Lady keep you. I have put in their hands the matter of which we spoke.

"Mémé."

My Mother.

In the presence of your brother's teacher you failed in respect to your mother! Let this never happen again, my Enrico,—never again! Your irreverent word pierced my heart like a point of steel! I thought of your mother when, years ago, she bent the whole of one night over your little bed, measuring your breathing, weeping blood in her anguish, and with her teeth chattering with terror, because she thought that she had lost you, and I feared that she would lose her reason; and at this thought I felt a sentiment of horror at you. *You* to offend your mother!—your mother, who would give a year of happiness to spare you one hour of pain, who would beg for you, who would allow herself to be killed to save your life! Listen Enrico. Fix this thought well in your mind. Reflect that you are destined to experience many terrible days in the course of your life: the most terrible will be that on which you lose your mother. A thousand times, Enrico, after you are a man, strong, and inured to all fates, you will invoke her, oppressed with an intense desire to hear her voice, if but for a moment, and to see once more her open arms, into which you can throw yourself sobbing, like a poor child bereft of comfort and protection. How you will then recall every bitterness that you have caused her, and with what remorse you will pay for all, unhappy wretch! Hope for no peace in your life if you have caused your mother grief. You will repent, you will beg her forgiveness, you will venerate her memory—in vain; conscience will give you no rest; that sweet and gentle image will always wear for you an expression of sadness and of reproach which will put your soul to torture. Oh, Enrico! beware; this is the most sacred of human affections; unhappy he who tramples it under foot. The assassin who respects his mother has still something honest and noble in his heart; the most glorious of men who grieves and offends her is but a vile creature. Never again let a harsh word issue from your lips for the being who gave you life. And if one should ever escape you, let it not be the fear of your father, but let it be the impulse of your soul, which casts you at her feet, to beseech her that she will cancel from your brow, with the kiss of forgiveness, the stain of ingratitude.—*An Italian School-Boy's Journal.*





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